

11/4/20  
PENGUIN  
BOOKS

**THE MEMOIRS  
OF SHERLOCK  
HOLMES**

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SIR ARTHUR  
CONAN DOYLE

COMPLETE



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PENGUIN BOOKS

785

THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



Contingent  
Vienna 1959

statements, writing their books, often get the details wrong. But his training has its corresponding advantages. Historians take great trouble over

# Hunt the Ripper

**THE IDENTITY OF JACK THE RIPPER.** By Donald McCormick. (Jarrolds. 18s.)

THE Ripper murders, a dozen or more all ascribed to one homicidal psychopath who killed and mutilated East End women, mostly prostitutes, took place in 1888. Nobody has ever tired of writing or reading books about them. This one, by a painstaking journalist, gives you all the horrible details—*réchauffées* in lurid, gaslit, but quite efficient, prose—plus a more than usually exhaustive consideration of all the possible suspects.

A favourite theory was that the Ripper was a refugee from East Europe, a *feldscher*, or surgical assistant, who would have had just the skill which the expert nature of some of the incisions suggested. Mr. McCormick settles for one Kononov, alias Pedachenko, who has been strongly tipped by several chroniclers. As against him, and in favour of a native cockney Ripper, there are the letters which the police received signed "Jack the Ripper," though one of them, which was accompanied by a portion of a kidney, contains misspellings that could indicate a foreigner. The psychological significance of the way Londoners have tended to regard the Ripper as, at times, almost a mythical hero-figure deserves more attention than Mr. McCormick gives it, but his book is one of the most thorough studies of the phenomenon and deserves its place in the canon. M. R.

emotional temperature. Mr. Cameron has missed Horatio Bottomley—a perfect reflector of the popular mood. But in general the impressionist picture comes off well.

There is, it seems to me, one major distortion. Mr. Cameron has brought in too soon the disillusionment of the fighting men. The mud of Flanders was already there; its dominance over men's minds was not. The British soldiers of 1914 were regulars, with neither time nor inclination to be disillusioned. The young idealists were as yet drilling in England with walking-sticks and dummy rifles. The day of Siegfried Sassoon came with the Somme; that of Wilfred Owen with Passchendaele. In 1914 Rupert Brooke and his fellow Georgians still expressed the mood of the nation.

## FEIFFER

"Sick, Sick, Sick," a collection of Jules Feiffer's cartoons, with an introduction by Kenneth Tynan, was published last week by Messrs. Collins, price 10s. 6d.

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