

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: My wife and I have been reading your column for some time ago, and I've been reading it pretty regularly since. I notice most of your mail goes from women, but I hope you will give a perplexed man some advice."

"I am 21, and we've been married nearly three years. We haven't had the usual life together because I am attending a man's college in another part of the state. I want a better education so I can provide the things my wife deserves."

"I have the feeling lately that my wife isn't happy. Here there is no place for her to live, and besides she has a good job. Though this is my last term, I think I should quit school and get a job — or should I stay on here and risk our happiness?"

"I love my wife more all the time, and I am so afraid she is growing dissatisfied. . . . Thank you, and I'll be watching every day for your answer. JIM"

STAY WITH IT
You will stay where you are and complete your education. You have the sound view, ambitious and unselfish, and if you leave without your

New! Easy-to-Weave



by Laura Wheeler

It's play, not work, to weave these accessories. Modern, unusual. One makes a lovely gift. Weave on bought mesh, or crochet (directions given). Instructions 847; charts for 16 1/2 x 19-inch TV cover, 12x15 piece corset.

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS
Send no stamps for this pattern to LAURA WHEELER, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., Toronto, Ont. Print plainly P.A.T. NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

As a bonus, TWO complete patterns are printed right in our LAURA WHEELER Needlecraft Book. Dozens of other designs you'll want to order. New fascinating handwork for yourself, your home, gifts, bazaar items. Send 25 cents for your copy of this book today!

ISSUE 37 - 1958



Signs Point Toward Heaven—Father Backes, Roman Catholic priest of Overleirich, West Germany, uses highway signs to demonstrate his contention that correct behaviour on the highway is a matter of conscience. The priest told his parishioners that today's traffic problems are the concern of theology, even as they are the concern of medicine and science.

degree I believe you would all ways regret it—and your wife might feel responsible. . . . In the first chill of separation it was natural that letters should glow with affection and longing. Later she felt that you will know how much she loves you, and repetition was unnecessary; also, she believed you would be interested in what she accomplishes at home and at business. She is painting a picture of her little problem and the way she solves them, and because she believes that following her routine will keep you close to her. In your replies, comment on all she tells you, are in everything she does. To me her letters seem natural and illuminating, as coming from one partner to the other. . . . Repeat often how much you love her, how lonely you grow, reminding her she is your inspiration, and the only thing that sustains you is anticipating the day that starts a new home and life together. It is unfortunate that you have to be apart, but it is the man who most follow his bent while his woman waits. . . . Dispel your fears, and trust her. . . . It would be fine if you can arrange for her to spend a weekend with you soon; it would bring you both a lift, and help re-establish your confidence in her. As for her, it would give her something to look forward to, and lovely memories to take home that will carry her through until you are together again for the rest of your lives."

WELCOME NEW BEAU!
"Dear Anne Hirst: For nearly eight months I dated a man I loved, but six weeks ago he stopped coming at all and never told me why. . . . When I do see him he is friendly, and I know I believe he is still fond of me, but I've met another young man and we have lots of fun together; I think he is really wonderful. He has told me he loves me. I don't think I return it, because I think of my other friend all the time. . . . What do you think?"

WONDERING
"You have known this second man too short a time to be sure how you feel, so tell him so — but keep on seeing him. Whether love comes or not, his attentions are well-cared for you is in itself comforting. . . . Don't be so sure that the young man you loved is still fond of you; if he were, he wouldn't let pride keep him away. His leaving with no explanation was crude and cruel; it indicates a lack of stability which you will be wise to re-mat. . . . If he should call you, say you have a date. If you take him back, I am afraid you will only be hurt again."

Separation from the one you love is hard to endure. One way to keep your love alive is to make your letters so descriptive of your daily routine that each can picture the other happily. . . . Send Anne Hirst any problem that worries you, addressing her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

"Hey, you've got your shoes mixed; you've got the right shoe on your left foot."

"I'll bet that's why I've been going in circles all day."



BAT GIRL—Playing at being a "bat-girl," six-year-old Beth Barber uses a giant "elephant ear" for wings. The big leaf, measuring 45 inches long by 31 inches wide, is from a tropical elephant fern.



CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

If we could only have about two days rain, it, at least, could do with about a month of this nice cool weather. High for today, 65. Isn't that wonderful? It really makes you feel like living. Of course, some people like the heat — but just see what it has done to the gardens. Nothing is growing the way it should be. Has told me he loves me. I don't think I return it, because I think of my other friend all the time. . . . What do you think?"

Last week we spent the most of one day on a farm near Hespeler and everything there was as dry as tinder. They had been threshing the day before so we still in the farm and his son busy baling straw. Partner and I went to the farm, and it wasn't long before he had blisters on both hands. He was most embarrassed. To think he had got so soft! It was really

quite a surprise because he has been doing heavy work at home for a number of weeks working with stone. But I suppose handling a fork for an hour or two is a little different. . . . We have had grandson David here for the past week — that was one reason why we visited at the farm, just mentioned. Nothing pleases David so much as being among all the animals and machinery. There was also a little boy about nine, who took David under his wing while he fed and watered the chickens and tried to lug straw to the barn. Before we came away the "teen-age son sang and played for us with his guitar. I told him he was doing fine but not to start growing sideburns. He must be good because he won a first and a second prize at the Hamilton Music Festival just recently."

And then what do you think happened? I had the uncanny experience of hearing my own voice — played back on a tape-recorder. If you ever get the chance to try the same thing don't miss it. Not only is it fun but it's most revealing. After the brief recording was over I exclaimed in surprise — "So that's what I sound like! Now I know why people always guess so quickly that I originally came from England." It was something I could never understand before. I don't think anyone really knows what his or her voice sounds like. I think the tape-recorder is a wonderful invention — you can have lots of fun with it. The night our friends had a card party. During the evening they set the machine behind a curtain and had it in operation for about ten minutes — unbeknown to the visitors, of course. Then they played it back and what a lot of fun it created. Just so long as it is used for fun and educational purposes that is fine. It can also create a lot of mischief if its use is abused. It can be a worse and more despicable sin than eavesdropping.

Coming home that same day we stopped at Bob and Joy's for supper and then we all went up to Ginger Farm to have a look around the old place. Remember how often I used to speak of the giant cotton-tailed poplar right on the front lawn. We loved that tree. For years it had shaded the house for descendants of the original Mac-Nab pioneers who homesteaded the property in 1818. Several times Partner's brother had said we ought to cut the tree down but to us that would have been desecration. Twice in our time the tree was struck by lightning. It happened again last week during a severe storm. The people who have the house rented were frightened and appealed to the Department of Highways to have the tree cut down. It has promised to do so. If that happens, this landmark at Ginger Farm will be gone forever. The tree was a better friend

TICKLY HEAT—Lovely Ruth Pfister has found a do-it-yourself method of beating the heat, as she splashes herself coolingly with the aid of a garden hose. And if that doesn't work, she's not far from the famous beach at Atlantic City.

Cosmetic Colors Count

Eye brows are no longer raised when a woman decides to tint or change the color of her hair. This has become such a common practice that a national news magazine reported that one out of three women has changed the color of her hair in the past year.

Beauty experts point out, however, that men do not always realize that a change of make-up should be made when the hair color is changed. The owner of a chain of cosmetic shops, well known throughout the United States, offers the following advice:

Light blondes usually should concentrate on the warmer pink tones in base and powder, with pink or peach for lip rouge. Golden blondes need copper undertones in base and powder and softer rouge tones, with bright lipstick to avoid a drab look.

For women with chestnut or medium brown hair, shades from rose to cream beige are recommended. Brown hair can be highlighted by the use of vivid clear red lipstick and a rose base. Russel and orange go well, too, with brown hair.

Women with jet black hair have a choice of vibrant reds and oranges, and for a cooler effect, look well also in lighter shades. The redhead should avoid pink and blue-reds. Creamy beige undertones are most complimentary to her; while gleaming bronze hair combined with clear skin is set off by used under tones in base and powder used with orange or pink-blue undertones in lip rouge.

Beauty expert advises a face powder one to three shades lighter than the skin tone, and darker than the eye shadow. Evening lights, with a vivid lipstick. For fallow skin, a pinkish base is always more appropriate.

Enlarging School Was Cheaper Than

The old saying, "Where there's a will, there's a way," I believe should be changed to "Where there's a good will there's a good way." A little boy about nine, who took David under his wing while he fed and watered the chickens and tried to lug straw to the barn. Before we came away the "teen-age son sang and played for us with his guitar. I told him he was doing fine but not to start growing sideburns. He must be good because he won a first and a second prize at the Hamilton Music Festival just recently."

And then what do you think happened? I had the uncanny experience of hearing my own voice — played back on a tape-recorder. If you ever get the chance to try the same thing don't miss it. Not only is it fun but it's most revealing. After the brief recording was over I exclaimed in surprise — "So that's what I sound like! Now I know why people always guess so quickly that I originally came from England." It was something I could never understand before. I don't think anyone really knows what his or her voice sounds like. I think the tape-recorder is a wonderful invention — you can have lots of fun with it. The night our friends had a card party. During the evening they set the machine behind a curtain and had it in operation for about ten minutes — unbeknown to the visitors, of course. Then they played it back and what a lot of fun it created. Just so long as it is used for fun and educational purposes that is fine. It can also create a lot of mischief if its use is abused. It can be a worse and more despicable sin than eavesdropping.

Coming home that same day we stopped at Bob and Joy's for supper and then we all went up to Ginger Farm to have a look around the old place. Remember how often I used to speak of the giant cotton-tailed poplar right on the front lawn. We loved that tree. For years it had shaded the house for descendants of the original Mac-Nab pioneers who homesteaded the property in 1818. Several times Partner's brother had said we ought to cut the tree down but to us that would have been desecration. Twice in our time the tree was struck by lightning. It happened again last week during a severe storm. The people who have the house rented were frightened and appealed to the Department of Highways to have the tree cut down. It has promised to do so. If that happens, this landmark at Ginger Farm will be gone forever. The tree was a better friend

quite a surprise because he has been doing heavy work at home for a number of weeks working with stone. But I suppose handling a fork for an hour or two is a little different. . . . We have had grandson David here for the past week — that was one reason why we visited at the farm, just mentioned. Nothing pleases David so much as being among all the animals and machinery. There was also a little boy about nine, who took David under his wing while he fed and watered the chickens and tried to lug straw to the barn. Before we came away the "teen-age son sang and played for us with his guitar. I told him he was doing fine but not to start growing sideburns. He must be good because he won a first and a second prize at the Hamilton Music Festival just recently."

And then what do you think happened? I had the uncanny experience of hearing my own voice — played back on a tape-recorder. If you ever get the chance to try the same thing don't miss it. Not only is it fun but it's most revealing. After the brief recording was over I exclaimed in surprise — "So that's what I sound like! Now I know why people always guess so quickly that I originally came from England." It was something I could never understand before. I don't think anyone really knows what his or her voice sounds like. I think the tape-recorder is a wonderful invention — you can have lots of fun with it. The night our friends had a card party. During the evening they set the machine behind a curtain and had it in operation for about ten minutes — unbeknown to the visitors, of course. Then they played it back and what a lot of fun it created. Just so long as it is used for fun and educational purposes that is fine. It can also create a lot of mischief if its use is abused. It can be a worse and more despicable sin than eavesdropping.

Coming home that same day we stopped at Bob and Joy's for supper and then we all went up to Ginger Farm to have a look around the old place. Remember how often I used to speak of the giant cotton-tailed poplar right on the front lawn. We loved that tree. For years it had shaded the house for descendants of the original Mac-Nab pioneers who homesteaded the property in 1818. Several times Partner's brother had said we ought to cut the tree down but to us that would have been desecration. Twice in our time the tree was struck by lightning. It happened again last week during a severe storm. The people who have the house rented were frightened and appealed to the Department of Highways to have the tree cut down. It has promised to do so. If that happens, this landmark at Ginger Farm will be gone forever. The tree was a better friend

quite a surprise because he has been doing heavy work at home for a number of weeks working with stone. But I suppose handling a fork for an hour or two is a little different. . . . We have had grandson David here for the past week — that was one reason why we visited at the farm, just mentioned. Nothing pleases David so much as being among all the animals and machinery. There was also a little boy about nine, who took David under his wing while he fed and watered the chickens and tried to lug straw to the barn. Before we came away the "teen-age son sang and played for us with his guitar. I told him he was doing fine but not to start growing sideburns. He must be good because he won a first and a second prize at the Hamilton Music Festival just recently."

And then what do you think happened? I had the uncanny experience of hearing my own voice — played back on a tape-recorder. If you ever get the chance to try the same thing don't miss it. Not only is it fun but it's most revealing. After the brief recording was over I exclaimed in surprise — "So that's what I sound like! Now I know why people always guess so quickly that I originally came from England." It was something I could never understand before. I don't think anyone really knows what his or her voice sounds like. I think the tape-recorder is a wonderful invention — you can have lots of fun with it. The night our friends had a card party. During the evening they set the machine behind a curtain and had it in operation for about ten minutes — unbeknown to the visitors, of course. Then they played it back and what a lot of fun it created. Just so long as it is used for fun and educational purposes that is fine. It can also create a lot of mischief if its use is abused. It can be a worse and more despicable sin than eavesdropping.

Coming home that same day we stopped at Bob and Joy's for supper and then we all went up to Ginger Farm to have a look around the old place. Remember how often I used to speak of the giant cotton-tailed poplar right on the front lawn. We loved that tree. For years it had shaded the house for descendants of the original Mac-Nab pioneers who homesteaded the property in 1818. Several times Partner's brother had said we ought to cut the tree down but to us that would have been desecration. Twice in our time the tree was struck by lightning. It happened again last week during a severe storm. The people who have the house rented were frightened and appealed to the Department of Highways to have the tree cut down. It has promised to do so. If that happens, this landmark at Ginger Farm will be gone forever. The tree was a better friend

quite a surprise because he has been doing heavy work at home for a number of weeks working with stone. But I suppose handling a fork for an hour or two is a little different. . . . We have had grandson David here for the past week — that was one reason why we visited at the farm, just mentioned. Nothing pleases David so much as being among all the animals and machinery. There was also a little boy about nine, who took David under his wing while he fed and watered the chickens and tried to lug straw to the barn. Before we came away the "teen-age son sang and played for us with his guitar. I told him he was doing fine but not to start growing sideburns. He must be good because he won a first and a second prize at the Hamilton Music Festival just recently."

Love Letters Sealed Her Doom

They were practically condemned long before they were written. Convicted in the lull, the dock and drawing-rooms of a shocking murder in a dark street at midnight.

The victim was shipping clerk Percy Thompson. The killer was way-haired Frederick Bywaters, the secret lover of Thompson's attractive wife, Edith. The couple were jointly charged with the murder.

It was the most sensational crime since Crippen's. The wife and fled across the Atlantic. And after the police court hearing opinion swung heavily against the twenty-eight-year-old Bywaters. For a series of letters between her and Bywaters clearly suggested she had agreed to let him commit murder.

They called her an enchantress. . . . a siren. . . . a woman. . . . But when she stood in the dock at the Old Bailey with Bywaters in December, 1922, she was a pale, haggard-faced woman, dwarfed by the heavy furniture which was then the fashion.

Defending her was the most famous barrister of the day, Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, a veteran of forty-eight murder trials. A powerful pleader, a dangerous opponent.

Bywaters' counsel was Mr. Cecil Whiteley, also highly experienced. In manner and appearance he was not unlike a famous barrister of today — Geoffrey Lawrence.

Trying the case was Sir Montague Shearman. A few months earlier he had passed the death sentence on Irish gunmen who had assassinated a senior Army officer in broad daylight.

Outside the Old Bailey, hundreds of people were turned away. Some had queued for two hours to get a seat.

There were fireworks from the dock to the witness-box to give the version of the killing. He did not look like the callous, stony-hearted killer the prosecution had planned the murder.

The defence of both the accused depended on what he would say about the letters. For himself, he knew there was little hope of acquittal. His defence of being attacked first by Percy Thompson was an obvious lie.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

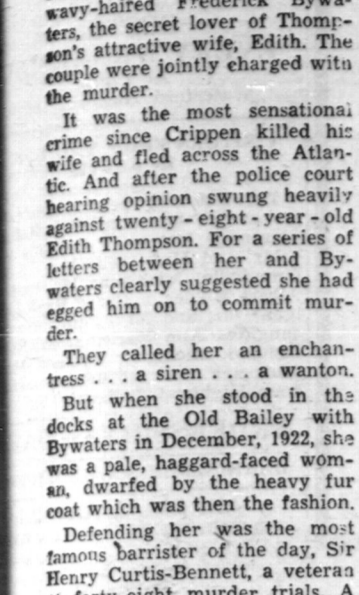
The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

Symbol of a New Age

An impressive landmark rising against a background of quiet English fields are these huge stacks — landmark also in man's search for peaceful uses of atomic energy. They are part of the Calder Hall nuclear power station in Great Britain, which generates electricity on an industrial scale.



SYMBOL OF A NEW AGE—An impressive landmark rising against a background of quiet English fields are these huge stacks — landmark also in man's search for peaceful uses of atomic energy. They are part of the Calder Hall nuclear power station in Great Britain, which generates electricity on an industrial scale.

minimize the importance of those letters. But they had not succeeded very well. . . . Then, late in the afternoon of the second day of the trial, came the moment for which the court, and the world outside, had been waiting.

Federick Bywaters walked slowly from the dock to the witness-box to give his version of the killing. He did not look like the callous, stony-hearted killer the prosecution had planned the murder.

The defence of both the accused depended on what he would say about the letters. For himself, he knew there was little hope of acquittal. His defence of being attacked first by Percy Thompson was an obvious lie.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

Tales of the Baseball Diamond

Next to managers on the hate list of the fans in blue are those stentorian savages—rabbid rosters. Players can be understood and argued with, but what can you do against the howling terrors in the stands? The wise course is to turn a deaf ear to their taunts. But even the calmest and gentlest of umpires will sometimes be goaded into action.

Jack Sheridan was once taking a terrific needling from a big crowd. He suffered in silence, until a husky female fan leaped from her seat and shrieked, "If I were your wife, Sheridan, I'd give you poison!"

Sheridan slowly turned around, removed his mask, bowed to the lady, and in a clear voice replied, "And if I were your husband, madam, I'd take it!"

NOTHING BUT THE RUTH
The great Babe Ruth was notorious for his strike-outs—up at the plate and with the spoken word. Driving his fancy car in Orlando one day, he drew up alongside a "big Rolls Royce bearing a white-haired old gentleman."

The old fellow leaned out. "Gee," he exclaimed, "aren't you the famous ball player, Babe Ruth?"

"Yes, sir," retorted the Babe. "That's some car you're driving," continued the old boy. "Does it have hydraulic or mechanical brakes?"

"Sir," Ruth graciously replied, "I haven't the slightest suspicion!"

STEAMBOAT WHISTLE
The fabulous "Steamboat" Johnson also loved to deflate tormentors. One day a well-known local actor was making life extremely miserable for him. Johnson bore it as long as he could. Finally he stopped the game and marched over to the stands.

Pointing a finger at the belabouring media, he yelled, "You got no right to beef, doc. When you make a mistake, it's followed by a funeral. When I make a mistake, it lives forever!"

HELP WANTED - MALE
CAN. PAC. & C.N. R.V.S. employ graduates. Our ABC Systems, 19 Eastbourne Crest, Toronto 14.

HELP WANTED - FEMALE
STENOGRAPHERS in great demand. Our ABC Systems, 19 Eastbourne Crest, Toronto 14.

Miami, by Christmas—John Frey, 64, passes Battle Creek, Mich., as he steps off some of the 3,500 miles between Regina, Sask., Canada, and Miami, Fla., where he expects to arrive on Christmas Day. Frey has walked some 9,000 miles in the last four years to get in stride for the "stroll."

Babys' Boys
A National Boy Scout official has urged Scout leaders to stop "babys' boys" at summer camps with such conveniences as dishwashing machines, freezers, hot showers, air mattresses, potato-peelers and heated cabins.

David Dunbar, assistant national director of camping for the Boy Scouts, has characterized approximately half of the nation's Boy Scout camps as tending to be luxurious.

Dunbar said private camps started the trend toward soft living in boys' camps, and that the armed services and the Boy Scouts have joined the trend. The camping official spoke of the "uphill fight" involved in attempting to "get back to the pioneer spirit of self-reliance."

The United States justly prides itself on its many "gadgets," within range of the average pocket book, which make for easier living.

We rightly consider our many modern conveniences as a blessing. It would be difficult to argue there is virtue in continuous unnecessary drudgery. . . . Many thoughtful observers, however, profess to see an over-

Love Letters Sealed Her Doom

They were practically condemned long before they were written. Convicted in the lull, the dock and drawing-rooms of a shocking murder in a dark street at midnight.

The victim was shipping clerk Percy Thompson. The killer was way-haired Frederick Bywaters, the secret lover of Thompson's attractive wife, Edith. The couple were jointly charged with the murder.

It was the most sensational crime since Crippen's. The wife and fled across the Atlantic. And after the police court hearing opinion swung heavily against the twenty-eight-year-old Bywaters. For a series of letters between her and Bywaters clearly suggested she had agreed to let him commit murder.

They called her an enchantress. . . . a siren. . . . a woman. . . . But when she stood in the dock at the Old Bailey with Bywaters in December, 1922, she was a pale, haggard-faced woman, dwarfed by the heavy furniture which was then the fashion.

Defending her was the most famous barrister of the day, Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, a veteran of forty-eight murder trials. A powerful pleader, a dangerous opponent.

Bywaters' counsel was Mr. Cecil Whiteley, also highly experienced. In manner and appearance he was not unlike a famous barrister of today — Geoffrey Lawrence.

Trying the case was Sir Montague Shearman. A few months earlier he had passed the death sentence on Irish gunmen who had assassinated a senior Army officer in broad daylight.

Outside the Old Bailey, hundreds of people were turned away. Some had queued for two hours to get a seat.

There were fireworks from the dock to the witness-box to give the version of the killing. He did not look like the callous, stony-hearted killer the prosecution had planned the murder.

The defence of both the accused depended on what he would say about the letters. For himself, he knew there was little hope of acquittal. His defence of being attacked first by Percy Thompson was an obvious lie.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

The prosecutor rose to cross-examine. And the tension was needle-sharp. Holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, Inkpied first asked questions almost as if he relished the thought of clashing with the Solicitor-General.

Love Letters Sealed Her Doom

They were practically condemned long before they were written. Convicted in the lull, the dock and drawing-rooms of a shocking murder in a dark street at midnight.

The victim was shipping clerk Percy Thompson. The killer was way-haired Frederick Bywaters, the secret lover of Thompson's attractive wife, Edith. The couple were jointly charged with the murder.

It was the most sensational crime since Crippen's. The wife and fled across the Atlantic. And after the police court hearing opinion swung heavily against the twenty-eight-year-old Bywaters. For a series of letters between her and Bywaters clearly suggested she had agreed to let him commit murder.

They called her an enchantress. . . . a siren. . . . a woman. . . . But when she stood in the dock at the Old Bailey with Bywaters in December, 1922, she was a pale, haggard-faced woman, dwarfed by the heavy furniture which was then the fashion.

Defending her was the most famous barrister of the day, Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, a veteran of forty-eight murder trials. A powerful pleader, a dangerous opponent.

Bywaters' counsel was Mr. Cecil Whiteley, also highly experienced. In manner and appearance he was not unlike a famous barrister of today — Geoffrey Lawrence.

Trying the case was Sir Montague Shearman. A few months earlier he had passed the death sentence on Irish gunmen who had assassinated a senior Army officer in broad daylight.

Outside the Old Bailey, hundreds of people were turned away. Some had queued for