

JUNIOR

MERCURY

Volume 9 Number 6

JULY/AUGUST, 1965

Price 5d.



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



On one of the few fine days of Summer, Junior Wing enjoy an afternoon's canoeing at Churston Cave

(by Sgt. Stockham)

NEWS AND VIEWS OF QUADRANT TROOP

OUTPUT JUNIOR LEADERS' COMMENTS

DEPARTURES

This term sees the departure of several notable and well-liked personalities in the Regiment.

Major Carl Rogers, MBE, MC.—Major Carl Rogers has been the SEO of the Regiment for the past three years, during which time there has been a steady rise in the number of boys leaving the unit equipped educationally for the highest non-commissioned ranks. This is in no small measure due to his understanding of educational problems, large and small, and also to his abounding enthusiasm for trying anything, however unlikely, which promises to produce better results.

But it is not only in the classroom and at the administrator's desk that Major Rogers has made his mark, for his co-operation and participation in outdoor activities, particularly as organizer of the Ten Tors Rescue Service, are well known both in and away from the Regiment. He returns for his last years of service life to the Far East and the Gurkhas, among whom he spent so many happy years of his military career. We wish both Major Rogers and his wife a very pleasant time indeed at their new location.

Captain Mike Bygrave, R. Signals.—The two and a half years spent at Denbury have been very eventful for Captain Mike Bygrave. During that time he has held the appointment of Troop Commander of Kohima Troop, and has striven successfully to keep the good spirits of the troop through all difficulties. On the sports field, Captain Bygrave has played and coached in both hockey and cricket, and his advice with regard to sailing has always been respected.

Germany will be the next home of the Bygrave family, and we trust that their stay will be a happy one.

1. All material in this Journal is copyright of "Junior Mercury," unless otherwise stated, but may be reproduced with the written permission of the Editor.
2. The views expressed herein are not necessarily official Ministry of Defence or Army policy.
3. All communications should be addressed to The Editor, "Junior Mercury," Denbury Camp, Near Newton Abbot, Devon.



Ex WOI P. B. Taylor.

Dear Editor,

Thank you for my reminder regarding the Junior Mercury subscription which is now due from me.

I still look forward to receiving my monthly copy, and although many of the "weel kent" faces have disappeared, the reading of it brings back memories of trying but happy times at Denbury.

May I, through the magazine, wish my friends on the staff or who still keep in touch many happy and successful years with the Junior Leaders at Denbury, and I hope that the many lads who worshipped (happily or forcibly) with me at the shrine of the Queen of Sciences, have found that the study has been well worth the effort.

P. B. TAYLOR,

34 Learmouth Grove,
Edinburgh.

Mr. Taylor served with the RAEC at Denbury, prior to the complete officerisation of the Corps, and at the time was the senior Warrant Officer in that Corps.

LET US HELP TO MODERNIZE YOUR HOME

Visit our showrooms and see our selection of

Refrigerators: Electrolux, Lec,
Morphy Richards

Sink Units: Ideal, Leisure, Paul.

Also choice selection of Tiled Surrounds



GARTRELL & CO., LTD.

51 WOLBOROUGH STREET
NEWTON ABBOT

Tel. Newton Abbot 3731

For your Housing problems

consult

HAARER & MOTTS

Auctioneers and Estate Agents

67, QUEEN STREET

NEWTON ABBOT

Telephone 4311 (3 lines)

also at

TORQUAY, PAIGNTON & EXETER

FOR ALL YOUR REQUIREMENTS

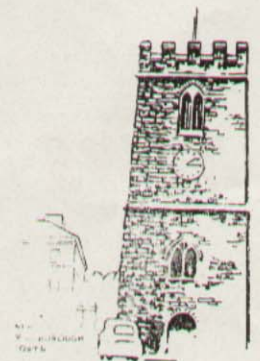
FROM A

CHEMIST

GO TO:

J. E. STILING LTD.

4 COURTENAY STREET - NEWTON ABBOT



OUTPUT JUNIOR LEADERS' COMMENT

J/Sgt ALAN DOANE

During my 22 month stay at Denbury I have learned a great deal about all aspects of military life. These include all the basic skills that a soldier must know, from drill and shooting to the more abstract qualities of responsibility and independence. And not least among the things that I have learned is the knowledge gleaned from the classroom and the trade training lecture and practical rooms.

The biggest change that I have seen in my time here is in the realm of trade training. When I first started as a radio operator facilities were limited. Then one noticed things changing as new equipment began to arrive and interest and enthusiasm began to be stimulated in trade training wing. This enthusiasm was reflected in the attitude of the boys towards their trades, and results improved 100%.

More practical work on the C11 and C42 sets has helped tremendously. It not only gives the trainee greater scope on the sets, but also his procedures, morse sending and receiving improves. This more practical training is very popular amongst the lads since they are given a complete insight into the basic ideas involved on a working net. To this I would add that the four weekend exercises which the senior term completed this term are of tremendous value and benefit to those who took part. Throughout the term too, a higher standard of camp erection, camouflaging, antennae erection and siting, in fact everything concerned with a station's location is achieved.

The staff which has the job of teaching us deserves a word of praise too. Frankly, speaking as a radio operator, the standard of instructor has improved beyond all recognition. So on behalf of all the radio operators who are leaving, I should like to express our thanks for all the hard work they have put in to bring us up to the standard which we have reached.

J/Sgt B. BINGHAM

The intake I was a member of arrived at Denbury on 10th September, 1963. When we looked around we found that there was no-one about, since the whole unit had gone to camp at Penhale, in Cornwall. However, Junior Squadron was functioning, and we started training from the time we got into the barrack room. We discovered that all our training was designed to make soldiers of us, and most of us responded accordingly. Although I enjoyed the closeness and companionship of Junior Squadron, I was always eager to get up into the troops and start working at my trade, which was the great reason for my joining the army in the first place.

When I did get up into the troop, I accepted the fact that the first term was to be spent on Academic Training, for I realised that there could be no promotion without the Army Certificates of Education. I was also happy doing the troop chores which are necessary in community life, and the fitness aspects, which are also essential to the good soldier.

It was in the next term that I really got going on my trades. Training was divided between Trade and Education, and in the former case we were introduced to the workings of the Communications Centre, as well as typing, but there was no army organization or electronic theory done at this stage, which seems to me to be a pity. The education done in this term is naturally more advanced, and it is here that some of the more able lads sometimes take GCE subjects.

This pattern continues for the next three terms and, in the last term, education is left behind and everyone does trade training the whole time. I enjoyed this term particularly, and feel that all the effort has been well worth it. I know that my training at Denbury has been directed towards giving me the best start possible in a service career and I am grateful for it.

J/L/Cpl SWINEFIELD

Looking back over the past two years of my stay with the unit at Denbury, I wonder about all the chances of adventure, trade training, education and other experiences that I would have missed if I had not joined the army. I remember the day I arrived—Tuesday, 30th April, 1963—as if it were yesterday. There were two hefty looking drill sergeants at the station to meet us as we emerged from the train looking lost and bewildered.

Everything looked strange and new to us, but we soon settled down, making friends easily, for we knew that we were all in the same boat together. After a quick visit to the camp hair stylist, we knew that we were well and truly in the services.

Military training and education were the emphasis in the first term in Junior Squadron, but our intake was lucky enough to be picked to do a PT display at the Bath Military Tattoo. This meant extra PT and many rehearsals, which was a lot of hard work, but it did have the effect of making us very fit indeed and we really felt on top of the world. The Tattoo came off splendidly and we were congratulated by all and sundry for our efforts.

In the second term we were passed into the troops, which took a bit of getting used to. The emphasis in our training shifted to education, where we were encouraged to get our Intermediate Certificates behind our belts at least in one term. There was also a little military and basic trade training, as well as the job of getting accustomed to troop life. With camps at Penhale and Churston in this term, we soon began to enjoy ourselves and were very quickly accepted by the older lads.

Our third, fourth and fifth terms were very much the same, but each term progressing more in every aspect of our training. It is in the sixth term that one begins to realise that time is getting short, and great efforts are made to get right up to standard, in trades in particular. My trade being Comcen Operator, I spent the term concentrating on typing, and when the seventh term arrived and we were on full-time trade since we were on output, I spent my time working hard at teleprinting and other subjects connected with my trade. It is here that we did the Petasus exercise which, although a chore at the time, was really a grand way of putting into practice all the things we had learned in the classroom. It was, in fact, the consolidation of two years or more of training.

When the dummy trade tests are over, one learns by one's own faults where the weaknesses are, and so more concentration is needed in that field. In the actual trade test on the Comcen side there was an almost 100 per cent pass, much to the relief of both staff and students. I would like here to add our grateful thanks for all the efforts put in on our behalf by the staff of all the training wings.

When we leave Denbury we shall have to start again with the new unit, but we shall have the advantage of a trade qualification and, in many cases, a First-Class Certificate of Education. But what is more important, we shall have had the experience of a couple of years at Denbury behind us, an experience never to be forgotten and of which we can be justly proud.



J/Cpl Mead (Quadrant Troop) from Tonbridge, the first member of the troop home in the cross-country run.

RSM LEESON COMMISSIONED



Lt. Leeson (late RSM Leeson) receives his sword from RQMS Burns on the occasion of his dining out from the Sergeants' Mess. (by Sgt Stockham)

DINNER IS SERVED



Unusual visitors at Denbury. A swallow feeds its young in a Denbury corridor

INTRODUCING QUADRANT TROOP

Quadrant Troop, as many will be aware, has had a varied career in its short life, with a certain amount of success mingled with a few disappointments. But I can say this. With our newly returned OC, Lt. L. Tilson, and our ever present Troop Sergeant, Sergeant Wright, we are as happy a troop as any in the Regiment.

As soon as the OC returned from his course at Catterick at the beginning of this term, things started to look up. We were going through a lean period and morale, for some unaccountable reason, had reached an almighty low. Something needed to be done, and Lt. Tilson stated quite categorically that he was going to do it. Now, as I have said before, there is no happier troop in the Regiment.

First proof of this was our third place in the Regimental Cross-Country Race this term. No one thought of us as particularly fit troop, but we proved them all wrong. It was the result of a good many mornings running around the course, and we were really delighted that our last man in should have achieved the 292nd position out of the 464 competitors who took part. This is surely indicative of the all round strength of the troop at the moment.

Our Ten Tors team did very well indeed. This was made possible by the dedicated team work of our representatives, and none deserves greater praise than J/Sig Childs whose map reading was excellent throughout. His Grade two pass in that subject at Senior level was obviously no academic fluke.

And while the team was completing the expedition, the rest of the boys were busy manning the information tent at the finish, under the supervision of Lt. Tilson. Even though life was at times extremely frustrating, the lads took it all with a smile.

What happens during the remainder of the term is yet to be seen, but let no one be surprised at the outcome of our efforts. I have a feeling that a number of people are going to be taken completely unawares by our results.

The Troop welcomes two new members from the All Arms Junior Leaders Regiment, and I am pleased to report that they have settled in well to the strange routine at Denbury. A few comments by the new lads are to be found elsewhere in the Junior Mercury.

As the term is drawing to a close, all the lads are looking forward to the Summer leave, a holiday which is well deserved. The boys who are graduating to colour service will be very sorry to leave Quadrant, and indeed Denbury. We hope they will keep in touch and let us know about their progress and experiences in their new life.

J/Sgt. PETE DENNISS (Quadrant Troop)

"X" ON GUARD

Someone had blundered. Signalman "X" was on guard. The RSM was the first to notice it when, on the ceremonial guard mounting, "X" tripped over his rifle, hooking his bayonet in the seat of his comrade's trousers. Fitfully, WOII Search prayed to the leprechauns and the pixies, whilst a morbid figure in the MT broke into a wailing Scottish dirge. "X"'s troop officer stared glassy eyed from a distance, and pondered on the advantages of Hari Kari.

Unperturbed, but still not quite understanding why he had not been selected for CO's stick orderly, "X" retired from the square. True there had been a polish stain on his No 2 Dress and a few holes here and there, but if the army wanted bulled footwear, what more could they expect?

However, his final hour was yet to come. His first victim was a raw recruit, dawdling through the twilight on his way to the Church Army. As the MO explained at the medical board some time later, all his patient saw was a wild apparition swinging a fearsome club, which appeared out of the shadows. His comrades put the whole thing down to Denbury Fatigue, a very prevalent ailment towards the end of term.

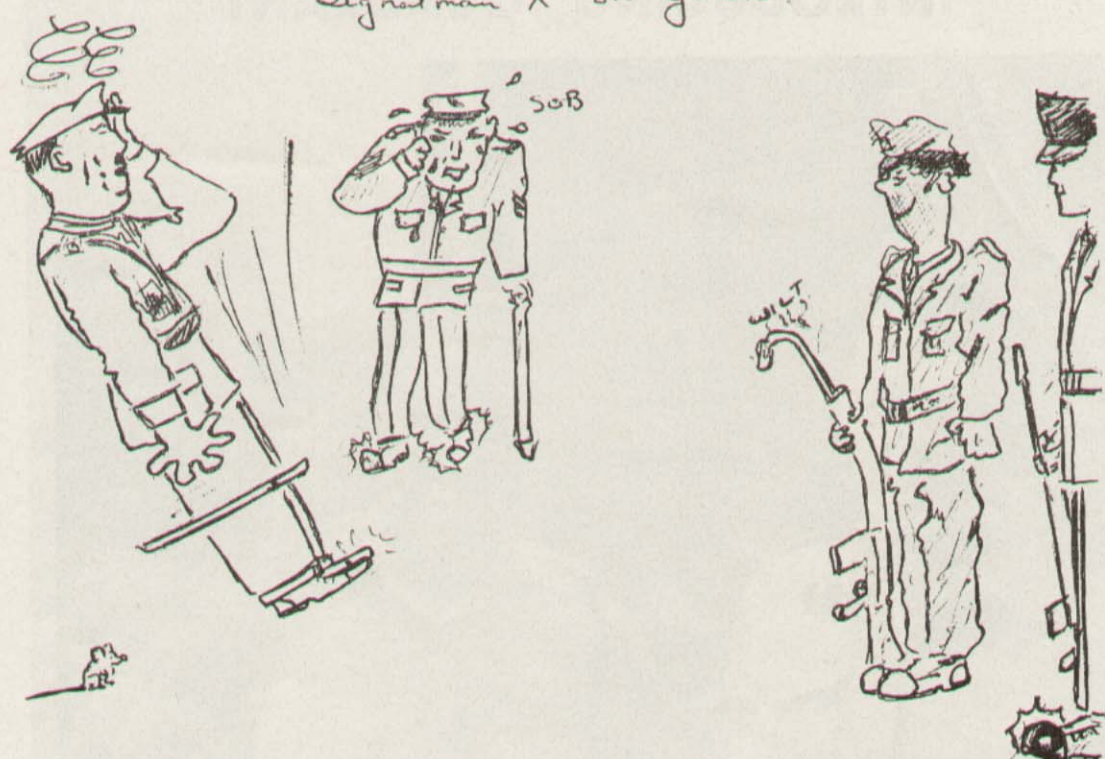
For his part, "X" carefully scrawled in his notebook: "Suspishus figer seen movin round by armery—when challenged mad no reply," and as an afterthought "Was armed with SLR." And satisfied that duty had been done, "X" rejoined his mate at the South Gate.

A short while later, as "X" was enjoying a quiet drag, an expensive, sleek looking limousine drew up at the gate. "X" glanced inside and leered savagely at the lone figure driving, a debonaire character with a gaily coloured cravate and a Tyrolean hat.

"Your business and identity," snapped "X", all official and unfriendly.

"Don't play games, and let me through," retorted the Tyrolean hat. The feather in the hat shook with anger.

Signalman "X" on guard.



Anthony Head.

There was no move from "X", so the driver motioned to the other guard to open the gate, which he did. And, as the car moved forward, it happened. Just as the vehicle was passing the gate, "X" shut it, there was an almighty crash and the bonnet took on the appearance of a wartime relic.

The Tyrolean hat was fuming. He shook with rage, the feather quivered and the most unprintable expletives dropped from his lips in this great flood of anger. But "X" remained unmoved. He was in full

control of the situation and knew exactly what to do at this stage. He turned to his mate and said, "Call the Adjutant, Charlie."

"I am the Adjutant," screamed the Tyrolean hat.

It wasn't until the RP was tucking "X" up into his nice cool cell that he was able to reflect on his rapid transformation from the chosen guardian of the camp's security to his ignominious position as inmate of the Inward Bound Club. Ah well! Life's pretty hard.

B. & R. ROPER'S
 NORTH STREET, DENBURY
**DENBURY'S OWN DAIRY
 AND PROVISION STORE**

|||

MILK DELIVERED DAILY
 We also sell cigarettes, tobacco
 and confectionery.

|||

Open from 8.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.
 daily except on SUNDAYS
 Early closing on Wednesdays.

VISION HIRE
 32, COURTENAY STREET
 (next door to Woolworths)
 NEWTON ABBOT
 Tel. No. Newton Abbot 4684

★

Rent your
TELEVISION
 FROM US
 and enjoy the
FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE
 and
PERSONAL SERVICE
 for which we are renowned

REFRIGERATORS and RADIOS
 also available on RENTAL

**MILKY WAY
 CAFE**

HOT MEALS OR SNACKS
TEAS COFFEE
MINERAL WATERS BISCUITS

★

Take your choice in picturesque
 surroundings

★

A Selection of Martial Music and
 "Pop" Records

125, QUEEN ST., NEWTON ABBOT

INTRODUCING QUADRANT



Lt Lee Tilson and Sgt A. T. Wright, the father figures of Quadrant.

FROM TONFANAU TO DENBURY

The Junior Leaders Regiment at Tonfanau lies on the coast of North Wales 13 miles to the south of Barmouth and at the mouth of the River Afon. It was originally a large artillery coastal defence camp which was built in 1936. It opened as a Junior Leaders camp in 1958 to relieve the congestion in other camps of similar nature. The Royal Signals, Royal Artillery, Royal Corps of Military Police, Royal Army Service Corps, Intelligence Corps, Royal Pioneer Corps and the Infantry were all represented, and the name, naturally enough, was the All Arms Junior Leaders Regiment.

All Junior Leaders received the same type of training for their first three terms, and then they changed to specialist training in their own particular arm. Both there and at Denbury the Royal Signals training is the same, and both camps are run on the same principles. The two main trades at Tonfanau were Radio Operator and Comcen Operator.

The Signals Wing was really quite small,

consisting of two morse rooms, two comcen rooms, an amateur radio room, a display room and two practical radio rooms. Although most of the output Junior Leaders did only two terms of continuation training with trades which they could follow on at Catterick or Loughborough, Signals exercises were often carried on during the whole of the time spent in the unit.

Sport at Tonfanau was of a very high standard. In its first season the Regimental hockey side beat the Junior Leaders at Oswestry for the Command Cup, but Oswestry had a team which was good enough to eventually go on and win the Junior Army Cup. The rugby team also reached the quarter-finals, where they were narrowly beaten. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that they spent five afternoons a fortnight at sport.

Outward Bound, including sailing and canoeing, played an all-important part in the life of a Junior Leader at Tonfanau. All Junior Leaders were encouraged to take part in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award

Scheme, and most did. A great deal of success was recorded here.

The Signals element in the camp has now been closed down, which accounts for my presence in Denbury. The reason for the closure was that there were only five members of the Royal Signals remaining, and it was felt that they would receive a more beneficial training with a Junior Leaders Regiment which specialised in the type of training which they wanted.

J/Sig. JOHN GREATHOLDER

J/Sig. JUBB, Quadrant Troop.

THE GYMNASTS GO TO PLYMOUTH

The Gymnastic Club went to Plymouth recently as part of the Regimental contribution to Plymouth Army Week, held in the Royal Citadel. A team of ten men led by L/Cpl Pattie did a short display lasting approximately eight minutes.

The team which had recently returned from the Aldershot Tattoo where they did static displays over a period of a long weekend, proceeded to Plymouth at 0630 on a Monday morning late in June. This was to be practice day. The following day was a full dress rehearsal which seemed to go on indefinitely, and then there was a rest day before the actual days of performance which were the Thursday, Friday and Saturday of that week.

Our display consisted mainly of floor exercises on cross mats, box work and trampolining. We started at 2045 hours with the team forming a pyramid in the centre of the arena, to be closely followed by some very slick floor work on the cross mats. From the mats we moved to the box where we gave a much applauded exhibition, and then three of our number performed on the trampoline midst loud applause. We closed with another pyramid and then packed up and doubled out of the arena.

On Friday the television cameras from Westward visited the Tattoo and one of the items filmed was our display. Although it was a very bad night weatherwise, and it rained particularly hard for our performance, the show still went on and the cameras rolled.

Saturday night proved to be the highspot, for it was then that the crowd was largest, and they showed their approval in no uncertain fashion. All in all, this was a most exciting experience, much enjoyed by everyone in the team.

J/Sig. IAN KENDALL (Quadrant Troop)

JOHN CONWAY

(Continental Men's Wear)

15, ABBEY ROAD - TORQUAY

WELCOME ALL PERSONNEL OF DENBURY CAMP TO COME AND SEE THE LATEST FASHIONS IN MODERN MEN'S WEAR.

1/6 IN THE £ DISCOUNT
ON PRODUCTION OF CAMP PASS

SEE

WADDINGTON

for the latest in

T.V., RADIO, RECORDS & ELECTRICAL GOODS

Special Demonstration Rooms

H.P. Terms discussed in Private. Same day after sales service

Quotations for wiring gladly given free of charge

WADDINGTON

PEARL HOUSE, NEWTON ABBOT

Telephone 4992

SKIN DIVING

About four weeks ago I spent three days at Dartmouth learning the correct way to dive with an aqua-lung. If anyone came up to me now and said, "What do you think is the world's most exciting sport?" I should reply very speedily, "Skin diving."

Many people might think that this sport is still very uncommon, but I can assure them that it is gaining in popularity every day. To practice the sport correctly, it is best to go to a diving school. The nearest one to Denbury is the British Underwater Centre at Dartmouth, where you are instructed by a very famous instructor, Commander Hampton.

In the first lesson you are briefed about the main dangers of aqua-lung diving, how to use and assemble the lung, and as soon as the Skipper (as he is known at the Centre) thinks you know these things sufficiently well, he dresses you in a complete rubber suit and leads you down to the boat which will take you to the bay for your first dive.

As soon as you are under the water you enter a completely different world, where life goes on much more slowly and everywhere is a jungle of seaweed and coral. For my own part, I sank to the bottom, where I felt all the trapped air in my suit being squeezed out of the valve which was attached to my hood. After about three minutes I felt myself being pulled back to the surface by the life-line which the Skipper had tied to my arm.

The rest of the day was occupied with a number of dives, learning how to breathe correctly with the lung and how to manoeuvre around with all the weight on my back. The next day we were taught how to overcome the 'bends.' This is caused by coming to the surface quickly and holding the breath. We were also taught about other things which could affect one at great depths. If, for example, you took a deep breath at 200 feet and held it while ascending to 50 feet, the decrease in pressure on the lungs would let them expand a bit, and the insufficiency of air in the larger sized lungs would cause a convulsion which could in turn lead to unconsciousness.

After learning all about these things we were taken out again in a boat to the same spot in the bay where we were taught how to regain the breath after the mouthpiece



Quadrant Troop's Ten Tors team relax on the Moor. Included in the picture are, from left to right: J/Sig Lewis (Birmingham); Sgt Dennis (Huddersfield); J/Cpl Clarke (Salford); J/Sig Childs (Ipswich); J/Cpl Mead (Tonbridge).

had been knocked out. This is a bit tricky as you have to hold the valve up towards the surface to allow the air to escape, enabling any water to be pushed out. You then have to turn it over to put it back in the mouth, at the same time trying to keep the water out. Another thing I was shown was how to replace a face mask after it had been knocked off. This is very easy, for all you have to do is put the mask on the face, press it to make it stick, hold it at the top, hold your head back and blow violently through your nose.

The last day brought the high-spot of the

course, for we were taken out into a deeper part of the bay and told to dress ourselves in the rubber suits provided and check our equipment for leaks. This was done and Skipper then said: "Right; off you go to do some exploring on your own. A back somersault off, and no lifelines this time."

I did all he told me, and when I returned after 35 minutes under the water, he told me that I was now qualified as a Free Diver.

I can recommend Skin Diving as a most exciting and stimulating sport, and for me at least, the finest sport in the world.

J/Sig. PETER REYNOLDS,
Quadrant Troop.

For all that is good

go

CO-OPERATIVE SHOPPING

WITH THE

NEWTON ABBOT

★ Quality



Co-operative
SOCIETY LIMITED

Service ★

"Exercise San Benito"

by J/Cpl Richard Mead

The Exercise San Benito was organized by, and in conjunction with, the RAF. Before we—the sixth term—came into the exercise, the chaps who had volunteered from the other services, seven RAF boys and one Marine, were doing the first stage of their 14-day survival course.

They started on the night of June 22nd when they were dropped into the sea and spent the hours of darkness in a dinghy. On the Wednesday they were brought back to shore and given a meal and a bit of a rest. When the instructors asked what it had been like they said it was terrible, and the conditions were so rough that one of the party vomited 27 times. During the Wednesday afternoon and night they did a night march with no sleep at all, had a short rest on Thursday, more marching, and then three hours sleep on the Thursday night. Friday came and they had to march to the spot where we had to try and catch them during the night.

We were given our briefing on Friday morning by Lt. Maud, telling us what we had to do with the enemy when we caught them. They were referred to as the enemy since they were supposed to be pilots, shot down, who were trying to liaise with partisans who would help them on to their next task. We had to lay trip flares in case any of them tried to break through our ground, send out patrols and generally keep a very strict security check on the whole area. If the enemy did get through, a group of us would act as partisans but, not known to the enemy, the partisans would betray them and hand them over to the intelligence people.

At 1800 hours we moved off to our positions on the moor. The journey took about one and a half hours to get to our destination which was a very desolate place. It was raining when we arrived but the rain cleared away and it turned out to be a cloudless sky with no moon. We set all the booby traps and the patrols moved into position. There were three patrols guarding the trucks, one of which was to go forward to drive the foe towards our defences. When they were away, many noises were heard but we thought they were probably

sheep or cattle on the move. It would be a complete give-away of our position if we were to use thunderflashes now.

When the advance patrol returned, two patrols went with Sgt. Wright to the RAF Land Rover, where they informed us that the enemy had passed and that we would now have to set an ambush. The nine of us who went, including Sgt. Wright and myself, set up an ambush for the first patrol, which was fortunately only three men strong. We hid at the side of the road for them to come. We were given pillow cases to put over their heads to make them more depressed than ever, and were told to treat them roughly. The first three came and the challenge was given, "Halt, San Benito." As soon as they saw us it seemed to me that they looked relieved. Anyway, we put pillow cases over their heads and marched them to the truck, which was to take them to Plymouth for interrogation. Sgt. Wright went off with two other lads, which left us five in number, together with a radio operator who would not be much use in a fight.

We waited about threequarters of an hour and it was getting light again when the last five eventually came into sight. We let them come right up to us and then issued the challenge, "Halt, San Benito." Two tried to make a break for it but we soon put a stop to that and, since the truck was not yet back from Plymouth, we lined them up with their faces to the hedge. We had no pillow cases left so we made do with some navy raincoats that we had.

When the truck did come back, I, J/L/Cpl. Clarke and J/Sig. Horsley boarded it with the prisoners and we drove away to Plymouth. When we arrived at about 4.30 in the morning, the reception committee for the prisoners was certainly not my cup of tea. They were manhandled down to the cellars of a large and fearsome fort and given two hours PT, still with their heads covered and wearing the kit they had had on since the start of the exercise. We didn't stay to see much more as we had to get back to camp, but what we had seen was enough to convince us that this most rigorous and realistic training must be one of the finest toughening-up processes ever devised.



J/Sig Gordon Air (Quadrant) practises on the 30-yard range for the shoot.



The Rock Climbing Club on one of their many weekend jaunts this term.

TOP RECORD HITS!

WARDS

4 BANK STREET, NEWTON ABBOT

Telephone 4774

All Makes and Types of Records in Stock

GRANGE RESTAURANT

SEA FRONT — BABBACOMBE DOWNS

Telephone: TORQUAY 87561

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Fully Licensed. Dinners and parties specially arranged.

Also CONCERTS, DANCES, SOCIALS, etc.

CAR PARK. Coach Parking facilities

REASONABLE CHARGES

Daily and Sundays for Morning Coffee, Luncheons, Teas, Suppers, etc., from 10 a.m.



Quadrant cross-country team.

THE SHOOTING TEAM AT BULFORD

A short while ago the Regimental Shooting teams visited Bulford Camp for the Southern Command Shoot. The teams consisted of:

Permanent Staff: Major R. Wright, Lt. G. Saunders, 2/Lt. Tilson, SSM W. Salter, Sgt. D. Price 404, Sgt. J. Price, Sgt. G. Denton.

Junior Leaders: J/L/Cpl. B. Cook, J/Sig. G. Air, J/Sig. D. Boston, J/Sig. B. Spence, J/Sig. T. Lockhart, J/Sig. B. de la Haye, J/Sig. B. Ford.

When we first arrived we were shown to the Armoury and then to our sleeping quarters, which turned out to be an old gymnasium.

At 8.15 the next day the first shot flew down the range from Detail One, and the shoot had begun. All our teams did well, although no cups were actually won. Incidentally, L/Cpl. Innes, the driver, managed

to sleep the whole day through all the rumpus.

When the last day of the shoot arrived, everybody tried hard and obtained a good score, and when the prize-giving came in the evening, there was a tremendous ovation for all teams and individual winners, particularly J/Sig. Lockhart, who received the cup for the best Junior Leader shot. Col. Walsh was good enough to sing the praises of our team with the following words: "As you all know, this is the first time a Junior Leaders team has entered this shoot, and I'm sure you will all agree that they have done jolly well, so let's give them all a hearty clap."

Then came the time for us to leave, but eight people were to return the following week to shoot in the Royal Signals meeting, and then on to Bisley for the Army meeting, where they did quite well.

J/Sig. GORDON AIR, Quadrant Troop.

ON EVERY OCCASION SAY IT
WITH FLOWERS
from your Interflora Florist for
World-Wide Delivery



**R. B. WEBBER
& SON**

6, WOLBOROUGH STREET
NEWTON ABBOT

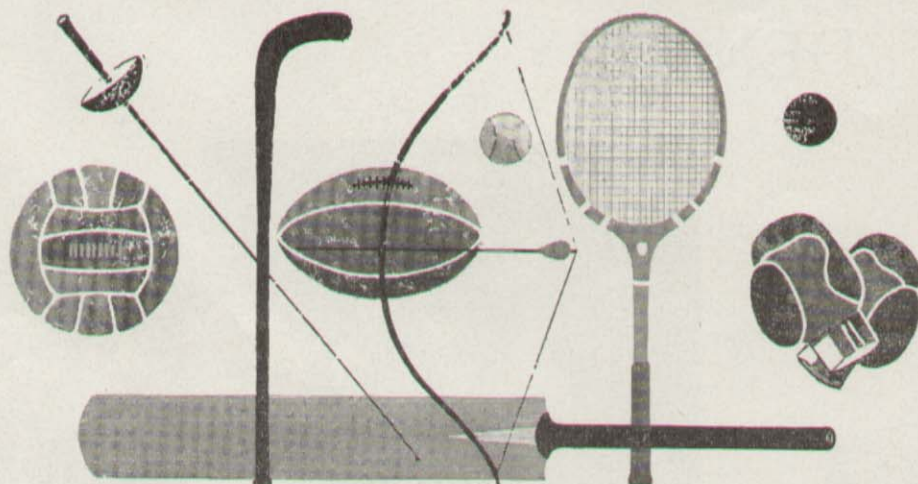
Telephone 3626

WATNEYS
ALES and STOUTS



Main Distributors:

VINNICOMBES
TORQUAY - TEIGNMOUTH



NAAFI is proud to be the main supplier of sports equipment to the Forces and their families; proud, too, of the comprehensive nature of its service, built on more than 42 years of experience. All sports goods sold by Naafl are made by reputable manufacturers and sold at very competitive prices, less discount. An instalment credit scheme enables customers to buy the more expensive items on easy terms. Service after sale is, of course, provided.



Enquire at your nearest Naafl shop or direct to
The Sales Office, NAAFI, London S.E.11. Telephone: RELiance 1200

Reeves Stores

(Newton Abbot) Ltd.
(A Member of the Reeves Group)
for

IRONMONGERY
FURNITURE
CARPETS
RUGS
LINOLEUMS, etc.

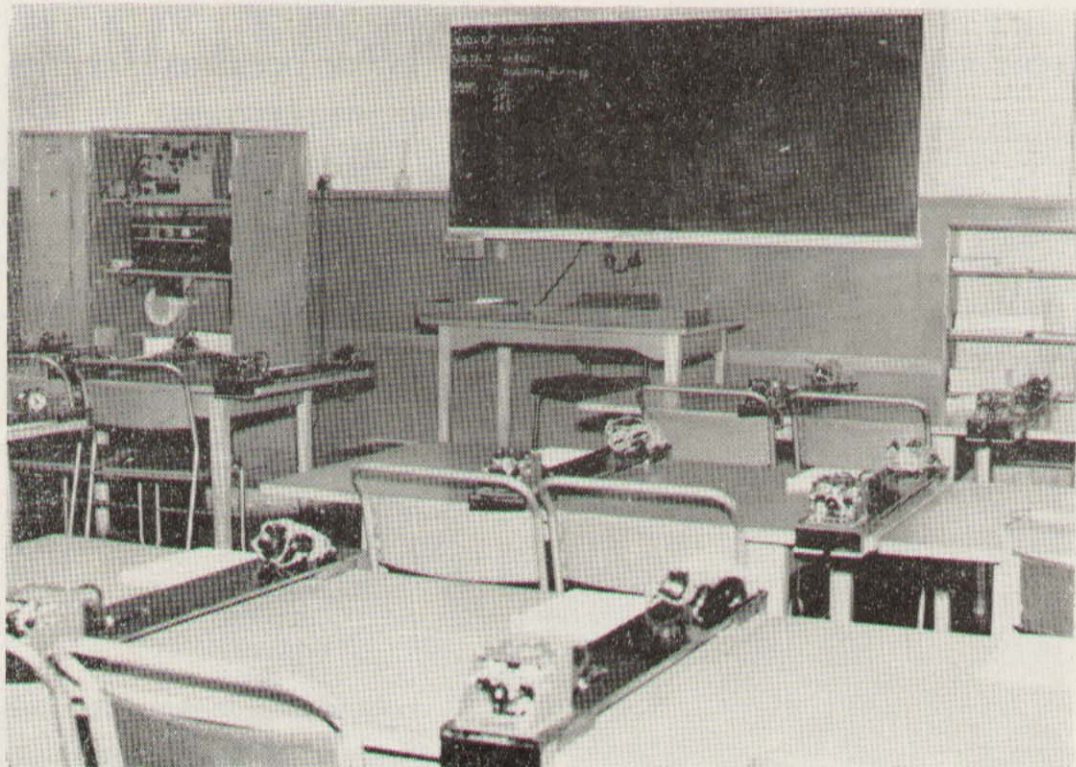


Everything for the Home and Garden



62 QUEEN ST., NEWTON ABBOT
Telephone 4353

Authorized Dealers for Calor Gas and
all Hoover Products



A new morse lecture room

(by Sgt Stockham)

One of the many improvements which have taken place in the Unit during the last year has been the modernizing of all the Morse Training Rooms. The first room to be set into operation was 19a. No doubt many a Junior Leader who has passed his trade as Radio Operator BIII has spent countless hours cursing the person who designed tape recorders. As a start, all the tables GS 6ft. were replaced by highly polished tables, after a lot of cursing by the

QM who, no doubt, visualized, as many people did, certain well-known phantoms carving initials on the table tops. I am pleased to be able to say, as yet, no phantoms have been operative.

A trip to ordnance was made with a special request for some new training equipment or some reliable equipment. Needless to say, we ended up with a complete station comprising the old faithful TRAINING SET

UNIVERSAL with BOXES OPERATOR. A suggestion was made, since we had all new equipment, why not go the whole hog and install a tape recorder and a receiver? The receiver we managed to scrounge was an AR88 with a frequency of 540kcs to 32kcs, and it's doing a splendid job, as many a Junior Leader will confirm. I hope they are still not suffering from QRM during their spells of operation periods. All the main equipment was installed inside one locker, and it is quite a change to see equipment installed inside one locker, instead of on the instructor's table with wires and cables all over the place.

Some new tapes were produced from the School of Infantry, thanks to Y. of S. (WO I) Heard, now in the land of Brandy and Kebabs. We now have a decent Training Room to train future Marconis of the Corps.

The first term produced some surprising results. Trainees who were started on basic morse ended the term receiving and sending morse with confidence at 9 w.p.m. I am happy to say that they have still got two terms to go and are reading 15 w.p.m., so it looks like we may have quite a few heading towards Special Ops and TG Ops. The morse tapes that we have vary from 5 w.p.m. to 16 w.p.m. and instructors have now the facilities to tape any test, or any service station, on the band to use at a later stage helping trainees.

On the weekend 10-11 July a mobile Ham Radio Rally was organized and several well-known hams and operators training for PMG were amazed at the set-up we had and wished they had the same facilities available. When outside personalities start praising our equipment and set-up we then know we have achieved something out of the ordinary.

Sgt. EOUZAN.

AMATUER RADIO MOBILE RALLY AT DENBURY

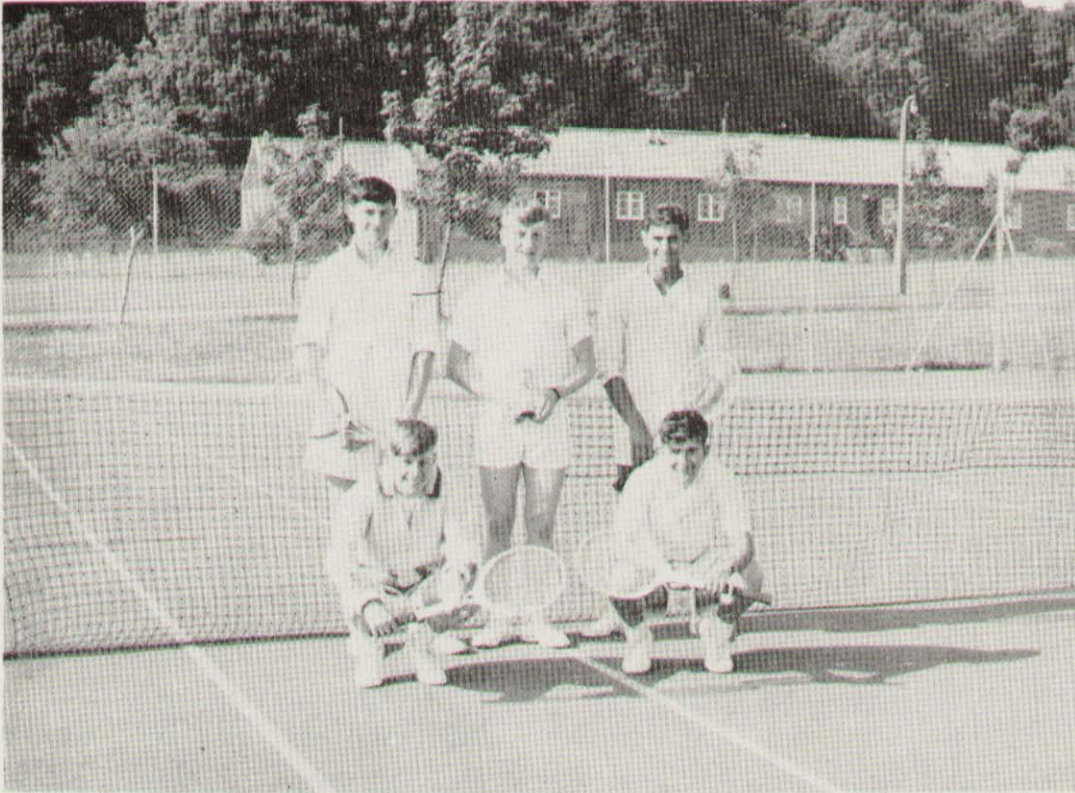


The Car Park at Denbury on Rally Day
(by Sgt Stockham)



Visitors to the Radio Amateurs Mobile Rally held at the Regim ent.
(by Sgt Stockham)

TENNIS NOTES



A most successful tennis team, consisting of J/Sig Allan, J/RSM Watson, J/Sig Forster, J/Sig Freedman and J/Sig Crick. Absent from this photograph, unfortunately, is the Army Junior Champion, J/L/Cpl Baggaley.

Despite beginning the season with no regular members of last year's team, the tennis side has had an extremely successful season this term. In the District Final a decisive victory was recorded over the Junior Leaders Regiment, RASC, from Taunton, by six matches to three. This fine victory gave the side the confidence to win, and showed clearly that they possessed the ability to do so.

For the final of the Southern Command Championships the team travelled to Taunton to take on the Apprentices from Arborfield. The result was in doubt right until the end, but the REME just got home by five matches to four. The result hinged on the outcome of the match between the first pairs, which J/RSM Watson and J/L/Cpl Baggaley narrowly lost 5-7, 6-3, 2-6, after leading 5-2 in the first set. As compensation, the side was presented with a fine runners-up cup.

Later, individual success was achieved by Watson and Baggaley in the Southern Command Championships, when they won the doubles final. This was indeed a fine performance and it is hoped that they will now go on to win the Army Boys' Units Championships later in the term.

The others who did so well in the side, and without whom no such success would have been recorded, were J/Sig. Foster and J/Sig. Freedman, J/Sig. Allan and J/Sig. Crick.

On going to press, another grand bit of tennis news was received. J/L/Cpl. Baggaley, from Newcastle-on-Tyne, won the Army Junior Singles Tennis Championship, and in so doing avenged a defeat he had suffered at the hands of Caldera, from RASC, Taunton, earlier in the season. We offer Baggaley our heartiest congratulations on his success.

EVERYTHING FOR THE INSTRUCTOR and STUDENT AT BENDLES

We give below a list of items which may be used in the curriculum of an

ARMY TRAINING UNIT

Loose Leaf Books	Bulldog Clips
Set Squares	Paper Clips
Protractors	Rubber Bands
Slide Rules	Paper Punches
Compasses	Stapling Machines
Files of all kinds	Exercise Books
Pencils and Pens	Notebooks
Pencil and Ink Erasers	Pencil Sharpeners

ART MATERIALS

Drawing Inks	Graph Paper
Cartridge Paper	Crayons
Paints	UNO-Stencils
Flo-Master and Magic Marker Pens, etc.	

BENDLES

The Printers, Stationers and
Office Equipment Specialists

54, QUEEN STREET, NEWTON ABBOT

and

15-16, GEORGE STREET, TORQUAY

L. H. BRIMSON & SON *Gentlemen's Hair Stylists*

102 QUEEN STREET
NEWTON ABBOT

FOR APPOINTMENTS
TELEPHONE 2521

DRY CLEANING?

send it to

Craftsman Cleaners Ltd.

2 UNION STREET 126a QUEEN STREET
NEWTON ABBOT 3286

For:—

48 and 24 hour service direct from
the ONLY DRY CLEANING WORKS
IN Newton Abbot

YOU too can ENJOY your Leave
in a

WESTERN GARAGE GUARANTEED USED CAR

PLEASE WRITE, PHONE OR CALL FOR OUR
AUGUST USED CAR LIST

WOLBOROUGH STREET, NEWTON ABBOT

Telephone: Newton Abbot 3652

GOOD USED CARS BOUGHT FOR CASH

DARTMOOR

Dartmoor, as most of us see it, is a little miserable. However, if you look at Dartmoor in a different way, it begins to change.

Many of us here come from large cities where the countryside is seldom seen, and we cannot often understand why anyone would choose to live in an out-of-the-way place like Dartmoor. But, if asked, nearly all of the Dartmoor dwellers would answer that they would not choose to live anywhere else.

It is said that, during the Middle Ages, the Devil often used to appear on Dartmoor, and many stories have emerged from this belief. One, concerning the Bishop of Bronscombes, is still widely believed. It tells how the Bishop was travelling across the moor from Widecombe to Lydford and managed to get lost. He and his chaplain were tired and hungry when suddenly a stranger appeared and asked them to share his bread and cheese, on the condition that they would call him master. The Bishop was about to, when his chaplain noticed the stranger's cloven hoof. He called out, and the stranger vanished, leaving the bread and cheese turned to stone on the spot.

It lies there still and can be seen on Corn Ridge, near Sourton, and it is still referred to as "Bronscombe's Loaf."

However, during these days it appears that there was one group of people who were not afraid of the Devil: these were the Gubbinses. The Gubbinses, led by a Roger Rowle, were a sort of wild men who lived in the western valleys near Lydford. They were reputed to live like swine in Cots (or holes in the ground), and made their living by stealing sheep. Eventually they began to become more civilised, began inter-marrying and even brought their children for baptism.

Dartmoor today is vastly different from what it used to be, and where there used to be an abundance of wild life, and ancient settlements, artillery ranges and rifle ranges bang out their message. There are large movements afoot for the preservation of the moor, and it seems that what there is left untouched at the moment may well stay that way for good. There is, after all, only one Dartmoor, and many people have come to love its rolling slopes and stark Tors. Much is still unchanged from the days of the Gubbinses and let us hope that it remains so for the enjoyment of future generations.

J/Sig. JACK HARPER, Quadrant Troop.



The Great Escape! No! Not Biggs and his friends making their exit from Wandsworth, but J/Cpl Peel from Brixham and a patrol from Jerboa tackling the high wall on the Obstacle Course. (by Maj J. Joyner)

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Everything for THE SPORTSMAN

Agents for all leading Manufacturers

FISHING TACKLE

for COARSE, SEA, SALMON and TROUT FISHING

Bait Stocked

All local licences

TOYS - GAMES and PASTIMES

Scalextric, Minic, Dublo, Triang, Lego, Bilofix, Meccano, Dinky Toys and Corgi Toys, Subbuteo, Britains Miniatures a Speciality, Waddingtons etc., etc.,

PERCY HODGE (Sports) Ltd.

104, QUEEN STREET - NEWTON ABBOT

TELEPHONE 409