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WHEN!!!

You put your Wings up  
and buy your Uniform

REMEMBER!

McCULLAGH &  
BOTHWELL

Stock

"SIMPSONS"

Shoot the  
Line in  
'FLEDGLING'  
You'll  
reach a larger  
Audience

SUCCESS

Friendly match: I.T.W. "B" 2 v.  
Calicut 3.

CRICKET

Winnor—1st, 4th Dicks,  
... 3rd, 10th Adams.

ANSWERS

Answers: 1. Cuckoo; 2. Wily; 3. Hat;  
4. Hummer; 5. Keweenaw; 6. Do; 7.  
Crescent; 8. Buckle; 9. FIVE; 10.  
Cryppo; 11. FIVE; 12. Answer 10; 13. Band;  
14. Sore; 15. Bare; 16. 10; 17. Aloud; 18.  
Arroyo; 19. Plentiful; 20. Dotted.

Answers: 1. Chess; 2. Wax; 3. Moho; 4.  
Kamak; 5. Tinsley; 6. Soda; 7. Wax; 8.  
Cryppo; 9. Bear garden; 10. Tremble;  
11. Home; 12. Answer; 13. Sockall; 14.  
Duck; 15. 1st; 16. Answer; 17. 2nd;  
18. Sore; 19. Card; 20. Free; 21. DICK;  
22. Add; 23. One.

*Fledgling* . . . . .

# ACHTUNG!!!

Open letter to all personnel, especially to Ex Middle East

### OBSERVATION.

I watched the sales of this magazine during the last Toy Parade and was surprised to see that very few ex M.E.F. paid a telly over the table for their magazine. Further proof of my observation was gained on asking these chaps for sales. DON'T get the idea I am underestimating your action in passing over Fledgling—but if in your magazine and if you don't buy it these three read he something radically wrong with it somewhere. I know, for instance, it doesn't compare with the M.E. Digest and other allied publications that were at your hand in the M.E.—that's your pigeon, however, not one of the Editorial Staff . . . .

### ACCUSATION.

This magazine is solely dependent on contributions from men in the Camp—PROOF you—if there is not enough honour in it's pages then you're to blame. The Editors are not professional writers and so cannot just write articles on the spur of the moment. We know the contents are often stodgy, but you can't blame us. Anyone who has any experience in the newspaper world knows the difficulties under which editors labour.

We are not ceasing ourselves—we are ACCUSING you for not supporting your own magazine! It should be a reward for your thoughts and opinions; an open forum for all, but receive a letter of criticism or suggestion do we receive.

### NEW ORDER.

After the war there is to be a New Order so we are told—it will be everyone's duty to put their weight and tie a little good for the community. "What good can we do?" you ask. Well a lot of little "goods" go to the making of a big "good" which can be beneficial to mankind, which includes YOU. It's up to all of us to train ourselves NOW to think and to work for the good of all; to pull ourselves out of the rut of recent years in which we are wallowing and start doing something useful. Co-operation will be the keynote. Here's your chance to start now.

### DEBATE.

It is your mag—where are your stories, jokes, drawings, cartoons, etc., etc.?

Put pen to paper and let us know what you want. Better still, give us what you want to see in these pages.

We are waiting . . . .

K.H.B.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

VOLUME 2

MARCH 26th, 1940

NUMBER 11

Address all communications to the Editor, I.T.W. Magazine, Hitchin, Cambs.  
Hitchin, Cambs.

**B**RINTOWN was a dead industrial town of black, black mansions and empty education offices—a town of unseasonal enterprises.

John Harold Wise—J. H., you knew—was a big Brittown Business Man who lived for his job. A self-made man who resided in the game of buying-cheap-and-selling-dear. He barged into the stranger's whilst, returning to his office after the usual lunch at the usual restaurant packed with the usual drunks and weary faces of the city males. They were perpetual, those weary faces at lunch—depressing, furtive faces, pale, uninteresting and unsmiling with lack-lustre eyes.

The stranger impressed J.H. as he had never been impressed since his childhood. He had strikingly sane eyes of faithless introspective depth. His garb was unassumingly artistic and colourful. A stranger of quiet yet undeniable force, he was indeed an unusual person to be walking Brittown. As he gave the Business Man a slight, steady smile he murmured "At six this evening J.H."—and walked on into the crowd.

That afternoon followed its normal frenzied-airless course at the office. J.H. was his usual tyrannical self. Just one inward thought pervaded in his mind which was out of the usual run of his brain. He met the stranger after work. It was intended. He must meet the stranger. . . .

He was waiting outside by J.H.'s car at the end of the afternoon. The Business Man joined him. But they did not ride. The stranger strode easily away with J.H. by his side as a complete matter of course. No words were spoken. No reason to ask why—or where. That there was a definite object and destination, was

By D. Strawn.

a flat and impartial observation made to J.H.

They walked towards the edge of Brittown across busy streets at first. Nobody seemed to notice them and J.H. did not notice who passed by. They were just shadowy non-existent shapes hurrying home from cells of endless work to stifled sleep. There was never a pause.

Soon they traversed intensely depressing stretches of black and soot tinted waste ground at the backs of the factories. And J.H. felt the town wind—a disipated peak who

## BIG

fled angry eyes with permitt and fast air. He saw the sun — the glimpse of a red face through chimney bars on narrow skies.

Below red light swept over the Business Man when they left the town and walked at last the countryside. Funny, he'd never before been so conscious of that total, gripping depression of the trees.

Clear of Brittown, they passed through wooded glades rich with the natural beauty of delicate fir branches and shaggy silver birch. Then over a heath, rich with wild-rose heath. J.H. felt the wind of the countryside — and was pleasantly aware of all the gentle subtleties of this breeze from that place, with its predominate lingering scent of sweet, fresh-damp heathes and mallow leaf and after rain.

Soon they reached a hill a rocky doming peak which seemed to be the best point and climax of

their walk. J.H. had never before climbed a mountain but he and the stranger gained the lofty summit with a pleasant exercise and a fulsome of sensation which came as a resultant revelation to the business man. His life had been utterly barren of anything real.

J.H. gazed beneath him as they stood on the windy plateau, and a great realisation surged and swept right through him as a climax to his dramatic web of feeling. It was like a rushing lighthouse sweeping life. A part of J.H. which had hitherto been forever repressed, sickly, strangely and abnormally bent through to full maturity. His weakness experienced a violent metamorphosis from their long dormant cosmic state of careful neglect.

## BUSINESS

They became strong, all-powerful and undeviate within him. He looked around at earth and sky and at last could see and understand. It was as if he had been born again.

Down the opposite side of the summit, below a breath-taking drop of black, black rock scree, swept away a glorious panorama of unspoiled countryside. Valley and lake; river and woodland reached to the purple distance in all the majestic, impressive splendour of solitude and remoteness. From this magnificent vista unfolded beneath J.H., there seemed to rise a powerful and seasonal music which ate deep into the business man's soul. A perpetual renewed form of unworldly grandeur and strong aesthetic completeness of spirit satisfied his senses. He had never appreciated music before this moment.

As contrast to this constant, deeply expressive epiphany of life, came the raging, chaotic and short lived ugly sounds of the town. It splashed squalidly below the vast, untamed area that just climbed, a straggling area of repulsive, dirty buildings overhung by a dark pall of filthy smoky haze. These sounds thalting feckly upwards on the evening air symbolised all the shallowness of life is a real commercial world of frenzied mass production. A world of barren achievement and utter ignorance of the art of living.

From the midst of this empty chaos the voice of the Town seemed to call to J.H. the Town of his Office; his Advertising and his Whole Concern. Echoing up through the cool, clear mountain atmosphere, like the cry of a lost, doomed and agonised soul, came words which J.H. remembered reading in a poem in his youth

"Will this be all you had

When you escape in earnest underground . . ."

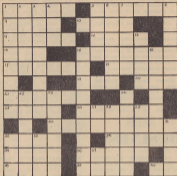
J.H. stood rapt in full and soothed enlightenment. In the wonderful, ethereal red-gold light of the sun, setting behind the distant purple hills, he realised that here at last was the key to life. Turning on the quick-eyed stranger who had brought him there, he found those deep eyes still steadily and all-knowingly regarding him.

The sunset had come.

The stranger ceased.

He walked J.H. towards the edge, that sheer drop of scree away from Brittown. And J.H. no longer under the imaginative veil of his parole will . . .  
. . . passed on.

## competition crossword . . . . .



### ACROSS

1. You can cut this (2)
5. Warning for E. F. 2 to the doctor's care (6)
7. Czech capital (4)
8. LEFT of love (4)
11. A tale with this is a fable usually (4)
12. You got it in spots (4)
13. Polishing stuff (4)
14. JOHN FORD (4) (2)
15. Check this and work at the exchange (4)
16. Not the negotiator's task, but at atmosphere (4)
17. Long thin silver wire a bedtime story (4)
18. Fabric (4)
19. SCALDING (4) (2)
20. Before the show usually (4)
21. Day of flowering, with yellow (4)
22. And HELEN FINLEY made this (4)
23. Good French advice to learn (4)
24. No sympathy (4)
25. One brand on this (4)
26. Speak (4)
27. On the counter (4) (2)
28. The woman's hair (4)
29. Foxglove (4) (2)

### DOWN

1. Not the Shinto sun wheel, but a Swedish one (4)
2. My dear Portmanteau (4)
3. NEAR SLOP (4) (2)
4. Lockwood, commercial one makes an English girl (4)
5. MERRY DO, FAY (4) in the bar (4)
6. Floral style of wip architecture (4)
7. Madras (4)
8. King Windsor's parent was this (4)
9. Marmalade (4)
10. Fined on, grass paper (4)
11. He was expert in trigonometry at (4) (2)
12. MRS. TRIA (4) (2)
13. He was expert in trigonometry at (4) (2)
14. Speak away (4)
15. Fined on, grass paper (4)
16. A row of men when topped and tided with (4)
17. Not O.D., (4) (2)
18. Such Orest was good at these (4)
19. Sea gull (4)
20. Sea, (4) (2)
21. There'll be a new one after the war (4)
22. (4)
23. (4)
24. (4)
25. (4)
26. (4)
27. (4)
28. (4)
29. (4)

(See page 17 for rules of entry.)

# LISTENING POST



IN this issue let me take you behind the scenes of that unique daily news feature "Listening Post" which, as I explained in a previous article, exposes the day's propaganda themes used by the Axis and shows how the enemy tells entirely different stories and facts to their various audiences. Deliberate distortion is the keynote of Axis propaganda activities and can be an effective weapon when no means of ascertaining the truth exists. But when contradictory statements all from the same source can be collected and exposed, then distortion becomes a hammering against the users. In "Listening Post," the R.R.C. provides the hammering.

The first stage begins for behind the scenes in the Mosbying section, which is the "heart" of the R.R.C. and keeps continuous check on radio broadcasts from all parts of the world. Every minute of the day and night they listen to millions of words poured out in over thirty different languages. In this way

long novels being condensed to the length of one short one every 30 hours. Redundant matter is deleted, long speeches summarized, retransmissions queried, all at break-neck speed until it is all converted and compiled into one hard document, and a copy sent to the producer of the feature.

In compiling his own script, the producer studies reports of all German broadcasts to Germany itself, to the occupied countries and the rest of the world, as well as keeping an eye on what Italy and Vichy are saying. It takes him over three hours to sift through the material and then takes extracts and files them under various headings. Next comes the selection of the topic and the actual writing of the script.

## By Radio

the raw material is collected and the next step is to digest and summarize the huge mass of notes which may be equivalent to ten-foot-length novels, and it is the task of the editorial writing to condense this to about one-tenth of the original. Think of the press writing at school when you belted down an essay from a thousand to a hundred words and then think of ten

## Observer

During the study of Nazi propaganda over every month, it had brought to light many interesting discoveries about Goebbels' methods, including the fact that they are monotonous and insidious. Even after a trick has been repeatedly exposed the Axis continue to repeat

(Please turn over.)

### Listening Post (continued).

It, this is shown in the way they said that America will fight in the East, Filipina just as they need to say Britain would fight in the East. For example. Another interesting discovery is the way German radio handles its own listeners. Every time an important Allied move or significant event takes place, the method is always the same. First the news is completely suppressed, then casual comments are made which are carefully designed to alloy suspicion and put people in the orthodox frame of mind. Lastly, a garbled and distorted version of the news is given and because the people are treated like wax they are prepared to take the bait if they are intended to receive. A remarkable discovery is the weak spot in the German "efficiency" — it has apparently never occurred to them to provide anything to deal with unexpected reverses, such as the flight of 1938, the sinking of the Graf Spee and the retreat from the Russians. The German radio keeps its head and gives a completely contradictory explanation.

When the script had been written, it is run through for timing, and usually needs cutting down as the time limit allows about 600 words of speech. The script is always full of quotations drawn from Axis sources and it is always made clear to listeners that it is the enemy's words that are being used.

The finalising of "Listening Post" is exactly opposite to the German radio and aims at not suppressing the listeners' willful faculty, but reading it. Instead of commissioning, it lays the challenge before the unprejudiced listener and leaves him to draw his own conclusions.

The B.B.C. believes that the most effective way to inoculate people against enemy propaganda is to expose the mechanics of it and let it contradict itself out of its own mouth. What better way is there of exposing the discrepancies and distortions than by using their own words to show how great is "the lie they shoot?" As I remarked in "Radio Newsreel" — the spoken word, like the pen, is often mightier than the sword.

## THE MUSIC CLUB

GRAMOPHONE RECITALS

PROGRAMME FOR MARCH 29th, 1943

Symphony No. 3 in E Minor, "New World" .....	Drozd
March of the Priests, "Mighty Hero" .....	Mosart
Overture Royal .....	Wagner
Two Slavonic Dances to be selected .....	Dvořák
Khorovodniks, Persian Dances .....	Glinka
Even Bravest Heart, "Faint" .....	Gounod
Flower Song, "Carmen" .....	Bizet
Grand March "Tannhäuser" .....	Wagner

The programme for April 6th will be found on the Canton Notice Board in due course.

## Pages from my sketchbook--3



## LONDON, February 1943

After nine at night there is no motor traffic.

Latest poster indicative of the spirit of the people — The British Lion in a fighting mood with teeth bared and eyes blazing — as words.

Queues for taxis

American police walking down Broadway twirling their trenchcoats — just like New York cops.

Article about in demand at the present moment is not silk stockings or the like, but Tolstoy's new novel "War and Peace."

Large number of cars with left hand drive.

Cinemas and theatres finish at nine-thirty.

No buses after ten-thirty.

Foreign restaurants have again come into their own.

# SO WHAT !!!

"Wings for Victory" work in London, realized £168,508,806.

• • •

Swiss: A year ago in London.

Place: Leading Hotel.

... best suite of rooms. Nothing to pay for except meals.

• • •

I.O.D. (Battle of Britain), London: One in three houses damaged or 1/2.

• • •

From the "Last Enemy" by Richard Hillary: "The pilot is of a race of men who share these immemorial laws: he is inarticulate; who, through their daily contact with death, have realized, often enough unsuccessfully, certain fundamental things. It is only in the air that the pilot can grasp that feeling of knowledge, of insight, that manhood has beyond his years; only in the air that he knows suddenly he is a man in a world of his own."

• • •

The Navy's big guns had a shell being on a water car a distance of twenty miles.

During the 8th Army advance the official camera unit reached Tehran two and a half hours before the forward troops.

• • •

A.T.S. poster: "Join the Army girls and see the world!"

• • •

To counterbalance the falling birth rate the Nazis are introducing new laws to carve children here out of wedlock. A decree has been issued for several months in Holland and Norway specifying State benefits for the unmarried mother and her child—of a German father. It appears that this decree is now to extend to other countries. State provision for this "eternal" necessity is far-reaching and involves considerable financial support—at the discretion of the Reich Commissioner, and as it noted, the Military Courts.

EFTTAPH—No Advertisement.

Here he is and my three daughters, killed by drinking the Chalkonian waters.

If we had stuck to Epsom salts We shouldn't be lying in this here vault.



"No, you don't really go into through not tearing a topper!"

## Russian tactics . . . .

### CROSSING ON ICE

There are three main methods of bridging frozen rivers where the ice isn't entirely reliable. One is to shatter the ice. In a hard frost this can be done by pouring water over the crossing, though after a day or two this method results in a weakening of the ice underneath.

Another way is to clear all the snow from the surface. On the Volga it was found that ice free from snow reached a thickness of 115 cm. by the end of the winter.

while an adjoining area unburdened of snow had never got thicker than 80 cm.

It can be dealt with by cutting large blocks of ice from a different part of the river, and then freezing and wiring them to the sides of the holes.

If weather conditions aren't suitable for any of these methods, then it's always possible to lay wooden platforms across the ice, which distribute the stress, or else drive piles into the river and build proper bridges.—(R.I.C.—London Letter).

No Variation, No Deviation,  
True Course is always---

CASTLE BEER

WELL, my leave is over and daily I crave to work—suppose going on leave will be well advised to visit the Eastern Districts (Usual way, you navigate). I had to a little spot some 60 miles from Usual called the Black Mountain Inn. There seemed to me many parts of England all gathered together to delight the horse-born eye, as much so I was reminded of those words by Bentley:

"And see the spungled branches  
shine;

And mark the mass of eaves a bar  
That varies the old tree's leaves  
back

Or view the grey stone spreads."

A spinster is one who knows all  
the answers but who has never been  
asked the questions.

Head is the line: "Feel it enough  
to expect such this morning, Bill?"

One Dutch Wanda: I've just been  
insulted by a strange man.

Me: What did he do?

O.D.W.: He wouldn't speak to me  
when I waved to him.

Man sitting in restaurant. Row of  
long stemmed wine glasses before  
him. He eats the tops with great  
relish and throws away the stems,  
another clear watches him until he  
can't bear it any longer.

"Must you do that?"

"Can't I eat those glasses if I  
enjoy them?"

"Yes, but man, you're throwing  
away the best part."

For the late M.E.F.: "Desert un-  
fared? Head?" A friend at mine told  
me about that word. He said: "They  
say death is a great leveler. But  
said comes a close second." And he

went on to talk about that word. To  
hear him you'd think the staff had  
not only life but intelligence, and a  
hell of a spite against the whole  
human race." (Radio Newsweek).

Three men were sitting in the  
parlor of an old country inn having  
spent an extremely good time to-  
gether. Suddenly a large rat ran  
across the floor and scurried out of  
sight. All three had seen it but not  
a word was said. At last one of  
them could no longer stand the ten-  
sion—

"I know what you fellows are  
thinking," he shouted, "you think  
I saw a rat, but I didn't."

"If you like me I'll scream."  
"That won't do any good. There's  
no one around here for miles."

"I know, but I want to satisfy  
my conscience."

Question: What was the first  
thing Mrs. Miller did when Adolph  
was born?

Answer: Wagged her tail.

S. P. B. Male says: "I'd rather  
experience—love, life and laughter.  
Man is such a contrary animal that  
the only way to make him enjoy or  
value anything is to threaten to take  
it away from him—freedom, for in-  
stance. You can have too much of  
some good things and absence does  
make the heart grow fonder—not  
only of women but of bananas."

Nostalgia—  
"Is valleys of springs of rivers,  
By Gray and Tross and Chert,  
A country of glassed rivers,  
The quietest under the sun."

*Leicographe*

## First Solo

WHAT is it I wonder, that makes  
people learning to fly so con-  
sistent during their first few hours?  
To hear their comments in the Mess  
one would think that after two or  
three hours' instruction every one of  
them could easily go solo, though  
they do admit in private there are  
a few unimportant details that they  
have not yet quite mastered.

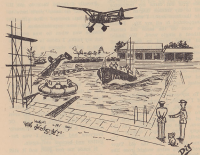
I was as bad as anyone, and the  
interminable circuits and bumps  
were torture to my impatient soul.  
We did them until the same old land-  
marks, slipping away below became  
as familiar and as dull as the palm  
of my hand. It became more madd-  
ening still when other people came  
in with tales of how their instruc-  
tors had told them that they would  
be going solo at my moment.

One day my instructor said  
casually: "Do me three good land-  
ings and I will let you have a solo  
test." Round we went doing the  
same old things at the same time  
but with a new zest. Although my  
landings were not so good as they  
might have been I was allowed to  
take the test.

The familiar hum of my instruc-  
tor in the front cockpit was replaced  
by another and I heard the change  
strongly disturbing. Only pup  
pilot, I believe, will ever know how  
obtusely oppressive a hum can be.

"I'm not going to tell you any-  
thing," came the quiet voice through  
the speaking tube. "Just do me a  
normal circuit and landing."

(Please turn over).



"... And this is our A.R.R.I. class."



First Solo (continued).

"And how?" I said under my breath, and swallowing the lump in my throat, looked out, going very, very slowly and almost breaking my neck in order to show what a good look-out I was keeping. After self-consciously reading ahead my cockpit drill and a further load of aeroglyphic looking around, I turned into wind, look off and did the clearest looking round theoretically every opportunity. The landing seemed horrible. Then I sat tensely awaiting the decision: "Yes," said the voice, "not bad. Tell Mr. B. that you may go solo when he wants you to. Now take me back to the tarmac." As I carefully turned round the boundary a glow of intense self-satisfaction flowed through my veins. Back to the tarmac I sat snugly in the cockpit fully expecting to be sent off at once. With a wide grin out came my instructor and in my intense delight climbed into the front seat. I was never so disappointed in all my life. Round we went on the same old circuit without a single word. We landed and taxied round to the take-off area, stopped, and in my astonishment out slithered old B. "Right, off you go!" he said, and wonder of wonders he showed signs of excitement—old B. — who'd been an eye and who was reckoned to be the coolest customer in the station.

To my surprise I felt quite calm. Off I taxied, I stopped, checked up the cockpit, looked round, turned into wind and opened the throttle just as I had done hundreds of times. The only difference was the empty front cockpit looking decidedly weird and sightmarish. It came the tail end the old Tiger friend of B's extra weight rose like a bird, leaving the ground long before she usually did. She climbed

more quickly too. I did automatically what I had done so many times before, it was so easy as riding a bicycle though the empty front cockpit worried me a little. Then all at once I felt panicky. What if something went wrong? How horrible fragile and lawless everything seemed when I looked over the side at the emptiness beneath. But my doors lasted only a moment or two for there was plenty to do even if it was only keeping a sheep look-out for other aircraft.

Carefully I turned in and glided down just as we had done so frequently before. I caught a glimpse of old B. gazing up intently. With confident ignorance I made a beautiful three-point landing, but spilt it by swerving to the right, though not badly enough to damage the plane or my confidence.

Finally I taxied back to old B. "... "T'm," he said, "you'll have to watch that annex." But although his face was expressionless, as it always was when he was pointing out my faults, I chose to think there was a subtle change in his voice—but I may have been wrong for at that moment I was seeing everything through rose-tinted spectacles.

Back on the tarmac I recovered one of the best feelings I have ever had in my life. I was the first of my course to go solo. The other pupils looked at me with awe, even the ones that didn't like me. Of course in a day or two, when nearly everyone had one solo I was forgotten and become old—again.

It made me feel good and it still does for that matter.

G.H.P.

## Matter of Law....

By "BOC"

THE young man rushed into the lawyer's office. "I am in love with a girl, now, still am and always will be in love with her. During my absence, last week, in Johannesburg she married Larry. Is my happiness blasted for ever? Have I no chance?"

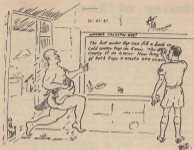
"Of course you have, my boy. All the law, written and unwritten is on your side. The intention and not the act constitutes the crime, in other words the deed. If you call your best friend a fool and intend it as an insult, then it is an insult but if you say it playfully and intend no insult then it is not an insult. If you fire a pistol accidentally and kill a man, then you can go free

for you have done no murder but if you fire at a man and manifestly try to kill but not intend in the attempt, the law still holds that the intention constitutes the crime and you are guilty of murder.

"If you had married the girl accidentally and without really intending to do it, you would not actually have married her at all because the act of marriage could not be complete without the intention. And, of course, in the strict spirit of the law, since you deliberately intended to marry the girl and didn't do it, you are married to her all the same, because as I have already said, the intention constitutes the crime.

(Please turn over).





"BUNKER!"

A Matter of Law (continued).

"It is as close as day that the girl is your wife and your reborn sis in taking a large chid and mistaking Larry with it as each on you can. Any man has the right to protect his wife from the advances of other men. But there is another alternative, you were married to this girl first by deliberate intention and now you prosecute her for bigamy in that she subsequently married Larry.

"There is another phase in this complicated case. You intended to marry this girl and seeming to know she is your wife—there is no getting around that but she didn't marry you and if she never intended to do so, you are not her husband of course. So in marrying Larry she was committing bigamy because she

was the wife of another man at the time—which, so far as it goes, is all very well but then don't you see, she had no husband at the time and consequently was not guilty of bigamy.

"Now according to this view of the case, Larry married a spinster who was a widow at the same time and another man's wife also and yet who had no husband and never intended to get married and therefore, never was married. In the same light, you are a bachelor because you have never been anyone's husband and a married man because you have a wife living and at the same time a widow because you have been divorced of your wife and a non-marriage man for going to Johannesburg in the first place while things were all mixed up.

"Now I have got myself so tangled up with the intricacies of this case

Friday, March 20th, 1936.

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that I shall give up all further attempts to advise you. I might become confused and not make myself understood. I think I could take up the case and by following it very closely, I could prove to your own satisfaction, either that you never really existed or that you are now dead and don't need the faithful watch.

"I think I could do that if it would afford you any comfort."

### CONGREGATED No. 16.

Fledging offers prizes of 10s. and 5s. respectively to the winners of the first two correct solutions offered. Entries which should be addressed to "Fledging, Congregated No. 16," are restricted to persons of British Class, and may be posted in any of the camp post boxes. Entries must be received not later than 12.00 hours on Friday, 20th March, 1936.

PLEASING.

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