

SALTASH TRAGEDY

*T.B. from Cornish Times
By Keith Rowley*

MIDNIGHT MURDER & SUICIDE

Saltash was shortly after midnight on Saturday. The scene of a murder and suicide. The victims were Florence Ethel Saward aged 22 and Alfred George Redman aged 40. Both were natives of the borough and lived at 12, Silver St., a narrow thoroughfare almost under the land spars of the Royal Albert Bridge.

Redman who was a cripple and walked with a crutch and stick, was a tailor by trade, but was obliged to give up work because of his lameness. He was then for a time on the parish, but some months ago, with the aid of money left him and assistance from relatives he set up a small greengrocery business in Tamar Street.

Three or four years ago he was left a widower with three girls of whom the eldest has since been in the care of a brother in the United States and the other two aged eleven and seven have lived with Redman.

Florence Saward was the second daughter of a widow Mrs. Crapp who lives in a court entered from Silver St., and was the wife of a naval worker in service. She had a home in Pembroke Street and had a baby fifteen months old.

Redman was in occupation of two rooms at 12, Silver St., on the ground floor at each side of the entrance. Since he commenced his greengrocery business he had been assisted by Mrs. Saward. It appears to have been her practice when not living in her rooms at Devonport to sleep in one room at Silver St., with her baby and Redmans eldest child, while Redman and his youngest daughter used the other room.

Throughout Saturday Redman was seen about the town, and during the evening and up to a late hour was in his shop. Saward was also seen in the shop and at the house during the evening and not many minutes before midnight she was observed standing at the door. Redman was seen by a police constable going in the direction of his home about 11.40.

A TERRIBLE ALARM

A few minutes after midnight the neighbours were startled by a terrible shriek and the cry twice repeated, "I'm murdered". People ran to their windows and rushed into the streets. First on the scene was Mrs. Roberts who lives two doors from the scene of the tragedy, and at the corner of the court where Mrs. Sawards mother resides. As she emerged into the street she saw in the bright moonlight Mrs. Saward collapse in the middle of the narrow roadway, and but six feet from the door of No. 12 she heard her shout "Mother, mother I'm murdered" and immediately after fell. Mrs. Roberts kneeling down lifted her up but her head dropped back. Mrs. Saward was wholly undressed except for a single undergarment. She was bleeding from a terrible wound in the throat and as she lay on the ground her only movements were a few twitches of the body.