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A Message to all Ex-Boys

FROM MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HUBERT RANCE,
G.C.M.G., G.B.E., C.B.

I have very gladly accepted an invitation to be "Appeal Chairman" of the Committee for the *F. R. Cobb Memorial Trophy*.

Let me explain. A number of Ex-Boys who served with, or knew, the late Lieutenant-Colonel F. R. Cobb, M.C., have felt for a long time that it would be an appropriate gesture if they subscribed voluntarily for a Trophy to be presented to the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, as a memorial from the Ex-Boys of the Corps to an Officer who did so much for their welfare over a period of 27 years' close association.

Colonel Cobb commanded the Boys' Company from 1925 to 1930. Before that, and until he died in 1950, his untiring interest in the military efficiency and sporting proficiency of the Boys and Ex-Boys was highly appreciated throughout the Corps and by many hundreds of parents who wrote letters of gratitude for what he had done to guide their sons along the path towards a successful career.

I am sure, therefore, that many, many Ex-Boys who "knew Major Cobb," whether they actually served under him or not, would wish to be associated with this proposal so subscribe something towards the memorial trophy.

The project has the approval of the Signal Officer-in-Chief. The Commanding Officer of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, has welcomed the idea and I am sure there will be a generous response from Ex-Boys, whether still serving, or retired.

A small Committee, after appropriate consultations, has decided the form of the memorial should be an

INTER-TROOP CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING TROPHY

to be competed for annually by the Boys of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals.

No matter how small the contributions, all will be welcomed. The Committee suggests anything from sixpence, but no individual's donation to exceed ten shillings. It would assist the administration of the appeal if those Ex-Boys serving in or living close to a Signal Unit, would arrange for one of their number to be the official collector for the Unit and hand in the money collected to the Adjutant or O.C. Unit, with a list of subscribers' names, for onward despatch.

Officers Commanding- Units have been requested to give this assistance.

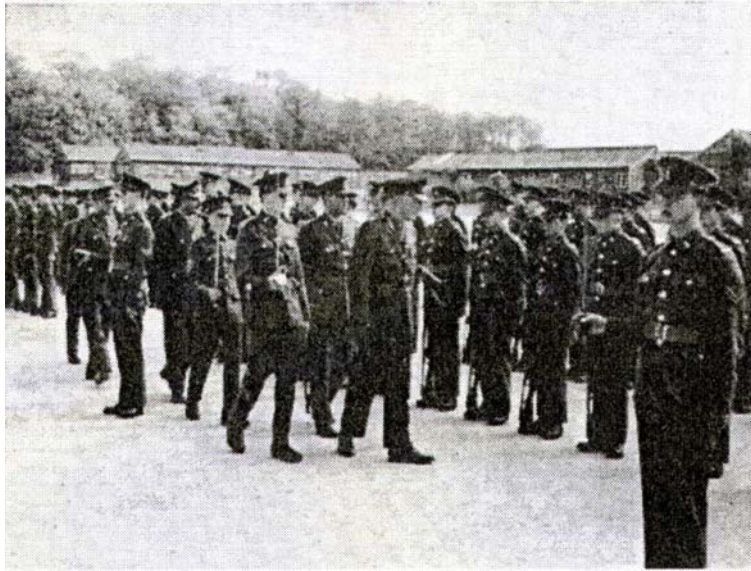
Those Ex-Boys wishing to subscribe direct should please forward cheques or postal orders, made payable to:
O.C. 4th Training Regiment, Royal Signals and crossed "Cobb Trophy."

The Hon. Secretary is Major F. G. Strange, Royal Signals (Retired), Royal Signals Records, Caversham, Reading, to whom subscriptions may also be paid by any who happen to be visiting Records.

The Hon. Treasurer is Lieutenant-Colonel T. G. Chambers, M.C., Royal Signals, commanding 4th Training Regiment.

Finally, as I, myself, had the pleasure of commanding the Boys' Company from 1930 to 1932 I am very pleased to launch this appeal and hope there will be a prompt and generous response.

(Signed) H. E. RANCE, *Major-General*. 1st June, 1958



The Representative Colonel Commandant inspects No. 2 Sqn

Lt Col R.G. Baker O.B.E., Maj Gen R.F.H. Nalder, C.B., O.B.E. and Miss E. Roome, B.E.M.

JUNIOR LEADERS REGIMENT

Welcome news is the Increase in the number of boys, who have joined the Regiment recently. Recruit Troop has been bulging at the seams, and an overflow was placed under the wing of No. 1 Squadron, who coped admirably with the situation and produced a Recruit "pass-off" of very high standard. Our present strength of boys is the highest since December, 1955.

We were honoured recently by a visit from the Representative Colonel Commandant, Major-General R.F.H. Nadler, C.B., O.B.E.

The opportunity was taken to hold a Regimental Parade, during which the Colonel Commandant, on behalf of H.M. The Queen, presented to Miss E. Roome, W.V.S., the British Empire Medal, recently awarded for her services to this Regiment. After the parade, General Nalder saw the Unit at normal work and games, and spoke to many of the boys and staff.

The Unit has seen many changes of Permanent Staff lately, and the accompanying photograph of the Warrant Officers and Sergeants will be of interest.

For those like us, who have come to regard R.S.M. Thompson, M.B.E., not only as a tower of strength, but as a permanent fixture in this Unit, the news of his impending retirement at the end of the summer will come as an unwelcome surprise.

To the news of Mr. Thompson's departure must be added that of our Adjutant, Major D. E. Higgins, Captain V. S. Smith and Lieutenant P. E. Riding, all of whom leave on posting in the nest few weeks, and go with our best wishes and thanks for jobs done well.

The continuing progress of the 40 boys training for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award has prompted Sergeant Pilkington, our Orderly Room Sergeant, and Sergeant Osborne, to attend a civilian mountaineering course. We shall endeavour to get them to produce an account of their exertions for inclusion in these notes in lieu of a "Course Report."

As we go to press, furious activity is taking place here, at Denbury, in preparation for Annual Camp and Parents' Day, which follows shortly afterwards. Of which, more next time.

Warrant Officers and Sergeants, Junior Leaders Regiment

Back row: Sergeants Osborne - Wingate - McClure - Batty - Greenwood - Keany - Gill - Penberthy - Hopkins
Izod - Simpson - Dobbin - Goodall - Innes

Centre row: Sergeants Watkins - Yates - Cunningham - Tearse - Staff Sergeants Routledge - Thwaites
Sergeants - George - Gray - Baxter - Eldridge - Pilkington - Saxby - Turner

Front row: Staff Sergeant Watson - SQMS Humphries BEM - SSMs Cox - Routledge - Irving
RQMS Bennett - RSM Thompson MBE - Lt Col RG Baker OBE - WOI Braithwaite - QMSI Vernon
Staff Sergeants Wood - Howe - White



Signals Sergeants Exposed

BY SERGEANT T.C. PILKINGTON
Junior Leaders Regiment

It's not everyone's idea of a holiday, to spend a week mountaineering in North Wales, at least not an organised one. Working then, on the assumption that you must try anything once, we accepted the advice of some, and ignored those who only tried to give us the benefit of their extensive knowledge of nothing, we applied for a Beginners' Course, run by The Mountaineering Association. My companion in this perilous step was Sergeant "Ossie" Oshorne, late of the M.T., and now the proud possessor of a Gym.

There is a fair selection of places to choose from, where you can stay, varying from North Wales to Skye; we chose the former for two reasons; firstly, because it is only 281 miles to the Llanberis Pass, and secondly because that is the limit of Ossie's ear. Our joining instructions arrived in good time, and I was pleased to see that it included a map of the area, showing exactly where our guesthouse was situated, an invaluable piece of equipment when travelling in Wales – for a non-resident.

Coed Gwydr in the Llanberis Pass was our goal situated right on the road, and commanding a magnificent view of Crib Goch, with its famous pinnacles, and from where, early in the morning we were able to see the engine chugging its way up to the summit of Snowdon. Mrs. Lynas-Smith was our hostess. During the week she spared no effort in her attempts to make our stay as comfortable and happy as possible, by no means an easy task, but she earned the heartfelt thanks of all who were on the course.

The normal number for a course of this nature varies from four to eight. We numbered seven. Assembly day is Saturday, with no set time to arrive, but everyone managed to be seated for the first evening meal. Sunday is a rest day, no doubt there have been courses who took advantage of this, but we were drunk with enthusiasm, and ventured forth. We had chosen an easy route over the Glyders, and spent six hours walking and scrambling in the mist and rain, and were thoroughly soaked for our pains. That evening, our instructor, Fred Taylor, from Capel Curig, arrived to introduce himself.

Briefly he outlined the course. Two days' walking and rock scrambling and three days' rope climbing. He was satisfied with our equipment, and pleased with the fact that we all wore Vibrams (Commando soled boots), taking care to point out their limitations on greasy rock.

On Monday morning we assembled beneath Tryfan, with a clear blue sky above and the prospects of a wonderful day ahead. We walked, scrambled and climbed our way to the summit, each little climb having its own degree of exposure, and all calculated to inspire confidence, not only in our guide, but, more important, in ourselves. At the top of the mountain lie two rocks, Adam and Eve. It appears that if you climb one, then you have, in fact, reached the summit; of course, we had not only to climb one, but jump on to the other. Various methods were adopted to overcome this problem, varying from stepping across and only just making it, to jumping over the gap and nearly overshooting the objective, much to the amusement of those who had done so, and the alarm of those whose turn had yet to come. After lunch we climbed up the Bristly Ridge to Glyder Fach, across to the Cantilever Stone, Castel Gwyr and Glyder Fawr, finally scrambling down the Gribin Ridge to Ogwen and home. A very energetic day, but extremely pleasant.

Tuesday was our first full rope-climbing day, Tryfan being again the objective. With seven students strung up on the climbs, it took us all our time to complete two, the Pulpit and the Rowan. Neither of the climbs involved a great deal of exposure, but each presented new problems to tax our untrained minds and bodies. We learnt the correct way to handle 100-foot of rope, the knots to tie, how and when to call. We searched for footholds and scraped around for handholds, with the

instructor keeping a watchful eye on us all the time. By demonstration, we learned how to balance, leaning out from the rock face, using only small hand-holds, finger-holds in places, and how important it was at times to "stick your bottom out" and dig your toes in. At each pitch we found ourselves gaining confidence, and enjoying each new situation, although viewing some with a certain degree of trepidation at first. After the Final climb, we were fortunate enough to see the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Team having an afternoon out, and ascending the Milestone Buttress direct route with amazing speed.

Wednesday was Snowdon Horseshoe day. Our instructor has very seldom done this route in fine weather, and who were we to disappoint him. It was misty, it showered, and a stiff breeze was blowing. There are several ways of doing this famous walk. It appeared to us that our way was deliberately the hardest. We climbed Crib Goch, and its pinnacles. Perhaps we were fortunate in having the mist as our companion. The feeling of exposure from here is quite alarming, we were informed. As we slithered and swayed our way across the very narrow ridge, we heard the guide say: "If you do fall, fall to the left, please." From Cib-y-ddysal we "Bradshawed" to the Summit Hotel, closed for refreshments, where we squatted on the floor in wet clothes and partook of our packed lunches. I understand that there is a very fine view to be had from this point; outside that is – we were unable to see more than so yards in front of us, and then there was only more mist. The Horseshoe then carries on over Lliwedd, down to Llyn Lydaw to Pen-y-pass. We ended the day in the Everest Room at the Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel, where the roof panels bear witness to the visits of famous climbers: John Hunt, Tom Weir, Joe Brown and Petula Clarke, and some strange scrawlings by members of a T.A. Parachute Battalion.

On Thursday we did our first difficult climb, the direct route of the Milestone Buttress on Tryfan. All our previous lessons were brought sharply home to us when we found that the instructor intended to leave us more on our own, and find our own way up in parts. This proved most amusing at times, with the ropes either being stretched taut, whilst some irate climber yelled for more slack, or snaked dangerously over the rocks, whilst the belayer day-dreamed in the hot sunshine. The final chimney of the climb was fairly strenuous, the first two footholds being wet, boots slithered about and sweating faces appeared as if from nowhere after a very delicate hand traverse, over a steep drop, to meet the amused face of the instructor, quietly having a smoke on the luncheon stone. Our final hour was spent on the pinnacles of Capel Curig abseiling. This movement entails "walking backwards" down the rock face, a manoeuvre guaranteed to "bring out the butterflies," when attempted by the nervous for the first time.

The last day came all too suddenly. We were to climb, again on Tryfan, the North Buttress Route, a longer climb this time, with a little more exposure. We had a high wind, and it hail-stoned for a short period. It was my misfortune to be last on the climb, and stood shivering on ledges paying out the wet rope, watching the backsides of the other members of the party disappear up chimneys, over slabs and around ridges. At one point there was a considerable drop below. The move out and around the belay stance was awkward and quite tricky. As I stood paying out the rope into space, as it seemed, a voice from thence said: "Have I just done that?" That remark was probably just what the instructor wanted to hear. The fact that someone had sufficient confidence to make the initial move and not be concerned too much about the exposure.

The course is not intended to make first-class rope climbers; it tends rather, to wet your appetite for the sport. From it you learn the basic principles, your progress then depends on your own ability, and the time you can spare to carry out developing the technique. The Association provides a rope; the remainder of the equipment is not expensive. The accommodation is good, the food excellent. The weather, cannot, unfortunately, be guaranteed, but the Mountaineering Association does all it possibly can to make your stay both enjoyable and worthwhile.

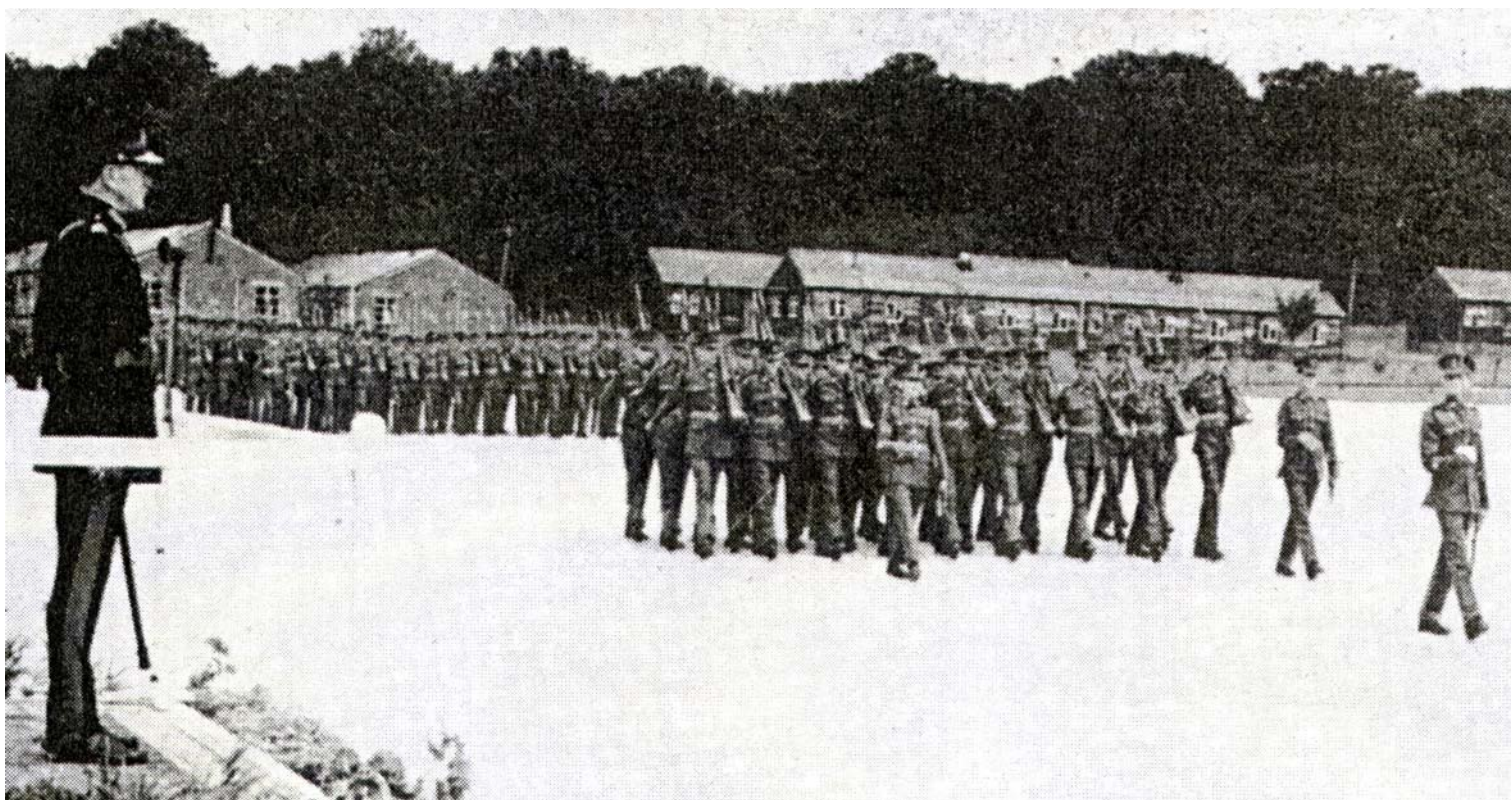




Maj Gen E.S. Cole, C.B.E. and J/R.S.M. Francis



WOI (RSM) Thompson. M.B.E. – Maj Gen E.S. Cole, C.B.E.



Presentation Parade – The March Past Inspecting Officer Major-General E. S, Cole, C.B.E

A stillness lies over Denbury. The rush and excitement of a near end of term is over. The planning and the frustrations, the conferences and competitions, the reports and the rehearsals.

Major-General E. S, Cole, C.B.E., Director of Telecommunications, spared time from his many pressing duties to present Trophies and Awards at the end of term Presentation Parade. Despite the weather, which hampered preparations, he was able to congratulate the boys on a very high standard of turnout and bearing.

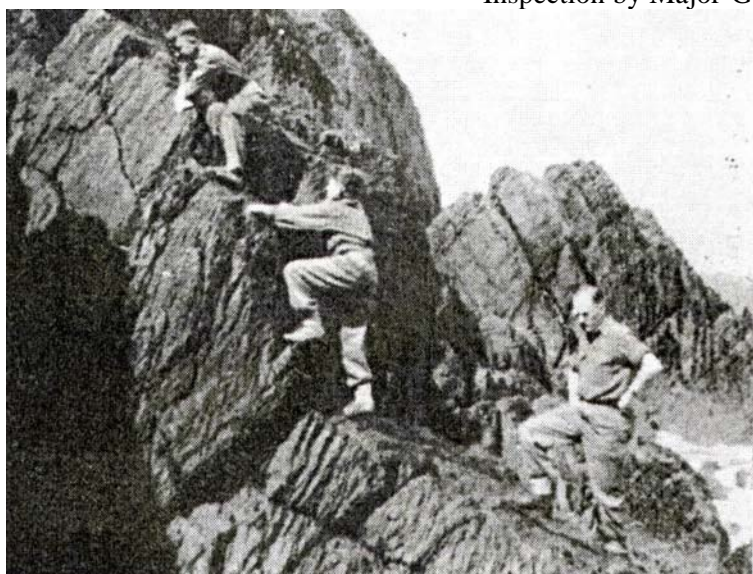
Thirty-two boys leave us this term to go to man's service and we wish them every success. They have been replaced by a recent input of 43 boys to Recruit Troop, and the Regimental boys now number some 350 strong, the highest figure for a considerable time.

Another event of importance which has marked this end of term is the marriage of Major T. G. H. Jackson, M.B.E., Commanding No. 1 Squadron, to Miss Janet Maddicott. To bride and groom we extend our congratulations and very best wishes for their future happiness.

Some of the highlights of the summer term are illustrated in the accompanying photographs. The term has been very full and outside activities have been curtailed to some extent by bad weather, although our major parades have gone on, and the record of never being rained-off summer presentation parade remains unbroken.



Inspection by Major-General E. S, Cole, C.B.E



Rock Climbing



Summer Camp



"First steps"



"Finished product"

JUNIOR LEADERS REGIMENT

R.H.Q., are viewing with detached amusement the glee with which 2 Squadron look forward to 1 Squadron "Outward Bound" training. Needless to say, it always rains on 1 Squadron, while 2 Squadron bask in the sun, whenever it appears.

Mention of R.H.Q. reminds me; our highly efficient Orderly Room Sergeant slipped up recently. On his opinion, as supplier of duplicating paper, rested the decision whether or not the boys could start a unit newspaper. Several excellent issues of "Junior Mercury" have since appeared, but the stock of paper is almost exhausted! The fact that Sergeant Pilkington is leaving shortly for Cyprus probably has something to do with it, and the outcome is awaited with interest. Will the "J.M." cease to publish (perish the thought!); will R.H.Q. reduce the volume of its daily output, or will WOII Chandler, who replaces Sergeant Pilkington also be able to replace the paper?

A large number of Mr. Sandys' new Regular Army arrived at Denbury in the last few weeks, swelling the Regimental strength of boys to 441. At the same time our establishment has been raised to 480 boys, and we are confident we shall reach that figure in the next intake.

The sudden large influx has necessitated certain reorganisation and streamlining, and an intensification of effort on the part of the hardworking permanent staff – which is no doubt good for our souls if not for our ulcers. In response to our urgent appeal, a number of units have attached N.C.O. 's to us for a limited period. To these N.C.O.'s, who are all doing sterling work, and to the units, which made them available – at short notice and at the expense of their own organisations, we offer our sincere thanks.

The new recruits are rapidly being absorbed into our training and way of life generally, and already some have made their mark and found places in various Regimental teams. We hope with our larger potential to continue the trend of last term, reversing and avenging earlier defeats suffered at the hands of other Junior Leaders units. (The Infantryman please copy!)

With the onset of winter, boxing, rugby and soccer have replaced the fair weather games. Already the Regimental open boxing championships have been held, revealing a wealth of talent from which will be selected the team to fight against H.M.S. Fisgard later this month. The rugger XV have started well and scored a convincing win over Teignmouth Colts; the highlights of this match being the exhilarating turn of speed displayed by Junior-Sergeant Briant and the deadly tackling of Junior-Corporal Williams.

The Regimental Band fulfilled its first engagement of the term during the Newton Abbot Shopping Week. The reputation the band enjoys is such that far more calls are made on its services than can possibly be met. Boys join the band as a hobby and submit to the direction of the redoubtable Sergeant Yates, N.C.O. in charge, Corps of Drums, with good grace and in a spirit of fun. Their joint efforts result in the band being greeted with enthusiasm and delight whenever they make a public appearance, and does much to enhance the spirit of goodwill, which exists between the Unit and the local population.

One reason the band is popular as a hobby is probably the fact that before each engagement they have tea in barracks, and on arrival in town promptly have another, provided by the organisers!



"On the way"