

JUNIOR

MERCURY

Volume 9 Number 2

FEBRUARY, 1965

Price 5d.



The Journal of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, Denbury Camp, S. Devon



Junior Signaller John Hynds of Iron Troop determines the next leg of his journey across snow covered Dartmoor during a recent exercise. (Photograph by Major J. Joyner)

SPECIAL FRANCISCA TROOP ISSUE

DENBURY'S DEMOLITION SQUAD

(SEE PAGES 8 AND 9)



Franciscans receive advice from Major Joyner



J/Sigs Gerrey and Bradford prepare breakfast at the start of another strenuous day

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JUNIOR MERCURY GREETS THE NEW PADRE



The Rev. Bernard Hales, C.F., has been a member of Her Majesty's Forces for a total of five years to date. His first spell of duty started in 1954 when he did his National Service in the RASC. He was awarded a Commission in 1955, did not stay in the army after his National Service had finished, but returned to art college where he had been prior to his being called up. The padre lays no claims to being a great artist but says he enjoys painting when he gets the time.

The year 1961 saw the Rev. Hales re-joining the army, when he was posted to Germany with the 6th Infantry Brigade at Munchen. He was, of course, a little bit sad at leaving the infantry when he was posted here, for he had enjoyed life with the foot soldiers. However, he welcomes a job anywhere, and feels that there is a great responsibility on a padre in this type of unit. So far he says that the boys have made a good impression on him, and he was surprised at how tough and mature they were when he played for the staff in a rugby match against them recently. The padre is a rugby enthusiast and welcomes a game any time. He is also a keen Rambler, and enjoys walking anywhere. He was surprised at how keen the boys of Montgomery Squadron were to sleep on the moor in the depths of winter, and he hopes that he will get the opportunity to go on exercise with the boys at some time.

The only advice the padre had to offer the lads was that effort gives pleasure and is really its own reward.

We wish the padre a happy tour with the Regiment.

J/Sig. D. Procter, Kohima Troop.

Left: The Rev. Bernard Hales, C.F.

(by Sgt Stockham)

EXAMINATION RESULTS

The following boys were successful in the G.C.E. examination held recently at Denbury:

Junior Corporal (now Signalman) Abraham: English.

Junior Signalman Adams: English.

Junior Signalman Ball: English.

Junior Signalman Burgess: English.

Junior Signalman (now Signalman) Caswell: Maths.

Junior Signalman Griffiths: English.

Junior Signalman Heard: English and Maths.

Junior Signalman (now Signalman) Neal: English.

Junior Signalman Andrew: English.

Junior Signalman Riddell: English.

We congratulate these boys on their success, and particularly Adams, Heard and Neal for obtaining very fine marks indeed.

In the City and Guilds examination, which was held at the unit last November, we have just heard that Junior Signalman Bumstead has obtained First-class passes in Engineering Drawing and Engineering Science, as well as passes in Mathematics and Telecommunications.

This is the first time this examination has been held in the unit, and Bumstead has shown the way which it is to be hoped that may will follow.

The Army First Class Examination brought the Regiment 271 subject passes, which is a very good total indeed. It is an increase on last term's number of about 200, and we congratulate all boys who made progress in overcoming this most important stepping-stone in their army careers. We especially congratulate in this examination Junior Signalman Burgess, of Iron Troop, and Junior Signalman Childs of Quadrant Troop, who obtained distinctions in General Science and Map Reading respectively.

The Intermediate Certificate brought a good number of the Junior Leaders successfully over this obstacle to promotion to the Junior ranks, and shows that prospects for the Senior Examination in the forthcoming terms are excellent.

For more information regarding the identity of this character, see page 10



ROCK CLIMBING

Rock climbing continues to attract a fair number of boys who are prepared to brave the winter storms to pit their wits and strength against the elements in the climbs to be found on the local tors.

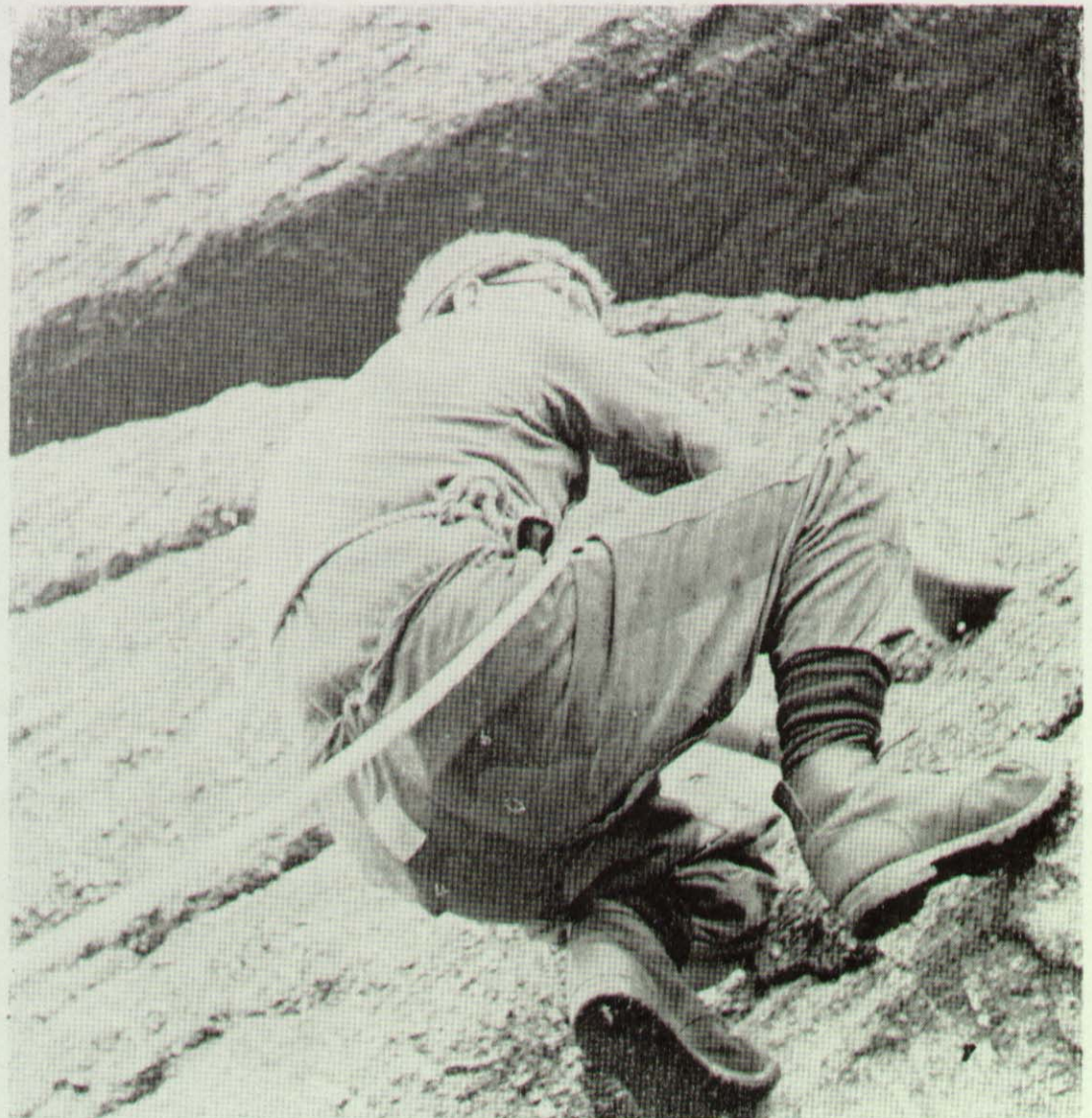
As a sport there is nothing quite like rock climbing. In it you are not trying to beat the next man, although the race to be first to the top of some of the world's highest mountains has often been most exciting, but you are trying to overcome your own weaknesses. There is an inherent fear in all climbers, although it may be hidden and not obvious even to the climber himself. If this fear were not present, the risks to the climber would be increased ten-fold, for he would become complacent and ignore the hazards. And if one ignores the hazards, then one ignores the safety precautions, which is the quickest way to get oneself into a dangerous position. The danger is there to be overcome, and not to be increased beyond the point where it can be overcome.

Under the new programme in the Regiment, all third term boys get instruction in the rudimentary skills of rock climbing, and practice their first jug handles, short chimneys and laybacks under strict supervision. Rope work is taught and practised, and it is hoped to include, in future, a little first-aid instruction. The first abseils are undertaken, and it is generally expected that by the time the short course is finished, most boys will have some idea of what is expected of them when they go on to the rocks. At this point they can either reject the sport or carry on in the club and during Adventure Training in subsequent terms.

The latest proposal in the Rock Climbing and Mountaineering line is that the Regiment should develop a rescue unit with two aims in view:

(a) The training of teams in the techniques of mountain rescue, it in itself being an excellent form of training, and approached in the correct frame of mind, a good deal of fun;

(b) The establishment of a general rescue unit, fully equipped, to help the



Climbing Letter Box Crack on Haytor

(by A. Cooksley)

person who occasionally gets lost on the moor, whether it be from our own unit or from some other organisation.

And the future? The club will carry on and will undoubtedly grow in strength in the summer. Lt. Bruce has been on a course in North Wales and is 'rarin' to

go,' trying his new-found skills on the lesser rocks of Dartmoor and giving instruction in his newly-learned techniques. More interest will be fostered and we hope more competent and able climbers will leave the Regiment to build up the strength of clubs in parent units.



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MY HOBBY—CAP BADGES

I formed an interest in the collection of cap badges at a very early age, long before I had decided to become a soldier myself. The original purpose of cap badges was to assist in the identification of different armies. They were usually granted in commemoration of great deeds.

The Romans adopted the eagle as their badge, and they put it on their ensigns in an illusion that, since the eagle was the lord of the air, they would be lords of the earth.

The earliest record we have of any cap badge ever worn in this country was that worn by the Welsh, under Cadwalladr. He ordered his men to wear a leek in their headdress so that they would be recognised in battle. They all wore the leek, and it is still worn today as the regimental badge of the Welsh Guards.

The battle of Agincourt was fought on October 25th, 1415 (St. Crispin's Day), and Shakespeare's famous conversation between King Henry V. and Fluellen shows that the Welsh wore their leeks on this occasion as well as on previous occasions.

J/Sig. Honey, Francisca Troop.



Haytor Rock, a popular rendezvous of the Climbing Club

(by A. Cooksley)

THE DENBURY SCHOOL OF DRIVING

On a cold but sunny December morning, I witnessed another of the many Graduation Parades that I have attended during my long years as a driving instructor. I was there to say 'goodbye' to the boys whom my colleagues and I had trained to become Army Drivers.

I can only say for my part that the boys of Denbury far exceeded the standard required to become drivers, and our work has been made both light and pleasant by the keenness shown throughout the course. Out of a total of 43 who attended lessons last term, one officer and 26 other ranks were successful in obtaining the coveted pink slip from the MT Officer, and seven more passed the Army motor-cycle test.

We of the Driving School look forward to future terms and the opportunity of building up the school to an even better standard. The success of the boys is important to us, for they indicate our own successful policy, and it gives a good deal of satisfaction to know that you are right.

G. C. Robinson,
Chief Driving Instructor.



Sig Smith, an ex-Junior Leader from Jerboa Troop and now on the permanent staff, receives instruction on the beginner's apparatus from Sgt Northcott, the M.T. Sergeant. (by Sgt Stockham)

CAVING WITH THE FRANCISCANS

A couple of terms ago the troop took more than a passing interest in caving and ventured down White Tor Rock pothole, having the pleasure of being the first organised party from the Regiment to go down. When all the nooks and crannies of White Tor had been explored, the team ventured further afield, and with the encouragement and support of our troop OC, Lt. Hallchurch, we visited Baker's Pit at Buckfastleigh, and later the cavern of Pridhamsleigh, just off the main Exeter-Plymouth road.

The end of last term saw the arrival of four caving helmets and lamps, which three of the lads and Lt. Hallchurch bought at the cost of about two pounds apiece. This quartet, along with Lt. Bruce, of Jerboa Troop, became regular visitors to the local caves. The last cave to be visited in 1964 was a new one which had been discovered in an old quarry face off the main Newton Abbot-Totnes road. This hole proved to be a greater challenge than the rest, and we were very disappointed when we reached the end of it. The smallest member of the party was able to squeeze on further, but he became stuck on the way back and had to strip off all his clothes in order to get out, much to his embarrassment.

This term we have visited Pridhamsleigh which, after the rains, was developed into a very wet cave indeed. In some parts the water was about 12-18 inches deep, and in one particular place the water was seeping through at such a rate that it formed a miniature waterfall.

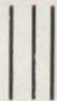
The worst part of caving, it is generally agreed, is the cleaning of kit afterwards. This usually takes about three hours of soaking and scrubbing, but we still think it is worth it, and we look forward with relish to the opportunity which may come our way, to visit caves further afield than South Devon.

J/Sig. Paul Derrick,
Francisca Troop.

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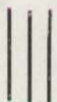
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FEATURING FRANCISCA



Franciscans relax on the recent Regimental Route March

(by J/Sig Hitchens)

A RUNNER'S VIEW OF CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

After last term's Cross-Country competition, in which I achieved ninth position, I was picked to represent the Regiment in the first team. At the same time, J/Sig. Stevens, another Franciscan of an earlier term, was also picked for the same team. The troop strength in this particular sport was not too good, and so the onus for keeping the troop in the inter-troop competition with a chance rested on a few people.

When we get to know when the Cross-Country competition is, we go out as a troop nearly every morning and on sports days too, if it is at all possible. I find that this is all right for the troop competition, but for the Regimental team it is not nearly enough, so we go out on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, as well as running against another club or clubs on Saturdays. This evening training incorporates hill climbing and weight-lifting, with the emphasis on leg exercises, in addition to pure running.

The competition course at Denbury is three and a half miles long, but it is a very

fast one on which to run. There are two other courses around the camp which we use for training purposes. The regular one for this is four and a half miles long, which means that when we run on the match course we generally have a bit in reserve for the final sprint at the finish.

All the training which the team does seems to bear fruit for we are at the moment second in the league. Additional proof of our fitness is the fact that last term we finished eighth out of 22 teams in a road relay. Although this might not sound too good, it should be remembered that we were the only junior team in the event, and that all the other teams were senior teams from colleges and athletic clubs in the area.

We are all looking forward to a trip at the end of term to Aldershot, where we are to run in the Army Championships. There should, we hope, be some medals for the team on that occasion.

J/Sig. John Thomson, Francisca Troop.

SKI-ING, JANUARY, 1965

Eighteen boys and one officer, Lt. Perry Bruce, of Jerboa Troop, left Denbury on January 26th, all in high spirits, our destination being the ski-ing slopes of the Cairngorms in Scotland. We caught a train at Newton Abbot which took us to Crewe, where we changed for Glasgow. From Glasgow we took another train to Grantown-on-Spey, where we were to stay.

In Grantown we stayed at the Waterford Hotel, where everyone seemed to get on very well with the staff.

After breakfast we met the two gentlemen who were to be our instructors, Staff/Sgt. Aimable and SSM McDonough, who told us that we would board a bus to the slopes. When we finally arrived at the point where we were to perform, we found it a bit cold, and it felt very strange putting the skis on for the first time. Standing up in skis is the first thing to get the hang of, and we did this pretty rapidly. After our first lesson everyone was tired, what with the tedium of the long train journey and the effort involved in trying to master this new form of exercise, and we all fell asleep in the coach on the way back to the hotel.

When we arrived back there was an evening meal ready for us and it was excellent. That night we were not too tired to get acquainted with the town, and we located a splendid cafe where the service was good, and which we used quite often. We also found that there were plenty of other things to do in the evenings, since there was a dance held in one of the hotels nearly every night of the week to which we could go if we wanted, and we took advantage of this occasionally.

Our instructors were very fine ski-ers, and they taught us how to ski very quickly and, as a result, we got on very well with them. We learned a lot about the sport from them, and a lot about Scotland too. More information about the locality and Scotland as a whole was furnished by the maids at the hotel, who were excellent guides and with whom we also got on well.

On the last day of ski-ing we all took our one-star proficiency test and everyone passed, so we were all satisfied that we had accomplished what we set out to do.

This was an outstanding course as far as I was concerned, and undoubtedly the best ten days I have spent in my time in the army as yet. I hope to go on and improve my standard and hence my star rating in the future, and eventually become really proficient in this exhilarating sport.

J/Sig. John Watson, Francisca Troop.

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BLACKPOOL—MY HOME

Blackpool, my home town, is recognised as being one of England's leading holiday resorts, if not the leading one. It is situated on the north-west coast of England, and this position makes it ideal for the workers of the industrial areas of the North and the Midlands.

The town is blessed with seven miles of golden sands stretching from St. Anne's in the south to Fleetwood in the north. The town is unique because of its elongated holiday season from Easter to October. The climax of the season is the illuminating of the front, a spectacular free-for-all show. But this is not all that Blackpool can offer, for it takes pride in catering for visitors of all age groups. Where the youngsters will probably prefer the pleasure beach—which is, incidentally, just as breathtaking as its American counterpart, Coney Island—the older folk will take more pleasure in the quietude of Stanley Park, which is over 200 acres of natural beauty.

The backbone of Blackpool is, of course, the famous Tower. It provides a magnificent centre-piece for this lovely town, and is one of the main reasons why nobody's holiday need be spoiled by the weather. There is so much entertainment, whether it is sunny or raining, that holidays are always enjoyed in Blackpool.

J/Sig. John Fishwick, Francisca Troop.



Sgt Bumbo, Francisca Troop, greets a troop friend outside the lines

(by J/Sig Hitchens)

THE GEORDIE EXILE'S LAMENT

Aa lived in Gateshead aal me life
An aa thowt theor was nee place worse
So Aa shifted te Devon wi me wife
An Aa foond Aa was rang of course
Cos the people doon here is funny folk
(We were hear two year afor anyone spoke).

Aye the people hear is varry queor
An they divvent hev nowt te say
An theors not one pub sells decent beor
An the rain pelts doon each day
Theors stones or clarts aal roond the coast
(South Shields has got gud reet te bcast).

Aa went te Widdecombe Fair one year
Wi two million other mugs
We aal bought trashy gee gaws theor
An hand painted toby jugs
An aal the prices was up sky high
(We went hьем wi nee money and wonderd why).

They compare the Devon countryside
Wi the slag heaps in the north
But aal tell yes this aal jokes aside
If rooned hear yes sally forth
Ye'll find theors nowt but china clay
Piled up in heaps in the varry same way.

Theors not much entertainment hear
Though we gan te the village shop
To watch the bacon slicer theor
An buy s bottle of pop cos theors nowt
doon hear

Like Saltwell Park
(An the stop for the bus is a canny waak).

The public transport's varry bad
An the fares much dearer than yours
Ye can stand for a bus three hours in the caad
Then they come doon the road in fours
The timetable's only for decoration
Not te help ye te plan your assignation.

If ye've booked for your holidays divvnt forget
Bring doon a plastic mac
Cos the weather will be so varry wet
You'll be glad when your coming .ack
An they're prood of a minor hero called Drake
So bring doon some tablets te keep you awake

Like waggon grease is the Devon cream
An the cider's not worth drinkin
For things is not quite what they seem
While you're sittin in Gateshead thinkin
If ye take me tip you'll forget your bills
An nivvor move south of the Cleveland Hills.

If theors a job goin on Team Valley
Aa hope you'll keep me in mind
Cos the Gateshead folk are varry pally
Though the Devon ones is kind
But Aa like the Tyneside folk si much
Cos they divvnt aal taak in double Dutch.

J/Sig. J. Thomson, Francisca Troop.

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DENBURY'S DEMOLITION SQUAD

by MAJOR JOHN JOYNER

Surely it wasn't true! Volunteers were required to go out and destroy a building! To really smash it up and no barrack damages! But it was true, and the demand to join SSM Wilson's destruction party was high.

The expedition left Denbury on Friday evening, January 29th, 1965. It was dark and very cold; it was snowing and blowing a gale and there were still more volunteers than vacancies.

The building was an exceptionally strong granite engine shed a short distance along the disused china clay works track from Bittaford Bridge. The tools were picks, shovels, sledge-hammers, a piece of rope and a ten-ton jack. The destroyers were 40 Junior Leaders from Montgomery Squadron led by SSM Wilson and Sgt. Bumby.

On arrival, the first problem was to get set up, no easy task with a gale-force wind, frozen ground and very little light. But with the combined efforts of J/Sgts. Rocks and Byrne, and after using the picks and sledge-hammers, tent pegs were driven in and the flapping canvas made secure.

Cpl. Darling, who acted as Chief Cook during the exercise, served out some hot soup and brewed some tea, strong enough for an RSM, after which even the hard earth seemed bearable from inside a sleeping-bag.

The next morning nobody complained that the 0730 Reveille was too late; after all, you can't work in the dark; but with a smashing time ahead, whilst Cpl. Darling commenced to cook breakfast the rest descended on the tools determined to knock the building down in the first few minutes. They were soon to discover that Dartmoor granite has a resistance of its own.

J/Sgt. Rock grabbed a sledge-hammer and commenced to attack a cross-wall he had had his eye on from the start.

J/Sig. Gordon claimed the jack and, after some basic instruction from SSM Wilson, he soon got the idea and commenced to crack the main walls by exerting full pressure near the base.

It was hard work and, on the whole, few could make any impression with a pick and, when it came to swinging a sledge-hammer, it was all a question of chance.

Swing and miss and you find yourself sailing after the hammer; swing and hit and risk breaking your wrist for the pleasure of seeing a small piece of granite chip off the stonework. Or stand and encourage them



The squad prepares the rope

to greater efforts like Whyman, of Iron, who soon gathered a small audience of like-minded gentlemen to watch my own attempts.

J/L/Cpl. Beresford became a self-appointed scrap iron merchant, and proceeded to break off some iron girders which proved useful when used in conjunction with the jack.

J/Cpl. Rumsey spent most of his time organizing the rope party, whose duty was to heave at the critical moment when the jack had reached the limit of its lift. The party needed no encouragement, even on the occasion when the rope broke, returning his gang to a slithering heap on the ice.

One by one the sections of the outer wall were demolished. It wasn't until mid-afternoon, when with one section of a wall left, that Gordon had his greatest triumph. This particular piece of wall had resisted all efforts; even the sledge-hammer just bounced off.

Using his jack at one end of the wall, we were all amazed to see it totter and fall with a great crash.

The job was over, and the tired party broke up to shelter in the tents from the biting wind.

However, it wasn't long before the call of the snow brought them out again. There was plenty of it, there were one or two snowdrifts, there was a 12-foot bank and no windows in the way.

Battle commenced. I noted some stalwarts in Iron Troop leaping off the 12-foot bank to crash down on the ground beneath. When I asked why, I was informed that they were "testing their combat suits, sir."

Departure was found more difficult than expected, as the three-ton truck got stuck in a snowdrift on the way up to the site. A rescue party led by J/L/Cpl. Campbell eventually freed it. It wasn't until about 1930 hours that they arrived back at Denbury after a very hard 24 hours out.

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Success! And another Dartmoor granite wall bites the dust

(by Major J. Joyner)

THE FRANCISCANS

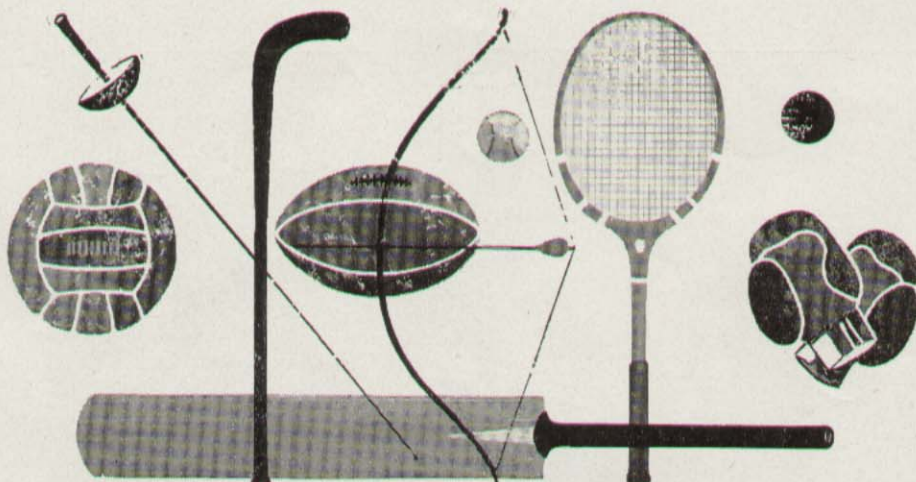
About a year ago the troop acquired a new OC and also a new troop sergeant, and these seemed to put fresh heart into a troop which was not enjoying life very much. The first indication of this new spirit was that two of the troop returned from North Wales, where they had been at the Outward Bound School, with good gradings. One of these was the present J-Sgt. Bowers.

The troop gave sterling service during both Ten Tors and the Nijmegen Marches, and we are pleased that in the former our troop team was the first from the Regiment to arrive, even though we realise that the event is in no sense of the word a competi-

tion against other teams.

On Commonwealth Trophy expeditions the troop has always done very well indeed and has, in fact, never come lower than fourth. The Obstacle Course competition brought us second place, being pipped at the post by mere seconds. Although we have not shone in competitions in recent terms, the strength of the troop is its spirit. We have a keen troop officer and we try to rally round wherever possible and give him every support. We know that however well we do in the tests against the other troops, the maximum effort will have been made, and surely this is all that counts.

J/Sgt. Byrne, Francisca Troop.



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SIGNALMAN "X"

Old readers of Junior Mercury will remember the character of Signalman 'X,' the old soldier on whom no Sergeant-Major under the sun had any effect.

By popular request we have had this old warrior return, and we shall from time to time feature this veteran of many a cook-house campaign, so that our many readers may keep abreast of the activities of Signalman 'X.'

Our first memory is of 'X' at his favourite hobby. His disposition is such that he prefers to work alone, and that suits the other members of the hobby very well. As you can see, he is not the tidiest of people, and there seems to be very little that his hobby master can do for him. It is rumoured that he has picked up Radio Luxembourg for about thirty seconds, but we believe it to be only a rumour. He has never actually sent anything, and it is not true that he has resorted to sending smoke signals—they were merely puffs of smoke from when the transmitter blew up the first time.

Well, anyway, here he is. Take heed—but no, it couldn't possibly be you!

N.B.—The artist who is responsible for the rebirth of 'X' is Junior Signalman Tony Veal, of Kohima Troop. He has informed the editorial staff that he is sworn to secrecy regarding the source of the inspiration for his character, but says there are parts of him familiar to us all. I wonder what he means?



CROSS-COUNTRY

The Cross-Country Club has suffered this season from not being able to field a regular team, but nevertheless some success has been achieved. Both Torquay Grammar School and Devonport Athletic Club were decisively beaten and a narrow defeat was recorded against the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. The heaviest defeat of the term was against the Junior Leaders at Bovington, when both teams were trounced. The hosts were extremely well drilled and, by excellent packing, managed to gain fourth to eleventh positions. In the Devon League the team unfortunately missed one of the four races, which ruined their chances of overall victory. Despite gaining maximum penalty points for the missed race, the 'A' team finished third and the 'B' team sixth out of seven teams.

Drew has been the outstanding individual of the team, for apart from winning the inter-troop competition in November, he has remained undefeated in matches this term. Fall has been a useful second string, while Carr, Ward and Hughes have all had their moments of success.

At the time of writing two races have still to be run, a return fixture with the Naval College on their tricky course at Dartmouth and the Army Youth Championships at Blackdown. Drew will be available for the return match with Dartmouth and there is every hope of reversing the result. The team will travel to Blackdown at the end of the term with great hopes of an individual medal for Drew and, with good packing and some determined running from the remainder, one for the team.

P.P.



Fall, Carr and Drew, three of the stalwarts of the Regimental team, relax after a race (by Lt P. Pennick)

SPORTS NOTES

REGIMENTAL SOCCER

The Regimental soccer side continues to have a fairly successful season. Not only are they holding their own against much more mature and experienced opposition, but are making good progress in the South Devon League table. They are now lying at about the halfway mark which is no mean feat when one considers what they are up against.

As was envisaged at the beginning of the season, this high class of football has had the desired result of producing a team well able to stand up to hard, fast tackling and now capable of giving as good as they get. In this grade it is always a question of football skills against kick and rush tactics, and unfortunately the skills do not always come out on top. Still, we cannot grumble since our last seven games have produced four wins, two defeats and one draw.

Our Army Cup life was short and sweet. In the second round we beat the ACC by five goals to two—a well-deserved win by a better team. However, it was a very different story against the Royal Engineers at Dover in the semi-final. This year again they were our bogey team and eventually ran out winners by five goals to one. The score is not really a fair indication of the game, however, and it was only in the last quarter of an hour that our opponents got the upper hand. In all fairness the Sappers were a good, well trained side, and our lads did exceedingly well to hold them as they did.

The next goal, as far as cups are concerned, is the Devon County Youth Cup, and in this we should do well—we shall certainly do our best, as always. Some of our stars of last term have now departed and we wish them bon voyage, good football and many winning games. We welcome the newcomers to the side and hope they will enjoy playing for the Regimental team.

S.J.W.

Results

- JLR, R. Signals 6, Kingskerswell 2.
- Paignton YMCA 2, JL, R. Signals 2.
- JLR, R. Signals 2, Chudleigh 6.
- Dartington YC 2, JLR, R. Signals 6.
- Torquay Rangers 1, JL, R. Signals 4.
- JLR, R. Signals 1, Kingsbridge 4.
- JLR, R. Signals 4, Liverton Utd. 2.

HOCKEY NOTES

Junior Leaders.—Up to Christmas the team suffered only one defeat, and that against the experienced Torbay Nomads by the narrow margin of 3-2.

Newcomers to the side—Brown (Kohima), Heard and Sheeham (Kukri), Chambers (Beaufighter), Wiseman and Licence (Lion) and Erskine (Quadrant)—have quickly settled down with old stalwarts Havlin (Kukri), Day (Kohima), Bowers (Francisca) and Penfold (Kukri) to form a very workman-like combination.

To date some notable victories have been achieved: HMS Fisgard beaten twice; Exminster Hockey Club 5-1; and our old rivals, RASC, Taunton 6-1. Havlin notched five goals in this splendid encounter.

Since Christmas we have suffered two successive defeats, but these are early days yet. The second round of the Army Cup is just around the corner and Capt. Watson is making the side train hard. At the time of going to press it seems likely our opponents for a place in the last four will be the RAC Junior Leaders, the side which beat us 4-1 in the final last year. Here's hoping for a reversal of the score this year.

Staff.—A mixed season so far, with more defeats than victories. Maybe the side is getting a bit older!

After 140 minutes hockey the team eventually put the Wessex Brigade Depot out of the District Cup by 1-0. Our next round opponents are the winners of the Staff Junior Leads RASC v. 6 Bn RASC tie.

In conclusion there is no truth in the rumour that Major Heyes has been 'dropped' from the Staff team!

A.W.

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WELCOME TO JUNIOR WING

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 John Gavin Cook—Tynemouth.
 George Raymond Goughtre—Hemel Hempstead.
 Michael Dance—Leeds.
 David Delaney—Leeds.
 Leslie George Denton—Leeds.
 Cavan Martin Doyle—Stamford.
 Roger William Dunn—Caernarvonshire.
 Raymond Philip Fifer—Axminster.
 Keith William Foster—Scunthorpe.
 David John Garland—Bristol.
 David Arthur Gruncell—Okehampton.
 David Stephen Hamlet—Roehampton.
 Kevin Peter Harton—Normanton.
 Alan Heyes—Bournemouth.
 Roy Howard—Bury.
 Philip John Hutson—Bedford.
 Barry Charles Jervis—Angus.
 Gavid Gavan Kennedy—Wallesey.
 Nigel Patrick Kerwin—Bradford.
 Brian Leiper—Catterick.
 Alan Love—Edinburgh.
 Derrick Thompson McCulloch—Ayrshire.
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 Lionel John Morris—Gillingham.
 Kenneth Stuart Murphy—Coventry.
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 Paul Menzies Smith—Salford.
 Christopher John Smith—Littlehampton.
 James O'Brien Smiley—Port Glasgow.
 Dennis Edward Stonestreet—Lenham.
 Michael John Sullivan—Hounslow.
 George Taylor—Co. Down.
 Ian Thornley—Stretford.
 Charles Henry Tringham—Failand.
 Victor Edward Thompson—Bradford.



A group from Junior Wing relax in their newly decorated barrack rooms

(by Sgt Stockham)

DRAMA CLUB

After the success of the pantomime, as reported in our last issue, plans are under way for the Easter production of the Drama Club. Since the Army Junior Drama Festival takes place this term also, it has been decided by the producers to include the Festival play as part of the end of term entertainment. This particular play is 'The Man in the Bowler Hat,' by A. A. Milne, and will be produced, as was last year's play, by Capt. Jim Walters. We hope that he will tip the balance slightly and gain the Regiment first place instead of the close joint second place that we took last time.

Tentatively at the moment, the proposal is that the remainder of the Easter programme comprises another one-act play put on by the staff and boys (and young ladies too, of course) with a little musical diversion in the form of songs and dances in the style of the Old-Time Music Hall

or the Black and White Minstrel Show. But the emphasis is on the word 'tentative' at the moment of writing. By the time you are reading this, the decisions will have been made and rehearsals will no doubt be in full swing with a complete programme mapped out.

It is good to see support for the club building up. We have always had plenty of helpers for behind the scenes work, especially after a successful production, but I can never remember having quite so many people ready to go out on to the stage and actually do something, even if it is only in the chorus.

This augurs well for future productions and is a sound reflection of the policy of the producers in utilising Junior Wing, so building up their interest and enthusiasm right from the word 'go.' Remember that the greater the strength of the club, the better will be the production at the end of the term.

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