

WHERE THE RIPPER PROWLED

The Victorian-era slasher proves to be a great tourist draw

BY CLAIRE BUSHEY || PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID COOK

It was darker than it should have been for the hour and latitude. It was only 7:30 p.m., but the clouds had flattened the sky, leaving only a band of sun at the horizon, turning London gloomy and, as usual, threatening rain.

The tourists had been instructed to meet near the Tower of London. With its own grim history of torture and execution, it seemed a fitting starting point for the two-hour walking tour through the City and East End. Tonight, as on

every night, some 40 or 50 people with a taste for blood would stalk the trail of Jack the Ripper.

The man leading tonight's party was Donald Rumbelow. He stood at the center of the crowd and encouraged those who couldn't hear to move forward.

"If you can't get through, treat this like a British Museum tour: Get your elbows out," he said.

Rumbelow, bespectacled and bulldog-like,



Donald Rumbelow leads walking tours through the part of London once terrorized by Jack the Ripper.

