Society Beauty Slick Forgerer

Smilingly they faced one another across the silver and immaculate linen of the exclusiv Mayfair restaurant, the lovely girl and the handsome man.

For her, a blue-eyed brunette with a dazzling smile and Cupid's bow mouth, the man with the looks and air of a Guards officer could open the door

For him, the lovely woma who now leaned provocatively across the lamp-lit table seemed vision of loveliness too good to be true.

They had met at a Mayfair cocktail party only a few days previously. They had taken to one another at once, and soon she was confiding to him that he was worried about a grave

He would be only too glad to do what he could to help, he said. He suggested a pleasant little dinner together when she could tell him all about it . .

And now, leaning towards him over the table, the satin sheen of her bare shoulders made rosy by the shaded lamp, she talked. "I had a guardian," she began, "a perfect old dear who loved me like a father He had

no relatives at all, and when he died he made a will leaving me his great fortune." "Then, if you are rich," interposed her companion, "your

trouble cannot be so very ter-"But that's just it," she declared. "I'm not rich-I'm very hard up, even if I do move around in Mayfair and dress well. You see, though my guardian signed his will, he did

is not worth the paper it is typed on." "Well, how can I help?" asked her companion.

so without the presence of wit-

nesses. Such a will, of course,

"By signing as a witness."
"But that would be forgery!" "It would also be a fortune for me and a tidy slice of it for

"I see" he remarked slowly. Before they parted that night the man Morton, had agreed to sign the document purporting to be the will of an elderly Birmingham solicitor. He also undertook to find a friend who would sign as the second wit-

ness, for a cut.
Thus Josephine O'Dare, daughter of a Herefordshire farm labourer, and christened Theresa Agnes Skyrme, launched herself by crime on one of the most amazing careers of fashionable London in the gay and naughty

Her story of the old guardian was nonsense, of course. The old gentleman whose will she forged was a wealthy Birmingtection she had lived and who had imbued her with a love for luxury and ambition to climb

in London society. Forgery, like poisoning, is a crime that is often repeated, and Josephine O'Dare, as she called herself, embarked on a social career on the proceeds of

this particular felon Morton became her close associate, and with him his friend who had added his name as second witness to the forged will. This was a romantic erook named Davis, who passed himself off as Lord St. Helier

and Captain Danvers, D.S.O. three while struttin about the drawing rooms and dance clubs of Mayfair as socialites and members of the aristocracy, operated as a business, a business with three par-tners and one product: forged

documents. Between 1922 and 1927 this partnership yielded no less than \$60,000.

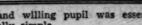
During those years there were two Josephine O'Dares. There was the Irish heiress who gave magnificent parties in her lux-urious Mayfair flat, who rode a fine mare in Rotten Row, was prominent at the great race meetings, and a notable figure at the most fashionable night-

The other Josephine was hard - working criminal who, with her two male associates, made a business of forgery.

Though Josephine had gate-erashed some of the most exclusive mansions in Mayfair, she had not entirely escaped the interest of Scotland Yard. They had nothing definite to go on, but they could not find out the source of her income, and she was seen with Davis who had a long criminal record. So they watched and waited.

A forged will having done the trick the first time, Josephine continued on the same When she forged a will, with Davis's assistance, generally, she overwhelmed with her allure even the toughest of money-lenders. She seldom came out of

Another of their activities was collecting authentic signatures for later Yorging. The system of forgery to which Davis introduced his apt



ally simple.

He taught her that while the forging of a "guardian's" will may be an excellent idea, it had the obvious limitation of number. On the other hand there were many banks to which they could turn their talents. Davis's method was to steal

etters from the letterboxes of big business houses. Many of these letters contained cheques which bore genuine signatures. With these, application was made in the name of the cus-tomer to the bank concerned for a new cheque book. Using the new cheque book, a cheque was drawn and signed and presented at the bank by messenger.

The bank had just supplied

that customer, so it believed, with a new cheque book. What more natural than that he should be making use of it?

By means of this trick and some brilliant forgery, Josephine and her two male associ-

ates robbed bank after bank of large sums of money.

After each successful coup Josephine would throw a party n her flat. To those who knew her then she seemed completely carefree, without a trace of the strain which she was undergo-

One day a man presented to the cashier of a West End bank a cheque for \$750. He was tall and well-dressed and aroused in the cashier not the slightest suspicion. Round the corner a pretty girl waited anxiously for

his return. Meanwhile, the cashier, intent on his work, went across to consult a ledger. At that moment panic seized the waiting man. He lost his nerve, turned and ran out of the bank. He could have done nothing to make pur-

suit more certain. That was the beginning of the end for Josephine O'Dare. The arrest of Davis was soon followed by the arrest of Morton and

of Josephine herself. In March, 1927, Josephine O'Dare stood in the dock at the Old Bailey. She was charged with the forgery of wills, of cheques, and with getting cash from moneylenders by false

What manner of woman was this who began life in a farm cottage, who had but little education, and yet who could dazzle and bamboozle society men and women and business ty-

She was, of course an adventuress. But not an ordinary one. She had intelligence and a ready wit. When she went into the witness-box at the Old Bailey she did not try to lie her way out, but admitted freely who she had done. When Josephine O'Dare wer

down the dock steps at the Old Bailey she disappeared from the gay and glittering world she had loved for four and a half years. . . .

And then, one day in 1951, the Westminster Coroner held an inquest on a woman named Joan Brooks. She had been found dead in a shabby bed-sitter, and said the pathologist, she had died by her own hand from barbituric poisoning.

Being charitable, the coroner

returned an open verdict on Joan Brooks. In so doing he said the last word on Theresa Agnes Skyrme, alias Josephine O'Dare, master forger, social butterfly, convicted

> QUICK SERVICE As an important looking busi-

ness man was leaving the small town hotel, he suddenly turned to a not-too-bright-looking lad eaning against the desk. "Quick, son," he ordered. "Run up to Room 13 and see if I left my brief-case there. Hurry! My train leaves in nine minute A few moments later the boy rushed back. "Yes, sir," he panted, "It's there all right,"



HOME - GROWN BLANKET Sporting a two-year growth of whiskers, Lt. John Tuck Jr., first American to spend two consecutive winters in the Antarctic, Is pictured during a press con-ference. Tuck, 25, is returning to school to work on his master's degree in geography.



ARTISTICALLY INCLINED-Apparently bent on creative endeavor, actress Linda Christian, left, gets the brush from Roman painter Novella Parigini as she tries her hand at a canvas in the artist's studio. The star is holidaying in the Eternal City.

Perils Of The Jungle Keep Her Young

As the little dog started barking frenziedly, the tall Englishwoman who was digging in her garden spun around and drew back instinctively. There, a few paces away, poised ready for the kill, was a krait, one of

North Borneo's deadliest snakes. Thinking more of her dog's safety than her own, the woman grabbed hold of it and called out to some natives who were aying down pipes in an adjoining field. Seeing the snake, they rushed into the garden ,shouting a warning. Startled by this noise, the

snake remained indecisive, to presented its head to a fatal stroke by a native, wielding his large grass-cutting knife. Had not that dog barked so opportunely, the Far East might have lost one of the British Red Cross Society's most courageou and adventurous field workers, Lancashire-born Miss Millicent

Mary Johnson, holder of sever Though now in her 60th year "Johnny", as everyone calls her, returned only a few weeks ago, after a visit to England, for a further spell of two years as a pioneer welfare officer in the jungles of North Borneo.

Being interested in people and roughing it are the two ingredients of her recipe for keeping young. Despite her years, she faces many physical hazards in carrying out her jungle duties. Not long ago, at Kotablud,

while she was preparing for bed, she stepped back with a gasp of amazement and alarm. There nestling below her pillow, was a bulging centipede, fully 18 inches long! Adventure dogged her even

on her trip back from England. Flying from Damascus to Colombo, she found herself, owing to bumpy conditions, impres into service as the sick-bay at tendant. Two little girls were dreadfully air-sick, and one little boy became so ill that she had

to give him oxygen. Her job in Borneo is to introduce "mercy services", such as health clinics, first-aid training, old folks' homes and tuberc losis welfare centres to the backward areas. Sometimes she travels by sea

in a native canoe . By this means she reaches communities where everyone lives in huts perched high on stilts. A bam-boo stairway leads down to the sea. Climbing these stairs in rough weather is tricky. Ever trickier is stepping back into the canoe when it bobs up and down at the bottom of the stairway. Here, she said, the natives have a very simple way of dealing with dirty dishes. They merely put them in a basket and,

securing it by a rope, lower it through a hole in the floor into the sea. Once, when visiting an isolated Chinese school, she made first a 20-mile canoe trip and then, the tide being low, had to wade for half an hour knee-deep through treacherous mud-flats. On arrival, she washed her feet and legs, blackened by mud, in a water butt outside the school but could do nothing about her

dripping skirt. At one village she invariably gets a welcome from a little boy who rides a buffalo and wears a trilby hat and very little else. With a grin of joy, he doffs his somewhat battered headgear in salute to "Missy Johnny" The people she visits include Dyaks, Ibans, Murats, Dusans,

Malayans, Chinese. She has formed first-class Red Cross de-

tachments from dark - haired

Dyak girls whose grandfathers

reveled in their prowess as headhunters.

These new welfare services tend to reduce jungle hazards especially the casualties caused by crocodile bites. A Dyak, involved in a cruel tussle with a crocodile, had an arm partially severed. In the old days he would have lost his arm and perhaps his life. But thanks to prompt and proper first-aid action his wound heal-

Miss Johnson has also introduced blood transfusion services Richly endowed with Lanca-shire "pep", refreshingly broadminded, resourceful and unof-ficious, Millicent Johnson first threw herself into Red Cross work at the outbreak of war. She was then a fashion buyer in a Middlesbrough store. But soon Red Cross work, with its travels, variety, and fascinating insight into human problems, be-came her chief love.

After serving in a British general hospital in Brussels, she volunteered in 1945 for relief work in India, but was switched en route to Colombo, Ceylon. There she helped to receive shiploads of men released from Japanese prison camps. One day her heart jumped a couple of bounds. The man now before her and posted as miss-

ing three years earlier from Singapore was the brother of her own brother-in-law! Naturally, he was equally dumbfounded at this meeting. When this work was finished she found herself with some surplus medical supplies. A leper colony near-by was, she knew,

desperately short of such sup-plies. To hand them over was ed; it might well earn her a rap from authority. But Johnny never hesitated. She gave the supplies to the Franciscan sisters who ran the

The place was infested, she noticed, with large disease-carrying mosquitoes. So, through a ship's disinfestation squad. The men, all volunteers, sprayed the site thoroughly. Then, in response to Johnny's invitation, they treated the lepers to a ound of sea shanties. Not to be outdone, some lepers themselves grabbed their drums and beat out breezy rhythms.

Meeting emergencies is all part of this go-ahead, practical woman's daily life. And courting fresh hardships and advenures at 60 shows just how deeply Red Cross pioneering has got into her blood.

TABLE TALKS

scoop out seeds. Place squash in baking dish; fill centers with

apple. Pour a little water into dish. Cover and bake at 350° F.

30 minutes, or until partly done. Sprinkle with salt, sugar, and

Bake uncovered about 45 min

POTATO PUFF

2 tablespoons melted butter

Combine potatoes, egg yolk, melted butter and salt. Moisten

with hot milk. Beat well. Fold in

egg white. Pile lightly into greased baking dish. Bake at

375° F. 30 minutes, or until puffy

Biologists have long suspect-

world is at least as complex as in the human world. Now, they

have evidence that moths pos-

sess an early-warning defense

which is triggered by the navi-

gational radar of their enemies

According to the current issue

of the magazine Scientific American, when Kenneth D.

Roeder of Tufts University and Asher Treat of the City College

to a moth's ear, they found the ear sensitive to the ultrasonic

cho-locating cries of a bat 10

feet away. Even more subtle, the biologists found that a par-

sitic mite which lives on moths

ears is careful to abstain from

eating both of its host's ears -

leaving one line of defense against hungry bats and saving his own skin.

Moths With

"Radar"

1 egg white, beaten stiff

utes, or until squash is soft.

3 cups mashed potatoes

1 egg yolk Hot milk

itmeg, and dot with butter

CAULIFLOWER WITH PIMENTO SAUCE head cauliflower, cooke can or jar (7 ounces) pir

€ tablespoons sharp chees (optional) 1 cup milk
½ teaspoonful salt

Dash cayenne Melt butter and blend in flour; add milk gradually. Cook over hot water in double boiler, stirring constantly, until thick. Add salt, pepper. Cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally; add cheese. Add pimento stars and pour over cauliflower just before serving.

Mash cooked sweet potatoes and serve them in orange shells. Or if you want to serve them in a casserole with marshmallows, cook them this way:

. . .

SWEET POTATOES WITH MARSHMALLOWS 3 cups mashed sweet potatoe

4 cup brown sugar ½ teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon each, nutmeg and cinnamon 1 tablespoon melted butte

1/4 cup cream or rich milk Combine potatoes, sugar, spices, butter, and cream. Cut 6 marshmallows in half and mix with this combination. Turn into greased baking dish. Top with remaining marshmallows. Bake at 350° F. for 20 minutes, or until mixture is puffy and

If you'd like to combine apples with a vegetable, try this acorn squash with apples. This recipe ACORN SQUASH WITH

CHURCH IN PARIS—President Eisenhower is waving to crowds in Paris on Sunday as he drove

to church. The President was over there for the top level NATO meetings as well as personal

meetings with the delegates of the other participating countries.

marshmallows are delicately

APPLES 2 small acorn squashes

browned. Serves 6.

Making Way For The Parlour Stove

Along this time of year, when the chillier air worked through the walls, a great rural indoor sport was setting up a stove — and that, too, has passed. I hear no complaints, although setting up a stove left memories to

parlor heater was an inefficient machine, doing poorly a job that modern knowledge has nade precise. But it was also far shead of the open hearth, and for this reason was frequently throat of a fireplace or was fed into a bricked-up front on the fireplace — although it could also go into a thimble in the wall where no fireplace had

ever been. This last arrangement sometimes set fire to the wallpaper, or at least brought creosote down to make interesting patterns. We had one pattern, in an upstairs bedroom, which looked just like the old prints of Lincoln's Cabinet, beards and

lines of modern functional devices make me wonder what perversion of thought led to some of the ornamentations on the old parlor heaters. There were smallish airtights which came plainer, but for real style iches of grapes and draperies held back with bows-all done in cast iron. The stove was intended to heat the room, but it would sit there beautifying the parlor at the same time.

As the season drew on, the women would rearrange the furniture and make way for the stove. There was usually a sheet of tin, sometimes decorously etched with ferns and filigrees, and you had to move the rug back. On this tin would be placed four glass cups for the stovelegs and then the men were told o bring in the heater.

The stove had been taken out of the parlor the previous spring, when the weather had warmed, and this gave more room for family affairs when the parlor was used much less often. ained, we'd be outdoors, or off in our own rooms, and we seldom used the parlor. It was in winter, whe. the rest of the ouse, except the kitchen, was gold that we needed the parlor o the stove might just as well,



tian Science Monitor "Oh, very nice."



really, have been left set up all

But that wasn't the way of it. When the stove was taken out, we had to thump the sections of pipe behind the barn and brush out all the soot. We had to clean out the wood ashes and see if the grates were all right. Grates failed now and then, usually because the ashes built up under them and they got too hot. A clear stove burned brighter and

grates lasted longer. Anyway, when we got the stove all cleaned for summe storing, we would anoint the stove with sweet oil, using a rag and a small brush. The stove would presently shine as Aaron did when the ointment ran down, and it would smell like an Arabian boudoir Then we would lay a cloth over it, push it back against the shed wall and leave it until autumn. Nobody liked to set up or take

down a stove. It was heavy and tricky, and either full of soot or covered with oil. There were things known as stove casters, and if you owned a set you could move it around nicely. We never owned any, and always lugged. Going through doors The severe and unadorned was a real maneuver. Most door jambs, between the parlor and the shed, had chunks out of

them where stove legs had struck. True, you could knock the legs out of their sockets and handle them separately, but then you ran the risk of setting the stove down with your fin gers in the way. A man who was moving a stove and found himself pinned to the floor by his fingers was usually a voluble and expressive character even though at other times he might appear taciturn and bashful. The man who had moved a stove

could be told by the full flavor of sweet oil which surrounded him. It clung. When a stove was being set up, the pipe was always a question. It might go together easily, and it might not. A pipe which fitted exactly last spring seemed peculiarly reticent about it in the fall. But it would eventually fit, and next came a small fire to burn off the oil and check

the draft.
This filled the bouse with characteristic aroma belonging to once-a-year things, and was not so pleasant as some other aromas. Sweet oil, all but ablaze is not so sweet. This stench was immediately added to by the chore of blacking the stove for which a cake of patent shine was dissolved in a saucer of vinegar. I do not know why vinegar was used, but it may have been to neutralize sweet oil, the way you might burn down a house to remov the paint. The liquid blacking was swabbed on and burnished with flannel rags, and it would sizzle on the hot stove and bring

tears to eyes away out in the barn. I don't know why they couldn't black a cold stove, but they couldn't. Then winter would set in and the parlor would be het. Some stoves cooled down as fast as hey got hot, but the ornamented ones would keep the heat long after the fire had dwindled. But never long enough to last the night. In the morning the parlor always had a left-over atmosphere of gloom and stale cold wood ashes and contracted cast iron, and it was cold. It's been many years now since I've heard anybody call, "Hey! Come give us a hand with the stove!" By John Gould in "The Chris-





BEAUTY AND THE BUCKET-Obviously not cow ed by the task at hand, pretty Barbara David is quite a handy girl to have around the farm. The 19-year-old displayed enough farming

THE FARM FRONT

Canada isn't the only place where the farm problem is roublesome to the powers-thathe In the United States the latest idea designed to stem over-production is to put entire farms - not just certain unproductive acreage shelf." The following from Washington will give you a better idea of what I refer to.

The administration badgered by continued farm surpluses, is prepared to resort to extraordinary measures to reduce farm production. It would remove whole farms

ers to turn their entire cropland over to government conservation project

Taft Benson, in his second sensational press conference within the past fortnight, has announced into effect on a trial basis in four states - Illinois, Maine, Nebraska, and Tennessee. The unusual feature of this new, bold attempt to beat the

name the price at which they are willing to enter into this "Bids,' they are called. The Department of Agriculture may accept or reject these bids, "on the basis of the lowest acceptable

offers." This differs from past practice in that under the regular conservation reserve procedure, farmers have no opportunity to suggest a price, but are offered specific per-acre annual payments for land put to conservation crops.

plan was prompted by the fail-ure of the soil bank to pull any duction and reduce surpluses. The all-out effort to concentrate on the long-range, conservation program as the bet ter solution. Making it worth while for the farmer to put his whole farm to conservation crops

Secretary Benson feels that while the new program is on a very tentative, "trial" basis, that offers real promise.

The program, in essence, is seen as representing one of the most revolutionary ventures in agriculture. The effort to take whole farms out of crop production appears to corroborate the often-repeated claim that the basic problem is one of too many farms and too many farmers.

The administration already has unsuccessful farmers find fulltime or parttime work in nearby

retary Benson put it, "is aimed at reducing the size of the agricultural plant and preserving it

ability to be named "Queen of the Agriculture Barnwarmed Dance".

in a good state of conservation

until such time as additional

crop production may be needed."

preparing to re-appraise the soil

even sooner if it seems feasible.

. . .

Surplus disposal programs

have defeated their own ends,

under this formula, by boosting

price supports and encouraging

For some time the administra-

tion has advocated an end to

acreage allotments for corn and

the treatment of all grains fed

to livestock as one commodity.

Otherwise, land taken out of

corn production has simply been

sown to other feed grains, creat-

All this is obviously part of a

vigorous attempt to revamp the

farm program, and approach

Congress with new recommen-

dations for cutting back persist-

ent surpluses and at the same

ing new surpluses.

more production.

The Agriculture Department is

John Russell

bank feature of the farm pro-gram, which expires in 1959, with a view to terminating it

from production by paying farm-Secretary of Agriculture Ezra

costly and uneconmic surplus problem is that farmers will

There is no doubt that the new

large amount of land out of prowill remove the incentive to turn remaining acres over to price-supported crops already in

taken initial steps in this direction through the rural development program, designed to help

"The whole program," as Sec-

FALLING OUT OF FAVOUR After Jean Coupe, the famous French paratrooper, jumped 22,-965 feet in 143 seconds before pulling the ripcord, and thereby setting a new world record, he was arrested by the army authorities and put in the guardhouse for eight days for violating regulations which forbid paratroopers jumping from heights exceeding 9,842 feet without car-

der farm income. Secretary Benson is almost certain to ask authority for more flexibility in the adjustlimited to a range of 75 to 90 per cent in most major crops.

rying oxygen equipment.

The regular conservations reserve program will be continued - that is, the retirement of land to conservation crops at the gov-ernment-set price per acre. Undesigned to encompass entire farms, contracts will call for diversion of crop land to trees time keeping a steady floor un- | and conservation gains.



Kanter thinks there's too much talky-talky comedy in the movies, so he has come up with "Once Upon a Horse", a zany film reviving the old whang-bang-socko slapstick technique. Here's Kanter, background, clowning it up between scenes with

Memory Selection: He is the head of the body, the church: born from the dead; that in all things he might have the preeminence. Colossians 1:18. The general subject for the lessons for this quarter is, "New Testament Teaching About The Church." We shall study the origin, nature and mission of the Christian church. Jesus worked with his foster father, Joseph, in the carpenter shop. But during the course of His short ministry He said, "I will build My church." He was not thinking of a building of

By Rev. R. Barclay Warrent B.A., B.D.

The Church's One Foundation

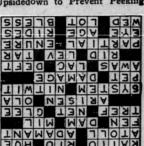
wood or stone but of that great body of called-out ones who would believe that He was the Messiah, the Son of the living God. He is still building. People of different races and colour ar elieving on Him as Saviour and Lord and becoming a part of the What is the foundation of the what is the foundation of the church? When Simon Peter made the great confession, Jesus replied, "Blessed art thou, Si-mon Barjona: for flesh and blood

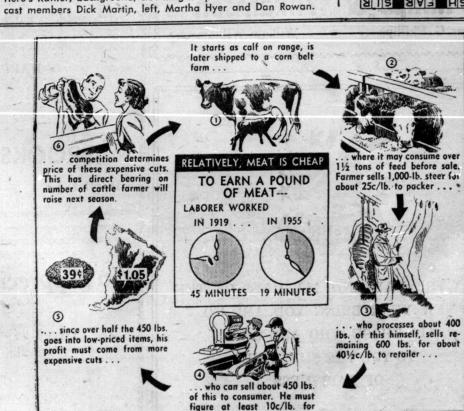
hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." The Greek word for Peter is petros and the word for rock is petra. The first is masculine and the second is feminine. Petros is a rock or stone whereas petra is a rock, a crag, a ledge or shelf of rock. Peter was a fragment of the great which he had received from the Father concerning the identity of Jesus qualified him to be part of the foundation. This harmonizes with the other reference to the foundation in this lesson, "The foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." The keys are the symbol of

authority. In Matthew 18:18 they were conferred upon all the apostles. They were given power to bind and loose signifying to forbid and to allow. God was to endorse the decisions of these holy men of God.

It is encouraging to note that when Jesus said, "I will build my church," he added, "And the gates of hell shall not pre-vail against it." Communism is advancing and some tremble for the outcome. The Builder was confident. Fear not, the church will triumph.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking





WHY IS MEAT SO DEAR?—This is a question often asked by Mrs Homemaker. But as newschart above shows, the history of a steak from range to frying pan is a long and expensive process. Cattle, sheep and swine convert large quantities of grain and grass into meat which is nutritious and flavorful and a concentrated source of protein and energy. Actually, the American homemaker is spending a smaller and smaller percentage of her disposable income for meat (see centre box). While many minor improvements can yet be made in the slaughtering, processing, distribution and retail business, meat experts say, the industry today

is doing a competent and efficient job of serving the consumer inexpensively.

