

**Rogues'
Gallery**

Tom Wescott

THE CASEBOOK
Examiner

**A Cat's Lick
or Two**

Jane Coram

issue seven
April 2011

JACK THE RIPPER STUDIES, TRUE CRIME & L.V.P. SOCIAL HISTORY

Melville Macnaghten Revisited Part II:

The Honourable Schoolboy

BY JONATHAN HAINSWORTH

**Deemed Insane:
An Interview with
Rob House**

**Daniel Olsson
takes us on a tour
of Gothenburg**



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Editor in Chief *Don Souden*
Publisher *Stephen P. Ryder*
for *Casebook.org*
Design *Casebook Graphics*

Assistant Editors: *Ali Bevan, B. McCabe*
Mark Ripper
Acknowledgements: *Jennifer D. Shelden*

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Editorial

Has it actually been a year?

Has it actually been a year?

Yes, it truly has been a year—a full twelve months—since *Casebook Examiner* was launched with a great deal of hope, some fanfare and, admittedly, a little trepidation. Right from the first issue, though, our magazine has proved a stunning success. Early on, Chris Phillips provided us with our first exclusive, the earliest known photograph of Joseph Lawende and throughout the year we have published a number of outstanding articles from eminent Ripperologists, including Neil Bell, Corey Browning, Stewart P. Evans, David Gates, Jonathan Hainsworth, Benedict Holme, Christer Holmgren, John Malcolm, Roger J. Palmer, Neal Shelden, J.G. Simons, Adam Went and Tom Wescott, as well as providing entertaining features.

Things got a bit difficult after Issue Number 6, however, when features editor Jennifer Shelden and her brother, designer David Pegg,

suddenly and without notice quit. We shall ever be in their debt as Dave created the very readable format of *Examiner* and Jennifer wrote and edited and . . . well just did an incredible amount of things that helped ensure the magazine's immediate success.

That said, however, their decision—without even a hint it was coming, far less any notice—certainly left the rest of us in an uncomfortable position. But, with the inestimable help of several of our regular editors, notably Ali Bevan and Mark Ripper, as well as Bunny McCabe and Tom Wescott, our usual fine group of contributors, and the aid of others, the issue slowly came together and is now presented with pride to our readers.

The important point is that *Casebook Examiner* will continue to be around providing the same great articles and some of the same features that it always has. There will be some changes, including a somewhat greater focus on research as well as a new method of securing subscriptions that will be explained soon to our

subscribers, but the original intent—to inform and to entertain our readers—remains the same.

In the meantime, we need to catch our collective breath and see about filling out our staff once more. Most crucially, we will need someone with graphics experience to lay out the pages for each issue. We will also need someone to handle the book review section; this means harrying publishers for review copies, assigning books to reviewers and writing some reviews and editing others. We could also use another copy editor or two.

Regardless, even as we pause to regain our breath, *Casebook Examiner* will only grow and get better as we continue to present the very best articles in the field on Jack the Ripper and LVP true crime and social history. We hope that you, too, will continue to be a part of that experience.

Don Souden.

Melville Macnaghten Revisited Part II:

The Honourable Schoolboy¹

BY JONATHAN HAINSWORTH

The future Chief Constable of CID, Fred Wensley, was frustrated in the late Victorian years because he was anxious for promotion from his then more humble position. In his memoir, *Forty Years in Scotland Yard*, Wensley writes that his immediate superior was not sympathetic because promotion usually always meant a transfer — and his boss was less than enthusiastic at the prospect of having to train up a new officer. With calculated shrewdness Wensley went over his superior's head to contact a senior police administrator: Chief Constable Melville Macnaghten. It was, he writes, 'a daring thing to do' because it was not *the done thing*. Wensley explains that he took the risk, nevertheless, because he had met the Chief Constable on a previous case when the latter had unexpectedly 'strolled' into the Leman St Police station — and utterly charmed the pants off the younger policeman.

With fine tact he said just the right things in just the right way to impress a young detective officer . . . I had gained a firm friend.

In a rigidly class-stratified society, one permeated with repressive manners and morals, Macnaghten impressed Wensley by the friendly

'paternal interest' he took in his career and that of many other junior officers — and by disarmingly addressing him as 'Fred'. Now Wensley needed his powerful patron to come to his aid and Macnaghten did not let him down. In fact, Macnaghten resolved Wensley's dilemma on the very same day he met with his superior's superior to ask for help. The Chief Constable 'cut the knot in his own way' by promoting Wensley *yet* having him remain ensconced 'overstrength' in the same police station.

Wensley, who went on to have a very successful law enforcement career, partly thanks to Macnaghten's patronage, writes 'thus everyone was satisfied'.

This allows us a glimpse into the managerial *modus operandi* of Macnaghten; as a hands-on operator who always sought a discreet compromise that would keep competing interests, and egos, in relative harmony. He was entirely a product of the upper bourgeoisie yet one with a commendable, muscular sense of public service — summed up in this ditty which he approvingly quotes in his memoirs by the great English writer William Makepeace Thackeray:

Mr Macnaghten, the Chief Constable, or second in command of the Investigation Department, is essentially a man of action. A man of presence is Mr Macnaghten – tall, well-built, with a military air, although his antecedents are rather those of the public school . . .

Major Arthur Griffiths, *Mysteries of Police and Crime*, 1898

To know Eton is to love her, and that love lasts as long as life itself.

Sir Melville Macnaghten, *Days of My Years*, 1914, p. 7

1 The title of this article is lifted from John Le Carre's 1977 best seller of the same name. Though superspy George Smiley is a key player in this labyrinthine espionage yarn the titular protagonist is actually one of his 'people', Jerry Westerby, who is as romantically foolish as he is courageous. I think that the nickname for Le Carre's gentleman-adventurer is a perfect fit for the enigmatic Etonian Sleuth of the Ripper mystery.

*'Who misses or who wins the prize;
Go strive and conquer if you can,
But if you fall, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman'*

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 7)

In his own memoirs of 1931 Frederick Porter Wensley is effusive in his praise of Sir Melville Macnaghten — *'a very great gentleman'* — already by then a decade in his grave. That even after Macnaghten had retired due to a long and painful illness — *'so gallantly borne'*—he had remained Wensley's friend, about which the latter writes with touching pride.

Wensley is hardly alone.

Source after source from the late Victorian and Edwardian eras are virtually unanimous in describing Melville Macnaghten as a friendly, diligent and beloved figure at Scotland Yard who, despite being bereft of any policing in his resume, was an effective administrator of the Criminal Investigative Division². He started on the Force on May 24th 1889 (though his memoirs claim it was June 1st) eventually becoming, in 1903, Assistant Commissioner-Head of CID (Crime); a position he served with energy and distinction until his health failed him ten years later (*The Daily Mail*, June 1913).

True, he started at the top, because gentlemen of the upper crust were shoehorned into administrative positions of state due to class, not experience, yet he still proved himself

capable enough to rise still further — to the very top of his department.

Many studies of the Jack the Ripper mystery, on the other hand, have relegated Macnaghten to the role of amiable dunce, due to his basic 'errors' about his preferred suspect. To be fair, the retired police chief, himself, candidly admitted in his memoirs that his memory was obviously not perfect, and became much less so as he aged (and perhaps was further impaired by illness). Yet Macnaghten, at nearly sixty, could still wistfully recall, in detail, the sensational crimes which had fascinated him as a boy — perhaps better than the Ripper mystery?

I used to take away the six-penny catalogue and study them deeply, with the result that I really remember the details of the murders committed by J. Blomfield Rush, the Mannings [et al.] . . . better than those of many of the cases which came before me at the Yard in quite recent years . . .

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 4)

In a contemporary review of his memoirs, accurately describing them as breezy and vivacious, *The San Jose Mercury News* (November 29th 1914) reminded its readers that Sir Melville was an undoubted success as a police chief due to the *devotion and industry with which he pursued detective work*. Despite a lack of a background in policing his knowledge of crime and criminals, the newspaper said,



FREDERICK WENSLEY

2. An exception is mentioned in *The Complete Jack the Ripper A to Z* by Paul Begg, Martin Fido and Keith Skinner on p. 322 of their summary about Macnaghten:

"On his retirement, the Police Review said: His tenure of office has been placid, and it is in no sense belittling his services to remark that his rule did not enhance the proficiency or reputation of the C.D. Department. He carried on the work of his office with the assistance of an experienced staff, the leading members of which are debarred from filling positions for which they act as expert advisors. It is difficult to assess the fairness of this judgment: Police Review represented the rank-and-file police officers who were understandably beginning to resent the habitual appointment of chief constables and assistant commissioners from gentlemen of the professional and commissioned officers class outside the force."

Macnaghten had no rival and ‘possessed a **very remarkable memory** for their names and faces’ [Emphasis added.]

By comparison, here’s an excerpt from an iconoclastic secondary source, *Jack the Ripper: Anatomy of a Myth* by William Beadle, which robustly flays Sir Melville as an ‘upper class twit’, from a chapter cleverly titled: ‘Monty Druitt’s Flying Circus’:

*An unhappy and unfulfilled young man [Druitt] had taken his own life. He should have been allowed to rest in obscurity and peace. And he would have done but for the antics of one man. Step forward Melville Leslie Macnaghten . . . [he] had no knowledge or experience of police work and was **not a man who had demonstrated any outstanding capabilities** . . . he was*

effectively the first of the Ripperphiles . . . The report which Macnaghten produced . . . is a thoroughly mediocre, haphazard and badly researched job of work.

[Emphasis added.]

(pp. 122 – 123)

Here is Patricia Cornwell, the pathologist and best-selling author of elegant potboilers, on pages 148 and 149 of her [presumptuously titled] *Portrait of a Killer: Jack the Ripper – Case Closed*, which unfortunately fails to make a persuasive case for the brilliant, albeit eccentric — even unsavory — German-born English painter, Walter Sickert, being ‘Jack’:

*Sir Melville Macnaghten probably **detoured if not derailed** the Ripper investigation permanently with his certainties that were not*

*based on firsthand information or the open-minded and experienced deductions of an Abberline. In 1889, Macnaghten joined the Metropolitan Police as assistant commissioner [sic] of CID . . . **amateurish sleuthing and pomposity** . . . one can’t help but get annoyed and wish that his autobiography had been one of those quashed by the Home Office.*

[Emphasis added.]

As noted, this modern, arguably shallow and misleading interpretation of Macnaghten, portraying him as the ‘Mr. Magoo’ of Scotland Yard, jars markedly with the depiction of him by contemporary sources. For example, the writer and journalist Hargrave L. Adam, in *CID, Behind the Scenes at Scotland Yard*, confirms that Macnaghten was a charmer, that he exhibited an impressive encyclopedic knowledge of cases, and was a *familiar figure* at the scene of major crimes.

An extra, pertinent layer of Adam’s portrait is that he describes Macnaghten as something of a permanent public schoolboy, at least in his demeanor. The writer provides us with an innocuous example: Macnaghten offering the writer a ‘*warm chair or a cold chair*’ to be seated in — meaning the one nearest or furthest from an open fire.

Neither in appearance nor manner was he the least suggestive of the fictional idea of a “sleuth”. He had a curious flippant way of talking of crime!

... a permanent public schoolboy, at least in his demeanor ...

The American Marxist and journalist, Tom Cullen (who was exiled by the 50s Red Scare in London), published in 1965 the first breakthrough study of the mystery as it named a chief suspect advocated by a contemporary chief of police. In his polemical, flawed masterwork, *Autumn of Terror*, Macnaghten clearly fascinates Cullen because, though the former was a proud member of the ruling elite — his father the last chairman of the East India Company³; an overly enthusiastic graduate of exclusive Eton — yet he had, somewhat, *declassed* himself. Instead of staying on his family's Indian plantations or taking some cushy sinecure in 'the city', Macnaghten instead chose to become a *police constable!* It would be like, today, if a grown-up child of a Bill Gates figure, one who was also a graduate of an elite prep school, like Groton, decided to join the NYPD.

Of course, a gentleman of the 'better classes' becoming a civil servant could shut himself away in his office to avoid too much distasteful contact with the Great Unwashed. Instead Macnaghten apparently loved to get his hands dirty. Major Arthur Griffiths, England's prisons Czar, emphasizes this dynamic aspect in his sympathetic sketch of him in *Mysteries of Police and Crime* (1898 — reprinted in 2010) and also remarks, like Adam, on the police chief's incongruous 'public school' persona; that his office is busy with speaking tubes, official papers, and prominent photos of both friends *and* villains.

The Ripper makes an appearance here or rather his victims do, because Macnaghten keeps copies of the gruesome autopsy and crime photos locked in his desk drawer — like trophies — ready to shove under the nose of any interested [male] guest. Griffiths also notes Macnaghten's activist fascination with the notorious:

Some and other and more gruesome pictures are always under lock and key, photographs, for instance of the victims of Jack the Ripper, and of other brutal murders, taken immediately after discovery, and reproducing with dreadful fidelity the remains of bodies that have been mutilated almost out of human semblance, but it is Mr Macnaghten's duty, no less than his earnest desire, to be first on the scene of any such sinister catastrophe. He is therefore more intimately acquainted, perhaps, with the details of the more recent celebrated crimes than anyone else that knew Scotland Yard. [Emphasis added.]

This penchant for the Infamous, the Macabre, even the Ghastly, began when Macnaghten was a child excitedly visiting waxwork reproductions of the most monstrous of criminals and evil-doers:

[going] to Madam Tussaud's . . . and reve[ling] in the Room of Horrors . . . *Crime and Criminals had a weird fascination for me at a very early age*

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 4)

Crime and Criminals had a weird fascination for me at a very early age . . .

Along the same lines, Macnaghten seems positively nostalgic recalling the Ripper scare of 1888, which terrified — quite unreasonably he writes — *all* London servant-maids who had to go out after dark:

No one who was living in London that autumn will forget the terror created by these murders. Even now I can recall the foggy evenings and hear again the raucous cries of the newspaper boys: "Another horrible murder, murder, mutilation, Whitechapel" . . .'

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 55)

³ Elliot Macnaghten, Melville's father, was not *the last* chairman of the East India Company, as Cullen asserted, but rather the fourth to last, preceding Colonel W H Sykes, Ross Donnelly Mangles, and Sir Frederic Currie, respectively — according to *The India Office List and India Office List 1905*, Harvard Law Library, p. 111.



JAMES MONRO

On p. 217, Cullen quotes Adam, from *The Trial of George Chapman*, in which the latter writes of Macnaghten as ‘*deliberate, self-contained, secretive, courteous, with a keen eye and a cautious tongue*’. His head, furthermore, was ‘crammed full’ of official secrets, one being,

allegedly, the identity of Jack the Ripper. Adam claims that Macnaghten told him, personally, that he had ‘documentary proof’ of the killer’s real identity but that he had burnt this source — leaving the writer somewhat aghast at such seemingly unprofessional behavior by an Assistant Commissioner.

Or, was this another example of Macnaghten’s ‘public school’ flippancy?

My first appearance at the Yard was a Saturday, 1st June, and I had not long to wait for a murder mystery.

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 68)

Macnaghten’s ‘pell-mell’ style of problem-solving nearly got him killed even *before* he became a police administrator — though this episode also brought him to the positive notice of a law enforcement patron. After many years of tending to family estates in India, Macnaghten heard rumblings about some locals not paying their rents due to the diabolical mischief of sectarian trouble-makers. As overseer he raced off to investigate — and was brutally ambushed:

I think we were just, if not generous, landlords, and not unpopular . . . I always made it a rule to make a personal and local investigation . . . I was left senseless on the plain, and many of my servants were also badly beaten.

I never realised the danger I was in until afterwards.

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 52)

It is not hard to see that Macnaghten displayed physical courage, a stoic unflappability, as well as retributive moderation regarding the subsequent judicial inquiry — backed by colonial police muscle — which imposed heavy sentences on the most violent of the Hindu insurrectionists.

Mr James Monro was then Inspector-General of Bengal Police; it was over these proceedings that he and I first became acquainted, and a friendship formed which lasted a lifetime . . . Four years later, on my return from India, he asked me if I was prepared to take up work as his Assistant Chief Constable at Scotland Yard.

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 53)

Ex-constable and veteran crime writer, Stewart P Evans, and researcher Nicholas Connell, in their excellent book on Edmund Reid, *The Man Who Hunted Jack the Ripper*, quote from a laudatory primary source regarding Macnaghten, on p. 110, by the then Commissioner Monro:

I always had a high opinion of [Macnaghten’s] qualifications and abilities, but he has shown an aptitude for dealing with criminal administration, and a power of managing and dealing with men for which I was not prepared; he has been doing [the ill Chief



MONTAGUE DRUITT

Constable Frederick] *Williamson's work for months, and he has done it with remarkable efficiency and success.*

[Emphasis added]

Again, we see the Grand Canyon-sized gulf between Macnaghten's highly regarded abilities in the primary accounts contrasted with the modern, received wisdom about his *supposed* hopeless unreliability regarding the true identity of the Whitechapel assassin. Consequently,

Macnaghten's suspect, Montague John DrUITT, has also been shoved back into the murky depths, despite the former believing that the latter was the man who, 'in all probability', was Jack the Ripper.

In 1913 the retiring Macnaghten made his first comments, on the record, to the media about Jack the Ripper, a case with which, at least in the press, he had never before been associated. Macnaghten had after all joined the force six months after the 'final' murder and so, as far as was known, he had never contributed a significant opinion about the Whitechapel horrors (actually he had been privately briefing literary cronies for fifteen years).

Though hardly candid, as he did not even reveal — or even hint at — *how* the alleged murderer took his own life, Macnaghten does speak with great authority, even certainty. Macnaghten's words (prematurely Pythonesque in their 'praise' for the fiend) are from the account provided by *The Daily Mail* of June 1913, headed:

Secret of Scotland Yard – The End of "Jack the Ripper":

That remarkable man was one of the most fascinating of criminals. Of course he was a maniac but I have a very clear idea who he was and how he committed suicide, but that with other secrets will never be revealed by me. [Emphasis added.]

It may be just professional vanity or, sadly, a mind somewhat addled by debilitating illness, but Macnaghten talks just as confidently about his suspect choice for the Whitechapel murderer as does Sir Robert Anderson, with his *definitely ascertained fact*, in the latter's published account of three years previous.

The retiring head of the Criminal Investigation Department is described as an official who 'shrinks from publicity', praises publications such as *The Daily Mail*, for providing the 'greatest assistance' to CID because its mass circulation can reach 'hundreds of thousands' much quicker than the police. Macnaghten then jauntily boasts of there being no paper trail to ever reveal the murderer's name:

I have destroyed all my documents and there is now no record of the secret information which came into my possession at one time or another . . . I know what it is be free from official cares, and I shall certainly not write any reminiscences.

We know that Macnaghten had not only *not* destroyed the official version of an 1894 document that named DrUITT as a minor suspect, but he had not even destroyed a private version of the same document — in which DrUITT is catapulted to *chief* suspect. As for reminiscences, he had the right to change his mind as he most certainly did by just the following year. His memoirs, *Days of My Years*, include a full chapter on the Ripper (unlike Anderson who

grumpily concedes the ‘mystery’ but a stingy overture to a larger chapter).

Was Macnaghten in 1913 perhaps signaling to the DrUITT family that what he knew, about their Montie’s culpability for the Whitechapel horrors, would exit with him? That all the melodramatic talk about the destruction of documents was said simply to reassure *them*, whilst simultaneously discouraging tabloid hacks from scrounging for any Home Office Report which might contain the fiend’s name.

In his memoirs Macnaghten claims to have never used so much as a notebook (but he would have, inevitably, dictated to secretaries and utilized underlings’ notes) relying, instead, only on his formidably retentive memory. Thus when he shifts off this mortal coil the secret will expire with him — not even a marginal note will remain. In truth, behind the scenes, no documents had been *destroyed*, but nobody except Macnaghten would know this, at least for the foreseeable future.

Thus, was everyone satisfied?

Sir Melville Macnaghten’s status as a source on the Ripper has become totally overshadowed by the commanding and controversial figure of his former boss — even to the point where his memoirs are sidelined or not even included in several, significant secondary sources⁴. The real action, in ‘Ripperology’, is the (often acrimonious) debate between advocates and detractors of Sir Robert Anderson over whether he really knew what he was talking about. [Part

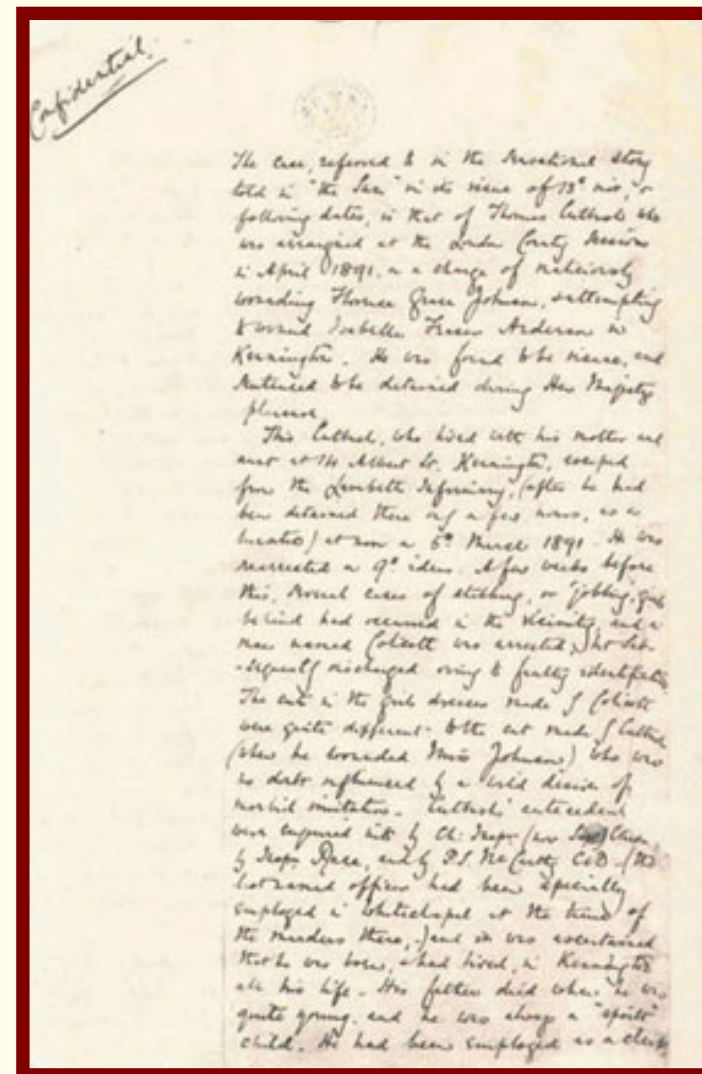
III will argue that Aaron Kosminski was *never* a serious Ripper suspect, at all, and that that is why Mac named him in his Report(s), along with the other non-starter Michael Ostrog].

It seems reasonably certain that Macnaghten drew upon Moulson’s Report, but less so that he was familiar with inquest testimony.

(p. 145, *Fido Skinner & Begg, 2010*)

Part I of this trilogy, *Tatcho’s Tale*, argued that Macnaghten is a much stronger source than writers (like the entertainingly bombastic William Beadle) give him credit for being. That modern writers have missed that the extra, semi-fictional details which Macnaghten must have imparted to his mega-famous literary chum, George Sims, in the 1900s — specifically about frantic friends looking for the missing doctor — shows that the police chief *was* once cognizant of the inquest into DrUITT’s death; which mentions a DrUITT brother desperately searching for his missing barrister-teacher sibling at the places where the latter had worked and lived. Therefore, the C.I.D. Deputy did once know, say in 1891, much more than just P.C. Moulson’s report about what was recovered from a water-logged corpse’s pockets, such as the season rail pass.

All memoirs are, by definition, limited by the fading of memories, and by inevitable, self-serving bias. Nevertheless, since Macnaghten — unlike Sir Robert Anderson — was never associated in the public mind with the



THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MACNAGHTEN MEMORANDA

⁴ Tom Cullen spoiled his own ‘Jack the Oxonian’ theory by including, amongst Macnaghten’s ‘creeping errors’, that DrUITT was the chief suspect of 1888 and therefore not found ‘some years after’ (e.g. Cullen fell for the McCormick hoax about Albert Backert) but at least he mentions *Days of My Years*.

Whitechapel crimes he has less need, potentially, to strain and over-reach in his account of them. In fact, he does not have to mention the Ripper at all:

Yet I most gratefully admit that the Press and the Public . . . never unkindly nor unfairly criticized my work.

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 64)

Thus Macnaghten, in 1914, is arguably a far more reliable historical source about Jack the Ripper than the sour and tart Sir Robert Anderson of 1910, the latter's idiosyncratic claims *seemingly* backed by the much more self-effacing Donald Swanson, he of the monastic 'marginalia'. Knowledge about that totally private, penciled notation was never, directly, passed onto the family, nor its content ever tested in the arena of public opinion of that time — strongly suggesting it does not show Swanson's *opinion*, just Anderson's, expanded with tellingly implausible details. It is arguably further evidence of Anderson being mistaken (see Part III).

On pages 254-255, Evans and Rumbelow's *Jack the Ripper: Scotland Yard Investigates*, like Paul Begg's *Jack the Ripper—The Facts*, tries to deal fairly, respectfully and sensibly with Macnaghten and his Ripper remarks, though the two very fine secondary sources come to radically different conclusions about his significance, regarding the viability of the Polish Jew 'suspect' (Macnaghten's italics):

*In fact [Macnaghten] reached an entirely different conclusion to Anderson and felt that Montague John Druitt was **the most likely of the unlikely suspects on his list**. . . the majority of errors and anomalous statements by Macnaghten appear in the draft (Aberconway) version and that he apparently removed some of them from the final (official) version. In any final analysis, **only the official version of the memorandum should be taken as a true reflection of Macnaghten's considered opinion.*** [Emphasis added.]

The fundamental flaw in this pedestrian argument is that it is not necessarily how *Macnaghten* may have viewed his legacy.

Comparing the official version of his Report to his completely different 1913 comments, the fact that he showed the 'draft' and *not* the filed version to literary cronies, knowing they would disseminate this opinion in which Druitt was *the* suspect, and, most critically, *his own account* in which 'facts' led to a 'conclusion'—indicate that he didn't.

Ultimately, it comes down to this: whether the *official* version of an obscure, internal report by Macnaghten, one referred to *by nobody* — not even by its author — should command greater weight in this historical debate than what the same policeman published, under his own name and for the historical record, about Jack the Ripper in Chapter IV of his 1914 memoirs? (Evans and Rumbelow's readers are unable to assess such a comparison for, due to

an unfortunate oversight⁵. '*Laying the Ghost of Jack the Ripper*' is not to be found in a book purporting to focus on Scotland Yard's investigation of the Whitechapel murders.)

Though both sources have their strengths and limitations, I will argue that Macnaghten's memoir, with [the un-named] Druitt alone as the 'probable' Ripper, should decisively trump his own archived report, in which the same suspect is, apparently, nothing more than a hearsay footnote (though more likely to be the killer than the certifiably insane, demonstrably violent and permanently incarcerated Thomas Cutbush — if that makes any sense). I will also suggest that the memoir chapter is the unofficial *third* version of the same document, and is, arguably, of the three, the most candid, accurate and sincere account of Macnaghten's opinion about the Whitechapel crimes and the man whom he believed committed them.

Melville Leslie Macnaghten was born on June 16th 1853, the youngest of fifteen children of an upper class Irish-Scottish clan, and died on May 12th 1921. After graduating from the exclusive

⁵ The latter does not make it into the so-called *The Ultimate Jack the Ripper Source Companion*, by Stewart Evans and Keith Skinner (otherwise a triumphant compilation of primary sources), nor into *Jack the Ripper: Scotland Yard Investigates* by Evans and Rumbelow, nor *The Man Who Hunted Jack the Ripper: Victorian Detective – Edmund Reid*, by Evans and Nicholas Connell.



ETON COLLEGE

There never was a keener Old Etonian . . .

boys' school Eton, in 1873, Macnaghten rejected the University pathway, but had no luck securing a corporate foothold and instead went to work on his father's remote estates in the Bengal region, for twelve years. His father was at first opposed to the idea because he felt that the isolation of the Indian hinterland would hardly suit his gregarious sixth son, but was imminently preferable to Melville's initial 'mad' choice: becoming an actor! In 1878 Macnaghten married the eldest daughter of a prominent Church of England worthy, Canon Sanderson, and eventually they had two sons and two daughters. Melville's father, Elliot, with cruel timing, passed away on Christmas Eve, 1888.

Before examining the relevant sections of *Days of My Years* here is an appreciation, written by an anonymous friend, which was published in the *The Times* a few days after Macnaghten passed away:

. . . *Sir Melville was educated at Eton. There never was a keener Old Etonian, or one more constant in his visits to his old school . . . For*

24 years he served in the Force first as Chief Constable, and from 1903 as Assistant Commissioner, and the Force has never had a servant more devoted to the interests of the police or of the public . . . All his men admired and respected him, and he infused them with his own spirit of industry and devotion . . . a man of many and diverse interests; in his early years an amateur actor of no mean ability, he was constant and enthusiastic theatre-goer . . . an ardent admirer of the boxing ring . . . and a delightful raconteur. Sir Melville was knighted in 1907 and received the C.B. in 1912.

[Emphasis added.]

Macnaghten claims that his arrival at the Met was delayed because *he* had to turn it down until unspecified personal business was taken care of first:

Flattering though the proposal was, I was not in a position to accept it at the moment, as family work and private interests claimed my whole attention, but when the offer was again

made a year later, I gladly answered in the affirmative . . .

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 53)

As we know from other primary sources, Macnaghten's appointment was nixed by Sir Charles Warren. The furious, internecine struggle, lying hidden behind Macnaghten's bland and sunny account, is cynically — though not inaccurately — summed up by the entertainingly bombastic William Beadle on p. 122 of *Anatomy of a Myth*:

In 1887 Macnaghten returned to England and wandered into the in-fighting between Warren and Monro. Monro was effectively expanding his power base and had gained reluctant approval from Warren to create a post of Assistant Chief Constable for his department. This position Monro offered to Macnaghten. However the appointment was subject to Warren's approval. Initially this was given but the commissioner then seems to have learnt of Monro and Macnaghten's personal friendship and he withdrew his endorsement on the spurious ground that Macnaghten had once been beaten up by Hindoos! The reality of course was that he realized that Monro was maneuvering one of his own cronies into a position of power and influence.

It is understandable that pride, and wanting to let 'sleeping dogs lie', would motivate Macnaghten to withhold the bare-knuckle truth.

Nevertheless, here is a clear example of a charming yet reticent person resorting to harmless concealment in order to *protect* reputations.

For consider, if we had *only* Macnaghten as the sole surviving source, on how he came to work for the Met after an aborted debut? We would know nothing of the political machinations, and have to draw provisional conclusions from inferences. I argue that a lot of what Macnaghten wrote about Druitt has to be approached in the same fashion. Macnaghten himself candidly admits to not telling the whole story if it does not suit him (in this case his traumatic separation from family at age eight to attend a lousy boarding school) and so he writes ‘*over these days let a veil be drawn.*’ (Macnaghten, 1914, p. 4)

What else did he draw a veil over?

The preface of *Days of My Years* (pages vii to ix) is a much neglected — for example it is not accessible on the indispensable *Casebook* site — and carelessly misunderstood aspect of Macnaghten’s memoir. It is very brief, only 464 words, and yet there is gold to be mined here.

For, despite its brevity, here is none other than *the Whitechapel fiend* taking a quick bow!

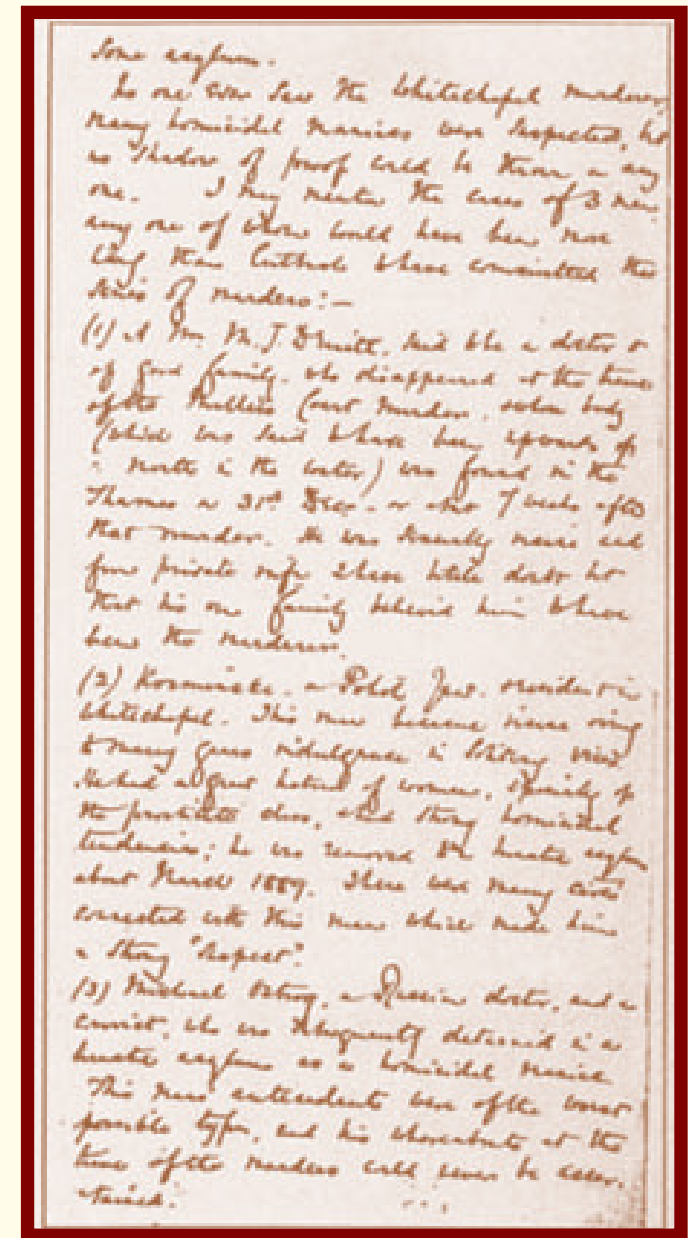
The retired police chief begins by boyishly saying that he would happily re-live *every* day of his sixty years (presumably *not* including the Indian assault?) and that the reader will find his book interesting *if* they already have a *taste* for tales of police homicide.

Autobiographies are, for the most part, dull stuff: I would attempt nothing of the kind, but only to set out certain episodes in a disjointed and fragmentary manner. I shall write principally for my own amusement, and until quite recently I resisted all baits thrown to me as to publishing anything in any shape or form. [Emphasis added.]

From the start, Macnaghten alerts us that this will not be a comprehensive account of his life but rather he will dip into the bits and pieces he feels are worth publishing because they interest him — and may do others. That he was, frankly, reluctant to write anything at all, until perhaps this solution of choosing what to reveal — and what *not* to — was accepted by nagging publishers. For Macnaghten is determined to offend nobody:

But I trust that in these pages I may not be found to trespass in any way against the rules of good taste or good feeling. It shall be my endeavour to tread on no corned toes, and to set down naught in malice.

Macnaghten writes cheerfully that he has no known enemies — maybe only people he has ‘disliked’ — and hopes his book will not create any. He refers to the cliché that despite a ‘contented mind’, life brings along with it the ‘bitters’, which must be borne, and the ‘sweets’ which are to be savoured.



MACNAGHTEN’S MEMORANDA, NAMING THE THREE SUSPECTS, DRUITT, KOSMINSKI, AND OSTROG

And the ‘bitter’ example Macnaghten provides?

Not *missing* the Ripper, but rather *the claim* that he had; the moment when some deceitful hack inaccurately wrote about his life’s two — alleged — biggest disappointments:

It was said once by an enterprising journalist that I only owned up to two disappointments, the first being that, although I played in several trial matches, I was turned out of the Eton Eleven before the Harrow match [Emphasis added.]

This seems to be a reference to what he [supposedly] said to a reporter from *The Morning Post* in June 1913:

I have two great regrets in my life — one is that I was not allowed to play in the match against Harrow, having been turned out of the Eleven before the match, and the other that I joined the CID six months after the Whitechapel murder committed suicide and I never had a go at him.

There is nothing in this memoir, one so reverential about the sport of cricket, about any disappointment on Macnaghten’s part regarding not being a member of the elite team taking on Eton’s rival boys’ school for the upper crust (Harrow produced Winston Churchill, who hated *his* schools ‘days’). In fact, Macnaghten never mentions playing cricket himself, just the exhilaration of watching it. For example, in a line worthy of P G Wodehouse via

‘Black Adder’, Macnaghten positively gushes about a champion batsman he admired at Eton:

Perhaps no human being has ever given me quite the same amount of pure delight as did “Buns” Thornton, by his mammoth hitting in those days!

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 13)

Therefore, in the preface, Macnaghten is saying that this is *untrue* about the Harrow match; that the un-named reporter made it up, or exaggerated some innocuous remark. In *his* memoirs, *The Lighter Side of My Official Life* Sir Robert Anderson uses the same adjective, and with the same pejorative meaning about the same vocation, to disparage the un-named journalist who hoaxed the first Ripper letter, the one which coined the unforgettable moniker:

So I will only add here that the “Jack-the-Ripper” letter which is preserved in the Police Museum at New Scotland Yard is the creation of an enterprising London journalist.

[Emphasis added.]

(Anderson, 1910)

Did Macnaghten actually make the comment about the Harrow match and the Ripper, and then for his own reasons decide to deny them? Regarding the second disappointment Macnaghten imprecisely quotes the words allegedly put into his mouth by the alleged Fleet St swine:

. . . and the second that I became a detective officer six months after the so-called “Jack the Ripper” committed suicide, and “never had a go at that fascinating individual.”

Whether he had said exactly this, or did not, the point is that he is now, in 1914, more than implying that the real story about the fiend is rather more complicated than what some opportunistic pressman would mislead readers to believe — and Macnaghten invites us to see *his own words* as the definitive version:

But the readers – if any take the trouble to peruse the following pages — will be able to judge for themselves as to my “days”, and how they have been spent.

Yet this genial grumble about the Ripper seems to be setting up quite a paradox; what about the family, or relations, of the dead murderer — moreover a murderer forever denied his day in court — will they not have their *corned toes* crushed by whatever Macnaghten reveals?

As we will see, Macnaghten ‘cuts the knot in his own way’, as Fred Wensley astutely put it, to avoid transgressing the bounds of ‘good taste’. He does this, in part, by setting up a handy escape clause for himself should what he writes prove to be less than Gospel accurate:

I never kept a notebook, so that in what I write, I must trust to my memory, and to my memory alone. Therefore, I crave indulgence if

any inaccuracies shall be found to have crept into some minutes of my “days”.

Does that mean, for example, that the date the murderer took his own life might not be the very night *or* the early hours of the next morning of the final murder?

To Eton I owe very much of the happiness of my whole life, And not one hour of misery can I recall during the whole six years there spent.
(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 5)

To some degree Melville ‘Mac’ Macnaghten was a case of arrested development. The largest, most passionate chapter in his book, by far, is not about Scotland Yard or the Ripper, or India, nor about his family (who are barely mentioned), but rather about his high school years: Chapter II, ‘*Eton Memories*’. For example, one of the fourteen siblings (not even named) makes a fleeting appearance, and though Macnaghten writes not without emotion, it seems to hold little sentiment for him compared to swoony memories of Eton’s cricket pitches.

I had been up on short leave to say goodbye to a sister who was starting for India . . . a sorrowful parting . . .

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 35)

Here is a man who grew up to have a full married life, and children of his own, and a career he loved and to which he could point to with pride, and yet from the day he became an

Old Etonian it was all, according to Mac, downhill from there. Furthermore, he claims he knew *as he experienced* this privileged education, this world within a world, that it was a *heaven* which could never, ever, be replicated:

. . . in the hours he spends at the old school are not only the happiest in his life, but that he is conscious of this fact at the time . . . that whenever and wherever he hears our grand old boating ballad song, he chimes in with “And nothing on earth shall sever the chain that is round us now” in a truthful intensity that comes straight from his heart.

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 6)

Not that he comes across as a cloistered snob. Quite the opposite, as Macnaghten generously credits a working-class policeman, a chief constable who had risen from the ranks, with teaching him the ropes in his first three months at the Yard. The latter also caustically warned the new guy that he would, as a policeman, be ‘blamed’ for doing his duty *and* for not doing it; that it is a thankless vocation and a too easy target for armchair critics: ‘. . . *no man had a deeper insight into crime . . . whatever success attended my labours at the yard I ascribe to his early teaching.*’ (Macnaghten, 1914, p. 63)

To critics who dismiss Eton as a waste of money, Macnaghten quotes a letter which proclaims that his beloved alma mater is not really about mathematics, or the Classics, or even cricket, but about the making of gentlemen

who will be: ‘*bold, energetic, methodic, liberal-minded, magnanimous*’ (Macnaghten, 1914, p. 41). This is as close as Macnaghten gets to professing any kind of ‘ideology’. His witty daughter, Christabel, who married a Liberal aristocrat, makes clear that her father was a loyal and passionate — even tediously so — member of the Conservative Party:

*I sat next to Mr. Henry McLaren at a dinner-party at Ranelagh or Hurlingham given by Lord and Lady Joicey. Lord Joicey was a Liberal Peer. I discovered that Mr. McLaren was the Private Secretary to Lloyd George, which thrilled me, for I was rather bored with **my father’s enthusiastic Toryism**: he had signed the Ulster Covenant and held strong opinions about ‘The Empire’.* [Emphasis added.]

(Pg 81, Aberconway, 1966)

Despite his partisan affiliations, Melville Macnaghten was certainly a small ‘l’ liberal in his celebrated affability towards everybody he encountered, of whatever class or creed (may I call you Fred?).

Why dwell on Macnaghten’s pre-Met years?

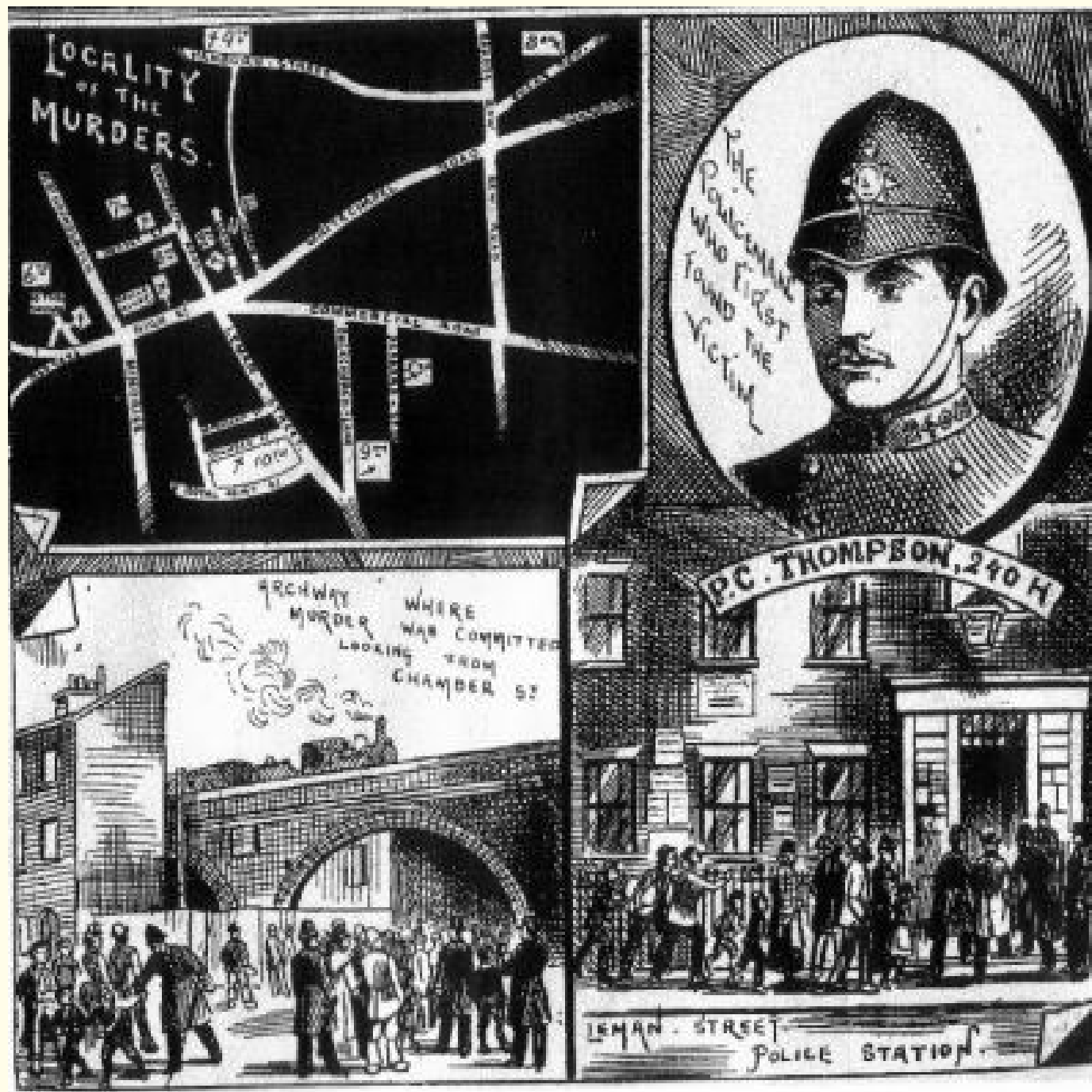
I argue that ‘Mac’, though a responsible and successful adult, is shown to be a ‘Boys Own’ self-styled Super-cop who badly wanted to solve the Ripper mystery — and was prepared to personally look under any rock to do so. He also had an arrested-adolescent capacity for harmless, even politically deft subterfuge, which, in public, achieved its fullest expression, via

Sims, with the 'Drowned Doctor' shilling shocker (see Part I: *Tatcho's Tale*).

As noted earlier, Macnaghten started at the Met in mid-1889 and more than fulfilled — even exceeded — the expectations of Monro and by 1890 was promoted to Chief Constable. Up to 1891, Macnaghten had no thought of being altogether too late for the Ripper, who had, albeit, become a more infrequent killer since the orgiastic bloodbath of Miller's Court, but was, presumably, still out there. Sure enough, the killer seemed to come in from the cold with the brutal murder of Frances Coles on Feb 13th 1891.

This triggered an extensive manhunt for the culprit, with tabloids salivating over 'Another Whitechapel Horror'. Like the non-mutilated third victim, Liz Stride, 'Jack' was perhaps interrupted, this time by the approach of a green Bobbie, and had to flee before he could complete his gruesome ritual.

The much ballyhooed arrest of Coles' blood-stained, drinking companion, the burly and dyspeptic seaman, Tom Sadler, proved to be a false dawn for Scotland Yard. The arrest of a man who-might-be-the-fiend was followed by the excruciating anti-climax of a failed 'confrontation' with [almost certainly] the German-Jew Joseph Lawende. A predictable failure since Lawende had described a younger, lither figure dressed like a sailor, and so said *no* before this bearded, middle-aged bruiser. The subsequent collapse, like a house of cards, of all charges against this suspect for either being



NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS OF FRANCES COLES' MURDER

... we gained a knowledge of the world and its wickedness at an early age and in a gentlemanly manner!

‘Jack’ and/or Coles’ murderer, left Scotland Yard with Humpty Dumpty-sized egg on its collective face (the best secondary source account of this critical episode is in Evans and Rumbelow).

It is small exaggeration, to say that little else besides these murders was talked of, leading articles appeared in nearly all of the principal papers, and feeling against the police in general, and the detective department in particular, ran very high.

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 59)

Yet it is at this very moment of police humbling by the scathing tabloids (and the young George Sims) about Jack the Ripper — again — that Macnaghten solved the mystery, at least so *he* thought, and took this certainty to his [relatively] early grave. One of the most entrenched misconceptions about this case is

that Macnaghten, as a *fact*, did no kind of real investigation regarding the dead Druiitt; that it was just an insubstantial will-of-the-wisp which sort of drifted towards this Constable Magoo.

Mr. Farquharson, M.P. for West Dorset, was credited, I believe, some time since with evolving a remarkable theory of his own on the matter. He believed that the author of the outrages destroyed himself.

(*The Western Mail of Cardiff*, February 26th 1892)

From private correspondence I have been informed that the veteran Ripper writer and researcher Keith Skinner stumbled upon the *West of England* MP article in *The Bristol Times and Mirror*, Feb 11th 1891, about one hundred years and six months later (and which was analyzed in Part I). Skinner’s finding of this

vital fragment cannot be over-estimated for its historical value; it is, arguably, no less than the ‘Rosetta Stone’ of the entire Jack the Ripper mystery. Nailing the source’s [very likely] connection to Druiitt, though, was done by researcher Andrew Spallek in 2008 when he found the 1892 primary source, quoted above, which named the politician, Henry Farquharson, a near-Druiitt neighbour and fellow Tory.

Spallek’s breakthrough identification of the MP showed that Macnaghten did have access to a source who *was* well-informed about Druiitt as the latter had been one of Farquharson’s constituents. *And* that the Ripper allegation swirling around this deceased gentleman did not *originate* with the police chief by mixing up bits and pieces about different suspects from a couple of forgotten files — it came from people of the so-called ‘better classes’ in West Dorset who were the suspect’s own relations.

... we gained a knowledge of the world and its wickedness at an early age and in a gentlemanly manner!

(Macnaghten, 1914, ps. 5 & 6)

Somewhere in that time frame of early 1891, with the Coles-Sadler debacle as an ironic, noisy backdrop, I believe Melville Macnaghten quietly, discreetly *and thoroughly* investigated the ‘West of England’ MP story which had appeared a mere two days before the ‘final’ Whitechapel murder of Frances Coles. Furthermore,



THOMAS SADLER

Farquharson being a fellow Old Etonian was the perfect class connection for the police chief and the MP to privately confer, perhaps at one of their exclusive gentleman's clubs.

Is it remotely credible, after all, that *this* cop, this 'man of action', one 'secretive, courteous, with a keen eye and a cautious tongue', and champing at the bit after Warren's veto had kept him from the Whitechapel assassin's initial reign of terror, would *not have made a thorough*

investigation of the MP story, albeit with impeccable discretion?

Yet when Macnaghten met with Farquharson, as I think he inevitably did, I do not believe that the former necessarily expected the latter to relate a tale which would immediately convince him, over a Brandy and cigars (actually, his daughter writes that her father Mac preferred a pipe), that this suicided surgeon's son was 'Jack'. Rather that Macnaghten had, typically, rushed off to *rule out* this silly rumor, one that might further embarrass the Yard, with something like the same innocent gusto as he had confronted the rioting Hindoo — and unexpectedly ended up, metaphorically speaking, just as flat on his back.

Not that I am arguing Macnaghten or Anderson would have hesitated, for a moment, to arrest the fiend, regardless of what class he was from, even if he was a friend of Queen Victoria herself — if he were *alive* to be nabbed. But it is quite a different matter to accuse a deceased gentleman for, as Sims would write in 1917, '*the dead cannot defend themselves*'. Thus I believe that the outer limits of Melville Macnaghten's moral imagination, and his cheerful disposition, were put under the severest test by this *posthumous* accusation against Montie Druitt.

By the outlandish notion that the East End abomination could be '*a remarkable man*', and '*a man of birth and education*' (Sims, 1906) whose antecedents included Winchester, Oxford

and was a champion cricketer! Good God! It would be as unthinkable as learning that "Buns" Thornton had tried to assassinate Her Majesty with one mammoth hit of his bat!

We don't know the nature of the evidence against Druitt. Nevertheless, that the very idea of a Montie culpable for the Whitechapel murders originated with his own family is, in terms of historical methodology, a very strong indicator of his potential guilt; for it is a source stampeding *away* from the direction of its predictable bias. The family obviously had the greatest motive *not to want* this vile accusation to be true, or to *even contemplate* such a horrendous, potentially ruinous idea — after all there was not going to ever be a trial — and yet they 'believed', according to Macnaghten in the official version of his Report.

Yet at the very point where the evidence might seem weakest, I can see its strength. William [Druitt] must have suspected Montague because he had proof . . . Druitt was the last person to be suspected unless there was evidence . . . The very 'innocence' of such a man suggests he must have been guilty to be suspected in the first place.

(Farson, 1972, p. 125)

Consider if the evidence against this unlikely 'Jack the Cricketer' was inconclusive *or* ambiguous, *or* just a touch thin, what position would we expect affable 'Mac' to take? (His 1913 comment, otherwise peculiar, about the un-

named Druitt being ‘remarkable’ and ‘fascinating’ does reflect his style of trying to say *something* positive about everybody.) The modern attempts to second-guess Macnaghten via other explanations for the young barrister — and bachelor — killing himself; variations on a depressed Druitt, or a dismissed Druitt, or a deviant Druitt, miss the point that the Chief Constable would have examined all these exculpatory options, himself, *at the time*, and, by implication, judged them *all* to be inadequate.

What if a plausible suspect turned up who was, say, local to Whitechapel, one dirt poor, a harlot hater, a man of disorderly hours, a sexual deviant, with a suspicious family, and insane enough to be sectioned for life to a madhouse? Some filthy wretch located amongst the immigrant swill, the worst being the Polish Jews who stubbornly obstruct what they sneer at as ‘Gentile justice’. With such a foreign nobody ready at hand would not Mac have grabbed at such an easy alternative, with relief, if only to get a ‘good family’ off the hook?

The first man was a Polish Jew of curious habits and strange disposition, who was the sole occupant of certain premises in Whitechapel after night-fall. This man was in the district during the whole period covered by the Whitechapel murders, and soon after they ceased certain facts came to light which showed that it was quite possible that he might have been the Ripper. He had at one time been employed in a hospital in Poland. He was known

to be a lunatic at the time of the murders, and some-time afterwards he betrayed such undoubted signs of homicidal mania that he was sent to a lunatic asylum.

The policeman who got a glimpse of Jack in Mitre Court said, when some time afterwards he saw the Pole, that he was the height and build of the man he had seen on the night of the murder.’

... but there is one thing that makes the case against [the Polish Jew suspect] weak. [He was] ... alive long after the horrors had ceased, and ... there had been a considerable time after the cessation of the Ripper crimes during which [he was] at liberty and passing about among [his] fellow men.

[Emphasis added.]

(George Sims, *Lloyds Weekly*, ‘Who was Jack the Ripper?’, Sept. 22nd 1907)

I guess not.

Macnaghten adored the force, and the all-male camaraderie he found and cultivated there, as with Fred Wensley and many others. No, it wasn’t Eton — but what could ever be Eton? Therefore, Mac would have been understandably loath to commit Scotland Yard’s already Ripper-dented reputation to such a tar-baby; to a chief suspect of whom the police had *never heard* in a Whitechapel context, and who had been deceased — by his own hand, the swine — for more than two years! At the very moment the C.I.D. were frantically wheeling in

Joseph Lawende, for an evidentially questionable ‘confrontation’ with Tom Sadler — which backfired anyway — the already six-foot-under fiend was being gossiped about by no less than a member of the incumbent political party!

If the surgeon’s son story was confirmed, in public, then the police, quite unfairly, would face predictable crucifixion — *and* outright skepticism — by the unscrupulous tabloids, all over again, for wasting precious resources chasing nothing but a phantom.

The Yard *might* also be facing a law-suit for slander from the Druitts: for the libelus implication that they knowingly protected the murderer.

And, just imagine what hay Dagonet (Sims) at *The Referee* would make with such a vicious scoop, in his *Mustard and Cress* column.

If Macnaghten was so obsessed with the idea that the Ripper had to have been a respectable gent who killed himself soon after the ‘final murder’ — and there is no evidence that he was — then he could have picked a more *convenient* and less embarrassing suspect.

How about one whose date of demise could, crucially, include the Coles murder as ‘Jack’s last victim, and thus take some of the heat off the Yard? If it was all just callous conjecture on this police chief’s part, then Macnaghten could have embraced, for example, this anomic suicide who took the gentleman’s exit by blowing his brains out, as reported in *The Hampshire Advertiser*, Wednesday, April 29th 1891:

...the long dead Ripper haunted Scotland Yard, and London, for years ...

Supposed Suicide of “Jack the Ripper” – A Singular Rumour

A singular rumour has been circulated in the neighbourhood of Wimbledon, to the effect that the East-end murderer has committed suicide. It appears that about three weeks ago a person of gentlemanly appearance committed suicide on Wimbledon Common by shooting himself with a revolver. The deceased was not identified at the inquest . . . There is now, however, a report that the deceased is none other than the notorious murderer . . . everything that could have led to the man’s identification seems to have been intentionally destroyed.

Instead Macnaghten, adopting the MP’s ‘doctrine’ and the family’s ‘belief’ (or at least a brother’s) was convinced, despite all the countervailing forces for him not to be. The suggestive preface of *Days of My Years* proves to be no tease as Chapter IV, with its allusive title, concedes what can be ascertained by simply reading the primary sources up until 1891; that the long dead Ripper *haunted* Scotland Yard, and London, for years until the police — or rather a single, modest police chief — ended his ‘reign’ by discovering that they were hunting nothing but a shadow.

The chapter’s memorable title is rarely, if ever, mentioned in secondary sources, let alone analyzed: *Laying the Ghost of Jack the Ripper*.

Without treading on any ‘corned toes’, Macnaghten, from retirement, is going to be relatively candid — as far as propriety will allow — partly because it was *he* who ‘laid’ to rest this ‘ghost’: the policeman who identified the fiend, albeit posthumously.

*I’m not a butcher, I’m not a Yid,
Nor yet a foreign Skipper,
But I’m your own light-hearted friend,
Yours truly, Jack the Ripper.*

ANONYMOUS

The above queer verse was one of the first documents which I perused at Scotland Yard, for at that time the police post-bag bulged large with hundreds of anonymous communications on the subject of the East End tragedies.

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 54)

Macnaghten does two things by opening with this verse from an anonymous, tasteless jokester. Firstly, he lets us know that as soon as he was — at last — on the force he was digging through a mountain of ‘Ripper’ correspondence. He did this because, in June of 1889, the police had not the slightest inkling that the murderer was already six months deceased — the very opposite of the tale Macnaghten would later feed Sims.

Secondly, from all the hundreds of hoax letters, threats and ditties from which he could have chosen an excerpt, he quotes from one in which the Ripper declares himself *not* to be the bourgeois idea of ‘Jack’: as a proletarian ‘other’, like a Jew, or a butcher, or a sailor — whose real counterparts included Pizer, Eisenschmidt, and Sadler. No, the killer is closer to home, a ‘friend’; in other words a member of Mac’s *own* class: ‘one of us’ (though not an Old Etonian, thank the Lord for small mercies!).

A little further into the chapter, on p. 58, Macnaghten claims that it was *he* who eventually tracked down the writer of the ‘Dear Boss’ letter, around June of 1890:

25. Sept. 1888.
Dear Boss
I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about leather apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shant quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my gunny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope ha ha. The next job I do I shall clip the lady's ears off and send to the

THE DEAR BOSS LETTER

This document was sent to Scotland Yard, and (in my opinion most unwisely) was reproduced, and copies of the same affixed to various police stations, thus giving it an official imprimatur. In this ghastly production I have always thought I could discern the stained forefinger of the journalist—indeed, a year later, I had shrewd suspicions as to the actual author. [Emphasis added.]

Police officers just for jolly wouldnt you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work then give it out straight. My knives is nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance.
Good luck.
yours truly
Jack the Ripper.
Dont mind me giving the trade name
I want a bit more work to put this before
I got all the red
ink off my hands
curse it
No luck yet. They
say I'm a doctor
now ha ha

Macnaghten claims to have been proven correct, in his original opinion, that this was a hoax communication (this is also an element of his gentlemanly 'Cold War' with Anderson — to be covered in Part III). The overarching point is that Macnaghten was meticulously investigating the Ripper case, himself, from the day he arrived on the force, right through to 1891 — when 'certain facts' arrived, allegedly solving the mystery.

At a distance of twenty-six years from the murders, and twenty-four years from when he first 'laid' the ghost of Druitt, Macnaghten, after the opening ditty by 'Anonymous', does something quite unexpected for what is a late primary source — entirely missed by many researchers (with the exception of Paul Begg in *Jack the Ripper—The Facts*).

Our expectation being that the publisher's need for an exciting chapter on this juicily infamous case, combined with the source's fading, self-serving memory, should produce, regarding Sir Melville Macnaghten, nothing less than the very apotheosis of the 'Drowned Doctor' scoop: the stirring tale of a super-efficient police dragnet closing fast upon this real life Jekyll & Hyde, with hardy Bobbies practically pushing the vile murderer into the Thames (Mac does deploy a melodramatic flourish in the chapter's finale but it describes *the fiend's* near-omnipotence against worthies of state).

Instead, Macnaghten *debunks* elements of the very story he had disseminated, without attribution, via Griffiths and Sims, which was always a demonstrably false story — in terms of the time when the allegedly middle-aged medico became a police suspect — and therefore one understandably challenged by Frederick Abberline, Edmund Reid and, by implication, Henry Smith, Sir Robert Anderson and Donald Swanson (though not in public by the latter).

Although, as I shall endeavour to show in this chapter, the Whitechapel murderer, in all probability, put an end to himself soon after the Dorset Street affair in November 1888, certain facts, pointing to this conclusion, were not in possession of the police till some years after I became a detective officer. [Emphasis added.]

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 54)

The ex-police chief, this time with his own knighted name on the line, decisively *puts the brakes on Tatcho's Tale*, of which he was the uncredited progenitor (even the date of the murderer's demise is, here, a vague *soon after*). The source, therefore, goes totally against its expected bias of backing up the semi-fictitious amplification of Druitt in the writings of his pal Sims *and* to sing the praises of the Yard.

Instead *'Laying the Ghost of Jack the Ripper'* concedes an institutionally embarrassing truth: that the [deceased] murderer's true identity was unknown to the constabulary for *some years*. What an admission, after all that guff he had written in his Report(s) and had fed to Griffiths and Sims! It is almost as if a cheeky, though well-meaning schoolboy is, at long last, owning up to a harmless prank (notable, too, that Macnaghten uses 'Dorset Street', when he could have written Miller's Court — as if in a subliminal shrug to Montie being originally from that part of the country).

Secondary sources — even Begg here — have missed the full implications of what the police

chief does, in 1914, because none have compared Macnaghten's memoir to the much more Yard-friendly 'shilling shocker' which George Sims relentlessly propagated from 1899 to 1917. It has not been fully appreciated that the famous playwright, journalist and 'criminologist' is a Mac source *by proxy*.

Instead, some writers have over-emphasized the word 'probability', as supposedly lacking the certitude — earned or spurious — of Anderson's 'definitely ascertained fact'. Yet this ignores Macnaghten following 'in all probability' (e.g. the culprit obviously avoided facing a jury) with the compelling words: 'certain *facts*' which led to 'this *conclusion*', though undoubtedly one held by *only* this policeman throughout all of Scotland Yard.

With an uncharacteristic ruthlessness, on p. 55, Macnaghten goes on the offensive against [the un-named] Henry Smith and *his* memoirs, which had claimed that the police never had any real clue about 'Jack' (an opinion aimed at debunking Sir Robert Anderson and his alleged, Polish Jew Super-suspect):

Suffice it at present to say that the Whitechapel murderer committed five murders and—to give the devil his due—no more. Only two or three years ago I saw a book of police reminiscences (not by a Metropolitan officer), in which the author states that he knew more of the "Ripper murders" than any man living, and then went on to say that that during the whole of August 1888 he was on the tiptoe of expectation. That writer had indeed



HENRY SMITH

a prophetic soul, looking to the fact that the first murder of the Whitechapel miscreant was on 31st August of that year of grace.

How ironic that the very police chief who will be diminished, in the eyes of modern 'Ripperology' — for his own so-called errors — should be scolding somebody else for *their* inaccuracies. Macnaghten's theme here is that the rival memoirist has no knowledge of the correct timeline of the victims *or* when the



GEORGE R SIMS

murderer's identity became known — hardly Smith's fault since Mac never confided in him (or anybody else at the yard — to be further discussed in Part III).

Exactly as we would expect of the hands-on Assistant Chief Constable he hurtles down to Whitechapel, in Sept 1889 — with relish — to investigate the Pinchin Street murder. Yet Macnaghten also writes with admirable compassion (again, contrasting himself with the cold-hearted Anderson) about the degraded 'inmates' he encounters in a doss-house. This is light-years removed from privileged Eton (from tasty 'rarebit pie' to toasted 'bloaters'!)

Appalled by East End impoverishment, Macnaghten further delineates the 'depths of degradation' in which men and women have fallen; they live together *unmarried* and if the man loses his job then it is expected that his female will take to the streets for their mutual survival. What an incongruous scene? In front of the Etonian sleuth, a local woman is swearing her head off because, earlier, she had been about to procure a 'client, when they were both surprised by a well-hidden Bobbie who was wearing India rubber boots. Consequently, she lost her 'bloke'.

With additional adjectives the lady expressed her determination to go out again after supper, and when her man reminded her of the dangers of the streets if "he" (meaning the murderer) was out and about, the poor woman replied (with no adjectives this time), "Well, let him

come—the sooner the better for such as I." A sordid picture, my masters, but what infinite pathos is therein portrayed.

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 57)

The theme here is, as already noted, of a liberal-inclined Macnaghten in the thick of the action, however *sordid*. Yet Macnaghten *also* communicates to us that he could not reassure this prostitute that she had nothing to fear from the likes of "he", because the police — India rubber boots notwithstanding — had no inkling that the murderer had killed himself *over a year* before.

Describing each Whitechapel horror Macnaghten is remarkably specific about names, including of streets, and of dates — *'if my memory is correct'* — that one might reasonably suspect that he was, in fact, consulting some document in order to compose this chapter⁶. Nevertheless, he *claims* it is only due to an impressively retentive memory for, after all, had not Macnaghten told the world, the year before,

⁶ In the latest edition of the *A to Z*, by Skinner, Fido and Begg, specifically the entry about Sir Melville Macnaghten, on page 321, there is a picture of a document by the Old Etonian himself: *'Sketchy Memories of Eton'*. From private correspondence with Paul Begg I have been informed that this source predated his 1914 memoirs, and that the second chapter, *'Eton Memories'*, is clearly based upon it. Here is yet another example of Macnaghten being economical with the truth. Just as the 'Aberconway' version was utilized by Macnaghten to create Chapter IV, *'Laying the Ghost of Jack the Ripper'*, so the earlier piece is the basis for his chapter regarding his beloved school — yet he pretended in his preface, and in smatterings throughout the book, that the whole memoir was drawn *entirely* from an imperfect memory.

that he had ‘destroyed’ any and all paper work on this contentious case?

Macnaghten provides a fair summary of the five Ripper-attributed murders, though he begins with a murdered pair of ‘unfortunates’ prior to Mary Ann Nichols: that of the mutilation murders of Emma Smith and Martha Tabram, probably by rowdy soldiers. Yet there is a bridging paragraph, in this section, which is riddled with errors regarding the night of the ‘double event’ (ps. 59 – 60).

For example, Macnaghten has a trio of local Jews, rather than one, disturb the fiend with the just-murdered Liz Stride. He has a beat cop — rather than the German-Jewish trader, Joseph Lawende — see a figure with Catherine Eddowes, minutes before she was carved up on the pavement, but apparently his description was *unsatisfactory*. Plus, he claims the graffiti is definitely by the killer, an unusually bold assertion by this reticent smoothie?

The conventional wisdom argues, rather anemically, that Macnaghten is simply jumbling and transposing people from the same night. Did he not preemptively apologize in his preface for inaccuracies?

I will have more to say on these machinations in Part III. What is relevant here is that Macnaghten, obviously working from the ‘Aberconway’ version right at his elbow, has chosen *not to repeat* what he had written in the latter version: that the ‘beat cop’ allegedly saw a Jewish figure who resembled, again allegedly,

‘Kosminski’, which both Griffiths and Sims repeated, the latter with additional details. In other words, it has nothing to do with a fading memory. Rather, Macnaghten is *rewriting* his earlier version, in this case to completely exclude any reference to the Polish Jew suspect.

For neither [the un-named] ‘Kosminski’, nor Michael Ostrog, exist in the memoir version, even to be debunked. This is because *‘Laying the Ghost of Jack the Ripper’* is as revealing for what it does not reveal, or rather *confirm*, as for what it does. For example, that the suspect drowned himself in the Thames, was a physician, and middle-aged (like Stevenson’s Dr Jekyll) are dumped — though the river death was true. And, that the suspect was unemployed for years, and yet so affluent he did not need to work, as Mac must have told George ‘Tatcho’ Sims, his fellow member of the Crimes Club — it is also dumped.

No age is given, not even if the man was middle-aged or perhaps younger, and nor does he have a face here. That he allegedly resembled George Sims, when he was younger, goes unmentioned — to the famous writer’s acute disappointment one might imagine?

Mac also specifically denies that the suspect had ever been ‘detained’ in a madhouse, strangely scolding a *novelist* for promulgating this inaccurate notion. Sound familiar? It seems a discreet way of softening the blow against his chum, Sims:

Only last autumn I was very much interested in a book entitled “The Lodger”, which set forth in vivid colours what the Whitechapel murderer’s life might have been while dwelling in London lodgings. The talented authoress portrayed him as a religious enthusiast, gone crazy over the belief that he was predestined to slaughter a certain number of unfortunate women, and that he had been confined in a criminal lunatic asylum and had escaped there from. I do not think that there was anything of religious mania about the real Simon Pure, nor do I believe that he had ever been detained in an asylum, nor lived in lodgings.

[Emphasis added.]

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 62)

Yet surely it was *Macnaghten* who had himself briefed Sims, in 1902, that the killer was incarcerated, ‘twice’, as a homicidal harlot-hater, for the latter to write so authoritatively about this in the 1900s. That detail — a scoop, in fact, as Major Griffiths did not have it — was Tatcho’s incriminating *clincher* in his case against the English doctor.

For example, here is Dagonet (Sims) in *The Referee* of Feb 16th 1902 practically blaming the Whitechapel crimes on the penny-pinching state for letting the poor deranged physician back onto the streets:

The question of the premature discharge of lunatics is a very serious one. I have been

hammering away at it during the whole period of the REFEREE's existence. To this premature discharge are due many of the daily tragedies which startle the newspaper reader. A certain number of homicidal maniacs are let loose upon society every week, are allowed to return to their families, and remain with them until a fresh outburst of insanity once more compels their removal.

Frequently this outburst – or, rather, this recurrence – of mania means a murder – sometimes a massacre. The homicidal maniac who

Shocked the World as Jack the Ripper

had been once – I am not sure that it was not twice – in a lunatic asylum. At the time his dead body was found in the Thames, his friends, who were terrified at his disappearance from their midst, were endeavouring to have him found and placed under restraint again.

In 1914, Macnaghten, pointedly denies this vital detail.

For if the killer was not so mentally debilitated as to be unable to work, then maybe he *did* work? What then did he do? Macnaghten very soberly, like a killjoy House Master at Eton, does not repeat the Edwardian solution propagated by his own credulous crony, of ‘Jack’ as a medico, despite its delicious implication of surgical skills and thus ‘anatomical knowledge’.

Why not, if it *is* true that he *was* a deranged medical man?

Is it because it might lead to the deceased being recognized by somebody — by maybe his relations? But then that has surely been long blown by Mac briefing Griffiths and Sims.

In fact, Tatcho’s profile was so detailed that Macnaghten surely took a huge, even reckless gamble, strikingly out-of-character for somebody known for their discretion and reticence — if he hoped *not* to tread on any ‘corned toes’?

Unless Macnaghten knew that the outline propagated by Griffiths, and especially Sims, was not going to lead to any awkward recognition, say by the fiend’s relations (Griffiths had further changed ‘family’ into ‘friends’) as they already knew — and anybody else would be misled about a ‘Drowned Doctor’ because the latter never literally existed.

Therefore, has Macnaghten shied away from ‘Jack the Surgeon’ because, putting it indelicately, he *knew* it was a lie?

Chapter IV is really one of the oddest documents ever written, even if you had nothing else about Jack the Ripper with which to compare it. This is because it does not tell any kind of *narrative* about the fiend; it is far too austere and tasteful to replace the entertainingly colorful ‘Tatcho’s Tale’ with a dramatic alternative.

Its lack of even the barest outline about ‘Jack’, whilst doubtless fulfilling Macnaghten’s agenda of keeping Druitt scrupulously unrecognizable, nevertheless cheated his



MELVILLE MACNAGHTEN

readers (Robin Odell, in 1966, mistakenly thought Druitt was absent from it *altogether*). Trying to ‘cut the knot his own way’, to please competing interests, is the over-riding reason why *Days of My Years* never became the definitive Whitechapel account Macnaghten probably hoped it would (it is so elliptical, for some, that Edwin T. Woodhall in his 1937 *When*

London Walked in Terror thought that Macnaghten at the end of Chapter IV was literally claiming that the fiend had assaulted the Commissioner whilst in custody!)

*I incline to **the belief** that the individual who held up London in terror resided with his own people; that he absented himself from home at certain times, and that he committed suicide **on or about the 10th of November 1888**, after he **had knocked out** a Commissioner of Police and very nearly settled the hash of one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.*

[Emphasis added.]

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 62)

Thus *nobody* is satisfied.

What we get of [the un-named] Montague Druiitt is the merest glimpses; that he was a 'Simon Pure' Christian-Gentleman hypocrite, that he carried chalk, that he 'resided with his own people' in perhaps some kind of vocational capacity, that his body was probably as 'diseased' as his 'sexually insane' mind, and that he was a 'protean' criminal genius. This means he could deploy, at will, multiple 'faces'; the perfectly normal-seeming man, one you could bump into in the street, and at other times that of a bloodthirsty maniac.

Nero was probably a sexual maniac. Many Eastern potentates in all ages, who loved to see slaves slaughtered or wild beasts tearing each other to pieces, have been similarly affected. The disease is not as rare as many people

*imagine. As you walk in the London streets you may, and do, not infrequently, jostle against a potential murderer of the so-called Jack the Ripper type. The subject is not a pleasant one, but to those who study the depths of human nature it is **intensely interesting**.* [Emphasis added.]

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 101)

Examined thematically, however, there is something else happening here. After describing, in vivid prose, the killer's desecration of poor Mary Kelly's remains, Macnaghten tries, on p. 61, to explain why 'Jack' stopped — why he killed himself. After all, it was not because he was being troubled by any members of the constabulary:

*. . . after his **awful glut** on this occasion, his brain gave way altogether and he committed suicide; **otherwise the murders would not have ceased**. The man of course, was a sexual maniac, but such madness takes Protean forms. . .* [Emphasis added.]

This is comparable to the version Macnaghten was hustling via Sims, for example in *Lloyds Weekly* magazine on Sept 22nd 1907. It is the only time, in his memoir, that Mac clings to Tatcho's melodramatic formula:

The horrible nature of the atrocity committed in Miller's-court pointed to the last stage of frenzied mania . . . The probability is

that immediately after committing this murderous deed the author of it committed suicide. There was nothing else left for him to do except to be found wandering, a shrieking, raving fiend, fit only for the padded cell.

There is, I think, a deflection being parlayed here by Macnaghten, both via himself and his pal Tatcho. It involves keeping the three weeks that Montague Druiitt was actually alive and functioning 'veiled' from the public.

Montague Druiitt drowning himself in the Thames is the most vivid element about him, as a Ripper suspect, and yet Macnaghten withheld it in his own published account — yet must have known that people would surely associate his suicided 'Simon Pure' with the 'Drowned Doctor' tale of his pal, Sims.

Something happened during that interregnum and its immediate aftermath, which caused the family to 'believe'. I do not think it involved just 'blood-stained clothes', or 'serious trouble' for being 'absented' from the Valentine School at night, or the timing of his fatal Thames plunge 'soon after' the most ghastly of the Ripper's crimes.

There is an incriminating element to the Druiitt-as-fiend story which was *perceived* to be so devastating, and so conclusive, that Henry Farquharson could impress 'a good many people' with his 'doctrine' by *simply telling it* to others.

All Macnaghten shares with us, is the fiend killing himself immediately — or at least 'soon after' — the horror of what he did to Mary Kelly.

Yet, to make his tale plausible Mac, I argue, felt he had to sacrifice the colorful climax of the shrieking-raving murderer drowning himself in the Thames *within mere hours* of the Kelly murder because he knew it was patently absurd!

I also think that by crunching the timeline between Kelly's murder and Druitt's suicide three weeks later, Macnaghten is determined to deflect us from something which perhaps led Montie to write (we only have it in summary form via the flawed report of the inquest) that '*Since Friday I felt I was going to be like mother*', which is arguably echoed in Sims: '*fit only for a padded cell*'.

A common theme here, between the sources, is that of a murderer who is *tormented*, and to such an extent that he kills himself instantly — well, at least, after a 'long hike' in Sims' account. Nevertheless, his suicide is some kind of act of remorse, even a penance; the last vestiges of Druitt's humanity recognizing and rejecting his own bestiality. Maybe Montie *did* shriek and *did* rave, not *on the way* to the Thames, but rather in front of an unidentified witness, in those weeks between the final murder and his self-murder?

Consider that there are four main pillars to Sims' 'Drowned Doctor' solution. Firstly, the murderer was a deranged doctor who had become a rich, unemployed recluse. Secondly, he had been previously sectioned as insane, with

a pathological hatred of prostitutes. Thirdly, the doctor's friends — knowing of his medical history — fear he is the Ripper after he disappears and yet another unfortunate is torn to pieces. Fourth, the police were super-efficient and knew all this, and thus were fast closing upon their chief suspect, missing 'Jack' by mere days, maybe just hours.

The reality is that, regarding pillar one, M J Druitt was a young barrister. Regarding the third pillar, his brother, William, was alerted by an unidentified 'friend' that his sibling had, alarmingly, not shown up for work at his city legal chambers. Regarding the fourth pillar, Macnaghten, in 1914, is very candid at confirming what the primary sources already showed: it is self-serving nonsense which (harmlessly and cheekily) improved the Yard's reputation. Macnaghten, alone and privately, investigated the suspect *some years after* he was long in his grave.

But what of the second pillar? What really lay behind that one?

Bereft of a medical/institutional history of homicidal mania, and with his brother tragically drowned, what is it that made William Druitt, or even the entire family, take on the burden of such an astonishing and unbearable 'belief'? In his memoirs, as noted, Macnaghten very specifically removes the asylum detention detail,

but then does not replace it with anything; he keeps any reality behind it 'veiled'.

Part III will put an argument that attempts to identify the missing second pillar of the Druitt story, behind the 'Drowned Doctor' mythos, the clincher which convinced Macnaghten in 1891, and which will also explain this Super-cop's serpentine maneuvering over the next twenty years about the deceased Ripper.

'I was always passionately fond of cricket.'

(Macnaghten, 1914, p. 10)

As already noted Sir Melville Macnaghten, in his memoir's suggestive preface, juxtaposed Championship Cricket with Jack the Ripper, followed by an apologia for a dodgy memory alerting the reader to any 'inaccuracies' — from a man his admiring peers claimed had an elephantine mind, in terms of its capacity to retain minute details. Is this all a coincidence — Cricket-Ripper-Errors — or is it rather an overgrown yet 'honourable' schoolboy's in-joke, one which only a very few in-the-know readers would have appreciated — or maybe just the author writing for his *own amusement* — that the 'remarkable' Montague John Druitt was something of a Blackheath "Buns" Thornton?

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Biography

JONATHAN HAINSWORTH

Jonathan Hainsworth, 47, is the History Teacher at a Senior College in Adelaide, South Australia. He became fascinated with the Ripper mystery, a few years ago, after seeing a documentary on Dr Tumblety, and reading *The Lodger* by Stewart Evans and Paul Gainey. He

teaches a unit on the case as a way of showing students the importance of primary sources. He admits to having an embarrassing man-crush on Sir Melville Macnaghten, and is seeking to publish his book, *Etonian Sleuth: The Police Chief who laid to rest the Ghost of Jack the Ripper*, in August.

Next Issue Part III – A Pair of Jacks

A Berner Street Rogues Gallery

If not Michael Kidney or the Ripper, then who?

By Tom Wescott

In the first issue of *Casebook Examiner* I presented an in-depth look at the murder of Elizabeth Stride, peeling back years of myth and misinformation to reveal that there is no case to be made against Michael Kidney as Stride's killer, and little reason to doubt that the perpetrator was anyone other than the Ripper himself. Removing Michael Kidney from the frame would seemingly make it even more apparent that Stride should remain firmly among those counted in the Ripper's tally, as no author has yet to offer up another alternative killer. In the second issue, I took a long look at Charles Le Grand, the first identified individual against whom a strong circumstantial case can be made in the murder of Liz Stride, to say nothing of the other women who fell that Autumn.

Le Grand was not the first dubious character I put in frame as Stride's killer, so I thought it might be fun and perhaps a little thought-provoking to look around at some of the other suspicious characters populating the Berner

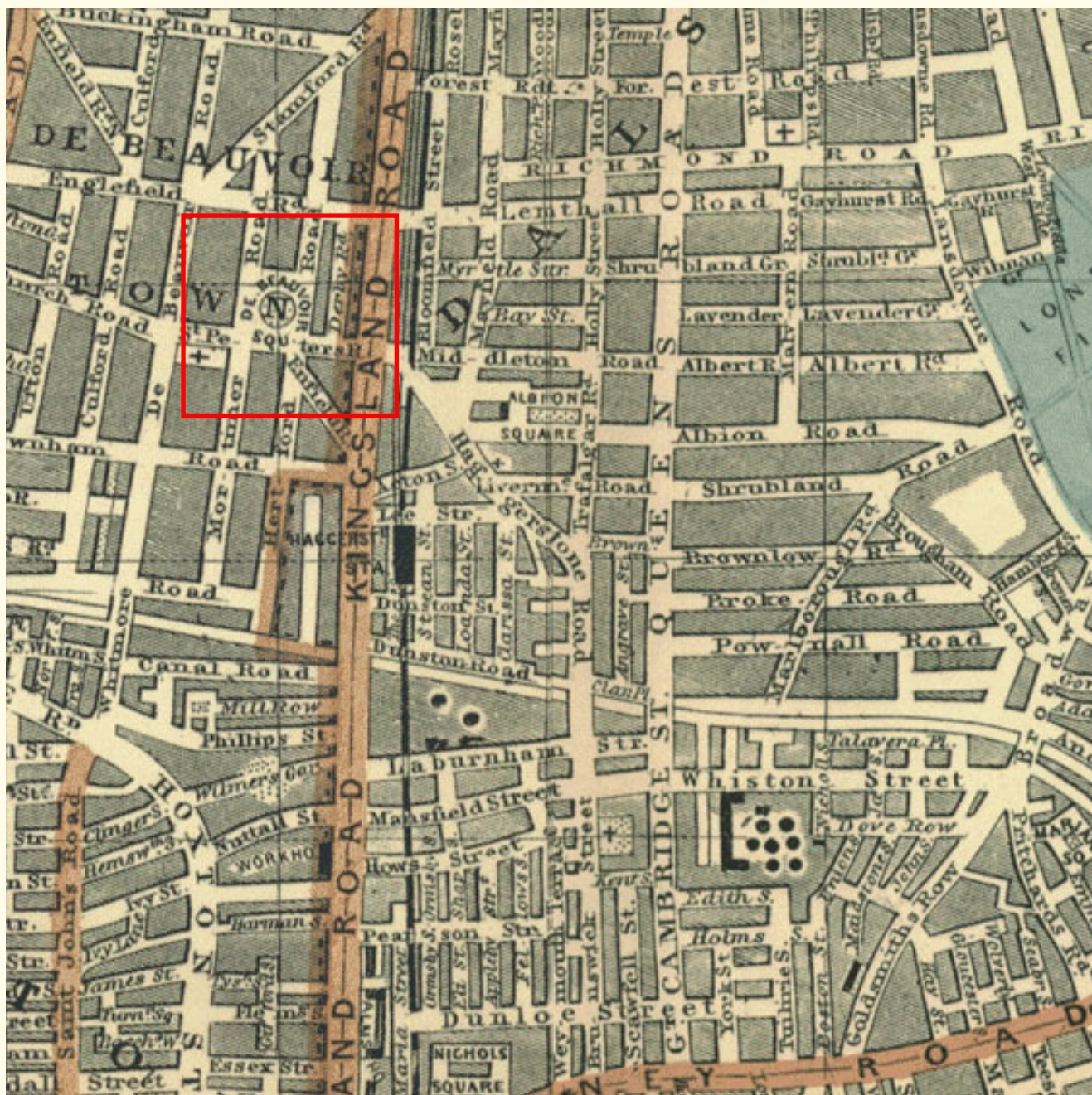
Street Mystery. Below are the cases against five individuals, some familiar, some not so. If any reader should have information they'd like to share relating to any aspect of the Berner Street murder, or any of the men mentioned here, I would encourage you to contact me through the journal or my profile (Tom_Wescott) at *Casebook.org*.

James Johnson

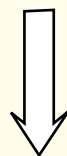
Less than 48 hours before Elizabeth Stride would enter through the gates of Dutfield's Yard, never to leave alive, another prostitute by the name of Alice Anderson was plying her trade near the *Lamb* Public House in Kingsland Road. It was between one and two in the morning, she said, when a man approached her and asked, "Where are you going?" "Towards home," was her reply. "Shall I come with you?" he asked, to which she replied, "If you please." And off they went together.



A NEWSPAPER ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF ELIZABETH STRIDE 'GOING TO HER DOOM'.



Shoreditch and Bishopgate



DE BEAUVOIR SQUARE

(Reynolds' Map of London, 1895)

As they approached a particularly dark spot, the man surprised Anderson by attempting to throw her to the ground. Fortunately, his attempt was unsuccessful and she was able to get away. At a run, she made it to the nearest door where she knocked loudly, screaming “Murder!” When she turned to look for her assailant she found him running away.

A short time later and very nearby, another ‘unfortunate’ by the name of Elizabeth Hudson was standing at the corner of Richmond Road, Dalston, when a man came up to her and simultaneously threw her to the ground in the open street while producing a large knife from his outside coat pocket. She described the knife as “something like a carving knife,” 8 to 10 inches long, with a sharp point. He attempted to stab her, but was not so quick at the job that she didn’t have time to scream out “Murder!” Frightened, the man ran away.

PC Nue (460J) was on duty in De Beauvoir Square when he heard cries of “Police!” and “Stop him!” He then saw a man running and, chasing after him, was soon able to capture his quarry.

The man’s name was James Johnson.

Mr. Johnson told PC Nue that two women had stopped him, asking him to go with them down the mews in Richmond Road, and when he declined to do so, they screamed and chased him.

“he’d got into an awkward scrape due to his own silliness.”

At the same time that PC Nue heard the screams, Alice Anderson heard them as well, and heading in that direction she stumbled upon Ms. Hudson who was standing between the *Lamb* and *Swan* public houses, having just pulled herself from the ground and motioning in the direction of the fleeing man.

PC 183J, who was on duty in nearby Englefield Road, also heard the screams and ran in their direction. When he arrived he found Ms. Hudson “holloaing” and saying that a man had attacked and tried to stab her. He made no mention of finding Ms. Anderson present, so it’s possible they arrived at about the same time.

PC Nue, with Mr. Johnson in tow, headed back towards Kingsland Road where they found

the other PC with the two women. Ms Hudson identified Johnson as her assailant and said she wanted to press charges. Johnson was promptly taken to the police station and searched but no knife was found on him. PC 183J seems to have found it odd, or at least worth remarking, that Johnson asked no questions to any of the constables.

The next morning, all parties appeared before the Honorable R. R. Bros at the Dalston police court, where Mr. Johnson was charged with assaulting Elizabeth Hudson. James Johnson was described as a pale-looking, well-set, clean-shaven man of 35, with a decided American accent. He stated he worked as a waiter for Spiers and Pond’s (or Fonde’s) and resided with his wife at 18 Birdhurst Road, St. John’s Hill, Wandsworth.

The story Mr. Johnson had to tell was, not surprisingly, far different from that of the two women. He stated that he had been out that night to see a friend, but finding his friend not at home, had decided to play some billiards. He found the two women together, not separated, and stated that as they passed him, they asked if he’d like to go down the mews with them. When he declined, they asked him for money (one paper reported, probably erroneously, that they also asked for eggs!), which he also refused. One of the women then tried putting her hand in his pocket. He pushed her away, and because of her drunkenness, she fell down. The women then shouted at him in “dirty, insulting

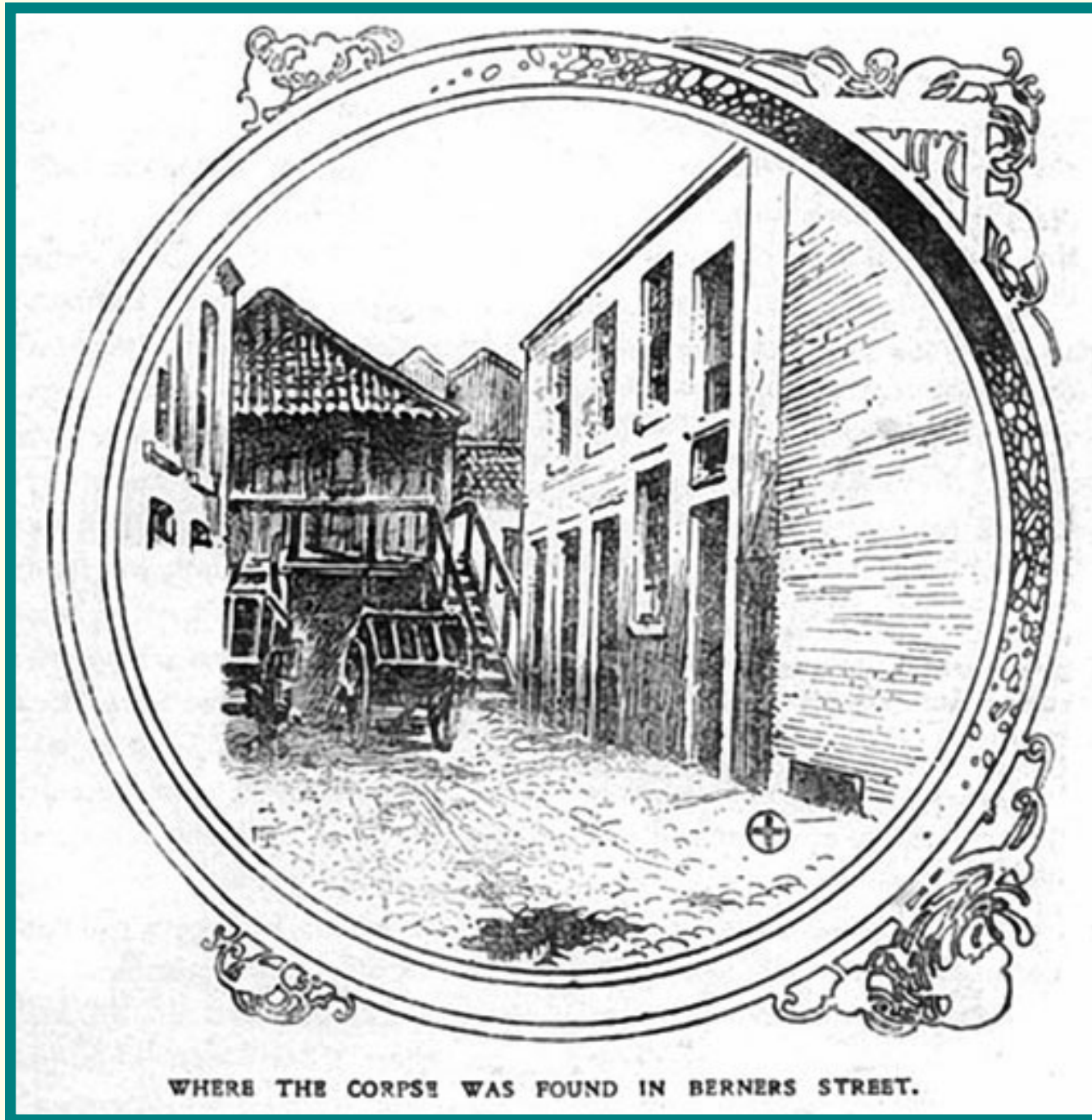
language” and he ran away. He stated that he owned no such knife and never carried one upon him. Indeed, the police seem to have failed in finding a knife anywhere near the scene.

Mr. Johnson had asked the police not to make any inquiries because his wife was “delicate.” His request was ignored and later that afternoon his landlady appeared as a character witness. She gave a favorable account of his character, and since no knife was found, the magistrate let him go with a slight admonishment, telling him that *“he’d got into an awkward scrape due to his own silliness.”*

While the magistrate was obviously not convinced by the women’s story, he apparently felt that Mr. Johnson’s intentions with them weren’t as innocent as he made them out to be.

It was discovered that the two women lived together and were known to the police as “disorderly” and had previously been reprimanded for accosting men.

As no knife was recovered, I’m inclined to believe that Mr. Johnson was innocent of the charges brought against him. But this story is remarkable for other reasons. First of all, it occurred only two days before the “double event,” and we have a story of a man pushing a woman down in the open street, quite similar to the scenario described by Berner Street witness, Israel Schwartz. The “Dear Boss” letter had already been written and received, but had not been made public, and yet we have



DUTFIELD'S YARD, BERNER STREET

a suspect with a “decided American accent.” And most curious of all is what the two constables had found near the scene of the crime: The police state, as an extraordinary circumstance, that when they went on duty, about half-past ten last night, they saw the word “Look” written in chalk on the pavement, on both sides of a lamp-post. Under the lamp-post was also written, “I am Leather Apron.” Under this was drawn two figures — one of a woman and the other of man holding a knife in his hand. Again under this were the words, “Five more, and I will give myself up.” The matter was treated as a joke at the time, but the officers say it is very strange that such a singular case should come to light so soon after.

Other papers give the additional details that the graffiti was found in Kingsland Road and that a long line had been drawn to the word “Look” on one side of the lamppost.

This story had been widely circulated in the various papers and even distributed by the Central News Agency. The graffiti echoes the apocryphal Hanbury Street graffiti reported following the murder of Annie Chapman. But two days later, two very real murders occurred, and a torn portion of one of the victims’ aprons was found under a piece of graffiti far more obscure in its meaning, and therefore more ominous, and possibly written by the Ripper

himself. Was the Ripper's work influenced by the press he had himself generated?¹

Mr. Harris

On October 2nd, 1888, Edward Spooner took the witness chair at the inquest into the murder of Elizabeth Stride to discuss his minor role in the mystery. The young horse-keeper for Messrs. Meredith, biscuit makers, who exhibited such a capacity for leadership in the first hour following the discovery of the crime, proceeded to tell coroner Baxter and the inquest jury about the course of events that led him to Dutfield's Yard and into the history books.

In the course of reading and rereading the case materials, there was one part of Spooner's testimony that nagged at me, and I wasn't sure why. But it had to do with a man he met on his way along on Fairclough Street while following the two club members who had alerted him to the murder. This was the only person whom Spooner would see on his trek, and he knew him by name — Mr. Harris.

The *Daily Telegraph* reporter covering the inquest, who otherwise did a fine job, chose not to record Spooner's mention of Mr.

Harris, so his name does not appear in the inquest testimony provided on the *casebook.org* proper, arguably the most referenced coverage of the inquest today. However, the *Times* reporter in the room did see fit to provide readers with this bit of information. The relevant portion was published as such:

As I was going to Berner-street I did not meet any one except Mr. Harris, who came out of his house in Tiger Bay (Brunswick-street). Mr. Harris told me he had heard the policeman's whistle blowing.

Of the major papers covering the Stride inquest, I've found the *Times* to be the most error-riddled and incomplete, so it was a rare thing to find a complete piece of information present in the *Times* but missing from the *DT*. Checking every other available newspaper, I found that they too offered this bit about Mr. Harris, and in almost the same language. Following are a couple of examples:

Morning Advertiser.

By a Juryman. - I did not meet anyone as I was hastening to Berner-street, except Mr. Harris, who was coming out of his house in Tiger Bay when he heard the policeman's whistle. He came running after me.

Daily News:

I did not meet any one as I was hastening to Berner-street except Mr. Harris, who was coming out of his house in Tiger Bay, having heard the police whistle.

From these sources there can be no doubt that one other man was to be seen in the street near the crime scene shortly after the murder was committed. Tiger Bay was a colloquial term applied to some of the less desirable streets in the area. A few pieces in the papers even put Berner Street in Tiger Bay, although this is a mistake. The *Times* was alone in assigning a particular street to our Mr. Harris (Brunswick Street), and we can't be certain if this was a guess on the reporter's part or if he took the initiative to follow up with Spooner following that day's inquest hearing. It is unlikely but possible that Spooner had given this extra detail in his testimony and only the *Times* saw fit to report it.

The curious thing about Mr. Harris isn't that he was in the street — a man has a right to be in his own street at any hour — it's the reason *why* he told Spooner he was there that piqued my curiosity about him.

Spooner states that as he was hurrying along, he saw Mr. Harris coming out of his house. Spotted by Spooner, and probably addressed by him, Mr. Harris states that he had heard the

¹ Papers accessed were all from Oct. 29th, 1888, and were *The Daily Telegraph*, *Evening Standard*, *Irish Times*, *Freeman's Journal* and *Daily Commercial Advertiser*, and *The Evening News*.

police whistle and was coming out to check what was the matter. He then followed Spooner to Dutfield's Yard.

The problem with this statement is that *no one* had whistled.

Edward Spooner reached the yard a “good five minutes” before PC Henry Lamb, the first policeman to blow his whistle. In fact, PC Lamb was the first person the neighbors had heard blow a whistle of any kind. Therefore, *Mr. Harris could not have heard a police whistle* and it seems unlikely he alone would have heard Diemschitz and company as they ran along Fairclough Street.

Unlikely, but not impossible.

Had Spooner misheard or misremembered Mr. Harris' words? Did Harris, in fact, tell Spooner he had heard the two men hollering “Police!” and “Murder!”? Or had Mr. Harris been caught by Spooner like a deer in the headlights going back into his house following his gruesome act, and when pressed to answer for himself, told the first lie that came into his mind? On a balance of probabilities, we must conclude that the former is the likeliest answer, and that Mr. Harris had been misheard by Spooner.

But *who* was our Mr. Harris?

Researcher extraordinaire Debra Arif was kind enough to go on a hunt through the census records, and as one can imagine, there were

numerous Harris families living about. There weren't any in Brunswick Street in the years 1881 or 1891, but that doesn't mean there weren't in the intervening years. And we shouldn't necessarily take the *Times* reporter's word that Harris had lived in Brunswick Street. The following are the nearest matches:

Henry Harris

Age in 1888: 35

Address: 8 Fairclough Street

Occupation: Commercial Traveler

Henry Harris

Age in 1888: 27

Address 1 Sander Street

Occupation: Fruiterer's Assistant

William Harris

Age in 1888: 37

Address: 41 Christian Street

Occupation: Horse-keeper

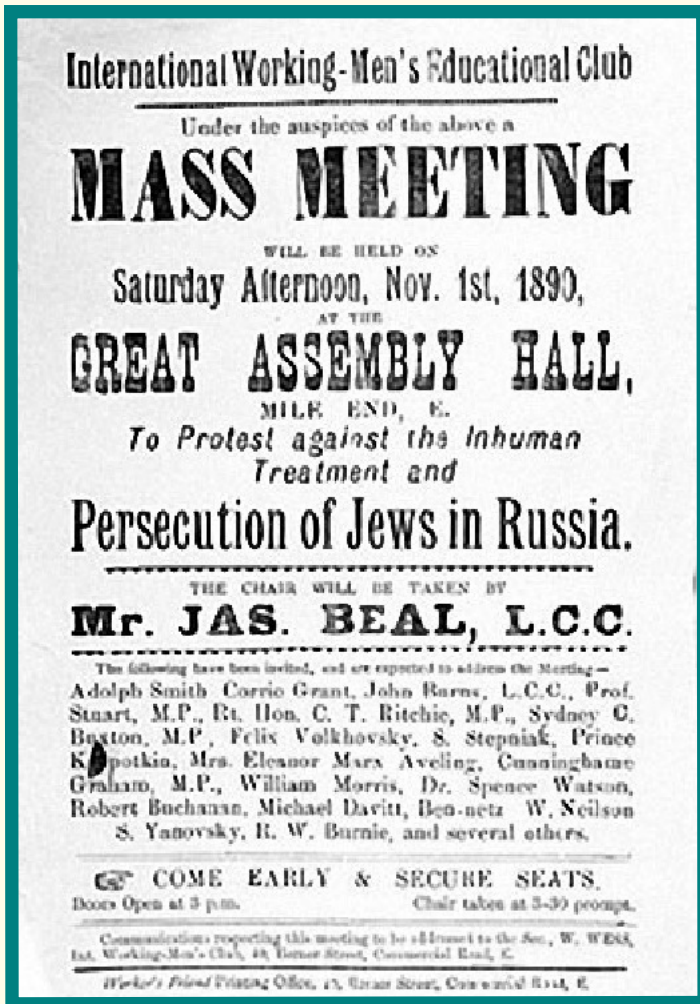
One of the above may be the mysterious Mr. Harris, or perhaps some researcher out there will find a “Harris of Brunswick Street” while trawling through the press and we'll have our man. But was he Stride's killer? Probably not, but in the world of Whitechapel 1888, no rock should be left unturned. It might be of interest to note that a Mr. B. Harris and a Mr. H. A. Harris were members of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee. If Spooner's Mr. Harris should prove to be one of them, it might make

sense of why Mr. Harris — and Mr. Harris alone — came out of his house to investigate the cries of Murder.

Berner Street Club Member/Attendee

Keeping with the theme that we are looking in Berner Street for a killer other than Jack the Ripper and Michael Kidney, the most logical place to start would be inside the house occupying the very yard in which the murder was committed. Although this might seem obvious to an outsider of the case, it is a remarkable fact that the clubman theory has never been seriously pursued in Ripper literature. This oversight may be attributed to the general perception of the club as a gathering place for middle-aged, politically minded Jews, where talks are delivered, songs are sung, and everyone goes quietly home at the end of the night.

Of course, none of this was the case. Of all the club members who figure in the Ripper investigation, it is *Der Arbeter Frait* editor, Philip Krantz, who stands as the club elder at the ripe old age of 29 in 1888. All of the members appear to have been under thirty, with many in their teens (such as Isaac Kozebrodski) and early twenties. In short, the club was a collection of young, angry men, who had turned their backs on religion, and wanted to bring down the establishment by any means



A POSTER FOR A MEETING AT THE INTERNATIONAL WORKING-MEN'S EDUCATIONAL CLUB

necessary. Add to this the fact that beer was served at the club and it is rather remarkable a murder had not occurred on the premises before this time.

The club and its members were not appreciated by their neighbors. Barnett Kentorrich, who lived next door to the club, felt that the yard had a “low character” at night; his wife described the premises as “a nasty place.” Both of these statements stand in opposition to those of the ranking club members, who stated no prostitution was carried out in the yard.

The socialists were notorious for their loud, late nights, their frequent rows both within their own ranks and with the police, and most especially for their very public demonstrations against the Jewish religion.

Of the over 100 individuals who attended the event at the club on the evening of September 30th, 1888, only a small percentage were dues-paying, card-carrying members. Recruitment of new members and the soliciting of financial support was a constant for the club and was the sole purpose for having these large, weekly gatherings. Therefore, many of the people on the premises that evening could have been strangers to the club leaders, and as it is no secret that anarchy often can attract some very unstable and dangerous people, the possibility that Stride’s murderer came from within their midst, albeit unknowingly, is not one to be dismissed lightly.

It may be that the last two sightings of Stride alive were with members or attendees of the club. First there was PC Smith, who witnessed Stride standing just opposite the club with a well-dressed young man of about 28, carrying a “newspaper parcel” that measured about 18 inches in length and 6 to 8 inches in width. Philip Krantz edited the club’s weekly newspaper, *Der Arbeter Frint* (The Worker’s Friend), from a small printing press in back of the club. New editions would be passed out at the club’s weekly gatherings. The latest edition was printed earlier that day. Unlike most newspapers, *Der Arbeter Frint* was not folded in the middle. A stack of such papers, if not properly bound by string or twine, would become rather unruly, so it’s reasonable to expect such a stack would be loosely bound in some way. I personally measured a copy of the *Der Arbeter Frint* and found it to be 18 inches in length and 6 inches wide.

It is quite possible that the young man PC Smith saw talking with Stride was not carrying a parcel wrapped in newspaper, but a quantity of actual newspapers that, due to their dimensions, would register with a passing Smith as a package. As the man Smith saw was standing idly opposite the club and was of the appropriate age to be among their brethren, he quite likely was associated with the club. His duty would have been to meet people in the street, offer a complimentary copy of the paper, and invite them in. Someone that evening would

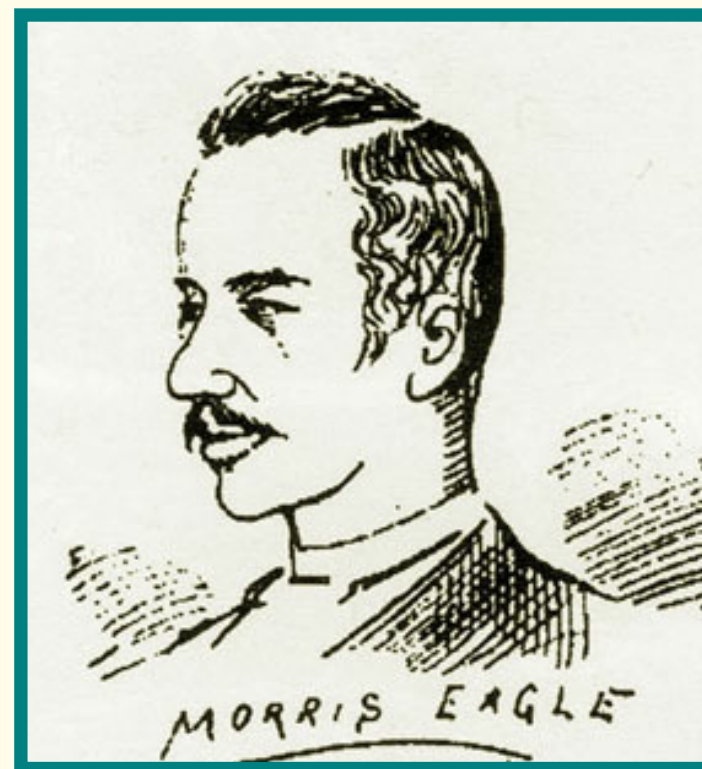
have had this duty; if not this young man, then who? It is a far easier scenario to imagine than a well-dressed 28 year old wanting to solicit sex from Stride.

As for the identity of the man, it could have been Philip Krantz himself, or perhaps Joseph Lave, a Russian from America, recently arrived, and staying at the club until he can find a permanent residence. Lave stated at the time that he had left the club for some fresh air and walked “as far as the street” some twenty minutes before the body was discovered. We know from other testimony that he had made it back inside the club before Morris Eagle returned, which was approximately 12:40am, so this puts Lave out in the street around the same time that PC Smith noticed the couple. Is it possible Lave wasn’t telling us all he knew?

Regarding Morris Eagle and Joseph Lave, we will now consider what Israel Schwartz said he saw. According to the Swanson summary, Schwartz turned on to Berner Street from Commercial Road at approximately 12:45am and saw a man walking some length in front of him. The man stopped at the gates of Dutfield’s Yard and spoke to a woman later identified by Schwartz as Stride. While the man and Stride spoke to each other, Schwartz continued to draw closer. He must have been right on top of them when the man suddenly took hold of Stride and started pulling her towards the street before turning her around and throwing

her down. At this point, Schwartz crossed to the other side of the road to get away from the man. Upon reaching the other side of the road he turned around and the man yelled “Lipski!” At precisely this moment, a taller man emerged either from the doorway of the Nelson Beershop across the street from Schwartz, or from around the corner of Fairclough Street. The man was lighting a pipe, but upon hearing the first man’s cry, he took off in a run in Schwartz’s direction. Wasting no time, Schwartz ran along Fairclough Street to escape the man with the pipe. Schwartz could not be certain if the two men were known to each other.

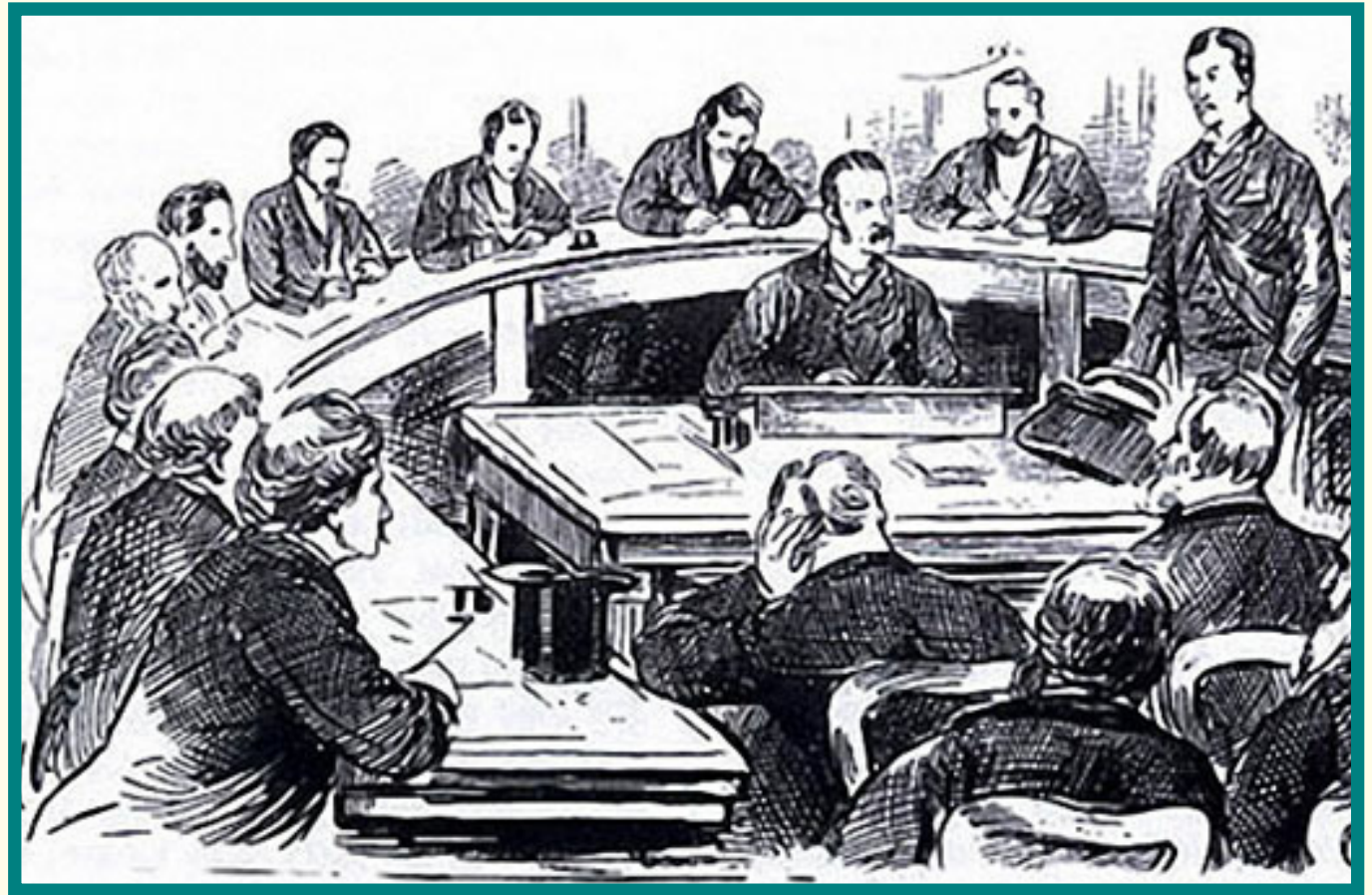
One element of this story that never ceases to raise curiosity is why would the first man pull Stride towards the street? Where was he taking her? If we stick to what Schwartz tells us, the man pulled her out of the gateway and threw her down on the pavement, so it doesn’t seem he was taking her anywhere but out of the gateway. Stride must have spoken to him as he passed the gateway, or else he never would have seen her through the darkness. But if Stride was soliciting, why not stand where men can see you? The answer might simply be that the man turned to enter Dutfield’s Yard and found himself face to face with Stride. After ascertaining what she was doing there, he physically removed her from the yard. If this were the case, then the man may or may not have been Stride’s killer.



The last man to arrive at the club prior to Louis Diemschitz was Morris Eagle at approximately 12:40am. Mrs. Sarah Diemschitz and the club servant girl, Mila, were in the kitchen from which opens the only entrance into the house from the pathway; both women confirmed that Eagle was the last person to enter the club and that it was about twenty minutes prior to Diemschitz’s arrival. If we allow for a discrepancy of five minutes in timing, Schwartz may have seen Eagle returning to the club and rudely removing a middle-aged, gentle

prostitute from his way. Eagle's behavior upon seeing the body in the yard must have been out of character for him, because he felt the need to explain that he is squeamish and had to look away from the bleeding corpse. It may have been not a weak stomach but instead recognition of the woman that caused him to react in such a manner. I don't for a minute suggest that Morris Eagle killed Stride, but only that he behaved in a manner not altogether uncommon for East End men at the time, and roughly moved her from his way. This might explain some of the confusion brought about by the timing of various witnesses. If what Schwartz saw occurred at 12:40, then James Brown could have seen Stride five minutes later and 20 yards away at the corner of Berner Street and Fairclough Street, talking with a man who was likely Pipeman, who returned to check on Stride after chasing Schwartz away and seeing the other man enter into the club. This would mean that either Pipeman, or some unseen man who came by following his departure, was Stride's killer.

Another suspect for Schwartz's first man could be Joseph Lave. He admits to leaving the house for a time but "only going as far as the street." He didn't say how far up the street he went. It's interesting that Schwartz did not see his man turn onto Berner Street from Commercial Road. Either he wasn't paying attention, or the man had been on Berner Street all along. Lave likely exited from the front door



ELIZABETH STRIDE'S INQUEST

of the club, as did Eagle after him, although he would have had to reenter through the side because the front door is always kept locked. Had Lave exited the club through the front and taken a quiet walk down Berner Street almost but not quite to Commercial Road, then turned around and discovered Stride in the yard upon his return, he may have reacted in shock or repulsion. Lave had only recently arrived from

America and would have been an unknown entity to most or all of the club members, so we have no record as to his character. Lave may have been no more than a bully, or he may have been Stride's killer.

Of course, another possibility is that Schwartz's man chose not to enter the club after being witnessed by one and possibly two men. If he were Stride's killer, then he certainly

would not have remained where a witness, returning with the police, could have identified him. So it's possible the killer was a clubman, but escaped police questioning by fleeing the scene.

Another possibility that I'm surprised to have never seen mentioned is that Stride may have been solicited by or come to visit a person living in one of the cottages in the yard of the club. If this were the case, no one who was in the club would have had call to see her. More than likely, Stride was in the yard that night waiting to solicit men exiting the club. The beer shop had closed, and at 1 am, the *George IV* may have been dead, but the sound of men singing through open, lighted windows, would have been like a beacon for an idle prostitute.

I have done quite a bit of research to date on the club and its various members and have not found any reason to suspect anyone in particular, although there's much more research to be done. Nevertheless, the police were probably more thorough in their investigation of the club and its members than the surviving files and press reports make apparent. As late as December, 1888, and probably well into 1889, plain clothes detectives were employed to keep watch on Berner Street and, presumably, the club.²

Israel Schwartz

Why not? He's been branded either one of the most significant witnesses in the whole of the mystery, or he's been called a bald-faced liar. What if the truth lies somewhere in between? What if Schwartz described a true scenario, but changed his role in it?

I'm going to assume that all readers of this journal are familiar with the testimony of Schwartz; both that given by Inspector Swanson in his October 19 summary and the "alternative version" published by the *Star* newspaper. If not, both sources can be found in any reputable Ripper book published in the last 20 years. I'd like to use our time here to consider the Schwartz tale from a different perspective and to consider another published account discovered by Chris Scott and identified by myself for what it was. Truly, enough cannot be said about the Casebook Press Project and its volunteers. But I digress.

Israel Schwartz is the last identifiable person to have seen Liz Stride alive, but unlike his counterparts in Buck's Row (Charles Cross, the discoverer), Hanbury Street, (John Richardson), and Millers Court (George Hutchinson), he has to date never seriously been written about as a suspect. The reason may simply be that we are all so busy discussing the many other questions surrounding him (Was he telling the truth? Why

wasn't he at the inquest? Why did his account differ so much in the *Star*? Were Pipeman and Broad-shouldered Man known to each other? And so on *ad infinitum*), that we've simply never gotten around to it. So, let us rectify that now.

Schwartz stated that as he turned on to Berner Street from Commercial Road he found himself walking a short distance behind another man who stopped at the gates leading into Dutfield's Yard. Schwartz continued walking along until he was nearly abreast of the couple. The reason for this, as I've argued elsewhere, may have been because he had been staying at the club until his move to Ellen Street that day, and therefore he wanted merely to pass the couple to see if his wife or any belongings were to be found there before heading to his new home. Whatever the reason, he got close enough to get a good look at them both. As the man became forceful with Stride, Schwartz crossed the street.

Almost simultaneously, another man emerged from the shadows lighting a pipe while the first man yelled "Lipski!" The man with the pipe then moved towards Schwartz, who took off into the night.

Now, let us imagine that Schwartz was Stride's killer. Having just committed the deed, he exits onto Berner Street from Dutfield's Yard and heads in the direction of Fairclough Street. Meanwhile, another man fitting the description

2. *The Boston Daily Globe*, Dec. 10th, 1888.



WILLIAM WESS

of his Man No. 1 (Often referred to by Ripperphiles as Broad-shouldered Man, or BS Man, for short) is walking along from Commercial Road and finds Stride. He calls out “Lipski!” to Schwartz, in effect accusing him of the murder. The man with the pipe (Pipeman) hears the cry, knows there’s a murderer about in Whitechapel, sees the wide-eyed Schwartz, and takes after him, believing he’s chasing Leather Apron.

This scenario would explain the discrepancies in the *Star* report. By putting a knife in Pipeman’s hands, Schwartz made both him and BS Man menacing characters. If they came forward, it would be their word against Schwartz, who already had the ear of the police.

This may sound far-fetched, and it probably is, but the idea occurred to me while researching the suspect, Charles Le Grand, and learning that he would abuse prostitutes in the street and then seek out a constable as quickly as possible to turn them in for a trumped up charge, so he could get the jump on them turning him over.

There is also one contemporary source that suggests at least the possibility of Schwartz being pursued as the murderer. An ambitious reporter for the *Echo* newspaper hit Berner Street shortly after the murder and talked to everyone he could. Ironically, he may have spoken to Charles Le Grand and J.H. Batchelor

themselves. He was allowed into the Berner Street Club where he sat in on an executive meeting discussing how much to charge the gawkers outside their gates for a glimpse at the murder scene. Afterwards, he had a private chat with club secretary and inquest witness, William Wess, who provided the following information:

A MAN PURSUED.

- SAID TO BE THE MURDERER.

In the course of conversation (says the journalist) the secretary mentioned the fact that the murderer had no doubt been disturbed in his work, as about a quarter to one o'clock on Sunday morning he was seen —or, at least, a man whom the public prefer to regard as the murderer — being chased by another man along Fairclough-street, which runs across Berner-street close to the Club, and which is intersected on the right by Providence-street, Brunswick-street, and Christian-st., and on the left by Batty-street and Grove-street, the two latter running up into Commercial-road. The man pursued escaped, however, and the secretary of the Club cannot remember the name of the man who gave chase, but he is not a member of their body. Complaint is also made about the difficulty there was experienced in obtaining a policeman, and it is alleged that from the time the body was discovered fifteen minutes had

elapsed before a constable could be called from Commercial-road. This charge against the police, however, requires confirmation. There is, notwithstanding the number who have visited the scene, a complete absence of excitement, although naturally this fresh addition to the already formidable list of mysterious murders forms the general subject of conversation.

Taken *prima facie*, this statement is a bombshell. It tells us that either BS Man or some unknown witness watched Pipeman chase Schwartz and concluded that Schwartz was the murderer. The identity of this witness was apparently made known to Wess, though he conveniently forgot the man's name while being interviewed.

Could there really be a mysterious fourth person on Berner Street at 12:45a.m. that night? How is it Wess knew about this and the police didn't? Could BS Man have been Morris Eagle who preferred that his evidence go no further than the club? Wess' comment that "the public" regarded the chased man as the murderer suggests that many others were aware of the incident by this time.

It is just possible that this is all true and that upon reading the story supplied to the *Star* by Schwartz, Wess and company decided the matter was resolved and that the man chased was not the murderer. Or, for fear of the world thinking one of their own was the Whitechapel murderer, they chose to keep their mouths shut.

But before we get too excited about this new avenue of thought, let's temper it with a bit of logic. Why would Wess tell information to a reporter that he didn't want to get out? It seems from the report that the journalist was trying to 'blend in' with the crowd and therefore wouldn't have been taking notes. Could the story have been reported wrong? Of course it could have. More than likely, Wess knew Israel Schwartz and that's how he heard the story. He may even have been Schwartz's interpreter to the police. After all, he acted as interpreter on behalf of Leon Goldstein at the Leman Street police station, the same station Schwartz and his unnamed interpreter attended. We know from the *Star* report that Schwartz chose not to give his name to the press, or was otherwise forbidden to by the police. This explains why Wess would say he "forgot" the man's name. William Wess probably told the reporter something closer to the truth — that the murderer chased another man — and the reporter simply misremembered and reversed the characters.

There's probably a lot more about this article that should be discussed, but for our purposes here, we can only conclude that there is no solid reason to suspect Schwartz of the murder.

Liz's Secret Lover

A small handful of Ripper commentators fancy the notion that Liz Stride had a lover other than Michael Kidney whom she kept secret. I say "kept secret" because it's clear that she told none of her closest friends of any man in her life other than Kidney. This theory is derived from romanticism and wishful thinking more than from scholarship, but the romantics and lapsed "Kidneyites" who still see the murder as domestic in nature cling true to the notion. As evidence to back their theory, they inevitably point to warehouse worker and inquest witness, William Marshall, who, it is largely believed, saw a kissing couple.

Hollywood tells us that prostitutes will not kiss their clients. While this may or may not be the case with a \$300 an hour call girl today, can we honestly say it was so with an 1888 unfortunate trying to get her next drink and, if she's lucky, a bed for the night? Nevertheless, some believe that because Stride and her man were "making out," they must have been more intimate than mere pro and punter. But a reevaluation of what Marshall testified to actually having seen might prove enlightening.

Following is William Marshall's inquest testimony as reported by the *Daily Telegraph* on Oct. 6th. I've selected this paper's coverage because it is the most extensive. Additional details appearing in other papers will be noted.



CORONER WYNNE BAXTER

William Marshall, examined by the Coroner, said:

*I reside at No. 64, Berner-street, and am a labourer at an indigo warehouse. I have seen the body at the mortuary. I saw the deceased on Saturday night last.*³

Coroner: Where?

*Marshall: In our street, three doors from my house, about a quarter to twelve o'clock. She was on the pavement, opposite No. 58, between Fairclough-street and Boyd-street.*⁴

Coroner: What was she doing?

Marshall: She was standing talking to a man.

Coroner: How do you know this was the same woman?

Marshall: I recognised her both by her face and dress. She did not then have a flower in her breast.

Coroner: Were the man and woman whom you saw talking quietly?

Marshall: They were talking together.

Coroner: Can you describe the man at all?

Marshall: There was no gas-lamp near. The nearest was at the corner, about twenty feet off. I did not see the face of the man distinctly.

Coroner: Did you notice how he was dressed?

Marshall: In a black cut-away coat and dark trousers.

Coroner: Was he young or old?

Marshall: Middle-aged he seemed to be.

Coroner: Was he wearing a hat?

Marshall: No, a cap.

Coroner: What sort of a cap?

Marshall: A round cap, with a small peak. It was something like what a sailor would wear.

Coroner: What height was he?

Marshall: About 5ft. 6in.

Coroner: Was he thin or stout?

Marshall: Rather stout.

Coroner: Did he look well dressed?

Marshall: Decently dressed.

Coroner: What class of man did he appear to be?

Marshall: I should say he was in business, and did nothing like hard work.

Coroner: Not like a dock labourer?

Marshall: No.

Coroner: Nor a sailor?

Marshall: No.

Coroner: Nor a butcher?

Marshall: No.

Coroner: A clerk?

Marshall: He had more the appearance of a clerk.

³ *The Daily News*, Oct. 6th, 1888. He viewed the body on Oct. 1st, less than 24 hours after he witnessed the couple in Berner Street.

⁴ By "opposite No. 58," Marshall means that the couple was standing outside its door, on the pavement, just three doors away from where he was standing.

Coroner: Is that the best suggestion you can make? -

Marshall: It is.

Coroner: You did not see his face. Had he any whiskers?

Marshall: I cannot say. I do not think he had.

Coroner: Was he wearing gloves?

Marshall: No.

Coroner: Was he carrying a stick or umbrella in his hands?

Marshall: He had nothing in his hands that I am aware of.

Coroner: You are quite sure that the deceased is the woman you saw?

Marshall: Quite. I did not take much notice whether she was carrying anything in her hands.

Coroner: What first attracted your attention to the couple?

Marshall: By their standing there for some time, and he was kissing her.

Coroner: Did you overhear anything they said?

Marshall: I heard him say, "You would say anything but your prayers."

Coroner: Different people talk in a different tone and in a different way. Did his voice give you the idea of a clerk?

Marshall: Yes, he was mild speaking.

Coroner: Did he speak like an educated man?

Marshall: I thought so. I did not hear them say anything more. They went away after that. I did not hear the woman say anything, but after the man made that observation she laughed. They went away down the street, towards Ellen-street. They would not then pass No. 40 (the club).

Coroner: How was the woman dressed? - In a black jacket and skirt.

Coroner: Was either the worse for drink?

Marshall: No, I thought not.

Coroner: When did you go indoors?

Marshall: About twelve o'clock.

Coroner: Did you hear anything more that night?

Marshall: Not till I heard that the murder had taken place, just after one o'clock. While I was standing at my door, from half-past eleven to twelve, there was no rain at all. The deceased had on a small black bonnet. The couple were standing between my house and the club for about ten minutes.

Detective-Inspector Reid: Then they passed you? -

Marshall: Yes.

A Juror: Did you not see the man's face as he passed?

Marshall: No; he was looking towards the woman, and had his arm round her neck. There is a gas lamp

at the corner of Boyd-street.⁵ It was not closing time when they passed me.⁶

*The Jack the Ripper A to Z*⁷ has the couple walking towards the IWEC as they leave Marshall, but this is an error apparently carried over from the *Times*, which completely garbled Marshall's testimony. Every other newspaper consulted makes clear that the couple moved in the opposite direction, towards Ellen Street, after having spent approximately 10 minutes together in front of the door of 58 Berner Street. It would be nice to know who resided at this address in 1888, although since Marshall didn't recognize the man, and would presumably be familiar with his neighbors, at least by sight, the information would only hold an academic value.

One important element of Marshall's testimony is that at no time does he describe the couple as kissing *each other*. When first asked what the woman was doing, he replied to the coroner by saying she was "standing talking

⁵ This must be in reference to the George IV pub at 68 Berner Street, only two doors from Marshall and five doors from where the couple was standing.

⁶ 1996 edition, the most recent at the time of writing.

⁷ Official description circulated to the various police departments in October.

to a man.” He later observed that “they were standing talking to each other.” When asked by the coroner what drew his attention to the couple, he remarked that it was because they had been standing there for some time and because “he was kissing her.” This is quite different from the common conception that the two were kissing each other for ten minutes. Apparently, he was kissing her early on in the interaction, but then the better part of the couple’s time was spent talking. And the fact that the man was kissing Stride (assuming that is who Marshall saw) does not mean that she was kissing him back or that he was kissing her on the lips.

As the couple walked off past Marshall, the man put his arm around Stride. Along with the kissing, this does appear as evidence of intimacy, but it could just as well be the evidence of a rather amorous man looking to have a quick turn. The brief exchange Marshall overheard seems to suggest the latter rather than the former. *You would say anything but your prayers* is not exactly courting language and would not then or now be an appropriate remark in most circumstances. A situation where such an observation would not be taken offense to is one where the relationship is strictly sexual in nature, such as with a prostitute and her client. Stride laughed at the man’s words.

The time of Marshall’s sighting was about 11:45pm. Since he estimated he watched them for about 10 minutes, that means they headed off towards Ellen Street at about 11:55pm. Stride would next be seen about 30-35 minutes later by 26-year-old PC William Smith (452H), standing outside the IWEC speaking with a man holding what Smith took to be a “newspaper parcel” or a package wrapped in newspaper. A comparison of the man seen by Marshall with the man seen by the constable would now be useful:

Marshall: Middle-aged, about 5’6”, rather stout, wearing a black cutaway coat, dark trousers, and a round cap with a small peak, like what a sailor would be. Appearance of a man in business (clerkly) with an educated voice, presumably an English accent. Could not be sure but didn’t think the man had facial hair.

PC Smith: aged 28, height 5ft 8in, complexion dark, small dark moustache; dress, black diagonal coat, hard felt hat, collar and tie; respectable appearance; carried a parcel wrapped up in a newspaper.⁸

At the inquest, Smith added the detail that the hat the man was wearing was a “deerstalker.” While the two descriptions tally in some respects, it seems reasonably clear that they cannot be the same man. PC Smith was 26 years old, and felt that the man he saw was around the same age as himself, whereas

Marshall, who was in his 50s, described a middle-aged man. The hats each man describes are completely different, and Marshall was certain that the man he saw held nothing in his hands (though one could argue he picked up his mysterious parcel sometime in the 30 minutes when the couple was out of sight).

The inescapable conclusion is that Stride was with more than one man that night . . . more than two if you count the broad-shouldered man Schwartz saw speak to and attack her. Given her long history as a prostitute, and the fact that she no longer had Michael Kidney to support her, it’s reasonable to expect her to be out making money the quickest way she knew how. Liz was a heavy drinker, so she had her habit as well as her doss to support.

Other information that some feel are indications Liz had a secret man in her life are the fact that she asked fellow lodger Charles Preston for a lint brush and that she had in her possession a length of green velvet. Of course, all this proves is that Liz owned a piece of green velvet and cared about her appearance. Although she and Kidney were poor, they were not destitute by East End standards. Until three days before her murder, Liz enjoyed a regular bed and even an allowance from Kidney. Mary

⁸ *Evening News*, Oct. 1, 1888.

...if he'd been a straight fellow he would have told us to mind our own business ...

Kelly, who likewise enjoyed an existence somewhat above that of many other women in the area, also kept a very clean appearance and possessed some personal belongings. There's nothing here to indicate Liz had a new regular lover.

The last piece of evidence we'll consider is that of J. Best and John Gardner, two men who had decided to pop in for a late drink at the *Bricklayer's Arms*, a pub two streets down and across Commercial Road from Berner Street. They told the press they came in at just before 11pm, and as they were entering the pub, they noticed a couple preparing to exit. Due to the rain outside, the man and woman hung back near the door, cuddling and kissing. What first drew their attention to the couple was the fact

that the man was dressed respectably whereas his partner was "poorly dressed."

Best and Gardner no doubt concluded quickly that the man was with a prostitute and decided to have a little fun at his expense, urging him to "*bring the woman in and treat her.*" The man completely ignored the taunts, which bothered Best, who told an *Evening News* reporter that "*if he'd been a straight fellow he would have told us to mind our own business, or he would have gone away.*" Speaking from hindsight, he then boasted that he was so sure something was wrong with the situation that he would have charged the man had their been a constable handy. The taunting of the couple continued and the woman, like the man, refused to

acknowledge Best and his friends. Speaking to Stride, one of the men jested, "That's Leather Apron getting 'round you." Stride continued to ignore the men, and the couple took off "like a shot" shortly after 11 pm when they noticed the rain had stopped.⁹

The Best and Gardner encounter is easy for writers to overlook or ignore. I confess I have made a habit of doing so myself. This is because it occurred two hours prior to the murder, and with Stride being seen by so many people after this time, and presumably in the company of different men, the story just lacked any evidentiary value in determining who her killer might have been. There's also the fact that Best and Gardner are nowhere to be found in the official records, were not called to appear at the inquest, and even disappear from the newspapers almost as soon as they appeared. Perhaps this is because upon investigation, the police either found out their story was fabricated, or determined that the men were mistaken in thinking it was Stride they had witnessed. After all, there were many other

⁹ Yost takes the utopian view that all witnesses, including and especially the discredited Matthew Packer, were telling the truth. He struggles to make all the men witnessed with Stride to be young, like the man Packer described. In reference to Marshall's man, he makes the delightfully contradictory statement that "the young man was middle-aged" and, on the next page, "the young man seemed middle-aged".

people in the *Bricklayer's Arms* that night, including the bartender and serving girls, any one of whom might have known the woman personally and could have given the police her name, proving she wasn't Stride.

But if Marshall is one pillar upon which rests the "secret lover" theory, then Best and Gardner certainly comprise the other pillar, so I decided this portion of my essay would offer me the perfect opportunity (or excuse) to put these two pub-crawlers under the microscope.

On the face of it, their statement seems truthful and not fabricated. They paint themselves somewhat negatively as barroom bullies, resist imbuing their story with sensational details in order to make it more attractive, and the movements they ascribe to the couple make perfect sense when you consider that it had indeed been raining that evening, with the rain stopping right around 11 pm, precisely the time Best and Gardner place their couple by the door awaiting a break in the rain and then taking off "like a shot" once the skies had cleared.

Of course, even if the two men were telling the truth as they knew it, that doesn't mean they had seen Liz Stride, only that they thought they had. In fact, Best seems to have had his reservations after viewing the body in the mortuary.

I had been to the mortuary, and am almost certain the woman there is the one we saw at

the Bricklayer's Arms. She is the same slight woman, and seems the same height. The face looks the same, but a little paler, and the bridge of the nose does not look so prominent.

As with James Brown and his Fairclough Street couple, Best's lack of certainty is a double-edged sword; it supports the idea that what he's telling us is the truth as he knew it, but it forbids the researcher from being any more certain than he was as to what and who he saw. John Gardner, who had accompanied his friend Best to view the body at the mortuary, was far more confident in his recollections.

Before I got to the mortuary today I told you the woman had a flower in her jacket, and that she had a short jacket. Well, I have been to the mortuary, and there she was with the dahlias on the right side of her jacket. I could swear she is the same woman I saw at the Bricklayer's Arms, and she has the same smile on her face now that she had then.

While evaluating the witness information, it is important to remember that Best and Gardner, like William Marshall, were taken to the mortuary on Sunday — the day following the murder — to view the body. This means that what they claim to have seen was very fresh in their minds, perhaps no more than 12 hours old, and certainly less than 24 hours.

Gardner, a man of few words, clearly feels confident in his evidence, and perhaps a bit

annoyed at his friend's caution. The fact that he had remarked about the flower to the reporter prior to seeing the body lends significant weight to his veracity when he says Stride was the woman he saw. Fresh flowers were not a common *accoutrement* for East End unfortunates and would be sure to catch attention.

Although it's rarely mentioned in modern Ripper literature, Best and Gardner were accompanied to the mortuary by a third friend who saw the couple in the pub that evening and who identified Stride as the woman. He seems to have refused giving a detailed statement to the reporter, but he acknowledged that he agreed with Best's version of events.

Regarding the slight differences of appearance Best noted after seeing the body in the mortuary, one can hardly be surprised that Stride appeared "paler," since she was, after all, dead, and had lost much of her blood. If this is all he meant, then we can hardly call it a discrepancy. However, if Best had taken death and blood loss into consideration, which might be expected of a grown man to do, then the fact that the woman in the mortuary seemed a little paler to him might carry with it more significance than previously thought. For instance, if the woman in the pub had been tanned at all, this would have been evident on the corpse. Liz Stride, who had spent the summer in London and worked primarily



THE ENTRANCE TO DUTFIELD'S YARD, BERNER STREET. (1909)

indoors, would have had no tan. As far as the difference Best noted in the “bridge of the nose,” this once again could be explained by the fact that Stride was now a corpse lying prostrate on a table. Not only was Best now looking at her from a different angle than before, but her dead facial muscles were now relaxed and pulled back. What is perhaps more significant are the men’s observations about her face. If we agree that Best and Gardner did not fabricate their story then here we have two men who had a prolonged look at a couple in a well-lighted room. No other witness that evening enjoyed such conditions. Stride’s most easily identifiable feature would certainly have been her mouth with its large bottom lip, having earned her amongst her associates the nickname of “Hippy Lip Annie.” Gardner’s poignant comment that “she has the same smile on her face now that she had then” and Best’s rather offhand remark that “the face looks the same” suggest that nothing about Stride’s face, and in particular her mouth, was different from the woman they saw in the pub.

To borrow Best’s words, I would say it is “almost certain” that Best and Gardner are solid witnesses who “almost certainly” saw Elizabeth Stride in company with a man at the *Bricklayer’Arms* public house around 11 pm on the night of her death. That they were not called to appear at the inquest and were not

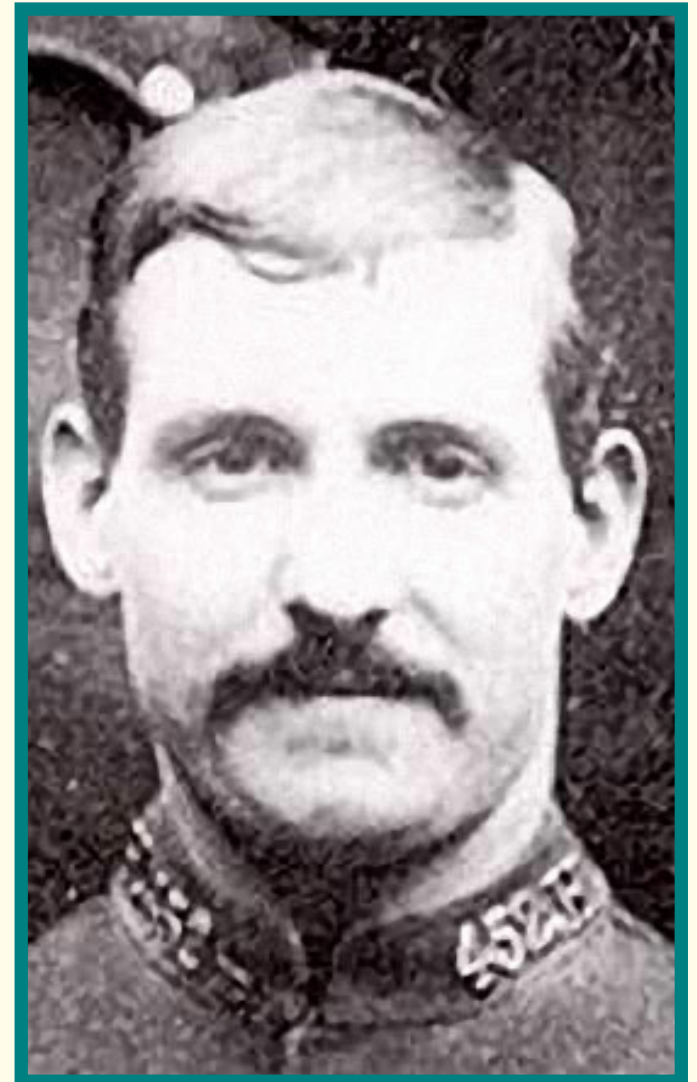
mentioned in Swanson's lengthy report is simply because Stride had been seen at later times in the company of a different man and therefore the evidence of the two men would have been considered useless in determining her killer, her time of death, and her method of death.

To support this conclusion we need look no further than 36 Berner Street and the home of Fanny Mortimer. Mortimer had stood in her doorway for approximately 10 minutes, going back inside and shutting her door just a few minutes before Louis Diemschutz arrived home and discovered the murder. During that time, she witnessed a young man carrying a black bag walk quickly down Berner Street. He glanced toward the club (only two doors down from Mortimer) and kept walking, turning left at the Board School and heading along Fairclough Street. Leon Goldstein, a member of the IWEC, recognized his description in the paper and went, along with interpreter and club secretary, William Wess, to the Leman Street police station to clear up the matter and free himself of any suspicion. Had he not done so, Mrs. Mortimer most certainly would have been called as a witness at the inquest and her description of Goldstein would be listed in every modern book on the case, right after that of Schwartz's men! As it happens, Fanny Mortimer was not called as a witness to the inquest, presumably because

it was determined the man she had seen was not the killer of Stride — even though Goldstein had corroborated her story, making her a pivotal witness in determining the time as to when Stride could have been killed. If such an important and qualified witness as Mortimer was not deemed significant enough to appear at the inquest, then there is little reason we should expect Best and Gardner to have been.

If Best and Gardner gave true evidence, which seems probable, and were correct in their identification of Stride as the woman they saw, which seems likely, then we must consider what we know about this man. They described the man they saw as about 5 feet-5 inches tall, with a black moustache, no beard, weak, sore eyes, either sandy eyelashes or none at all, respectably dressed, wearing a black morning suit with a black morning coat [cutaway coat], with a rather tall billycock hat [bowler], with a collar, and a tie, although they didn't notice the color, and he was definitely English.

It is both remarkable and unfortunate that the *Evening News* reporter did not ask them about the man's build and approximate age. Dave Yost, in his book *Elizabeth Stride and Jack the Ripper: The Life and Death of the Reputed Third Victim*, repeatedly refers to their man as a "young man," although I've found no evidentiary support for this assertion. In fact, if the man had been appreciably younger than



CONSTABLE WILLIAM SMITH

the woman, Best almost assuredly would have commented on that, since the difference in the couple's class and dress immediately struck him.¹⁰ The clothes the man was wearing, his height, and the fact that he was English, all jibe with the couple William Marshall would see approximately 40 minutes later, but there are two differences, and they're not insignificant ones.

First of all, both Best and Gardner recalled seeing a flower on the woman's chest, as would PC Smith 90 minutes later, and it would still be there when her body was discovered at 1 am. However, Marshall stated that there was no flower on the jacket of the woman he saw. This could be accounted for by a number of factors: there was not a lot of light where Marshall was standing and the couple was a few yards from him. When they walked in front of him the man was closest to him with his arm around Stride and would have been obstructing Marshall's view of her right side. The way coroner Baxter had to press him for details might also suggest that Marshall wasn't a man to notice such details. However, he didn't merely say that he didn't notice a flower, he specifically said she didn't have one on her, so it's also possible she had temporarily removed it after leaving the *Bricklayer's Arms*.

From the time Best's couple left the pub in Settles Street and Marshall saw his couple in front of 58 Berner Street 40 minutes had passed. That spot was only about 250 yards from the pub, so it's possible they stopped somewhere in between to have sex, prompting Liz to remove her flower to protect it. After passing Marshall and saying good evening to the man, she may have put it back on to seek a new client. However, there's a far more serious discrepancy between Marshall's man and Best's man that would be harder to explain.

Best and Gardner described their man's headwear as a "Billycock hat, rather tall," whereas Marshall said his man wore a "round cap with a small peak, like what a sailor would wear." In 1888, hats were status symbols in the way cars are today. There is no way that either Marshall or Best could have confused one hat for the other; it would be like mistaking a 1978 Volkswagen for a 2011 Lexus.

PC Smith, who would see Stride talking to a man opposite the IWEC about 40 minutes after Marshall watched his couple disappear in the opposite direction, said that the man he saw wore a dark-colored deerstalker hat. This is much more in keeping with the hat Marshall described and just as contrary to that which Best and Gardner saw on their man. However, other aspects about the man described by Smith are not at all in keeping with Marshall's man.



ABOVE: BILLYCOCK HAT

BELOW: A TYPICAL LATE VICTORIAN SAILOR'S CAP



10. Yost takes the utopian view that all witnesses, including and especially the discredited Matthew Packer, were telling the truth. He struggles to make all the men witnessed with Stride to be young, like the man Packer described. In reference to Marshall's man, he makes the delightfully contradictory statement that "the young man was middle-aged" and, on the next page, "the young man seemed middle-aged".

What this means is that while Best and Gardner, Marshall, and Smith, in all probability saw Stride that night, each saw her with a different man. While the “kissing and cuddling” and respectable dark clothing make it tempting to conclude that Marshall saw Stride with the same man as Best and Gardner, the difference in headwear makes such a conclusion impossible.

A curious factor is that Stride seems to have been witnessed with a different man every 40 minutes from 11 pm to 12:35 pm. She also seems to have set her sights a little higher than many of her colleagues as each man was described as “respectably dressed.” This was almost certainly intentional on her part and she very well may have purchased her own flower and cachous to this end. Unlike most or all of the other victims, she had money when she left her doss that evening.

For the sake of comparison, we should also consider the man and woman James Brown saw standing on the Fairclough Street side of the board school at approximately 12:45 am, only about 10 minutes following PC Smith’s sighting of Liz with a man opposite the IWEC. It would only have taken seconds for Stride and her man to walk from where Smith saw them to where Brown saw his couple, so the timing presents no problem. Like J. Best, Brown was “almost certain” that Stride was the woman he saw, but, unlike Best, it was only for a fleeting moment

and not in the best of light. This leaves open the very real possibility that the woman Brown saw was not Stride. Brown did not see a flower on the woman’s breast and did not notice what kind of cap the man was wearing. But he did notice that he wore a long coat that reached almost to his heels, which would rule out this being the same man that PC Smith saw with Stride a short time before.

If we assume Brown was correct in having seen Liz Stride, then we now have her placed with four different men inside of two hours. All of the sightings were within the vicinity of pubs, and the behavior of the men sound like descriptions of oversexed men looking to score as opposed to two middle-aged couples romancing. When you also consider that Stride’s closest companions were unaware of any man in her life besides Michael Kidney and stated that Stride did not say she was going to meet anyone in particular that evening, it seems rather safe to conclude that she was out prostituting on the night of her death and that there was no psychotic secret lover following her around in a jealous rage.

Studying the data, only two possibilities came to me as possible lovers of Stride, though neither is likely to have been the murderer. The first comes from Michael Kidney himself. Testifying at the inquest, the coroner asked Kidney “Do you know whether she picked up

with anyone?” to which he replied, “I have seen the address of the brother of the gentleman with whom she lived as a servant, somewhere near Hyde Park, but I cannot find it now.”

It’s fairly clear that upon finding this name and address, Kidney questioned Stride about it, otherwise it’s unlikely he would have known he was the brother of the man she had worked for so many years before he’d known her. The fact that he thought of it when asked if she might be seeing other men suggests that he did not put much faith in Stride’s explanation of the strange address. Stride, a habitual liar, would be expected to lie if the address led to someone she did not want Kidney to know about. But if not the brother of her former employer, who or what was located “near Hyde Park”? The fact that Kidney could not rediscover the address means that Stride took it with her upon leaving, and that the address was not found on her person suggests she disposed of it. The author would welcome any suggestions readers might have, but it would be remarkable if a man with a house in that area should take Stride on as a lover.

The second person I believe Stride may have shared feelings with at some point is Charles Preston, a barber who had resided at 32 Flower and Dean Street for about 18 months prior to Stride’s murder. Elizabeth Tanner, deputy of the lodging house, had known Stride for six

years, but only knew her by the name Long Liz. Likewise for Stride's other lodging house friends, Thomas Bates, Catherine Lane, and Ann Mill. But Charles Preston identified her correctly as Elizabeth Stride. He may have been the first to do so.¹¹ This might suggest that Stride enjoyed a more intimate friendship with Preston than she did her other friends. Curiously, on the day that was to be her last, she asked Preston to borrow his lint brush and he refused. While that doesn't sound like a very friendly thing to do, it makes perfect sense if Preston was jealous and did not approve of her prostituting herself. While it is interesting to think that Stride may have shared a bond with the apparently well-kempt barber, we should probably look elsewhere if we are to find her murderer.

In closing, while it is not impossible Stride had a secret lover, it is very unlikely, and all the evidence points to her having spent the last evening of her life in search of money. If Stride knew her killer, he was not among her love interests.

¹¹ Dave Yost makes the same observation in his book and also mentions John Arundell as having known Stride's proper name.

Biography

TOM WESCOTT

Tom lives in America's heartland and, while still a young man, he has been a Casebook.org member since 1998. He has written extensively on the Ripper murders and his articles have appeared in *Ripper Notes*, *Ripperologist* and the *Whitechapel Society Journal*. This is Tom's fifth article for *Examiner*. Tom has two pet ferrets.

**NEXT ISSUE: Bachert in Berner Street:
Did Albert Kill Long Liz?**

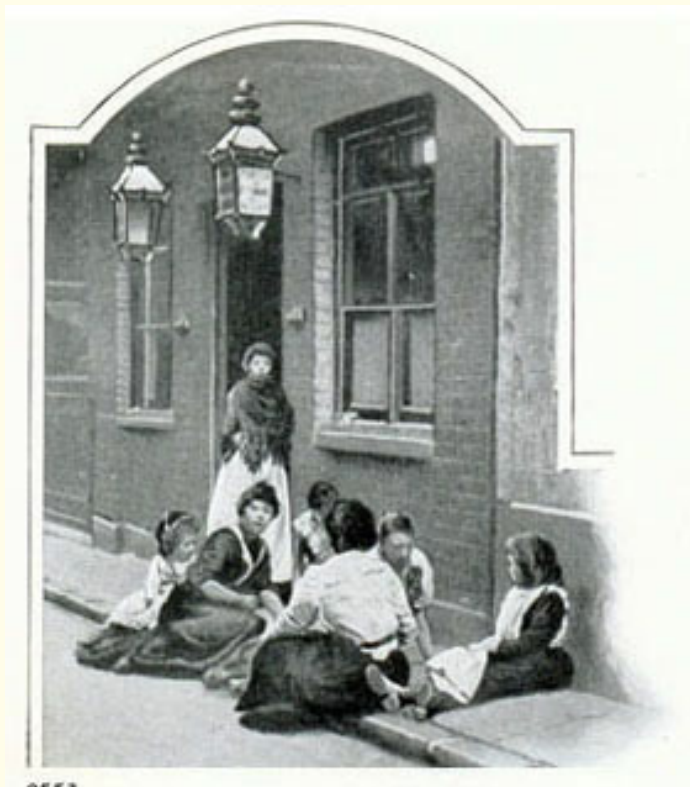
A Cat's Lick or Two

Personal Hygiene in the LVP

By Jane Coram

A little while ago a discussion came up on Casebook¹ about how poorer women back in the LVP managed their personal hygiene — especially those living in the absolute squalor of the doss houses or slum dwellings like those in Miller's Court. A lot of readers are probably wondering why it's worth discussing anyway. Hopefully this article will answer that question and even provide a few surprises.

How did women like Polly Nichols and Mary Kelly manage to keep even tolerably clean, given their living conditions? The fact is — they probably didn't. For the most part they ranged from pretty grubby to downright disgustingly filthy. That's not being uncharitable to the poor souls, it's simply how it was, and no matter how diligently they tried to keep themselves clean, it would always have been a losing battle. It wasn't just their personal circumstances that



A group of women outside a doss house in Flower and Dean Street.

Women that lived in the lodging houses were forced to spend all day away from the lodgings. If they didn't have work, they would spend the day sitting around on pavements or on walls, and of course their clothing would soon get very dirty.

dictated how well they were able to keep clean; the general environment often precluded cleanliness even amongst the middle classes. The streets of Whitechapel and Spitalfields were littered with every kind of filth and most of it ended up on a person's clothing at some time or other.

The usual practice for street cleaning was to shovel the mud on the streets into heaps by the roadside; these heaps frequently remaining there several days before the cart came round to collect them. Of course by then, the whole lot would have been scattered again and a considerable quantity of mud was never removed from the streets. This liquid mud stayed on the pavement until it was spread over the streets again by the traffic, or washed away by rain.² Outer clothing would, of course, be covered in this mud and detritus of other waste, and the bottoms of skirts and trousers would soon become unspeakably filthy. Outer clothing was rarely washed or cleaned, simply because a lot of it wasn't washable — instead the mud and

¹ The Bloody Piece of Apron Redux.
<http://forum.casebook.org/showthread.php?t=1779>.

² W.J.Gordon *Leisure Hour*, 1889

horse muck would be allowed to dry and then brushed off.

For those who had no facilities at all for washing clothes, the local public baths always had a laundry room, where clothes could be washed for a very nominal fee. These were run on a charitable basis, by philanthropists who realised that a great deal of the disease in the capital could be eradicated if the Great Unwashed became the Great Washed. Most blocks of model dwellings, like those in George Yard, would have had a purpose built laundry room for the residents to use. There was also the local 'bagwash' lady, who was usually some old dear who took in laundry and washed it for a pathetically small fee, to keep herself from starving. The term 'bagwash' originated because the washing was usually tied up in a little bundle or put into a pillow case for transportation. They were still around as late as the 1960s, before the introduction of the launderette in the East End, and the amount they charged for a pillow case full of washing was ludicrously small.

Cheaper clothing was almost exclusively made of heavy woollen or coarse material that was hard-wearing and would last, because even second-hand clothing was expensive.³ An item of clothing would have to last years and be repaired often — in many instances it would never have been washed. Working class men and women would be lucky if they had one change of clothes; week-day wear and Sunday best. The one exception to this would have been

the apron, of which they would almost certainly have had more than one. The apron was an important part of a woman's apparel, because it helped to keep her skirt protected and was easily washable. In his memoirs, Walter Dew recollects that he used to see Mary Kelly walking along Aldgate and Leman Street with a couple of her friends and that she was always wearing a clean apron.⁴ Almost any photograph of working class women at the time shows them wearing these same long, white aprons. Of course, Catherine Eddowes' apron has a very important part to play in the case of Jack the Ripper, and we'll be coming back to that a bit later on.

Women like Polly, Annie, Liz, Kate and Mary almost certainly only owned the clothing they were wearing when they were murdered and some of it would never have been washed. Quite simply, they couldn't wash it because they had nothing to wear in the meantime. Even if they were lucky enough to have a change of clothes, some of it would have been so threadbare that it would have probably fallen apart if they had tried to wash it anyway.

When we bear in mind that women like Polly Nichols spent a great deal of their time staggering between the workhouse, casual wards or even sleeping rough, their personal hygiene would have been very hit and miss; it couldn't possibly have been otherwise. At best they would have had something vaguely resembling a bath — at worst, no kind of wash at all.



Second-hand clothing sellers.

The second-hand clothing trade flourished in the East End right up until the late 1950s when the introduction of cheaper massed-produced clothing and launderettes meant that clothing became a far less valuable commodity.

3. A second-hand shirt would generally sell for between 2s and 2s and 6d. This would be the equivalent to roughly half the week's rent in a slum property. A new pair of trousers could be as much as 7 shillings and .6d.

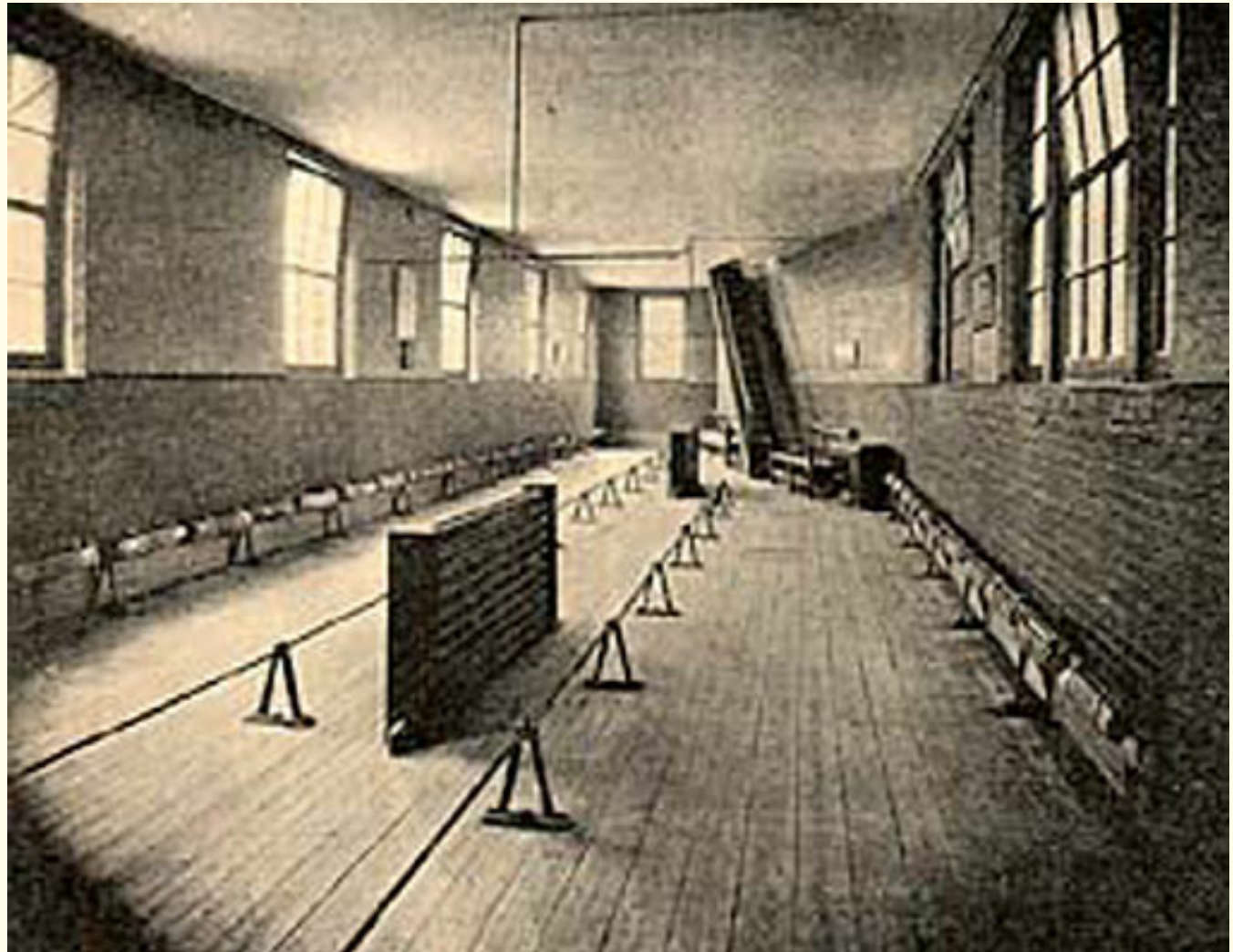
4. *I Caught Crippen*, Walter Dew.

Kate Eddowes, who had just returned from a month of hop-picking in Kent, would probably not have had more than a wipe round with a damp flannel the whole time she was there, and probably only managed a quick sluice when she finally arrived back in London and went to the Casual Ward at Shoe Lane, if she bothered at all.

The Casual Ward, was technically an infirmary of sorts and was overseen by a 'nurse' or superintendent. Whitechapel Casual Ward was considered one of the worst in the area and Lambeth one of the best, which might explain why Polly preferred to go to Lambeth and why Kate went to Shoe Lane, rather than brave the Casual Ward in Whitechapel.⁵

The following is from a report in the *East London Observer*⁶, describing the Casual Wards in Whitechapel and the temporary wards at St. George's East. Although the report is from twenty-two years before Polly's time, the conditions there were not appreciably better in 1888.

About seven o'clock in the morning a big stout woman came in and said, "All up," and she was followed by a man who brought the clothes . . . If any one lingered for a moment to pick vermin from her clothes she immediately stopped them, saying, that she would not have it done there, and she seemed determined to get over her disagreeable duty with the utmost speed. Outside the door there was a pail of water, but neither soap nor towels. Several attempted



A casual ward.

This photograph shows a typical casual ward, attached to a workhouse. The occupants would have either hammocks to sleep in, or wooden bunks. These would sometimes be covered with a sheet of waterproof material like oil skin so that it could be scrubbed down with disinfectant. They may or may not have been provided with another oil skin for a cover. The hammocks would have been strung between the supporting posts shown here. The ward would be kept as spartan as possible to minimize infection and vermin.

⁵ 'The Female Casual at Whitechapel. Pt. 2' – East London Observer," (Saturday, September 8th 1866)

⁶ 'The Female Casual at Whitechapel. Pt. 1' East London Observer, (Saturday, September 1st 1866),

to wash, and particularly a woman with three children, who was more decent than the rest. The majority never washed at all, for they had no time, the big fat woman continually driving them on by saying “be quick,” “be off,” “get on,” &c., &c. Those who succeeded in wetting their faces dried them on their own rags.

It’s almost certain that Kate wouldn’t have bothered on her visit to the Casual Ward, — having a wash-down in front of an audience, in freezing cold water that had been used by countless others is can hardly be anyone’s idea of fun.

On being admitted to the workhouse as a long-term resident, inmates were expected to strip and wash in a communal bath. They would be deloused, and if they did have lice, their hair was cropped short. If there was any infection like ring worm or impetigo, solutions were painted on them to combat the infestation. One of these delightful preparations was gentian violet which stained the skin purple for some time after the infection had gone, guaranteeing that everyone crossed the street to avoid you. It’s not surprising that many people would rather die on the streets than go into the workhouse. Clothing in the workhouse though, was kept scrupulously clean, and the women inmates would spend most of their working days slaving away in the laundry, so that they could live up to the Victorian adage, ‘Cleanliness is next to godliness.’

Life was generally a little better for some of the women living in the common lodging houses. Usually, if a woman was lodging in a doss house, she would have access to — well — barely bearable washing facilities. All lodging houses were required to have washing facilities by law, so there would have been somewhere for women to wash themselves and their clothing.⁷ Whilst Polly was staying at Wilmott’s, (an all-female doss house) it would probably have been reasonably easy for Polly to have a quick wash before she went out; she would really have had no trouble having a bit of a wash every day, after a fashion. It seems likely that she did manage to keep reasonably clean while she was living there as, according to Emily Holland who shared a room with her, she was ‘a very clean woman’, and it was also reported in the newspapers that her room was ‘surprisingly clean’. There seem to be some contradictions though, in the newspaper reports where Polly’s general cleanliness is concerned.

When Inspector Spratling first arrived at the crime scene, he briefly examined Polly’s body, and at the inquest, he stated when he first saw her that ‘her skin appeared not to have been washed for some time’.⁸ That doesn’t really give the impression that Polly was a particularly clean woman, in fact quite the reverse. He’s obviously not just talking about her face and hands, but the lower parts of her body as well.



The typical bathing facilities lodging house or workhouse., (Illustration by Dore)

⁷ Charles Dickens (Jr.), *Dickens's Dictionary of London*, 1879

⁸ *The Daily Telegraph*, September 4, 1888.

At Polly's inquest, Inspector Helson was questioned by the coroner about the cleanliness of Polly's thighs in particular. He's speaking about the inner thighs, of course.⁹

The Coroner: Was the skin of the thighs clean?

Helson: Yes.

The Coroner: Did it strike you that they were unusually clean -- that they had been recently washed?

Helson: No; there was nothing to show that.

There was a dual purpose to his questioning. Firstly, and most obviously, he wanted to find out if there might have been any clues left behind that might lead to catching the killer — but there was another reason for his questioning. The two mortuary attendants¹⁰ who took custody of Polly's body had undressed and washed her prior to Doctor Llewellyn conducting the post mortem and they may well have destroyed valuable evidence.

It seems looking at Helson's reply that the attendant's didn't wash her inner thighs, or, if they did it, wasn't immediately discernible that they had. It's important to point out that Helson said at the inquest that when he arrived at the mortuary Polly was still fully dressed and that he saw the clothing removed — so he probably saw Polly's body before the attendants washed it.¹¹

This statement, saying that her thighs were clean, has quite often in the past been used to support the idea that Polly was a clean woman. Added to the other evidence given by Emily Holland, that would seem to be a fair assumption. It's also been suggested that it was a more delicate way of saying that she hadn't had recent intercourse and that no semen was present.¹²

The latter might possibly be the case, but there is a more straightforward explanation.

The Daily Telegraph, September 4, 1888 gives a slightly more detailed account of Inspector Spratling's inquest statement:

There were no blood marks between the groin and the knees, except, perhaps, very slight ones. He did not feel very well at the time and the sight 'turned him up,' so that he did not make a very precise examination. The skin of the deceased was clean, but he could not say that it bore evidence of blood having been recently washed off from it.

So, really, that might seem to rather discount the idea that they were delicately trying to suggest that Polly had not had intercourse recently. It's more likely that they were merely saying that there was no sign of blood between her thighs.

Both Spratling and Helson state that the insides of Polly's thighs were clean — but Spratling also says that Polly's skin hadn't been washed for some time. The most obvious explanation is that only the skin of Polly's inner thighs were clean and the rest of her wasn't. The most likely explanation is that her inner thighs only appeared clean because they had either been washed 'clean' by bodily fluids or that Polly had just wiped between her legs to get rid of bodily fluids, but had not washed the rest of her body.

We can only really guess at an explanation for this, if that suggestion is even correct, but one possible reason is that Polly generally attempted to keep as clean as possible under usual circumstances, but that her personal hygiene slipped in the last couple of weeks of her life. Wilmott's only catered for women, and of course there would have been reasonable privacy there and the facilities for Polly to wash. For the last days of her life, Polly stayed at the White House, a lodging house that was really little more than a glorified brothel, where men and women could share a double bed for 8d, no questions asked. The washing facilities may well have been shared by both men and women,

9....*The Daily Telegraph*, September 4, 1888.

10 Robert Mann and James Hatfield who testified at Polly's inquest. See *The Daily Telegraph*, September 18, 1888,

11 *The Times* September 4 1888

12 <http://www.casebook.org/forum/messages/4921/13067.html>

making it awkward for women to wash easily with any degree of privacy. It may just have been that Polly didn't get a chance to use the facilities for some reason or other, or just couldn't be bothered. Whatever the case, it does seem likely that poor Polly's hygiene standards slipped in the last couple of weeks of her life.

Of course there were other considerations when it came to personal hygiene. Soap had to be bought and towels found to dry oneself. These wouldn't have been supplied by the lodging house, although they were technically supposed to supply them. If they had, they would probably have been there for ten minutes before someone stole them. This meant that a lodging house resident had to carry the soap and towel around with them, if they wanted a proper wash. Kate had a piece of flannel and six pieces of soap in her possession at the time she was killed, which she would have carried around with her all the time. She had no towel but probably just let herself air-dry, or dried herself on her clothes.

The fact that Annie allegedly had a fight with Eliza Cooper over a bar of soap illustrates that soap was a valuable commodity to them. In a



A Sunlight Soap Ad. It looks as if she might have had a bit more than soap on offer.

lodging house, even a slither of soap was worth fighting over.¹³ Although none of the victims would have been able to buy luxury soap, the first wrapped soap in Britain was introduced by W.H Lever in 1884. Sunlight soap was the only branded and wrapped soap on the market, and I sincerely doubt that any of the victims

experienced the joy of Sunlight on their skins. For the most part they would have used carbolic soap for washing themselves, their clothes and their doorsteps. This was a very caustic soap and extremely hard on the hands and face. You've not lived until you've washed down with a bar of carbolic soap. It would take the skin off of a rhino. This was almost certainly the kind of soap that Annie was fighting over.

Then, of course, there was the problem of getting the water to wash with. These days most of us just nip to the bathroom when we want to freshen up. You turn on the tap, and you've got a bowlful of sparkling water to sluice yourself down with. Clean water is there day and night, unless you happen to forget to pay your water bill. Back in the LVP, water wasn't quite so easy to come by if you were resident in a doss house, or even for women like Mary, who had their own rooms. To begin with, mains water was only supplied three times a week for two hours at a time and at low pressure by the various water companies. It was also highly coloured with sediment and was very hard, which meant that you needed to use far more soap or cleaning agent. Usually the water was supplied to a stand-pipe in the yard, with no tap, so that the water literally just poured out onto the ground. For the most part, water butts were used to collect the water, and there were not many proper systems.

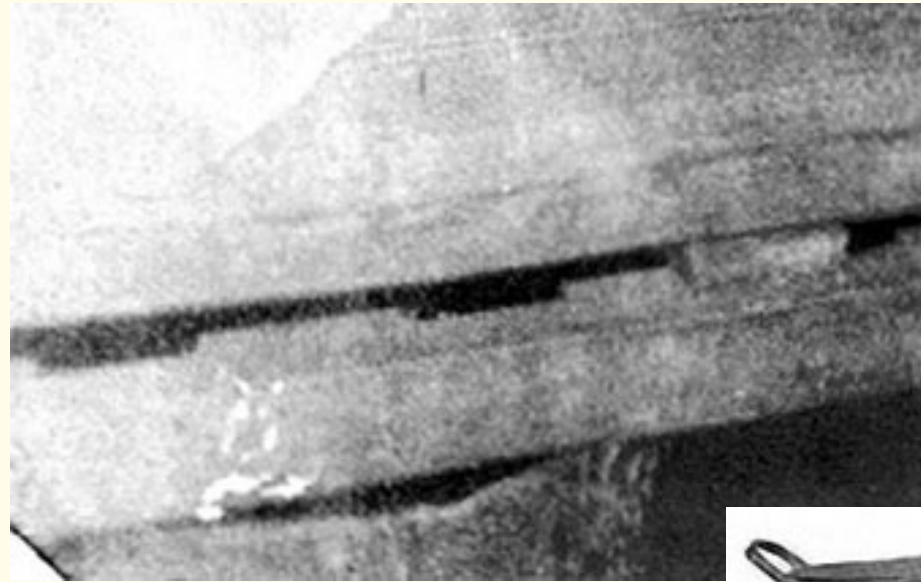
With the poor, tubs, pails, earthen jugs were generally used to collect the water. For the very

¹³ . Eliza Cooper's testimony, Day 4 of Annie's inquest, Wednesday, September 19, 1888 (The Daily Telegraph, September 20, 1888,)

poor it was a case of going to the tap with their jugs or bowls and buckets, getting what water they could and storing it in their rooms.

The unfortunate side-effect of some of these open methods of storing water was that debris, filth and all sorts of refuse found its way into the water supply. Open wooden cisterns were common to many houses, and these often contained rotting fish and green, slimy mold. Water-butts could also be right next to toilets and thus be very unsanitary. In some instances, the barrels were sunk in the ground, which meant the water was contaminated with dust and ash and all sorts of other refuse. One stand-pipe could be all there was to supply even a very large doss house.

In court's like Miller's Court there would either be a stand-pipe or a pump. Mary was fortunate to have a pump in the yard, although there was still a chance of water being contaminated if there was a cess-pit nearby and sewage leaked into the underground water supply. Thankfully, the toilets in Miller's Court were at the other end of the court.¹⁴ They were later moved to just outside Mary's room and put onto main drainage, and a water tap supplied for mains water. By that time, the scientists had



The tin bath under Mary's bed.

The tin bath (rather battered by the looks of it) can just be seen poking out from under Mary's bed in the famous crime scene photograph. It would appear to be about the same size as the one shown on the right, just about large enough for a small child to bath in..



worked out that cholera came free of charge from contaminated water and underground springs were tested regularly to make sure that they were pure. Mary was probably better off than many of those with so called 'running water', because the water was there when she wanted it, and would probably have been fresher than the sediment heavy water supplied by the water companies.

Mary of course, had the luxury of her own room, and could wash in privacy. What did she wash in? Well there was a wash-stand in her room, which may have had a wash basin in it, although it's not certain that it was in working order. She certainly had a small tin bath under her bed, which she might well have used to have a wash down in or to do her washing in. It wouldn't have been big enough to allow her to

¹⁴ . Casebook: 'Toilets in Miller's Court'

<http://forum.casebook.org/showthread.php?t=5497>

sit down in it to have a bath, but she could easily have stood in a few inches of warm water to have a wash-down. She would have heated the water she needed in the kettle on the open fire. One kettle of hot water, would barely be enough to heat three inches of tepid water in that tin bath, so in the winter it doesn't take much of a stretch of the imagination to guess that full wash-downs didn't happen very often. A lot of people just rubbed themselves down with goose fat and stitched themselves in their undies for the winter. I have heard a tale, which might well be apocryphal, that one chap tried to take his vest off come spring and found that his chest hair had got so matted into the fabric that he had to cut himself out of it. I doubt that any of our ladies would have had that particular problem.

For those who couldn't bath at home, though, there were the public baths, such as those in Goulston Street or Castle Alley. Public baths had two sections; the swimming pool and the bath house as well as having a public laundry-room attached. I used to have to go to the old Victorian public baths to bath when I was a kid. They were actually really nicely fitted out and even luxurious in comparison to the facilities in most homes at the time (they certainly beat our old sink in the scullery!).

Even at the most basic level the bath cubicles in the public baths were well appointed. They had beautiful black and white tiled floors; all the wood was highly varnished mahogany, and

it was very well maintained, with large bath tubs and they even supplied clean towels. The cubicles were very spacious as well, and it was really quite a treat to go there.

In the LVP cold baths could be had for penny — not a large sum in 1888. Hot baths could be bought for a twopence.¹⁵ The baths were actually in use continually throughout most of the year, although less in the summer because the local doss house population dropped rapidly in the summer months as many of the residents were out of London in the hop fields or doing other seasonal work. Records show that at least 80 people a day on average took hot baths at each one of the bath houses in the area, apart from those who took cold ones — so it's clear that a fair percentage of the population did do their best to get a bath at least now and again.

Elizabeth Stride also seems to present us with some strange contradictions where her personal hygiene was concerned. On the night she was murdered, Liz asked Charles Preston, a fellow lodger, if she could borrow a clothes brush to clean her coat, which seems to suggest that she had some pride in her appearance.¹⁶ However, at Elizabeth Stride's post mortem, Dr George Bagster Phillips stated that after the body had been washed he could see healing sores, which would seem to suggest that Elizabeth didn't wash that frequently either, but merely presented a marginally respectable top-layer in order to attract customers. The cachous¹⁷ she was carrying seem to point



Scented cachous

15 *The first and second class rooms are usually alike in every respect, except that the fittings in the first-class rooms are of a superior kind, and more complete than in the second. On each door is a porcelain knob, having a number painted upon it; a similar number is painted inside. An index outside enables an attendant to let in either hot or cold water, as the bather may direct. The charge for a first-class warm bath is sixpence, for which two towels, flesh and hair brushes, and a comb are allowed. For a second-class bath the charge is only twopence, but only one towel is allowed, and the bather must provide his own comb and brushes. . . For a cold bath the charges are respectively threepence for a first and one penny for a second class bath : the regulations are the same as with the warm baths.*

Second Supplement to the Penny Cyclopaedia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, 1858

16. Day 3 of Liz's inquest, Monday, October 3, 1888 (*The Daily Telegraph*, October 4, 1888)

17. Cachous are scented sweets that freshen the breath and are still available today. They are usually flavoured with flower scents; violet and rose particularly and are very pleasant tasting.



The apron worn by the woman on the right is very typical of the aprons worn by working class women at the time and would have been the type that Catherine Eddowes was wearing on the night she was killed.

towards a certain amount of care where her general appearance was concerned as well. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, October 1, 1888 said that Elizabeth was ‘respectfully dressed for one of her class.’

And moving ‘south of the border’ — there is a period during the month when women up to a certain age have more trouble with personal hygiene than at other times. Nowadays, it’s a

quick trip to Superdrug and a lady is set-up for the month. In 1888 ‘that time of the month’ wasn’t quite so simple.

None of the victims were wearing drawers when they were murdered — that’s hardly denigrating them, because not many women bothered to wear them in those days anyway. Even if they had worn them, drawers in that era were open crotch, so not really likely to keep

much of the draft out. If a lady wore drawers, sanitary pads would have been pinned on to them, but if they didn’t they would have to have been tied around the body with tape or string. Not really an ideal arrangement if you actually wanted to move.

And that brings us back to Catherine’s apron.

Most researchers take it as read that Catherine’s killer cut off a piece of her apron, for some purpose only known to himself, to later drop into a doorway in Goulston Street. However, in his book *Jack the Ripper – The 21st Century Investigation*,¹⁸ author Trevor Marriott suggests Catherine Eddowes’ killer didn’t cut off the piece of her apron, but that Catherine cut it off herself to use as a sanitary towel, when she got unexpectedly caught short. This would have been prior to being taken into custody by the police at approx 8.30 pm, according to Mr Marriott’s theory. While taken at face value, this might not seem like a totally unrealistic suggestion, but just how viable is this theory, though?

Mr Marriott is quite correct in saying that up until the introduction of manufactured sanitary towels, women of all classes used basically the same method — a bit of rag tied around their middle, although it is quite likely that women who were really destitute didn’t use anything

¹⁸ footnote for publisher and page

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The first sanitary towels came on to the market in the UK during the year of, wait for it, 1888 by Southalls and latterly in 1900 by Hartmanns However these were purely for the affluent and aimed at female tourists/travellers.

¹⁹ police report source

²⁰ Prostitutes in the very lowest level of society would probably have continued to have sex even when they were on a period out of necessity. I've not been able to find any historical reference for it, although that's hardly surprising.

at all and merely cleaned themselves up as best they could with whatever they could find — even old newspaper or their skirts. This is especially true if they were close to the menopause and their periods were much lighter and erratic. As clothing was usually very dark, accidental stains would probably have not shown anyway.

Home-made sanitary pads were made from old pieces of cloth rolled-up into a longish sausage shape about four inches wide and a foot long, tied around the waist with a bit of tape or string. Loops would be stitched to each end of the pad and the tape threaded through it, or hole was simply poked through the pad at each end for the tape or string. These pads were gloriously unsuccessful, uncomfortable and generally a real pain in the nether regions, but it was all they had. The pads were rinsed out after use (hopefully very soon after use) and reused again and again. As mentioned earlier, all doss houses had laundry facilities of some kind and the women could wash them out there. If not there were a multitude of open water-butts around the area that they could use, and that really doesn't bear thinking about that too much.

There's no indication that Polly Nichols, Annie Chapman or Elizabeth Stride were still menstruating as there was nothing amongst their belongings that could have been used as a sanitary towel, which might well mean that they had already entered the menopause. In

Catherine's case however, there are some pointers that suggest she may still have been having periods.

Rags were not easy to come by for any of the women in the very lower classes of society, and that would certainly have been true of Kate. Looking at the police inventory of her possessions, it's clear to see that she was carrying everything she possessed at the time she was murdered, a pathetic collection of seemingly valueless miscellaneous items. Amongst those items were:

*12 pieces white rag, some slightly bloodstained*¹⁹

We have no way of knowing if these twelve pieces of rag were already bloodstained — or if the blood on them was fresh blood which had seeped through her clothing onto the rags — but these rags were in her pocket and she must have had them for a reason. Although we aren't told how large these pieces of rag were, they could certainly have been used as sanitary towels, whatever size they were. Even tiny pieces of rag could have been used as make-shift tampons, by inserting them into the vagina.²⁰ We're still left with this question though: Is it likely that Catherine would have destroyed her apron when she had perfectly serviceable rags in her pocket to use as sanitary towels?

To someone like Kate, an apron would have been a very valuable item, and not easily replaced. Even a second-hand apron would have

Conclusion

cost her about two shillings — three nights lodgings for her and John. We've seen what a valuable commodity an apron was to someone like Kate and she wouldn't have wanted to be without one. As proof that she couldn't afford to buy a new one, the apron had already had a new patch sewn on it to try to prolong its life.²¹ Catherine and John had to pawn his new boots just that day to get enough money for food, leaving poor John Kelly barefoot. It's totally unreasonable to suggest that Catherine would have destroyed her apron to use as sanitary pads, when she already had rags in her pocket.

Moreover, would it even have been possible for Kate to cut the apron piece with what she had in her possession at the time? The piece of apron was cut through and not torn, although it is quite possible that the cut was assisted by pulling against the fabric to cause tension.²² It's very difficult, not to say impossible, to cut fabric with even a sharp knife otherwise.

Kate only had a blunt table-knife in her possession when she was found. She couldn't have cut the coarse apron²³ with that knife, especially through the seams of a nearly sewn in patch; it would have been nigh on impossible. She couldn't even have used her teeth to start it and tear it, the seams would have precluded that. If Kate had wanted to use part of the apron, she would have just torn out the newly replaced patch, which could have been replaced later.

Really the whole idea that Catherine used her apron as a make-shift sanitary napkin has to be considered totally unrealistic.

Looking back to the living conditions these poor women were forced to endure, it's hardly surprising that they had to struggle so hard to keep clean. They weren't the exception, almost everyone living in the doss houses and cheap rented slums were in the same situation. Superficial tidiness or apparent cleanliness almost always covered a body that was washed only rarely, even amongst the better-off working-class men and women. When I was a kid, my nan and grandad rarely bathed. They had an old tin bath which was probably used once a month, if that, and most of the time they would just have a wash-down with a bowl of water and a flannel in the scullery. Their clothes were washed only very occasionally, (my nan's more than my grandad's) but the worst my nan smelt of was cooking and setting lotion. Grandad's smell was a slightly unpleasant musty odour, but it wasn't awful. Most people of their age group smelt the same. It was just the way they'd been brought up in the East End slums. The average working-class man or woman back in 1888 would probably have smelt about the same. It was only the really destitute like Polly, Annie, Liz and Kate that couldn't even find the where-with-all to wash at all. Yes, they probably did smell fairly awful, but then so would most of those around them. Merry old England it certainly wasn't.

Biography

Jane is an East Ender, born and bred, and delights in the social history of the area. Hence her obsession with mangles, tin baths and jellied eels.

She now lives in a picturesque Medieval village in East Sussex with a husband, a grown-up daughter, two cats and a mouse called Charlie that lives under the sink.

Acknowledgements:

Many thanks to Neil Bell, Bunny McCabe, 'Hunter', 'Errata', Dave Gates, Maria B, and everyone on the Bloody Apron redux Thread on Casebook

²¹ Dr Gordon Brown's statement at Catherine's inquest

²² Inspector Edward Collard at Catherine's Inquest

²³ *Times* October 2, 1888)

It Wasn't So . . . But What if It Was?

By Don Souden (with an introduction by Jennifer Shelden)

They say that small things can make big differences. In the past few years we have noticed more and more counter-factual history books in the bookshops. They are based on the idea of what might have happened if the facts of a historical event were changed, however slightly. This kind of theorising operates on the principal that all of history—including the Ripper murders—could have turned on a knife-edge (rubbish pun intended!). In this way of imagining things, people don't suddenly change their character and so we can't imagine what would have happened if people had had a total character bypass instead we can imagine what might have happened if small things had happened differently. Nor, on a larger level, counter-factual history does not allow for space aliens intervening, Napoleon possessing a nuclear weapon or, as in the Iliad, the gods actively taking sides. As the title says, it was not as it happened, but what if it was. All this is of course, just imaginings. These are some of the what ifs of Ripperology.

Now sit back as we have some stories to tell and you might not have heard them quite like this before.

What if . . . Polly Nichols had stayed with her husband?

The happy couple toasted their 30th wedding anniversary with a large bottle of bubbling water imported from France. At the time, such beverages were largely a West End affectation and even then mainly for medicinal purposes. Moreover, the water smelled strangely and had a bit of an “off taste.” Still, for William and Mary Ann Nichols a toast with an expensive bottle of water was very symbolic.

“To Mom and Dad on thirty great years together,” was offered up by their eldest son Edward and everyone who had gathered for the occasion took a celebratory sip of the water, though most did so cautiously as it really did smell pongy.

While William Nichol drank his glass he mused to himself about what “almost was” seventeen years ago, back in 1877, when their daughter Eliza had been born.



“I was,” thought William, “mightily tempted by the nurse we got for Polly during her confinement. Had a nice bottom, that gal, but no question she was a friskig of the first water and I’m glad I decided to stick with my Polly. She can be a nag at times, but a damn good woman for all that. And don’t let Polly hear me cursing.’

Mary Ann “Polly” Nichols had her own thoughts as well as she downed the celebratory toast.

“God moves in wonderful ways,” Polly said to herself. “If it hadn’t suddenly poured rain that afternoon and so I stepped into the first place I could for shelter, a temperance mission as it turned out, who knows what might have happened to us. But I was ready for the message of hope, it took root firmly in my soul and William and I have been happily, wonderfully teetotal ever since. Praise the Lord!”

Polly’s train of thought was broken by a tugging at her arm. It was her second son, Percy, who wanted her attention. Leaning close, he half-whispered “You are going to be a grandmother again this year.”

Polly beamed and said that was wonderful news and asked if Percy and Violet had yet thought of names.

“Yes,” said Percy, “if it is a boy it will be William for father and if a girl, Violet would like to name her Emma for her mother.”

Polly smiled dutifully, but inwardly felt a frisson of despair.

“Emma,” she thought, “not a name with pleasant memories at all these days. Not after that horrible Ripper started his murders on Buck’s Row by killing that poor unfortunate, Emma Peel.”

What if . . . Cross and Paul arrived at Buck’s Row earlier?

Charles Cross was in a bad mood as he prepared to leave for work at Pickford’s, where he was a carman, on the morning of August 31, 1888. He had not slept well at all that night. He blamed it on some bad fish for his dinner and he wakened with stomach cramps soon after he went to bed. He tried to get back to sleep, but to no avail and finally just gave up and was out of bed earlier than usual. The result was that he also left his home at 22 Doveton Street, Bethnal Green, a good ten minutes sooner than his wont, with the wan hope that the early morning air might relieve his growling stomach.

About the same time, at 30 Forest Street—also in Bethnal Green—another carman, Robert Paul, also was up earlier than usual, but his mood was much lighter. His wife and the children had gone to visit her mother and the fact that it was not his mother-in-law doing the visiting was cause enough to rejoice. Moreover, with the normally nagging wife gone he actually had a good night’s sleep and even wakened earlier than normal and felt quite refreshed. Thus, he too left for work earlier than usual.

As Fate would have it, both Cross and Paul turned into the narrow end of Buck’s Row from Brady Street at the same time that early

morning. Neither knew the other, so there was no greeting, simply a simultaneous exchange of wary glances that assured each that the other was likely an honest labourer on his way to work. And so the pair proceeded silently down Buck’s Row in step, each preoccupied with his own thoughts. For Cross, his mind was on his stomach, which was not finding the early morning air at all salubrious, while Paul was happily pondering several more days of “bachelorhood” before his wife returned.

About halfway down the quiet, ill-lit, residential row the pair noticed some action ahead of them on the other side of the street



and Cross, almost involuntarily, put a warning hand on Paul's arm. More slowly and cautiously, they took another few steps closer and discerned what appeared to be a man bending over something by the gated entrance to a stable yard.

At almost the same time Cross and Paul noticed the man, some sixth-sense alerted him that he was under observation. He looked up, saw the two men approaching, jumped to his feet and immediately run swiftly away from them towards Baker's Row. Paul gave a strangled cry of "Stop!" but it was clear that the mysterious fellow was not going to stop and that neither he nor Cross could catch him—even if they wanted to.

Instead, they hastened to the yard entrance where they found the "something on the ground" was Polly Nichols, her throat cut viciously and life rapidly ebbing. Sadly, they knew there was nothing they could do for her and since neither lacked the heart to pursue the assailant, they decided to seek out the first policeman they could find and leave Polly to the police. Oddly, Cross felt better because the shocking scene had quite made him forget his quarrelsome stomach, while Paul's hitherto buoyant mood was thoroughly soured.

In subsequent testimony, neither Paul nor Cross gave the authorities a good description of the murderer who would be known as Jack the Ripper. They agreed he seemed younger than either of them and quite fit given the ease with which he raced to the end of the block. He

seemed dressed like a seaman (and many landlubbers in the district as well) in a pea coat and short-billed cap, but neither really saw his face. Cross thought he might have had a moustache but Paul disagreed.

So, while the Ripper was actually seen in the midst of the first of what would become known as his Canonic murders, the result was of little aid to the authorities. Indeed, about the only difference it would make to Ripper history was to pre-empt any future speculation that Cross was himself the Ripper and leave stillborn any notions that "Jack" was an abortionist and female. And, of course, both Cross and Paul would go to their graves wondering "What if I had been even a *few* minutes earlier starting for work that day?"

What If . . . Polly Had Kept her Doss Money?

"No Will, not again," murmured Polly in her dreamy state as she imagined she and her husband William were once more happy-go-lucky newlyweds. It was a long, long time ago but also a time when dreams were new and everything good not only seemed possible but almost a certainty. Polly had been having this dream often of late and it made her otherwise fitful bouts of sleep almost pleasant.



Suddenly, what seemed only a gentle tickling of her leg became an irksome nibbling and Polly awoke with a start.

"Bloody hell," she half-screamed as she noticed a rat perched on her right calf.

The two, Polly and the rat, momentarily locked eyes and then, as Polly vigorously shook her leg, the rat scuttled off into the semi-darkness of the cubicle in the White House lodging house at 56 Flower and Dean Street.

With an audible sigh, Polly—now fully awake—contemplated her surroundings. Though a neat and clean woman herself, the same could not be said for her "home" the bug

and—increasingly—rat-ridden partitioned-off space she claimed as many nights as she also could claim six pence in her pocket. Some nights the trade was poor and she had to sleep rough wherever she could and there were also too many nights when, even though the punters were many, the allure of just one more hot gin was too appealing and she likewise would spend the night in the open.

Last night, August 30, had been a bit better, though. Proud of her new bonnet (well, it was *new* for Polly anyway—she'd actually found it on the street), she had a pert bounce to her step that night that seemed to entice not only enough clients for several refreshing stops at the pub but that inner glow she had achieved was sufficient to bring her back to the lodging house with her room money intact.

Still, as the reality of yet another morning in which she faced yet another day's desperate and unending fight for survival, she pondered that existence with more than a little world-weariness.

"*Cor,*" she murmured to herself, "*wot do I have to look forward to?*" True, the thought of an early trip to the pub (she still had tuppence in her pocket) warmed her a bit, but it was with a certain resignation of the spirit that she said to herself "*I wonder if I might not be better off dead.*"

What If . . . John Chapman Had Lived a Few More Years?

"CRASH!!!"

The sound of a pot smashing into a wall reverberated throughout all the neighbouring apartments and in one of those flats Mrs Browning turned to her husband and murmured "They're at it again Sam."

Sam Browning, who considered himself something of a long-suffering spouse himself, replied with an automatic "yes dear." Unfortunately for him that was not enough to quell his wife Mavis from continuing with her oft-repeated thoughts—and complaints—about their neighbours, John and Annie Chapman.

"It's a shame, a real shame the way those two carry on. And it's the drinking that does it, you know. They both drink too much and when they do, it starts them screaming and fighting and smashing things. It's not right we have to put up with this. Not us, a quiet, sober and hard-working couple like us."

Sensing that his wife had paused for breath, Sam added another "Yes, dear" and reached for the evening paper he'd brought home with him.

"Now I won't say they haven't had their problems," Mavis continued, "what with the

daughter what died from 'mengeritis' and the

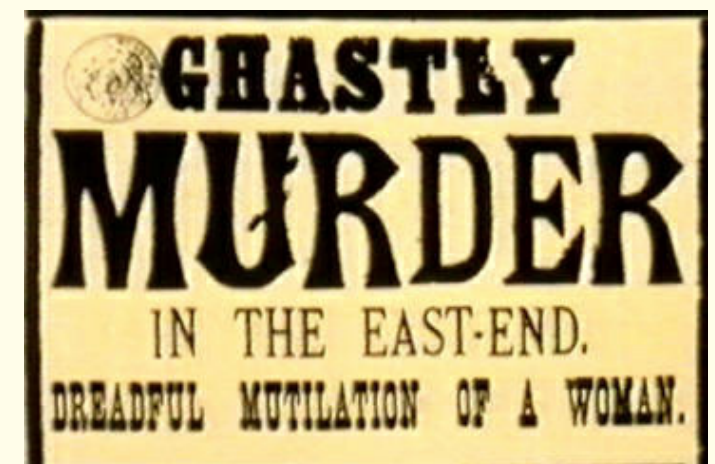
boy what's half-witted and can't walk. But that is no reason to get so drunk every night and they does have the one nice daughter. And him that has such a good job as coachman—I wonder if him that owns the coach knows how disgraceful they acts at home—and she is such a nice woman when she isn't in the drink herself."

"Yes, dear."

"I often wonders to myself, I do, why they stays together. I mean, they does have the nice daughter—and a sweet things she is—but this can't be good for her. Just listen to the two of them."

"Yes, dear."

"Really, I don't know why she sticks with 'im. Many's the time I've wondered why they haven't gone their own ways. I told her so the one time. I said 'Annie, why don't you leave John?' and do you know what she said? That she would only be 'worse off.' Can you imagine



being worse off than what them two go through every night . . . Sam Browning, are you listening to me?’

“Sorry dear, I was just reading a news story. Did you know that knife murderer killed another woman last night. This time in Hanbury Street.”

What If . . . He Looked Over the Fence

It was a typical overcast September afternoon in London, but it was even darker inside the *Three Virgins* pub where I was sharing a brew and conversation with an old man I had just met.

“See ’ere,” the old man said with a certain conspiratorial quality, “did you ever ’ear of Albert Cadosh?”

Cadosh? I thought, *Where have I heard that name? A French aeronaut, maybe, or a Polish politician?* It rang no bells and my companion—Bertie he called himself—caught my confusion.

“Never ’eard of ’im son,” he asked with a trace of irritation. “The man what oughts to ’ave seen Jack the Bloody Ripper?”

“Oh, yes,” I replied. I spoke more from politeness than actual recognition, but it satisfied Bertie.

“Yes, that one. And I’m ’im, I’m Albert Cadosh.”

‘Jack the Bloody Ripper’ was carving up poor Annie Chapman right then

He thumped one thumb on his sunken chest and paused for effect while I tried to look suitably impressed. I guess I pulled it off or perhaps in the near Stygian darkness his rheumy eyes didn’t register much anyway. Regardless, another cough and then he launched into a speech I now suspect had been rehearsed many a time previously in anticipation of this moment of delivery.

“There I was, just out of ’ospital, see. Ready to go back to work And I’m in me back yard, going to the lav and I ’ear noises over the fence. I ’ear ’em all the time, mind. People next door, they leave their door open and pros-ti-tutes, they was always doing business there.”

He paused for a moment to give vent to a cackling little laugh at the thought and then continued.

“Well, what I didn’t know at the time was that Jack the Bloody Ripper was carving up poor Annie Chapman right then. Yes, Jack ’imself! But the noises, well they was a might strange even for them usual shenanigans, so I decide to take meself a peek over the fence.”

This was followed by a dramatic pause and filled by now with real curiosity, I obliged by asking THE question.

“And what did you see?”

“*Not* a bleedin’ thing,” he said, thumping the table with his palm. *Not* a bleedin’ thing! I’d just

had me 'ernia fixed, right? So as I stretches to look over the fence all of a sudden them, them, uh, a-heathens . . .'

"Adhesions," I prompted.

"Right mate, that's just the word. They pulls and I has the worst bloody pain I feels in me life, worse than the 'ernia itself. Me eyes water from the pain and I sees nothin' and just 'obble back inside and go to work and it's not until that night I 'eard I was *that* close to Jack."

What If . . . John Richardson didn't visit his mother that day?

John Richardson was already settled in the third-class carriage long before the guards gave the engine driver the signal to pull out of Paddington Station and take the train north to Manchester. The carriage was crowded and the company none too congenial but to John and his scarce-suppressed excitement it made no difference. After all, this was September 8, 1888, and something quite momentous was about to happen—or at least John thought so.

An otherwise ordinary chap, John was quite the sports enthusiast and a football league had been formed the past spring in England (even if the genius behind the scheme was a Scotsman named MacGregor) and John was determined

to watch one of the league's opening games scheduled for that Saturday. Unfortunately, the nascent organisation was strictly a north of England affair and that was why he was on his way to Liverpool to watch the Everton Football Club in action.

Of course it called for a bit of subterfuge on John's part to be able to be a part of what he was sure would be 'history in the making'. Mainly, he had to come up with a good excuse not to report for work that morning as a market porter. In the end he just spun a story about "absolutely, positively" having to help his poor, widowed mother that day at her 29 Hanbury Street home. Only grudgingly was the excuse accepted, but John felt no guilt. He'd be back late, of course, but there were no worries that anyone who knew him would see him on the rail journey or at the game. "*And besides,*" he

thought to himself, "*nothing ever happens at my mother's place.*"

* * * * *

That same night there was a conference of those investigating that morning's murder of Annie Chapman. The discussion was interrupted by a sergeant with a message about two witnesses who had showed up. One heard strange noises in the yard of 29 Hanbury around 5:30 am and another had seen a prostitute and client outside that same address at about the same time. After a short, whispered conversation the sergeant was told to send the pair packing. After all, Dr Bagster Phillips had established the time of death at 4:30 that morning and there was no reason not to accept that pronouncement as fact.

Biography

As a young child Don's dream was to be a Major League baseball player. It still is.



Cousin Lionel

Several images that Adam Went secured for his article “Cousin Lionel: The Life and Career of Lionel Drutt,” which appeared in Examiner No. 6, were inadvertently omitted from that issue. We are happy to run them in this issue, especially the two photos of Dr. Drutt.

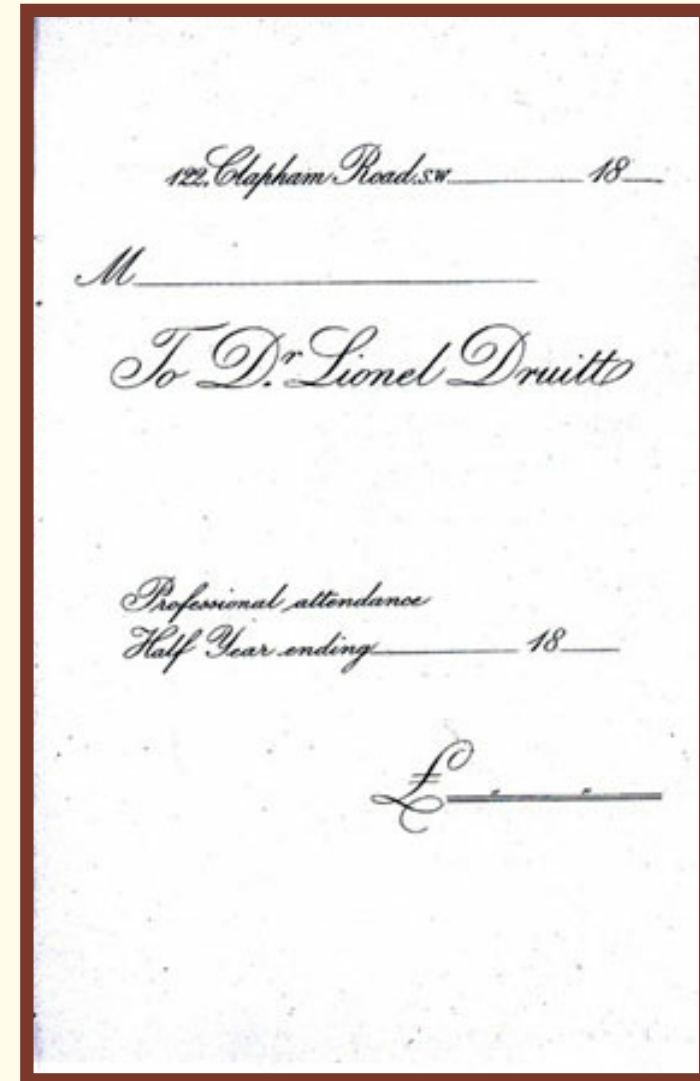
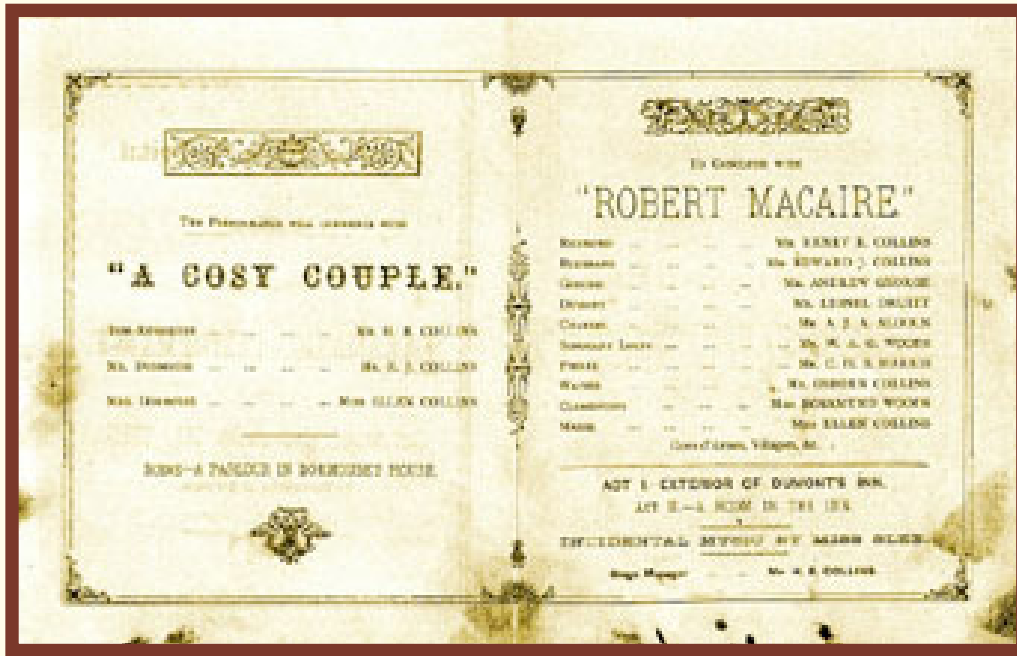


“RESTHAVEN”, DRUTT’S HOME AND PRACTICE IN SWANSEA, AS IT APPEARED AROUND THE EARLY 1900’S.



THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN SWANSEA WHERE DRUITT ATTENDED AND OCCASIONALLY PREACHED.

Cousin LionelADAM WENT



at Swansea.

SWANSEA VISITORS' & TOURISTS' BUREAU.

ESTABLISHED 25TH MAY, 1895.

President: Mr. Fredk. Lyne, Warden
Secretary: Mr. Frank Morris.
Treasurer: Mr. Alex. H. Thompson.

Committee: The foregoing, and Messrs. Arthur Cotton, E. O. Cotton, W. T. Gunton, John Gemmell, Wm. Hill, John Keefer, Albert Lyne, Ernest Meredith, Alfred T. Mayson, Walter Rust, and Fredk. Shaw, with Dr. L. Druitt and Rev. J. E. M. Roche.

OFFICE AT SWANSEA.

Objects:—To make the unique beauties of the district known; to organise local excursions to neighbouring beauty spots; to supply visitors with fullest information; secure good accommodation for and aid them in every possible way; and to endeavour to secure easy and good routes to Swansea, etc.

All inquiries addressed to the Secretary will be promptly attended to.

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Top Left: Program for an amateur theatre performance for the Royal Bethlem Hospital, November 1885.

Left: The establishment of the Swansea Visitors & Tourists Bureau.

Above Right: Medical charge card for Dr. Lionel Druitt during his time practicing in Clapham Road, London.



DR. LIONEL DRUITT

Cousin LionelADAM WENT

Undercover Our regular read between the lines. Investigations



Serial Killer Sunday

Crime and Investigation Network

Sundays February 2011

For more details see - <http://www.crimeandinvestigation.co.uk/special/serial-killers/videos.html>

My Rating

Jennifer Sheldon

This series of programmes about serial killers, shown Sunday evenings on the Crime and Investigation Network, should be just the ticket for *Examiner* readers. All the programmes offer insights and in-depth analysis and make for compulsive viewing. They include the expanded version of *Jack the Ripper: The Definitive Story*, reviewed previously. Of the rest, one of particular note is the programme about the Monster of Florence, which had chilling echoes to Jack that should be easily noted by Ripperologists.

It told vividly the story of a series of brutal unsolved double murders. The lack of ability of the police in Florence to catch the killer whilst thinking they had them in their sights might also raise eyebrows amongst Ripperologists. The programmes on Ted Bundy and John Wayne Gacy, when watched in quick succession made for remarkable comparisons between these two brutal killers. And that certainly led this viewer at least, to wonder if Jack the Ripper might not have been a similar character. Other episodes that might be of particular interest to

Ripperologists are those on the Camden Ripper and the Suffolk Strangler. All in all, this series of programmes is one that should not be missed by true crime enthusiasts. Highly recommended.



Oscar Wilde and the Candlelight Murders

Paperback: 384 pages

Publisher: John Murray; Impression edition (10 Jan 2008)

Language English

ISBN-10: 9780719569302

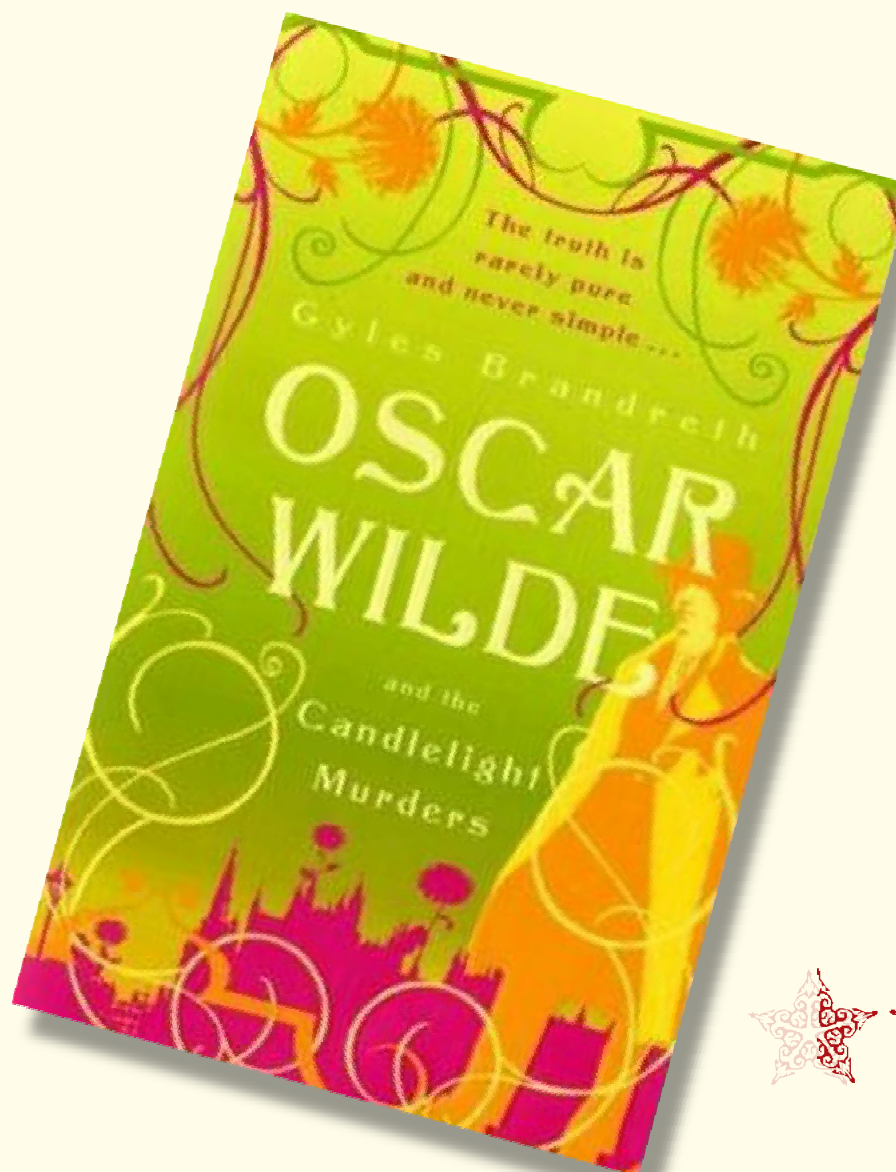
ISBN-13: 978-0719569302

Giles Brandreth is writing a series of fictional books using Oscar Wilde as his central character. He also brings in and makes good use of Wilde's friends and contemporaries such as Arthur Conan Doyle and Walter Sickert. What makes this good reading for us, is that "Our boy Jack" gets mentioned on more than one occasion.

Brandreth, with help from Wilde's biographer (and Grandson) Merlin, gets both the characters and the period information spot on.

The series starts with the Candlelight Murders where Oscar and his faithful chronicler Robert Sherard must solve the mystery of the murder of one of Oscar's pupils, not easy when the body has disappeared!

The series as a whole, explores Wilde's relationships with literary and artistic giants of the day and also his relationship with his wife Constance and their two sons beautifully. It is a must read!



My Rating
Ali Bevan



True Crime:

The Infamous Villains of Modern History and their Hideous Crimes

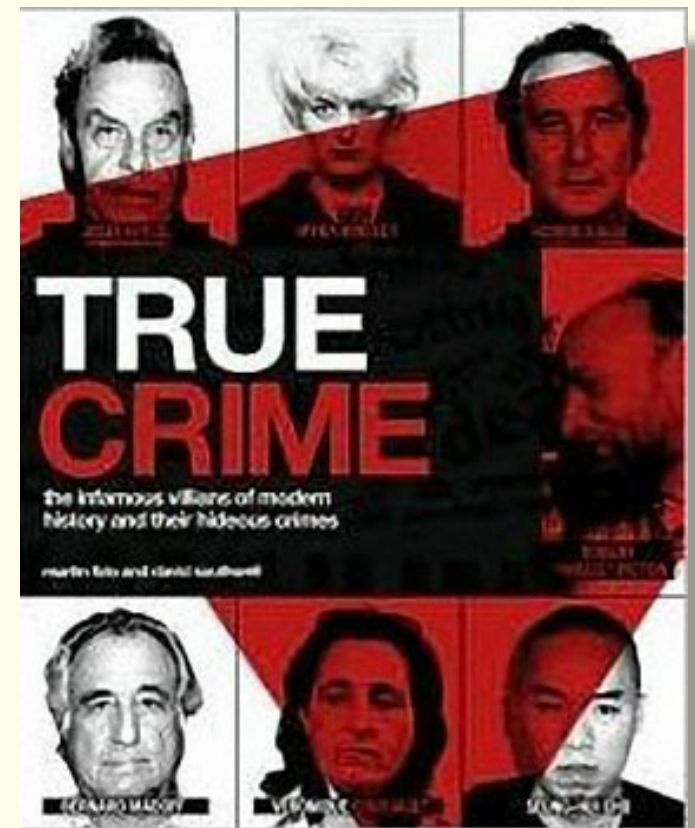
Martin Fido & David Southwell, 2010 edition
(originally published in 2004), SevenOaks Publishing.

While browsing Borders Books & Music recently, I spotted this book staring at me from the discount table (or to be more precise, I spotted Aileen Wuornos staring at me). With the generic ‘true crime’ cover we’ve all seen a thousand times — a collage of infamous faces with the words TRUE CRIME emblazoned beneath them, I picked up the book without any expectation. However, upon flipping through it and finding that the tales within date all the way back to the first part of the 19th century, I decided that 380 pages of crime for only \$5.99 wasn’t a bad deal and took it home with me. It was only when I was on my couch that I discovered the book had been written (or rather co-written) by Ripperology’s own Martin Fido! An accomplished writer of crime and biographies outside of the Ripper, Fido is arguably one of the most respected and published non-fiction crime writers still living.

Needless to say, my spur-of-the-moment bargain-table purchase had become a read I very

much looked forward to. And read it I did. The crimes recounted in this volume number in the multiple hundreds and are presented in chronological order, beginning in 1803 and proceeding through to 2009. The gimmick of the book is that each crime is presented in the visual style of newspaper clippings, complete with photos, and prose written in the choppy, present-tense style of newspaper journalists, a choice that this reader found on occasion to be confusing and a little frustrating, as most readers (Casebook Press Archivists excepted) aren’t used to reading about historical crime in the present tense (i.e. “Albert Fish was arrested Friday . . . “ well, you get the idea). The fact that the authors did not change their ‘voice’ or style of writing throughout the generations made certain sections seem a little out of sorts, particularly anything before 1925.

But these are minor quibbles that soon dissipated once I had allowed myself to fall into the rhythm of the presentation. There are so



many criminals detailed that it's hard to imagine that even Stewart P. Evans has heard of them all (well, okay, *he* probably has, but not many others!). One of the first tales offered is that of a young prostitute who in 1807 was murdered in the street by her pimp (who escaped conviction) who then cut off her external genitalia and tossed it haphazardly under a cart! Many of the stories offered do not relate to classic murder, but other areas of crime, such as political, or mob-related, and prostitution. Because the book was co-authored by someone so knowledgeable in the times and crimes of the Ripper, we see many familiar names and faces popping up throughout the LVP, such as Oscar Wilde, W.T. Stead, the Cleveland Street boys, and, of course, the Ripper himself, in a special two-page spread offered only to him and six others pre-1960 (Burke & Hare, Ned Kelly, Lizzie Borden, Dr. Crippen, Albert Fish, and Al Capone). It is to Fido's credit that no suspect, not even Kozminski/Cohen, was mentioned.

Another factor that might have some American readers scratching their heads is the fact that the book has clearly been written for an English audience, the most obvious sign being that the assassination of JFK was treated as less significant than the Moors murders. Writing even as an American who has read more than his share of modern English authors, I

found myself shocked and a perhaps a little angry when the authors described as "unusually severe" the sentence of life without possibility of parole passed down on Steve Wright, the Suffolk Strangler, who murdered five women in cold blood. I'm not aware if the average Englishman is too quick to see multiple murderers walking the streets again, but here in the states, even your most liberal tree-hugger would lose no sleep over such a man being kept separated from society. But I digress.

Another quibble I have, not so minor this time, are the factual errors I spotted in the handful of cases with which I was familiar enough to spot them in. For example, in their coverage of the murder of Lizzie Borden's father and stepmother, the authors took the children's sing-a-long a bit too literally and repeatedly have the assailant swinging an axe, and not a hatchet, which was certainly the weapon. Most surprisingly, the authors open their Ripper section with the following whopper: *Even in 1889, rumour in the East End had it that agitator Albert Bachert had been told by police that the murderer had drowned.* Of course, Bachert never had such a conversation with police and no such idea would enter the minds of police or public for years to come, and even then, most investigators didn't buy into the theory. Further in the write-up, George Lusk becomes "Albert Lusk" and we're told that Alice

Mackenzie was murdered in July 1888 (effectively making her the *first* Ripper victim!). While some of these errors could be laid at the feet of the typesetter, not all of them can be, and a reader might rightly expect more from an author who has made a decent living publishing numerous books on the Ripper for the last quarter-century.

In spite of the reservations listed above, I strongly recommend this book to all readers and researchers, with the caveat that when you're unfamiliar with any of the many new crimes and criminals you'll be exposed to, you should trace them to the source and not trust that the authors are correct on every detail. But at \$5.99, it's an understatement to say that the purchase of this extensive and generally well-informed volume would be a bargain at twice the price.

My Rating
Tom Wescott



For your information:

Sherlock Holmes Mystery Magazine

Edited by Marvin Kaye
published intermittently by Wildside Press (www.wildsidebooks.com).



With its fifth issue to be released imminently, I thought it time to share with *Examiner* readers how much I have enjoyed the first four editions of this relatively new journal. It took two full years to produce these four numbers, but thus far the wait has been worth it. Whether you love Holmes pastiches or, like our own editor, despise them with every fiber of your being, there is much in *Sherlock Holmes Mystery Magazine* to please all tastes. Each issue begins with an editorial by none other than John H. Watson, M.D. and contains non-fiction offerings by authors such as Kim Newman and Lenny Picker that cover anything from Holmesian minutia to film and book reviews to an interview with NYC's chief toxicologist and even analysis of other fictional gumshoes, such as Nero Wolfe.

Another beloved regular feature are the superbly and hilariously executed cartoons by Mark Bilgrey and the team of Peter Arno

and John Bettancourt. A less beloved regular feature is the rather low-brow and embarrassing “Ask Mrs. Hudson” column which, as you’ve probably imagined, is a *faux* advice column that intends to be humorous but succeeds only in giving the magazine a ‘fanzine’ feel it otherwise wouldn’t deserve. Another practice that doesn’t set well with this reviewer is the inclusion in every issue of an original Doyle Holmes tale. Considering the magazine is not available in stores where it might serve as a novice reader’s introduction to the Canon, it stands to reason that anyone seeking it out for purchase off the internet or through a review such as this would already have the complete canon in their library. Had the magazine chosen to annotate each Doyle story with fresh facts and observations, it would no doubt be welcomed by readers as something to anticipate; but offered as mere reprints, it only serves as page filler.

The meat and true draw of each issue is without doubt the new fiction. Surprisingly, at least to this reader, pastiches comprised the minority of offerings in each issue, with the majority being historical (though not always Victorian) detectives cut from the Holmes cloth, with their own quirks and methods of discovery. Occasionally, some of the colorful characters that inhabit the Holmes universe step forward into the spotlight and are featured in their own tales – Dr. Watson, Mrs. Hudson,

and even Col. Sebastian Moran! Each issue is book-sized and not too shy of book length, coming in between 140 and 180 pages, so it’s hard to imagine any mystery reader not feeling he’d received his money’s worth each time out. With issue No. 5 touted as being “All Sherlock,” now might just be the perfect time to buy a copy.

Tom Wescott

**The meat and true
draw of each issue
is without doubt
the new fiction.**

Just.Another.Common.Killer

Chantal Bellehumeur 2010

Rose Dog Books

\$17.00

Paperback, 160 pp



Although this is an interesting premise for a novel it fails to deliver on its potential. The story is of Jack Huntingdon who at age six and under hypnosis tells his psychiatrist, Dr Phillips, of the Ripper murders. Was Jack Huntingdon Jack the Ripper in his past life? Young Jack has ended up in a secure unit after he killed his sisters in his sleep (they are named Elizabeth and Catherine—you can see where this is going).

Deemed safe to release and adopted by new parents, Jack's life becomes more and more sinister. The author attempts to explore the reasons for psychopathic killers and what causes serial murderers to keep killing. The style and pace of the writing is clunky at times and at times and the novel does not flow very well at all. Though the basics of the Ripper case are about right, the plot is rushed and at times difficult to follow. It could have done with being a bit of a longer book with a bit more time to develop themes. Only to be recommended for collectors and the extremely curious!

My Rating
Jennifer Shelden



Open Book Exam:

Number One Detective

By Don Souden



EARL DERR BIGGERS

It is almost axiomatic that few movies based on books ever come close in quality to the original literary effort and a lifetime of cinematic disappointment on my part would not argue with that proposition. Yet, there are some films that—good or bad—have managed to keep the books upon which they are based from falling into quiet oblivion. One such example that jumps to mind is *Gone With the Wind*. For all the acclaim Margaret Mitchell's book attained upon publication in 1936 (it did sell 1.5 million copies) were it not for the enduring legend of the film, the book would likely be quite forgotten. The last person I know to have read the book is a good friend of mine, but she was in the Eighth Grade at the time and that was more years ago than we care to admit.

Indeed, the same situation holds even more so, I suggest, for any of the Charlie Chan mystery novels by Earl Derr Biggers. Not that any of the Chan movies deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with "Gone With the Wind."

Au contraire, but what the Chan films lacked in quality they more than made up for in quantity, such that the honorable detective Chan, number one son and several—now politically incorrect—sidekicks are all permanent parts of popular culture.

And the novels themselves? I fear they are largely unknown to any readers under 50 years of age. My local library boasts of many aisles crammed full of books with the "Mystery" tag affixed. Most of them are by newer authors, a lot you've never heard of nor of whom you would want to hear, leavened with a few by old-timers, many thankfully forgotten. Yet, there is not a single book by Biggers in the collection. Whether this is because the current library staff thinks the books are too musty old, they remember the many movies of their youth and assume the books are racist or are so young as to be in ignorance of Mr. Biggers entirely, I don't know. But, whatever the reason they are wrong.

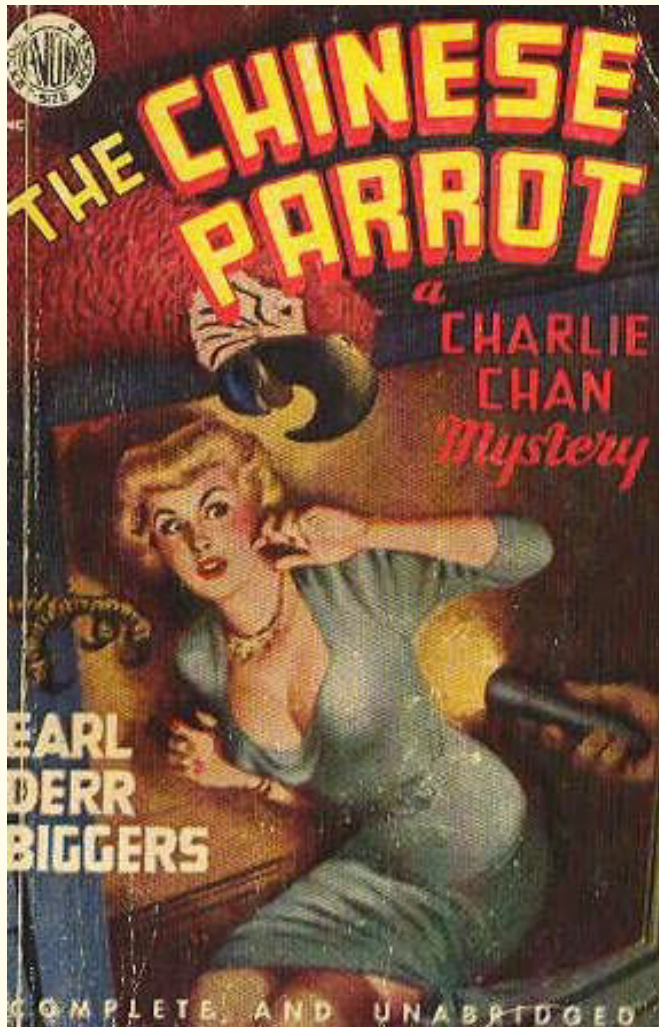
Earl Derr Biggers was born in Warren, Ohio, in 1884. Today, Warren seems to produce football players (Warren McKinley High School in particular), but back then it supplied Harvard College with an occasional student and young Earl filled that role as the 20th century dawned. He neither distinguished nor extinguished himself in Cambridge, but did graduate and set about to be a newspaperman. In those exalted days writing for newspapers was seen as a comfortable first step for those with literary pretensions, a likely reason that newspaper articles back then were actually readable.

Biggers began at the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, but drawn back to New England he signed on with the *Boston Traveler* and was soon that newspaper's drama critic. It was in Boston that he also met his future wife, Elenor. As a critic, Biggers tended to be rather tart-tongued and when the paper was sold in 1912 the new owners summarily fired him. This gave him the excuse to write his first novel, *The Seven Keys to Baldpate*. As a youngster I was sure from the title that the play had something to do with the loss of hair on the head, but in fact it was a farce, melodrama and mystery all in one package and was a rousing success in 1913. Yet, just as with Chan, Biggers benefitted most because five separate movies were made of the novel and it also had a long run on Broadway after George M. Cohan purchased the rights and penned a stage adaptation.

As it was, Cohan's success with Biggers' brain-child soured him on the stage ever after,



KEYE LUKE AS CHARLIE CHAN'S 'NUMBER ONE SON' ON THE LEFT, WITH WARNER OLAND AS THE INSCRUTABLE MR CHAN.



WHILE THE CHAN BOOKS ARE NOTABLY LACKING IN "SEXPLOITS," PUBLISHERS THOUGHT OTHERWISE.

but he began to churn out quite successful novels throughout the latter part of the teens and twenties. This eventually led to the "birth" of Charlie Chan in the 1925 novel (first serialized in *The Saturday Evening Post*) *House Without a Key*. It was based on a plot conceived by Biggers on an earlier vacation trip to Honolulu and featured a Bostonian come to visit Hawaii (Biggers, of course). In a much lesser role in the initial effort was the Chinese-American detective of the Honolulu police, Charlie (never Charles) Chan.

It proved an instant success (with Chan the "star" despite his supporting role) and was followed in quick succession by *The Chinese Parrot* (1926), *Behind That Curtain* (1928), and *The Black Camel* (1929). Then, as Conan Doyle before and many a mystery writer since, Biggers hoped to cast aside a character who had begun to eclipse the author. Unfortunately for Biggers, the Depression changed his plans. Thus, he wrote two more Chan novels—guaranteed money makers in hard times—*Charlie Chan Carries On* (1930) and *Keeper of the Keys* (1932) before his untimely death from a heart attack at only 59.

The films started almost as soon as the first appearance of a Chan novel and soon they overshadowed the books. In an irony that will be made apparent later, the first person to play Chan was the Japanese magician Kamiyama Sojin. Soon, however, the Swedish actor (and gentleman of pallor) Warner Oland was cast in

the role, with Chinese-American Keye Luke appearing as Chan's "Number One son." After Oland's death in 1937 Sidney Toler, also white, became Chan and Sen Yueng his son. Eventually, when Monogram was producing the Chan films as B movies in the 1940s, the black comedian Mantan Morland was added as Chan's chauffeur and he and Chan's son (of whatever number) were reduced to stereotypical comic foils.

In all, 57 films were made by Hollywood and many other Mandarin- and Spanish-language films were also shot around the globe. In fact, it must be said that many of the early films (even those not based on the novels) were really quite good, with decent production values for the era, none of the later stereotyping and solid plots. Indeed, even at the very end, when everything else in the films was formulaic and sub-standard, the actual mystery story and denouement in each was not bad at all.

Still, the focus ought be on Biggers' sadly truncated body of work. Just six Chan novels to relate the exploits of the lovable (and he was) chief detective seems too few, but early death often cheats more than just the deceased. As to why there are no Chan short stories, Biggers was quite honest when asked that question: "There are no Charlie Chan short stories," he replied, "because plot ideas are precious and I save them for a full novel." A fair answer, even if we readers would like more of any kind of Chan.



SIDNEY TOLER AS CHAN

As for the actual novels, they are well written in an urbane style; Biggers was a wordsmith of no small artistry and he well evokes such environments as the Hawaiian Islands or the deserts of southern California. His creation of a benign, erudite, and at least partly Westernized Chinese-American detective was certainly new and a welcome contrast to evil Oriental plotters like Fu Manchu that were popular at the time. Finally, the mysteries to be solved are well presented, if not overly ingenious, and the books certainly worth reading.

There remains only the question “Are the *books* racist?” In his defense, Biggers told the 25th reunion of his Harvard graduating class “. . . it struck me that a Chinese hero, trustworthy, benevolent and philosophical, would come nearer to presenting a correct portrayal of the race.” He was right and yet the books are quite racist—to the Japanese. Biggers obviously studied the Chinese well before writing and thus reflected a prevalent Chinese prejudice of the age against the Japanese. The Japanese characters in the books are insufferably annoying and incompetent and the normally very polite Chan even makes the Japanese the butts of several jibes.

Read the books to see for yourself . . . actually, just read the books for whatever reason.

Ultimate Ripperologists' Tour:

A Journey To Gothenburg, The Home Of Elizabeth Stride

By Daniel Olsson & "Wulvaricht"

**A compendium
of travels through
locations pertinent
to the Ripper case.**



We are about to embark on a journey to the Swedish city of Gothenburg that will permit us to walk in the footsteps of Elizabeth Stride. Our journey begins at Gothenburg City Airport, located in Säve on Hising Island. (Visit <http://www.goteborgairport.se/eng.asp> for more details). Gothenburg City Airport was originally a military airbase built in 1940 called *F9*. Although Sweden was officially neutral during World War II, Danish pilots who had escaped from Occupied Denmark were given secret air-combat training at F9. After the Second World War, F9 was home to warplanes built in Britain, like the de Havilland Vampire and the Hawker Hunter.

In the 1950s a top-secret 22,000-sq.-meter nuclear-bomb-proof underground hangar was built for *F9*'s fighter-planes. The old underground hangar is now a museum called *Aeroseum*. In this underground aviation museum one can see a variety of Swedish military fighter aircraft and helicopters. [Website: <http://www.aeroseum.se/english/index.html>] In 1969 the F9 airbase was shut down and the military's 2nd Helicopter Division took over part of the airbase. Other sections were



GOTHENBURG

used by civilian aviation companies, but all military activities ceased after 2004. This historic airbase is the optimal place to start our journey, because it is located only a few kilometres from our first stop: Tumblehed, Elizabeth Stride's home for her first 17 years.

Tumlehed

From the airport one can take the bus to Torslanda Torg by taking bus No. 36 to Skra Bro, then switching to bus No. 25. However, the buses run only once an hour, so the fastest way to get to Tumlehed is by taxi. Elizabeth Stride's childhood home is located at Tumlehedsvägen 191. The house is still in very good condition and now belongs to *Sällskapet Länkarna*, the Swedish version of Alcoholics Anonymous. If you plan to visit the Stride house and would like to see the interior, I suggest you contact me first and I will be happy to arrange entrance for you.

Torslanda Church

Now we'll move on to our next destination, the old Torslanda Swedish Lutheran church. You can either walk the 3 kilometres or catch a cab. No buses travel on the Tumlehedsvägen road because it is very old and narrow. The church is located next to Torslanda Torg, and its address is Torslanda Torg 10. This is a very interesting place for many reasons. Elizabeth Stride was baptised in this church in 1843, and she made her First Communion here in 1859.

GUSTAFSSONS HOUSE IN TUMLEHED



The church itself has a fascinating history; it was built on a pre-Christian pagan sacred site from the Viking age. Having studied old writings, books, and legends we are certain that on the very spot where the old church now stands, our pagan ancestors once made animal-sacrifices. The animals were sacrificed to the Nordic god Tor (Thor), from whom the name of the Torslanda parish comes. Indeed, Torslanda translates as “*Thor’s Grove.*” Speaking of sacrifices, according to Scandinavian legend a *kyrkogrim* (any type of animal, but usually a dog or horse) was buried alive under the cornerstones of the church. His mission was to guard the church and the churchyard during the dark hours. Such is the case with Torslanda church.

The first thing that strikes you when approaching the church is a massive oak tree that is over 1,000 years old. It’s truly magnificent to see something that old still standing. Just imagine what it has seen over the centuries! Maybe it is the old pagan sacrificial tree. If you wish to enter the church, don’t forget to ask the verger if he can show you

TORSLANDA CHURCH





TORSLANDA CHURCH

the baptismal font that was used in 1843 when Elizabeth was baptised. It is tucked away in the attic but is still in very good condition. Not far from the entrance to the church is a headstone with the name Carl Gustaf Schoug engraved on it. Schoug was Torslanda's priest in 1859, and he confirmed Elizabeth.

Kurhuset And The Old Police Station

For the next stop on our tour we shall leave Hising Island and travel toward the city of Gothenburg. If you don't wish to travel by taxi, you can take bus No. 21 to Hjalmar Brantingsplatsen and then switch to bus No. 18. This brings us to our next location, Lilla Bommen. A short distance away there are two places with connections to Elizabeth Stride. The first one is now the biggest mall on Sweden's west coast, called Nordstan. The eastern part of the mall (on the exact spot where the McDonald's is located today) was called Norra Larmgatan in the 1860s. This is where *Kurhuset* was located. *Kurhuset* was a place that was dreaded by all prostitutes in need of treatment for venereal disease. We know that Elizabeth was treated twice here for the Chancre. The treatment was said to be extremely painful as it consisted of the use of mercury and acid — OUCH! Today there is unfortunately nothing left of *Kurhuset*, but why not take a lunch break at McDonald's?

Back to the bus stop at Lilla Bommen again. When getting off the bus or tram, turn 180 degrees and you will see an old brick house. Nowadays, the Historical Medicine Museum of Gothenburg is housed here, but in the 1860s this was a place dreaded by the criminals of Gothenburg — the main police station! Every woman who was registered as a legal prostitute had to visit the police station at least three times a week. The girls and women were led into the backyard, which still exists today. There they were stripped of all their clothing and examined by a doctor. If the doctor found any trace of venereal disease, the woman in question was escorted by a police constable to *Kurhuset*, which was only a stone's throw away. Elizabeth Stride was registered as a prostitute at this very police station. Elizabeth was designated "Women No. 97." Because these records still exist it is clear that she was a regular visitor to this police station.

The police station was also the location of a murder that was committed in 1923. Carl Olander was an eager young police constable. Early in the morning of May 16, 1923 a young man named Kurt Alfred Johansson was



ABOVE: POLICE HOUSE AT LILLA BOMMEN. THE ENTRANCE TO THE BACKYARD IS VISIBLE ON THE FAR RIGHT

RIGHT: ENTRANCE TO THE BACKYARD OF THE POLICE HOUSE.



He turned around quickly and saw that Johansson was attempting to escape.

arrested for mail fraud. He was employed at the Gothenburg harbour. This is what happened. One of his colleagues aboard the barracks ship where Johansson was stationed had a suit being tailored in Stockholm. He had a money-order to pay for the suit, and asked to be notified by mail when it was ready. However, he did not receive a message within the normal time and began to wonder why his suit wasn't ready. He was rather disturbed by this, as he wanted the suit for a particular purpose. One day he received

word that a colleague, Johansson, had been seen wearing the suit he had ordered. He was naturally somewhat surprised and thought the witness was mistaken. As it was, however, Johansson and his colleague began talking about clothes and the result was that the man bought his own suit from Johansson. Thus, he had absolute proof that the suit was really his own.

This sad tale soon came to the ears of the detectives Olander and Samuelson. It was immediately clear to Olander that Johansson could only be in possession of the suit because he had falsely signed for it. The detectives sat down and discussed the matter with the Chief of Detectives, who immediately gave orders that the suspect be arrested and questioned. It was important to act at once because there was a fear that Johansson would disappear before evidence arrived from the Post Office. The police quickly learned that Johansson used to live in a certain cafe in the central city. Detective Sergeant Samuels went there and watched for Johansson. When he showed up, Samuels arrested him and took him up to the judicial police station at Spannmålgatan.

Olander awaited their arrival at the station and during the wait told the commissioner that the suspect was in custody. He also ordered Sergeant Stjernfeldt to assist in the interrogation of the criminal.

Johansson was taken in for questioning and was seated in the large guard room. Detectives Stjernfeldt and Olander asked Johansson to confess to the crime, since they were quite sure that he had carried out mail forgery. Olander, who knew the suspect from his inspection rounds at the harbor, made it clear to him that it was useless to deny guilt. At first Johansson explained that he had only seen the postal receipt in another person's possession. However, he refused to say who that individual was, and when it was obvious that there was no way to wriggle out of the charge, Johansson confessed to having written his friend's name and forged the signature.

After the confession was heard, Stjernfeldt went into a nearby room to see if Johansson had any previous record of arrest. The detective had just found Johansson's name when he heard sounds of a brawl. He turned around quickly and saw that Johansson was attempting to

escape. Olander, who was known for his speed afoot, immediately hurried after the man and captured him. Olander grabbed Johansson by the right arm, when suddenly a pistol flashed and a shot was fired. Olander sank to the ground. The smoke still curled from the gun barrel as Stjernfeldt with all his might attempted to pin the shooter's arms. A wild wrestling match ensued inside the commissioner's office. During the tussle another shot was fired from the Browning automatic. The bullet flew very close to the detective's forehead and it was only by a lucky quirk that Johansson had not one more life on his conscience. Fortunately Stjernfeldt had been careful to stay behind Johansson's shoulder and the bullet passed harmlessly into the large guard room and buried itself in the cornice. Stjernfeldt mustered all his strength and managed to force the gun from Johansson's hand; then he applied his handcuffs.

Olander's body was taken to Sahlgrenska Hospital, where he was pronounced dead on arrival. Detective Constable Carl Olander was born in 1888, and on May 30 would have celebrated his 35th birthday. After Johansson's

sentence was up and he was released, the killer changed his surname to Haijby. Johansson/Haijby later became internationally notorious after he attempted to blackmail the King of Sweden by threatening to "reveal" that he had had a homosexual relationship with the King. If you wish to see the spot where the murder took place, please visit the museum. Museum hours are Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, 11 AM - 4 PM; Thursdays, 11 AM - 8 PM. Entry fee: 40 SEK.

Haga

OK, let's travel on. Our next stop is the parish of Haga, which has several connections to Elizabeth. Here we find Pilgatan, where Elizabeth claimed to have lived in early 1865, although no hard evidence has yet surfaced to prove she lived there. Nearby is Husargatan 27, and we do have documented evidence to prove that Elizabeth lived there for several months in 1865 and 1866. From Lilla Bommen we'll walk about 300 meters to the next tram stop, which is Brunnsparcken. From there we have several options. We can take trams Nos. 1, 3, 9 or 11 to Haga Church.

**The bullet
had hit him
in the
center of
his
forehead.**

Here on the corner of Södra Allégatan and Sprängkullsgatan was where the Executioner of Gothenburg once lived. The Executioner, Johannes Jansson, actually lived here while Elizabeth Stride was living at Mrs. Wiesner's apartment just a stone's throw away. Jansson owned the house and rented out several rooms. However, most people were reluctant to take a room here, since the Executioner had a tarnished reputation to say the least! But one woman was not at all afraid to rent one of the



PHOTO TAKEN 2011 OF EXECUTIONER JANSSONS HOUSE

DRAWING OF EXECUTIONER JANSSONS HOUSE C:A 1850



bigger rooms; she was a private teacher who tutored the children of many of Gothenburg's more prominent families. Rumor has it that the lessons were unusually easy. The original house was demolished long ago.

From here we only have to walk a short distance to reach the notorious Pilgatan. Unfortunately, we have no solid proof that Elizabeth actually lived here, and there is no specific house to point out. Instead, let us leave Pilgatan and head north. Our next mission is to Husargatan, to find the place where house No. 42 stood in 1865. Archival research has taught us that we actually have to find the modern address Husargatan No. 27, because it corresponds to the Husargatan No. 42 of 150 years ago. According to the 1865 Census, the Wiesner family lived upstairs. I have highlighted their windows in the picture on the right. The original house is no longer standing, but the old-fashioned architecture as well as the cobbled street gives you a hint of what it looked like.

In this area we will also find a place with strong English connections. During World War II the British intelligence service MI6 set up an intelligence-gathering operation in Gothenburg. One of the agents' tasks was to obtain information about Germany. This was done by questioning the



EXTERIOR VIEW OF MRS WIESNERS HOUSE

German merchant sailors who often visited the restaurants near the Gothenburg harbour. MI6 agents frequented the harbour restaurants and attempted to get drunken Germans to talk. The conversations always started with a bit of general chatter, but as the Germans became more intoxicated they were asked if they had seen any German warships in the ports from which they had come. The agents also wanted to know if the sailors had noted the extent of damage in the ports after English bombing-runs. After a while, though, the agents realized that it was unwise to exhibit their contacts with the sailors so publicly because the Germans had placed their own intelligence agents in the restaurant.

Instead, the MI6 agents looked for an apartment they could rent near the port. In 1942 one was used right here in the parish of Haga. MI6 agents located German merchant sailors in local restaurants and invited them back to the apartment where they attempted to get them drunk. The apartment also served as the MI6 interrogation room. Once the Germans were quite intoxicated the questioning began. After information had been obtained, the drunken German sailors were helped back to their restaurant or pub. The MI6 apartment is still there today at Haga Nygata 27.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF MI6 HQ

Murder In The Name Of Satan

The next stop on our tour is where Anna Britta Persson committed a horrendous murder in 1862. The murder occurred in the house at the corner of Landsväggsgatan and Haga Nygata. The drama began on November 20, 1862, when a baker named Schutz found a bundle of women's clothing hidden in a shed in his backyard. This discovery immediately aroused suspicions that the clothes might belong to a woman named Lotta Andreasdotter who had recently gone missing. Lotta was last seen in the company of a woman named Anna Britta Persson, who happened to live upstairs in Schutz's house. These facts led police to suspect that Anna might be involved in Lotta's disappearance.

Anna's room was searched for clues, as was the attic. The policemen met a gruesome sight in the attic. On the floor in front of them lay the dead body of a woman. Both of the woman's legs had been cut off and were not with the body. The missing limbs were quickly located just a few meters away, tucked between some beams.

Upon closer examination of the body, the police were sure it was the missing woman, Lotta Andreasdotter. While questioning the neighbors, the police learned that during the last night she was seen alive Lotta had complained of nausea and vomiting. Had she been poisoned? Lotta was a commercial traveler and just days before her disappearance had sold merchandise for over 400 riksdaler, which was a small fortune in 1862. Did this suggest a financial motive to her murder?

The Arrest Of Anna Britta

Anna Britta was 33 years old, a tall woman with jet black hair and ice-blue eyes. At the initial interrogation Anna seemed upset whenever Lotta's name was mentioned, but denied that she had anything to do with the murder. Not even when she was taken to the crime scene did she confess or show any remorse. On the contrary, her attitude was hard and cold. However, witness testimony revealed that Anna had been seen wearing Lotta's clothes just a few days before Schutz discovered them hidden in



ONLY EXISTING PORTRAIT OF ANNA BRITTA

the backyard. Anna was taken to the city jail, where a priest tried to appeal to her conscience. He urged her to confess, exclaiming, “In the name of Heaven, confess to your crime!” These attempts at persuasion lasted a week but were unsuccessful, so Anna was transferred to a prison cell. When the transport cart rolled out from the prison the streets were lined with angry people demanding that Anna be executed without trial.

The Trial

Shortly after her arrival at the prison, Anna finally admitted to the police that she was involved in Lotta’s murder, yet claimed she was merely an accomplice. According to Anna, the murder was committed by a couple of sailors from an English steamer. Of course this was simply a ploy; everybody was certain that Anna was the killer. Almost two years after the murder she was convicted at last — but not for the murder of Lotta Andreasdotter! The case against Anna could not be proved, so without her confession it was impossible to charge her with murder. She was instead convicted of fraud and sentenced to six months in prison. Anna

was taken to the prison and placed in an isolation cell. Her only human contact was with the priest employed by the prison. By threatening Anna with Divine Punishment they tried to make her confess her crime. After only three days in prison she finally confessed to the murder. Why Anna suddenly changed her mind is unknown, but it’s possible that she was tortured after arriving at the prison. Torture was not uncommon in those days when trying to get somebody to confess to a crime.

The Murder

It soon became clear to the court that Anna was a thief, and a very successful one at that. It turned out that she was in the habit of hiding stolen goods in the same attic where the dead body of Lotta Andreasdotter had been discovered. This is the story that emerged: One night there was a knock on Anna’s door. It was Lotta asking if she could borrow a bed for the night. Anna agreed, and Lotta went to bed. A short time later Lotta began to complain about feeling nauseous. She went upstairs to the attic and opened a large window to get some fresh

air. Anna became terrified that Lotta would see all her stolen goods and turn her in to the police. She ran after Lotta. Once upstairs Anna saw that Lotta had not turned on the lamp. The moon shining in the window provided the only light. Then Anna saw Lotta reach for the lamp. Panicking, Anna grabbed a knife that was hidden on a wooden beam and slashed Lotta’s throat. Anna panicked again when she realized that she could not get rid of the body without cutting it into smaller pieces — and that is exactly what she did. After finishing her horrendous work, Anna washed Lotta’s blood from the floor.

The Helper

On the last day of the trial, everybody was convinced that Anna must have had assistance from someone else. They did not believe she could have committed this crime on her own. The judge stared at Anna and said, “We know you did not commit this deed alone. Now tell us the name of your accomplice or be forever quiet.” The courtroom went silent and everybody stared at Anna. After what seemed like an eternity she

whispered: “Yes. I had help.” The judge immediately replied, “Then give us the name.” Anna replied. “It was . . . **Satan!**” Her answer shocked the entire court-room. On April 27, 1865, Anna Persson was sentenced to penal servitude for life. After this nice little story we only have one stop left. It’s the Gothenburg Harbour, and the exact spot where Elizabeth left Sweden. Now we find ourselves outside the Casino of Gothenburg. It was here that Elizabeth boarded a ship in 1866 and left Sweden for London.

If you look at the horizon, you just might see Elizabeth . . . Look carefully!

We hope you enjoyed walking in Elizabeth’s footsteps. We certainly enjoyed guiding you! If you have any comments, questions, or need a guide to the area, please feel free to contact me at Danidefeis_metal@hotmail.com

Biography

I am in my early 30s and have been an active Ripperologist now for close to a decade. My main interest has been the life of Elisabeth Stride. She was born near Göteborg and spent several years in this city before emigrating to England. When not working and writing I like to be with my friends, watch films and eat lots of good food.



THE AUTHOR OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE
BACKYARD OF THE POLICE HOUSE

Deemed Insane:

An Interview with Rob House



*May is fast approaching, and with it comes the publication of what could be the most talked about and debated Ripper book of the year, *Jack the Ripper and the Case for Scotland Yard's Prime Suspect*, by Robert House. To the many posters at Casebook and JTRForums, and those fortunate enough to have come to know Rob personally, the book is significant because it's a monumental achievement by "one of our own." Indeed, Rob cites encouragement from fellow Casebookers as the boost he needed to take on the daunting task of writing the first ever bona fide suspect book promoting Aaron Kozminski as the Ripper. It is hard to believe, but true, that in spite of being one of only a handful of contemporary suspects, and having been promoted over the last 25 years by a series of high profile documentaries and television specials, not to mention some of the best known and best-selling authors in the field, Kozminski has never — until now — been the subject of a book devoted solely to arguing for him as history's most notorious killer. For these*

reasons, it was decided it was time to get to know Rob House a little better and help him celebrate the release of his book with an exclusive interview for the readers of Examiner.

CE: Please give us a mini-biography of yourself, such as your work, where you live, and whatever else you'd like to share about your life outside Ripperology.

RH: I live in Cambridge, Massachusetts, right between Harvard and MIT, and I seem to be constantly surrounded by scientists and mathematicians. My day job is doing web design for a small start-up company in Boston, but I have lately been thinking that I would like to switch careers and become a high school teacher.

CE: Tell us about your history with the Ripper case. When and how did you first become intrigued with the mystery, and what forces led you to settle on Aaron Kozminski as your preferred suspect?

RH: I first became interested in the case around ten years ago when I read Phil Sugden's book. After reading this and several other books on the case, I was unsatisfied with the reasons for which Kozminski was dismissed by many of the top researchers in the field. So I decided to reexamine everything that was known about Kozminski, and I started by looking at Scott Nelson's research, which was a great help. I then found Kozminski's vital records in Poland, and this led to subsequent discoveries in British records. Of course, after 120 years, it would be impossible to state with certainty that the case is solved or anything like that. But I do believe that Aaron Kozminski is the most likely of the known suspects to have been Jack the Ripper. I base this on several things: Kozminski seems to fit the general profile of serial killers like the Ripper (and I hate to use that word.); he fits geographically; there is a plausible psychological motive, and of course, there is everything that was written about him by Anderson, Swanson, and others. The timing of the murders is likewise very interesting when looked at in the context of what was happening in the Jewish community in London at the time. The pieces all generally fit together, and I have never found anything that lessens him (or eliminates him) as a suspect. On the contrary, the more I learn about Kozminski and about

I do believe that Aaron Kozminski is the most likely of the known suspects to have been Jack the Ripper.

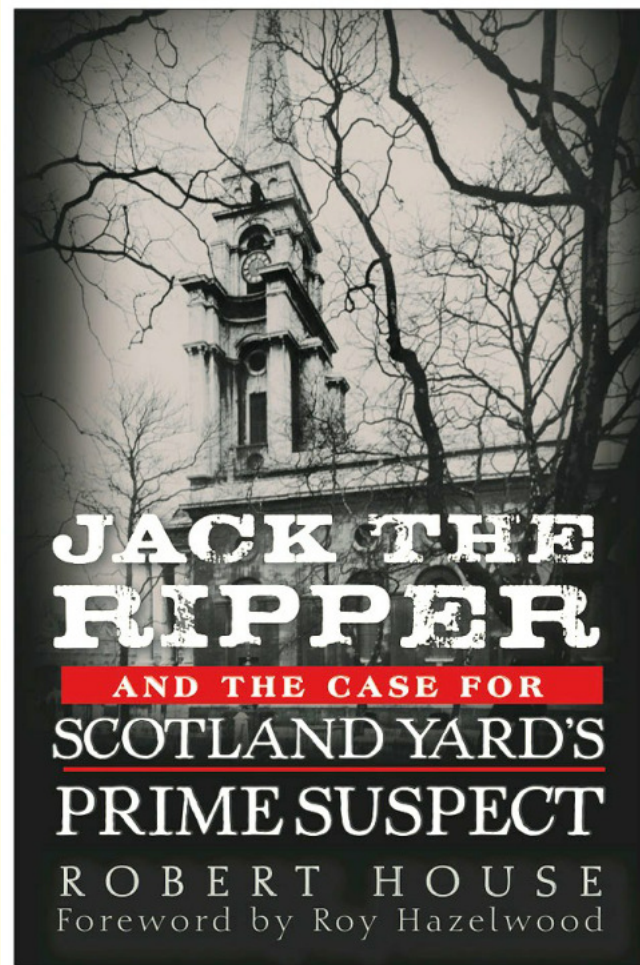
serial killers in general, the more plausible he appears to be as a suspect in the case.

CE: What about the book you have coming out?

RH: The book is being published by John Wiley and Sons and it comes out in May. It is about 350 pages, and it includes about 50 photos (with the gracious assistance of many people on Casebook), and maps, etc. It also has extensive citations, and an index. I guess I felt a sort of obligation to get certain information out there, after doing so much research on Kozminski, and several people suggested either Chris Phillips or I should write a book on the topic. Chris and I were research partners for several years and

we uncovered many new exciting things about Kozminski, so it is nice to be able to present that research in some form to the Ripperologist community.

I should point out as a caveat that Chris doesn't agree with many of my conclusions regarding Kozminski as a suspect. I tried to write the book in such a way that it would be interesting both to Ripper experts and to a general audience that doesn't know anything about the case. This means of course that a part of the book will be a rehashing for the experts in the case. The book begins by giving general histories of the situation in Russia/Poland and describing what is known about Kozminski's early life in this context. Since so little is



actually known about the Kozminski family in a specific sense (apart from a few records here and there), I focus more on the rather deplorable situation of the Russian Jews at that time. I talk about the anti-Semitism both in Russia and then in London in the 1880s, with a particular focus on the attack on sweating in the tailoring trade in the late 1880s. This is really crucial for understanding Kozminski as a suspect, and it sets the stage for the next part of the book, which discusses all the murders in detail. Then at the end, I return to Kozminski, and discuss his asylum admissions, and lay out the complete argument in favor of him as a suspect.

CE: Many *Examiner* readers are also writers and might benefit from your experience. Please tell us when did you decide you were going to write the first full book on Kozminski, and what process did you follow that took you from a mere idea to a published book?

RH: I never really considered myself a writer, so it was pretty daunting to consider taking on the task of writing a book. I remember when I wrote the first *Ripperologist* article, that took me about two months, so I reasoned, well, it's like that times ten. Once I decided to do it, I just plowed through a first draft in about six

months. Luckily, a lot of the basic research about Kozminski had already been done, so it was really just a matter of putting it into a readable form. I had a long document with the full chronology of everything that ever happened in Kozminski's life, in terms of documentation, and also I had my old *Ripperologist* article, so I used those as a jumping off point. I also assumed that I would just self-publish, so I think I initially set the bar pretty low for myself.

This mindset helped me get the ball rolling actually. I thought, "Well, I will just write a mediocre book that will give all the facts about Kozminski." But as I went further with the project, I started to change my mind about this. I thought, "Hell, if I am going to put all this time into writing a book, I might as well do it for real." So I started to focus on the quality of the writing a bit more, and I also started to gear the book more toward a general audience as opposed to just a *Ripperologist* audience. I took a year off from my regular job to write the book, and then I took another six months in doing multiple revisions. Then I went through the whole process of writing a book proposal, and trying to find an agent, which I was lucky enough to do. After about eight months the agent eventually found a publisher, which kind of scared me.

When people think about Kozminski they think: imbecile, eating out of the gutter . . .

Incidentally, the original draft of the book was actually much longer than the finished book, but the publisher ordered me to chop it down by 40 percent. This probably helped the book in the end, since it forced me to be much more disciplined about deciding what I would include. The publisher also insisted I change the title of the book, for marketing reasons. My original title was *Deemed Insane*, which I still like much better the current title, but they insisted that ‘Jack the Ripper’ had to be in a big font in the title. The publisher has been great otherwise—they have all been very helpful and pretty hands-off in terms of the content I wanted to include.

CE: You say that you cut 40 percent of your original draft for publication; would any of the cut material be of interest to serious students of the case and would you consider publishing it elsewhere, such as with *Casebook Examiner*?

RH: I will have to look at what I removed and get back to you. When I wrote the earlier draft of the book, I was in the mindset of including everything but the kitchen sink. So it was good to be disciplined about removing stuff that was not really necessary to the story. I took out a lot of colorful little anecdotes that were interesting, but were not very relevant to Kozminski specifically.

CE: From your point of view, how do you think Aaron Kozminski currently fits into the *zeitgeist* of Ripperology? How do you feel the casual as well as avid Ripper reader perceives him as a suspect? And why do you think he's perceived that way?

RH: In the Ripper field, many ideas seem to be repeated, over and over again, often without very much consideration for their veracity. The internet unfortunately aids this process. So if you go to crimelibrary.com, you will find that they say that Kozminski is unlikely to have been the Ripper because he was a “harmless imbecile.” Kozminski was clearly not an imbecile. But to understand this requires knowledge of the legal and medical taxonomy of insanity in the nineteenth century, and also an understanding of how British asylums worked. So I discuss these things in some detail in the book. It is an uphill battle, trying to correct some of these assumptions that have gained credibility simply by being repeated over and over again. In short, I think the general feeling about Kozminski is still largely based on some things that were written some 30-odd years ago. When people think about Kozminski they think: imbecile, eating out of the gutter. There is also the knee-jerk response of bringing up “old men’s memories” and Anderson and Swanson living in “a world of wish-dreams.” My book largely presents all the current information on this



BUTCHER'S ROW 1892

suspect, and it also presents new perspective on some of the old ideas about him as a suspect. I guess I am hoping to shift the discussion a bit, and force people to re-examine their assumptions. For example, people have some ideas about schizophrenia that are oversimplifications of what is in fact a remarkably complex mental disorder. So to answer your initial question, I do think a certain portion of the Ripperology community is still fairly dismissive of Kozminski as a suspect, although he is not entirely dismissed. I hope my book may change some of that.

CE: What are your thoughts on the Butcher's Row suspect and the work done in recent years by researchers such as Scott Nelson and Chris Phillips? Have their findings and commentary had any impact on your research or how you view the case?

RH: This is a very interesting area of research and both Scott and Chris have done great work in researching both Butcher's Row and Sagar's statements. I have always thought it possible that Sagar was speaking about Kozminski when he talked about keeping surveillance on a suspect in Butcher's Row. But it is hard to interpret these articles. On the one hand, part of what Sagar says seems to fit Kozminski,

including the apparent implication that the suspect was Jewish. However, some of the recent discoveries seem to point to other suspect, notably Solomon DeLeeuw, who is an interesting character.

So yes, this is still an open area of debate and research. It is important to point out that the police had several suspects under surveillance, so it is entirely possible that DeLeeuw and Kozminski (and others) were under surveillance simultaneously. I remain convinced that Kozminski was under police surveillance, probably by Henry Cox among others. The Cox account is very important, in my opinion, in looking at Kozminski as a suspect. There is also a lot of room for confusion and mix ups in newspaper reports. I think it is probable that Sagar was at least aware of Kozminski as a suspect, even if he did not conduct surveillance on him himself. He may have been aware that there was a Jewish suspect who was considered to have been the top suspect in the case, but if he was not kept in the loop he may not have known who the suspect was, and might have guessed it was the Butcher's Row suspect who was under surveillance. Who knows? When some of this new stuff started coming out, particularly about DeLeeuw, I considered adding it to the book, but it was really too late to add it, and I thought it would just be too confusing to explain, so I

left it out. I just couldn't think of a good way of working it in.

CE: In your essay "Kozminski Reconsidered," published six years ago in *Ripperologist* No. 58, you spent a good amount of space discussing suspect and geographical profiling. As these two arts have thus far failed to produce results in capturing serial killers, and are now cautiously approached by an ever increasing number of crime researchers, are you concerned that including such data in your book to support your argument could actually have an adverse effect and cause readers to question the strength of your argument?

RH: It doesn't really concern me very much. I think that profiling is unfairly criticized a lot of the time, and that the outright dismissal of criminal psychological profiling is completely unwarranted. In several cases, profiling has proved to be very effective—the psychological profile of Chikatilo for example, was very accurate. I assume there is probably a backlash against the glamorized representation of profiling and forensic analysis in TV shows and movies like *Silence of the Lambs*. In my opinion, every single *Ripperologist* has in mind a "profile" of the Ripper. For example, several of the reasons for which Kozminski is typically dismissed as a suspect—because he was

supposedly an imbecile, because he was schizophrenic, because he ate out of the gutter—are based on an implied, but not stated, profile of Jack the Ripper.

The criticism of profiling as a tool in actual investigations is probably valid to an extent, but the FBI admits the limitations of profiling as a tool in criminal investigations, anyway. They insist that profiling should be used just to focus an investigation, not to eliminate suspects. I think the problem often rests in how profiling is employed in actual investigations. Also, there is a difference between profiling as a tool used in criminal investigations, and "profiling" as it applies to the multi-disciplinary research into serial killer psychology and behavior in a very general sense.

When people criticize profiling, there also seems to be an assumption that the entire field of research into serial killer etiology and behavior is likewise invalid. I would disagree with such an idea. I think the study of serial killers, whether psychologically, socially or geographically, is entirely worthwhile. So it is possible to study the general characteristics of serial killers, in terms of statistical analysis, etc., and then see if a suspect fits those characteristics. One way that profiling fails is in translating the fairly complex serial killer theories into "actionable" bullet-list summaries that can be used by police in the field. It is

difficult to translate aspects of a psychological profile, into specific outwardly observable traits, such as age, race, occupation, etc. But this is what profilers must do, since police working the streets are not specifically trained in psychology, at least not to the extent that would be required to understand such behavior. As Roy Hazelwood told me, this is why the FBI did not include their belief that the Ripper was schizophrenic in their profile.

The FBI would never put this sort of thing in a profile, he said, since the police officers investigating the crimes would not be likely to know anything about psychological disorders like schizophrenia, since they are not specifically trained in it. So they had to translate “schizophrenia” into just the outwardly observable traits of a schizophrenic person, such as “disheveled in appearance, strange behavior, unwashed” etc. The problems inherent in such an approach are obvious. So in short, no I am not at all worried about the fact that I include this type of stuff in the book.

The fact is that Kozminski fits both the general profile of serial killers, and specifically post-mortem mutilators, and also fits several of the assumptions about Jack the Ripper. If someone proposed a suspect who fit none of these expected characteristics, then I think the person could be easily dismissed. You could



COLNEY HATCH ASYLUM

dismiss Charles Booth for example, or Samuel Montagu, or a ten year-old girl. Fundamentally, I believe many of the general aspects of criminal psychological theory are valid. If people choose to disagree with me that is fine.

CE: Some authors render Aaron's surname as Kozminski and others as Kosminski. Clearly the former is your preference. Is one more correct than the other?

RH: I use the spelling Kozminski because that is the way the name appeared on the family's vital records in Russia. The female form of the name was written Kozminska. Kozminski is also the spelling used on Aaron's Colney Hatch and Leavesden Asylum records. Kosminski as written by Swanson and Macnaghten, was probably somewhat less correct. It is a minor point.

CE: The controversy and discussion that surrounds Kozminski is more one of personalities than evidence. Largely due to the lack of information about the suspect himself, the discussion naturally turns to analyzing the life and thought-processes of the men who named him as a Ripper suspect – Anderson, Swanson, and Macnaghten. Do you feel such debate has any relevance in determining how

strong a suspect Kozminski is, and why do you feel that way?

RH: Of course it is relevant. But I think the discussions about Anderson, Swanson and Macnaghten are a bit overblown, and the debates seem to be going nowhere at this point. The problem is that all the discussion of Anderson and the Swanson marginalia really distracts people from some of the more interesting facets of the Kozminski story, which receive little or no attention or discussion. For example, it was interesting to me to discover that the real subject of the Batty Street lodger inquiry was a man who lived on the premises of a ladies tailor within a few hundred yards of Dutfield's yard. This fits Kozminski exactly, but it is never discussed. The debates about Anderson have become a stumbling block that keeps people from looking at Kozminski objectively as a suspect. Of course Anderson was not infallible as a person, but I don't think he was as bad as he is often made out to be, in terms of being a liar, or forgetful, or boastful.

Anderson may well have been telling the truth, and may have been right about his "theory," but this option seems to have been dismissed out of hand by a large segment of the Ripperologist community. In my opinion, it comes down to profiling, despite the fact that most people will not admit it. If Kozminski were

a better fit for Jack the Ripper's "profile," as many people imagine him, then there would be less justification for dismissing Anderson's statements so readily. This is why I have spent so much time in trying to figure out if Kozminski fits the profile of this type of killer.

CE: More recent students of the case have been equally fascinated with, and perhaps a little confused by, the markedly different viewpoints and approaches of modern authors Paul Begg and Stewart P. Evans towards Anderson and his theory. What is your personal view of these two men, their work, and has their respective offerings on Kozminski had a positive or negative effect on Ripperology?

RH: I have had the pleasure of meeting Stewart Evans and Paul Begg, and they are both very kind and generous guys. I have the utmost respect for them, and I truly appreciate all the help they have given, both to me personally and to the Ripperology community as a whole. Their contributions to the field cannot be underestimated—they (along with other earlier Ripperologists) really paved the way for all of the modern research in the case. It is true that Stewart and Paul are polarizing figures in the Kozminski debate, and their influence has led to the creation of "camps," for want of a better word. Since I personally believe that Kozminski

is the most likely of the known suspects to have been the Ripper, my own views are much closer to Paul's interpretation. But of course, Paul is on the record saying that he does not think Kozminski was the Ripper, so that leaves me standing all alone with my theories. But the contributions of both Stewart and Paul and others, most notably Martin Fido, Scott Nelson, Chris Phillips, etc, have really given us most of what we know about this elusive figure. I suppose my one critique about the current state of the debate is that it is a bit stagnant, that the same discussions have been going around and around, and not progressing. So this gets back to the previous question—there is too much of a focus on Anderson in my opinion, and not enough on Aaron Kozminski himself.

CE: Regarding the Macnaghten report, pro-Kozminski commentators are quick to point out that most of the information offered on suspects Druitt and Ostrog is demonstrably false. This information is offered not only for the sake of accuracy, but also to dispel Kozminski's 'competition' in the eyes of the reader. However, most commentators don't seem to consider that the information offered by Macnaghten relating to Kozminski might likewise be completely or partially fictional. How important is this document in building an argument for Kozminski as the Ripper, and do you think the

information offered in the Macnaghten report relating to Kozminski is any more reliable than the falsehoods offered up for Druitt and Ostrog? Please explain how you arrived at your answers.

RH: The document is obviously important, although it is hard to separate truth from fiction (or mistakes). It is likewise a bit difficult to figure out what the document was intended to accomplish, although presumably it was to keep the higher ups at the Home Office informed about the final status of the Ripper inquiries. It is impossible to know if the information about Kozminski is accurate. But there is only one demonstrable error in the document regarding Kozminski—specifically, the statement that he

was entered into an asylum in March 1889. The likely scenario is that Macnaghten simply made an error here.

It is interesting, however, that if you consider that detective Henry Cox conducted surveillance on a suspect for three months after the last murder (Kelly) then you end up very close to March 1889. So it is possible that some important event might have happened around that time, and we just don't know about it. I have wondered if Kozminski may have been incarcerated in a private asylum for example. If so, that would explain a lot of the apparent contradictions in the record.

I have also been pondering other possibilities—specifically, whether the police may have disseminated false information about

There was apparently some public concern that the Ripper had returned

the Ripper to cover up the truth about Kozminski's incarceration. I realize I am stepping into a minefield by saying this, but if you look at press reports, the police seem to have issued press releases on several occasions whenever there was a new "Ripper scare." In other words, either when the public was worried that the Ripper had returned, or when the Ripper story was revived in the newspapers for one reason or another. One example was the killing of Augusta Dawes by Reginald Saunderson, in Kensington, in late 1894. There was apparently some public concern that the Ripper had returned, and within a few weeks, the police had apparently issued a statement saying that the Ripper had died in an asylum about a year earlier. By this time, of course, Kozminski had been transferred to Leavesden Asylum. To my mind, it is possible that this type of public statement was basically a ruse or misdirection by the police. This type of manipulation of the press is the sort of thing that the Special Branch apparently did in certain instances, so both Anderson and Monro would have been aware of the power of using the press to control public opinion or concerns. The Macnaghten memorandum may fall in the same category, or what might be called a "limited hangout."

There are several reasons I have noted before as to why the police would have wanted

to cover up the Kozminski story. So they may have invented a few different stories to lead people off the track. There are several press accounts that suggest such a thing to me. One example is the very bizarre *Sunday Chronicle* article titled "Brand of Cain" from October 15, 1905. It is likewise interesting that the first time we hear of Drutt, as a Ripper suspect, in newspaper reports was just four days after Kozminski's incarceration at Colney Hatch Asylum. Is this just a coincidence? I am reminded of Lady Abberconway's (supposed) remark about the memorandum giving "the official line"—this might be close to the truth. But all of these thoughts are just in the germination phase; none of this stuff is in the book.

CE: What are your interests outside of Ripperology?

RH: My main interest is art. I do a bit of painting on the side, and I have always wanted to get into filmmaking. Other than that, I am interested in social issues like global warming, sustainable systems, and alternative energy. I am a big history buff in general. I have read several books on local New England history, on whaling, the Shakers, the Pilgrims, things like that. I have also read a good deal on the American Revolutionary War and the American

Civil War, and World War II. Lately, I have become a bit interested in the Lizzie Borden case.

CE: What future projects can we expect from Rob House? Will you continue to research and write on the Ripper?

RH: Lately, I have been doing some research on schizophrenic serial killers, and I have been thinking of writing a short article on that subject. Despite the popular misconception, they are actually quite rare. We can discount serial killers like Sutcliffe and Berkowitz, who were probably faking it. But if you look at actual schizophrenic serial killers—people like Richard Chase, Tsutomu Miyazaki, Hadden Clark, Marc Sappington, Herbert Mullin, Robert Napper, James Clayton Lawson, etc.—you will find that there is a remarkable similarity in some respects to the Jack the Ripper murders. Schizophrenic serial killers are typically very "primitive" psychologically speaking—they frequently engage in mutilation or disembowelment after death, cutting off body parts, targeting the breasts, abdomen and sex organs, removing body parts from the crime scene, engaging in cannibalism, etc. So, if you look at the type of mutilations inflicted by schizophrenic killers, the similarities with the Ripper murders are quite striking. For example,

Robert Napper's murder of Samantha Bisset was said to be remarkably similar to the murder of Mary Kelly in terms of the type and extent of mutilation after death. This is described in Laurence Alison's book on Napper, as follows:

[After killing her with 27 stabs to the neck and chest, Napper then mutilated her] *to the degree that police struggled to determine whether she too had been sexually assaulted. He inflicted a further sixty knife wounds on her body; sawed her open from the neck to the pubic bone; opened her ribcage to display her internal organs; tried, but failed, to dismember her legs; took a part of her lower abdomen away with him as a trophy; propped her hips up on a cushion . . . to show her mutilated genital area prominently, and finally, covered her with a robe and other items he had taken from her linen cupboard. . . . The sight was so shocking that the police photographer stayed off work for many months afterwards.*

As I mentioned on the message boards, Roy Hazelwood told me that the FBI actually concluded that the Ripper was quite possibly schizophrenic, and an example of what the FBI referred to as a lust murderer or a "post-mortem mutilator." As Hazelwood put it, this type of murderer "approaches his victim in much the same way as an inquisitive child with a new toy. He involves himself in an exploratory examination of the sexually significant parts of

the body in an attempt to determine how they function and appear below the surface." So, in my opinion the Ripper was much more primitive minded than I think most people assume. There is a very interesting book called *The Psychology of Lust Murder: Paraphilia, Sexual Killing, and Serial Homicide*, by Catherine Purcell and Bruce A. Arrigo, which is available online. So this is one of my current interests.

Other than that, I would like to get back to doing more Kozminski research with Chris Phillips. During the two or so years that I worked on the book, I put research on the back burner. But I always enjoyed the research part more than the writing — it was more exciting. On the other hand, I might move on to something else, perhaps another case. I am not really sure.

CE: As a final note, is there anything else you'd like to say or share that you haven't yet had a chance to?

RH: I would like to thank everybody who helped me with the book, and with getting photos. I would also really like to plan another trip to London, and if I do I hope to meet up with some fellow Ripperologists while I am there. I expect the book to receive some fairly heavy criticism once it comes out, and I am a bit nervous about that. I am sure there are many errors in it. It is

a stressful thing, submitting a book to a community that is both very contentious and also very well informed. I feel like I am placing my head on a chopping block. I do hope the book will spark some new interest in Aaron Kozminski as a suspect, and that it might open up some new avenues of research.

WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET (1890s)

