

JUNIOR

MERCURY

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



Junior Signalmen Lee and Hitchens try their hand with the SMG on the thirty yard range, under the firm tutelege of Sgt. Price.

(Photograph by A. Cooksley)

FEATURING IRON TROOP



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WEAPON TRAINING AT DENBURY

The loud reports of self-loading rifles being fired on the 30-yard outdoor range leave no one in any doubt that weapon training is in progress. This rifle is the personal weapon of every Junior Leader, and it is an integral part of his training to classify as a marksman on it. Many do in fact reach this standard at Rippon Tor and many also qualify on the light machine gun. Wind and elevation tables are a vital part of the weapon training syllabus, and here this applies even more so, since the conditions on Rippon Tor can almost be guaranteed to be windy.

This term a new programme enables a Junior Leader to do three weeks solid weapon training. During this time he learns to handle his own weapon proficiently as well as a sub-machine gun and, what has come to be a favourite with them, a light machine gun.

The 25-yard miniature range has recently been completely reconstructed so that firing with the .22 rifle is now carried on under ideal conditions. Qualification on this indoor weapon also contributes towards a Junior Leader's rates of pay so there is a great deal of enthusiasm on the firing point. We hope to start a ladies' shooting team in the very near future and hope that the number of marksmen will increase. The shooting hobby has now become the 'Rifle Club,' and competition is being held regularly in the form of postal shoots. The Regimental team is taking part in the Royal Signals Southern Command small bore competition and matches against 43 Wessex Div. District are taking place in this winter event.

Much hidden talent is found during the term when the permanent staff fire their annual range classification. This can be on one of three weapons. Officers and Warrant Officers blaze away on the 30-yard range with the .38 revolver and some of the results are quite amazing, as hands whip out the weapon at eye-baffling speed from alarmingly low-slung holsters. The other personal weapons are the SLR and the SMG. It seems a pity that bad weather does not allow each member of the staff to fire his weapon at least twice a year.

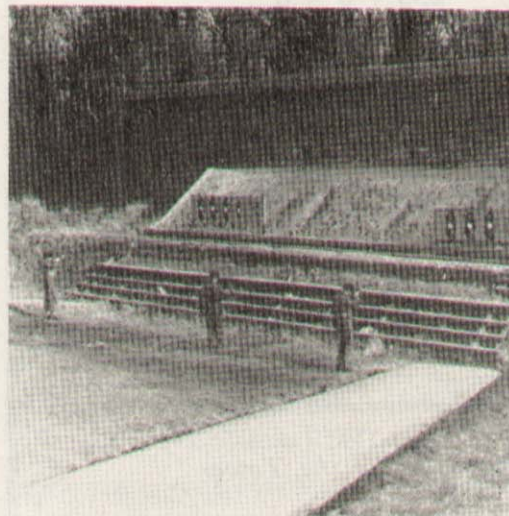
A day at Rippon Tor range is enjoyed by everyone, and the hot stew and tea at mid-day go down extremely well. We are always apprehensive about the weather as visibility can drop to 30 yards in half an hour, and swirling mist and driving rain can make firing from the 300-yard point impossible. It must be added here that at this point there are some firers who query the presence of a target in the butts, even in good visibility.

It is the first time that an officer in the Regiment has had the appointment of Weapon Training Officer. It is a rewarding task, as the results will show at the end of each three-week course. Lt. G. C. Saunders feels that the standard of training and, what is equally important, of enthusiasm, have increased greatly in the last few months. Alexander and Slim have both completed their courses and the results were most gratifying.

Besides .22 shooting we are aiming at competitions with other units in all the other weapons. By competition we hope that the standard of weapon skill will shoot up in the very near future. G.C.S.



And here's one guy who didn't get much benefit from his Weapon Training instruction



Not much chance for the little men at this range

RADIO STATION "G3PYZ"

by Sgt. JOHN AKEHURST "G3OAZ"

At long last the long-awaited radio transmitter for the Regiment's Amateur Radio Club has arrived. In mid-February the Commanding Officer purchased a Heath-kit DX100 transmitter in kit form and this was very promptly given to our technician, Sgt. G. Stockham, BEM, who received instructions to give the construction of the kit a first priority.

After many visits to the unit workshop to check progress, I was delighted to find, on 23rd February, that the apparatus was ready for use. There followed an afternoon of testing and, finally, at 1810 GMT, our first CQ (all stations call) was made. Despite the crowd in the club room, which included the Commanding Officer, members of Staff and Junior Leaders, there was great silence as the transmitter was switched off and we listened on the receiver for any replies.

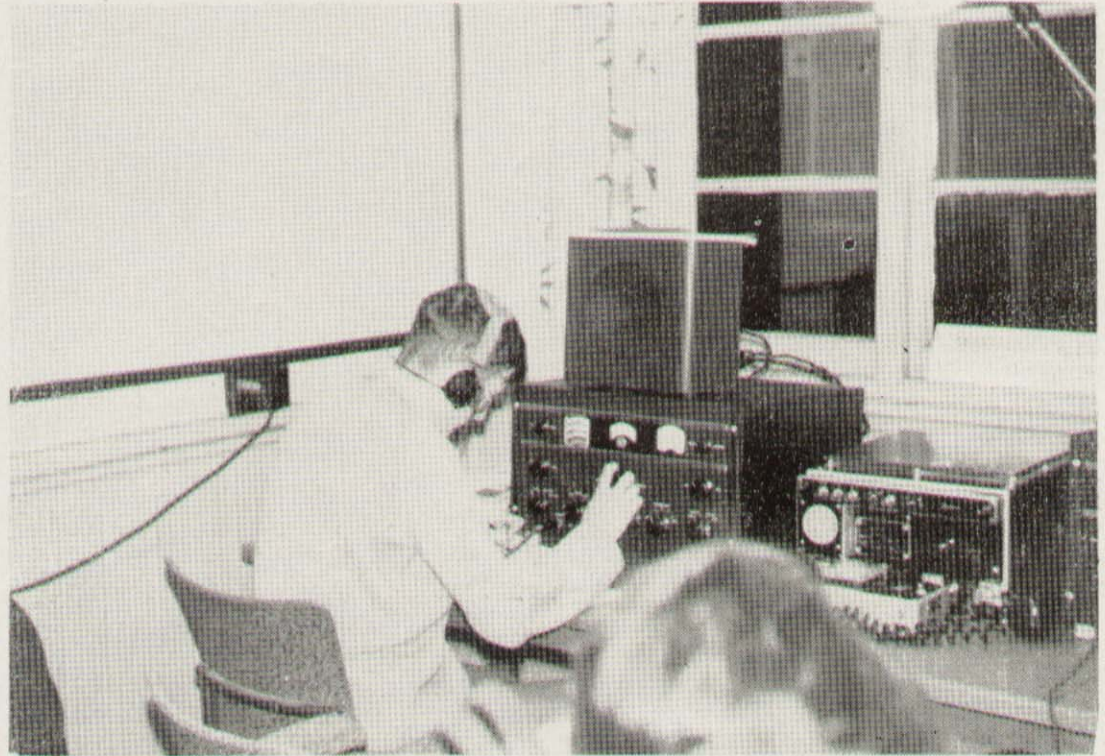
"G3PYZ, G3PYZ" came the voice from the speaker. "This is SAITK, near Tripoli, North Africa."

We had made it, and for the next 40 minutes we had fine contact with Tripoli. This contact was then followed by a contact with an American army station located in Ethiopia.

The "countries worked" score is now running high, with 38 countries contacted on voice, including Brazil, South Africa, Ghana, Nigeria, Cyprus (261 Signal Regiment), Australia, most of Europe, USA, Canada, Malta, Gibraltar, Uruguay and the Cape Verde Islands, to name but a few.

It is hoped to establish regular contact with other Royal Signals amateur radio stations throughout the world.

The transmitter is on the air on hobbies evenings from 1630 hours until 1900 hours, daily from 1030 to 1100 hours, 1230 to 1330 hours, and at any other time that may be available, normally on Wednesday afternoons. Any member of the Regimental staff or Junior Leader is welcome to visit the station at these times and to see the station in operation.



J/Sig Reynolds of Quadrant Troop concentrates on this receiver in the Club

(by J/Sig Cross)

Future activities of the club are to work 100 stations to qualify for a certificate as soon as possible, to enter contests both transmitting and receiving and to encourage as many people as possible to take up amateur radio. Plans also include the erection of several more telegraph poles, to carry more antennae so that we do finally have world-wide coverage.

To conclude, July 11th will see a great deal of activity at Denbury, as the Commanding Officer has invited the Torbay Amateur Radio Society to visit the unit and hold their annual mobile rally at the camp. A large attendance of mobile amateurs from all over the country is expected to be present at this event. For those interested, details may be obtained from G3OAZ.

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE THE SMALLEST BOY IN THE TROOP

'Tich' Kent is the smallest lad in the troop, and also one of the smallest in the Regiment. At 4' 11" one might think that he was very badly handicapped in a life where physical fitness and ability play a large part. However, his size does not mean that his capabilities are small. For example, he was in the first 200 in the Regimental cross-country run, his hobby is boxing and he has represented the Regiment in many boxing matches against rival teams. He is absolutely determined to compete in the Ten Tors Expedition and in the Nijmegen Marches, which take place later in the year.

But what is it like being so small, being the smallest member of the troop? On his arrival in the troop lines, everyone seemed to tower high above his head and there was a danger of his getting lost amongst the legs of the other troop members. He had visions of having a rough time, but these impressions were completely unfounded and he became very popular with the rest of the lads. At the other extreme, of course, there is also the danger that the little man becomes a sort of mascot, but neither did this happen.

Nicknames, too, are a danger. This lad has only been landed with 'Tich' and 'Squeak' as yet. The first is an obvious one, but the latter is the result of his being blessed with a very high-pitched voice, and is the inspiration of J/L/Cpl. Stewart.

All in all, 'Tich' Kent, our wee Cornishman from the picturesque village of Camelford, has settled very well indeed into the life of Iron Troop.



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THE CAVES OF SOUTH DEVON

By Lt. Tim Hallchurch

The Devon caving area is small but interesting. It is centred mainly on Buckfastleigh, where the Devon limestone is a million years older than the carboniferous rock of the other areas. There are at least 20 good caves, some of them large.

Caves have been known in Devon for many years. The date 1571 has been carved in Kent's Cavern in Torquay. Another and much bigger cave—Pridhamsleigh—has been known from the 1870's and now contains thousands of feet of explored passages. Since 1947 the Devon Spaeological Society has been extremely active.

One big link has been discovered near Buckfastleigh between Baker's Pit and Reed's Cavern, and now 7,000 feet of passages have been found under the church which tops the hill to the north of the town. In Baker's Pit itself there are hosts of features, from the initial great boulder floored chamber to the Dutch Oven tunnel further inside. There are complicated muddy crawls, too, which form a maze in the far reaches.

Reed's Cavern, renowned for its wonderful stalactites, is a fascinating system, almost unspoiled by stalactite collectors, but at the moment closed to clubs. There are many other caves in Buckfastleigh, namely Rock House Cave, Smuggler's Cave, Tucker's Orchard Cave, Fairies' Hill Cave, Partition Cave, Disappointment Cave, Rift Cave and Spider's Hole, but none of these is as big as either Baker's Pit or Reed's Cavern.

At Pridhamsleigh, the cave of the same

name gives over 4,000 feet of passages, and more are still being discovered. There are narrow passages leading to two lakes, one of which is about 90 feet deep. This is really a brimful pothole, but it looks virtually little more than a long pool. Below, divers have seen the sides fan out and there are stalactites, showing that the water was once lower. Having crossed one of these lakes a new system can be found where unspoilt formations can be seen, some of the stalactites being bent at right angles, showing that there must have been an upheaval in the area a few thousand years ago.

Chudleigh is another Devon caving area. Besides Cow Hole and Chudleigh Cave, there is Pixies' Hole, which is really the most interesting. It is a big cave containing 1,000 feet of passages in a vertical labyrinth, about 150 feet deep. Bickington Pot, near Newton Abbot, gives a 60-foot descent, half of it by ladder or rope, and Penny's Pot at Burslescombe goes down 110 feet, finishing in a chamber.

Another cave recently discovered is at Afton Quarry, where a 400-foot rift requires one to chimney one's way the whole distance, with a 30-foot drop to one side if one slips. This cave has many possibilities for new discovery.

Finally, there are, of course, the sea caves of Berry Head, which have appeared when the sea has washed away the cliffs, and the two commercialised caves of Kent's Cavern and the Windmill Hill Cave at Brixham.

DRAMA

Rehearsals are going along quite well at the present time for the end of term entertainment for parents of boys and the Regiment as a whole.

The songs for the light entertainment are selected and being practised enthusiastically by both boys and girls of the cast. Lt. Saunders has burned the midnight oil trying to perfect his mastery over the more intricate parts of the score. The Staff play appears to be going well, but the boys' play hit an unexpected snag when one of the boys who had a main part, having successfully passed his trade test (for which he had an extra term), was given a posting date three days before the date of the first performance.

A new actor was immediately sought out, and Edean, who had performed with a certain degree of aplomb on a recent "Monday Night at Eight," was enlisted into the part. Short notice, but a good test of the boy's ability.

The club has been active in other ways, too, for two visits to local theatres have been made within the last month. The first was a staff excursion to Dartington Hall to see two one-act plays staged by the Dartington Players. Although the plays themselves were a little vague and seemed to lack real point, it was enjoyable to sit in the most charming surroundings of the Barn Theatre with its marvellous atmosphere.

The second visit was to the Alexandra Cinema to see the Newton Abbot society's production of "The King and I." This was undertaken, in the main, by the boys and girls of the club, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

TRADE TESTS

We are pleased to note that, in the recent Trade Tests taken at the unit, there was an 82% pass among all Junior Leaders involved. This is an outstanding result, and a tremendous improvement on previous tests taken at Denbury.

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MEN OF IRON AT WORK AND PLAY



J/Sig Whittaker of Iron Troop, a keen member of the Canoe Club

(by J/Sig Dobson)

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT IRON TROOP

by J/Sig. HEWSON.

When I first arrived at this camp I was all set to go into White Spear Troop, since that's where my brother had been when he was with the Junior Leaders' Regiment. I was terribly upset when I found to my horror that I had been put into Iron Troop, but I decided to make the most of it.

As the first term went on I began to hear a lot of good things about my future troop from my troop NCO, Sgt. King. Finally, the big day came and we were going to move up into troops. It was about two o'clock when we had completed the actual physical move and we were then told that we could have the rest of the day off. This seemed to be the ideal opportunity to look around the troop and get acquainted with the rest of the boys. It didn't take long to do this for everyone seemed to be very friendly. In the weeks following we really got to know

our way around and we found that if there was anything we didn't know then there was always someone there to help. Among those offering most help was Sgt. Leslie, and all newcomers to the troop must owe a lot to him for smoothing out a lot of the problems that beset them.

I'm glad now that I was put into Iron Troop. It is a troop that is proud of its excellent record in all the competitions. We have regular representatives in all the Regimental sports, including J/Cpl. Rumsey and J/SSM Watson in soccer, and J/Cpl. Harvey in rugby. Squadron players abound in Iron.

And, finally, I should like to welcome on behalf of the troop Lt. Loudon, our new troop officer. He has just come from Germany and we hope that his stay in South Devon will be enjoyable.



J/Sgt King and J/Sig Wile "get with it" in the Social Club
(by J/Sig Cross)



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THE NEW INTAKE ON THE ASSAULT COURSE

When we first arrived in Iron Troop we were informed that all new boys were, by tradition, taken with the rest of the troop on to the Assault Course, behind Academic Wing for their first run through.

We were all slightly nervous when, on Thursday not long after the first few days of term, J/S/Sgt. Harper told us to get ready as we were now to go on to our initial run. None of us had ever really tried anything like this before, and our trepidation was causing a certain amount of amusement among the other "veterans" of Iron Troop. They giggled and nudged each other and I suppose they were saying to each other, "Let's give them a bit of a fright."

Anyway, the older members with their "vast experience" approached the first obstacle, which is the high net, and made very heavy weather of it. I personally looked at it and thought that it couldn't really be as difficult as all that. When it came to our turn, J/Cpl. Rumsey demonstrated the way it is supposed to be done and then it was our turn. We all tried to do it the proper way, but the variations in technique would have had to be seen to be believed. Some went head first, some went feet first and some led with other parts of the anatomy. But we all managed to do it, and it really wasn't as difficult as the other members of the troop had made out.

To sum things up, the troop had had its laugh at our expense and we had got over our first obstacle. The "veterans" finally gave us a demonstration of how fast this thing can be done, and here was something that really astonished us. Obviously we would need a great deal of very hard practice indeed if we were to keep up the high standard that the troop has attained in this activity.

J/Sig. J. SHERWIN, Iron Troop.

J/Sig Gruncell, now of Junior Wing and soon of Iron Troop, examines the finished product in the printing hobby. Gruncell is a Devon boy, his home town being Okehampton

(by J/Sig Dobson)



J/Sig Gibson of Iron Troop on the trampoline—or off it

(by J/Sig Dobson)

CROSS-COUNTRY

There is little to report on the cross-country for this month, since the Regimental team did not get their hoped-for success in the Army Championships, where they found the opposition too much for them. There is no truth in the rumour that the team of goats which took part as guests in the Regimental inter-Troop cross-country race are to be enlisted as team members next year.

RUGBY

Regimental rugby appears, unfortunately, to be at the moment lacking something vital. There seems to be the spark missing that was ever present last year.

Why this should be is difficult to say, for the skill of individual team members is beyond question. Possibly the explanation is in the use of that word 'individual.' All the personal genius in the world is valueless unless there is, at the end, a link with the rest of the team. The verve and dash of Blackman, Bowers and Feegan, and the solid packing of Scott and Robertson, have been too often wasted when it comes to the final thrust.

Neither has the Permanent Staff XV. had a particularly inspiring season. The fault here lies in the difficulty in finding players. With a small staff this has always been a problem and, presumably, will continue to be so. However, when the team has played the game has always been thoroughly enjoyed, and the convivialities afterwards particularly so.

It is worth observing here that two of our players have played this season for the Army, although neither has played in the Inter-Services Competition. Capt. John Cuthill has played once, whilst Sgt. Ron Block has had two games, one against the Harlequins and one against New Brighton.

Finally, the Troop rugby competition seems to be developing into a one-horse race. That horse is White Swan Troop, who have a habit of crushing the opposition without mercy. With a large number of Regimental players in their side, this is not surprising.

HOCKEY

The Regimental hockey side almost made it to ultimate success in the Army Junior Hockey Cup, but were beaten on the Torbay Hockey Club's pitch at Paignton by the RAC Junior Leaders from Bovington. The score was 1-0, and the Regimental team was particularly disappointed by the nature of the goal scored. It was a simple shot at goal which was partially stopped, but could so easily have been completely cleared. The ball literally trickled into the net, much to the chagrin of the many spectators from the unit who attended.

As with last year's competition, the team went so near, only to be defeated on the last lap. The success they did achieve was by virtue of hard work and many hours' training on the field and on the square, coached and encouraged by Capt. Tony Watson.

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Scenes at a recent dance held at the camp
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The ladies make an attractive foreground to the recent decorations in the Social Club

THE MEN OF IRON

*The troop's divided into six patrols,
And leading each are six king-size trolls.
There's Sniffy Stewart with constant catarrh,
His sniff can be heard from miles afar;
His opposite number is dear old Don,
Who takes an hour to put his clothing on.
Winnet and Ginger are two of a kind,
They share what they can scrounge or find.
Pecker comes next with his loathing of cats,
The troop have decided that he's quite scats.
Rowdy Wile lives up to his name,
Why, he even makes Sergeant curl up in shame.
Down the patrol is a lad called Vant,
At the end of a run just see him pant,
And Haggis is so good at PT,
Of his five chin heaves, he can do just three;
We thought that a Scotsman could do it quite well,*

But efforts spent elsewhere are beginning to tell.

*Johnny Keohane has a fearsome look,
What's that rumble? Why, he's turned it
on Cook,*

*But Cookie's OK, he's brainy of course,
And talks all the time the hind leg off a horse.
Screwy Driver bought a motor bike,
It moved so slowly he decided to hike.
Though Janner from Plymouth never uses
a comb,*

*He assures us most strongly he has one at home.
Well there is the bunch, not a bad lot,
Provided you'll take the occasional clot;
I ought to have signed this classical verse,
But decided against, for I fear the worst,
So I therefore sign off before it's too late,
And trust that my secret is safe as the State.
Anon.*

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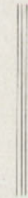


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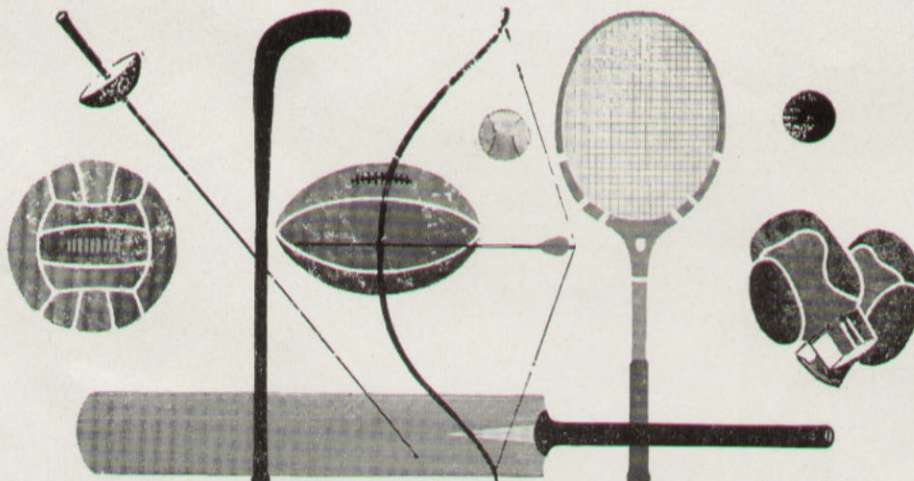
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THE HEART OF SCOTLAND

by J/Sig. TOM BURGESS (Iron Troop)

Aberfeldy, with a population of about 2,000, is a picturesque village on the junction of the Uralr Burn and the renowned River Tay, in the centre of Perthshire. The Highland area in which the town is situated is called Breadalbane, after the ancient estate of the same name, the name being a corruption of the Gaelic Braghaid Albainn, which can be literally translated as the Heights of Alba, Alba being the name for Scotland. It is not difficult to see from where the name comes in such an upland area.

The sports fields of the local school, Breadalbane Academy (which is the former school of a famous Scottish explorer and has strong connections with the Poet Laureate) are said to be in the very centre of Scotland, so giving Aberfeldy the name "The Heart of Scotland."

Apart from being a well-known beauty spot, Aberfeldy has many historical associations. The Birks o' Aberfeldy, leading to the Falls of Moness, was where Burns wrote his immortal poem bringing fame to the Birks, on one of his not infrequent trips to the Highlands. At the north-west approach to the town stands the famous bridge built by General Wade, alongside which is the well-known cairn. This cairn was built in 1887 to commemorate the enrolling of the Frecadan Rubh, or the Black Watch (originally the 43rd, and now the 42nd Royal Highland Regiment) formed in 1739 from 1,000 Highlanders loyal to the House of Hanover.

Just outside the town on the Rannoch road stands the village of Weem. Here there is an inn where General Wade stayed during his construction activities in the area during Jacobean times. Just outside the village stands the ruins of Castle Menzies, belonging to the clan of that name, who were a force to be reckoned with in ancient times. About ten miles further along this road lies Fortingall, a small but beautiful hamlet. It has several claims to fame, including an ancient yew tree believed to be 3,000 years old and which, according to records, was reputed to have had a circumference of some 50 feet in 1772. Legend has it, too, that this was the furthest point that the Romans penetrated north before being pushed back by the Scottish hordes, and further to this, that the famous Pontius Pilate was born here.

Glenlyon, lying above Fortingall, was once the longest glen in Scotland, it being some 30 miles from top to toe. However, progress has caught up with this very beautiful part of the world, and several miles at the top of the glen have been cut off for utilisation in the new hydro-electric scheme for the Highlands. The new scheme will cover up many of the sites of famous clan battles as well as a good part of the path which was originally used by cattle drovers over Rannoch Moor and Kinloch Rannoch.

Both Kinloch Rannoch and Tummel have been made immortal by the late Sir Harry Lauder's song, "The Road to the Isles." Also to be seen at Tummel is what must surely be one of the best laid-out hydro-electric projects ever, for the beauty of the landscape has been hardly touched at all in the planning.



Ben More from Loch Tay

(by J/Sig Burgess)

Another spot visited by Burns and eulogised in verse is the salmon-filled Loch Tay. It is said that the poet sat in the inn at Kenmore and there composed some of his finest work. At the head of the loch is the village of Killin, besides which is the ski resort of Ben Lawers, where many rare Alpine plants may be found.

No account of this area can ever be complete without some description of the landscape itself. The magnificence of the peaks, of the hills, must live for ever in the

minds of those who have visited them. Ben Lawers is almost 4,000 feet high, Meall Buide is 3,050 feet, Shiehailion is 3,547 feet and Carn Maig is 3,419 feet. Most of these hills require an adventurous spirit before they can be tackled. I have spent many days climbing and exploring in this area and loved the summer evenings when the red sun slipped behind the mountain peaks, and small wisps of cloud float across the lazy purple sky, still clear at night because in this, my land, night never seems to come in summer.



A snow scene of the area



A shot of the Pass of Glenbyon
(by J/Sig Burgess)

THE WESTBROOK FAMILY

(By kind permission of the County Press)

Mrs. A. Westbrook, of Greville Green, Emsworth, was prompted to write to the County Press to tell them about what she feels is a good army and, in particular, Royal Signals' record.

Her son and daughter have been following in their father's footsteps as far as an army career is concerned.

Mr. Westbrook served with the Royal Signals for 26 years. His 18-year-old daughter is a fully trained operator at Aldershot and his son, who is 16, is in boy service with the Junior Leaders' Regiment at Newton Abbot. He is learning to operate the teleprinter.

Mr. Westbrook is also a teleprinter and Morse operator. He is now a clerical officer—still working for the Ministry of Defence.

SHAKESPEARE'S ADVICE TO SOLDIERS

*Once more into the breach, dear friends,
once more;
Or close up the wall with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of a tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favoured rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth the galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noble English
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from moon till even fought,
And sheathed their swords through lack of
argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you called fathers did
beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war! And you,
good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us
here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which
I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry "God for Harry, England and
St. George!"*

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2. The views expressed herein are not necessarily official Ministry of Defence or Army policy.
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One champion only, but a good one

In the Army Individual Boxing Championships held at Dover earlier this month, the Regimental boxers did not, unfortunately, have a great deal of success. The only outright winner was J/Sig. Unwin (Jerboa), from Nottingham, who became the Class B (10st 7lb) champion for the second year running. In Unwin's three fights he beat Riley, from the IJLB, with a second round knockout; Cobb, of the RA Junior Leaders, on points (sweet revenge for a defeat suffered earlier this season); and in the final Dyer, of the All Arms Junior Leaders, on points. This final was extremely hard fought, with both boxers giving everything and Unwin just coming out on top.

Our other 1964 champion, J/L/Cpl. Carr, of White Swan Troop, seemed to lack his usual zip in all his fights. Although sheer skill and experience brought him through his first two fights in one piece, the points decision in the final against Dowd, of Rhyl, went against him.

J/Sig. Smith, of White Swan, was our other boxer to reach the final, but his appearance was very short-lived. A hefty blow from Galway, of Troon, in the first round put him well and truly on the canvas.

Perhaps the biggest disappointment from the Regiment's point of view was the very quick defeat of J/Sig. Foster, of Lion Troop. Having won most of his fights this year with huge and solid punches, he himself was met by a barrage of blows and he found himself on the floor, unable to recover soon enough to carry on. Unfortunately, he had no time to settle down and prove that he too has a very good punch.

J/Sig. Connachan, of Lion Troop, Evans of Javelin, and Parkin of Kukri all found their opponents too strong.

Full Results

- Carr beat Williams (ACC); beat Bellows (RE); lost to Dowd (Rhyl).
- Connachan lost to Waters (IJLB).
- Evans lost to Buckley (RA).
- Smith beat Smith (IJLB); lost to Galway (Troon).
- Parkin lost to Millington (IJLB).
- Unwin beat Riley (IJLB); beat Cobb (RA); beat Dyer (All Arms JL).
- Foster lost to Smith (IJLB).



McMaster pulls up short, robbed of the ball in the recent match against King Edward VI School, Totnes
(by A. Cooksley)

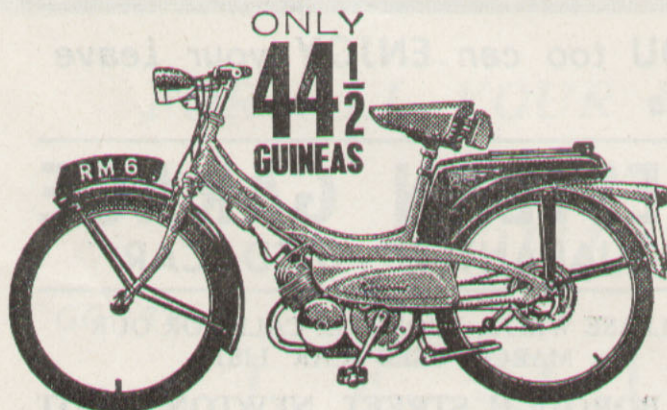
SOCCER

The Regimental Soccer side continues to play well and reap its harvest of successes in matches against local teams. Recent wins include an overwhelming one in a game against one of the elevens from Exeter University. This was at Exeter itself, whereas an equally outstanding victory was gained at home against the King Edward VI School, Totnes. Here the game was evenly matched in the first 30 minutes or so, but then the home side began to show its superiority in both speed and skill. The thorough training in tactics told in the end, as did the experience in playing in a man's league every Saturday, and the Regimental side emerged 6-2 winners.

A fair bit of new blood is being merged into the side for next year in the hope that the progress in next year's Army Cup may be more fruitful. Among those now playing

is Foster of Beaufighter Troop, and he seems to have blended in well. He compensates for lack of inches at the moment with good ball control, but the extra poundage he will no doubt put on next year will make all the difference in his play. Another player with great potential is Dennis, of Quadrant Troop, who again shows a remarkable degree of skill and dexterity with the ball at his feet. Again, his handicap is size and the remarks which apply to Foster apply equally to this lad.

Should the potential shown by these and other newcomers flower into life next season, then there is every hope that the Regimental side of next year will be just as successful as this year's. And if not, well it won't be for the lack of effort on the part of both management and team.



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