

JUNIOR

# MERCURY

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Sgt. Inst. RICHARD DART, APTC, the Southern Command Gymnastic Champion, is shown here swinging to long arm (handstand on the bars) prior to coming down to a front somersault out of the bars. This is the final part of his bars routine.

**NEWS AND VIEWS FROM BEAUFIGHTER**



## "EXERCISE FIVE FINGERS"



J/Sigs Smallwood (Jerboa), Hitchens (Javelin) and Wheeler (White Swan) caught napping on the exercise

### Thursday, 4th November

We left camp at 0830hrs for our four-day exercise at Penhale Camp in Cornwall. At 1230hrs we arrived at what was to be our home for the next few days, and pitched tents in the sand dunes. After we had had lunch, and since time was running short for any sort of exercise, we were told by Sgt. Wright that we could explore the area and then get an early night. We had a good look around and then decided to make the most of the time we had, to sleep. And what a cold night it was. Still, the rain kept off, and that's something at this time of year.

### Friday, 5th November

We arose at 0630hrs at the crack of dawn and had a good meal. Ahead of us was a day of tactics, and after a short parade at 0800hrs we were left to our instructors, in our case Sgt. Wright, for tactical training. One of the most interesting things we learnt here was the setting up of a trip flare, and quite amusing it was too. We had a reasonable lunch and then in the afternoon we were taken by several instructors on a dummy run of the night exercise which was in store for us. At 1700hrs the exercise started in earnest. We used trip flares, thunderflashes and smoke grenades, learnt a lot and at the same time had a jolly good night exercise.

### Saturday, 6th November

The morning was spent on a period of bridge building with J./L./Cpl. Whitehead and J./L./Cpl. Fairbrother in charge of the parties. This proved to be great fun and it was generally agreed that Whitehead's party had won the competition for first to finish, although I personally am a bit doubtful as to the ability of their bridge to carry much more than a very diminutive Junior Leader. After lunch we had a spell on the rocks at Roche (photographs on another page of "Junior Mercury"), and learnt a lot under the tutelage of Mr. Cooksley—but gosh! It was cold. It was interesting to see one or two people really discovering themselves on the rock face. Evening saw us doing our spell of guard duty, but an hour on for each pair was no hardship.

### Sunday, 7th November

We arose again at 0630 and after a light meal we set out on a route march for the morning. This did not prove to be too strenuous, just a little monotonous as all route marches are. Anyway, after packing up at 1600hrs, we set out and arrived back in camp at 1900hrs, ready for the supper which was awaiting us.

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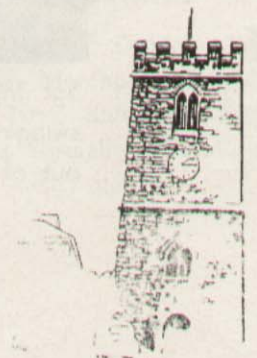
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# TITLES RETAINED AND A NEW TITLE GAINED

## GYMNASTS ACHIEVE MORE SUCCESSES

In late October the Gymnastic Club travelled to the Southern Command School of PT, at Bulford, to defend the gymnastic and trampoline titles, and to enter, for the first time, the Command Senior Gymnastic Championship.

First to perform was our team of four who were required to complete a voluntary and compulsory routine in the four main pieces of apparatus, the horizontal bar, parallel bars, vaulting and the mats. The championship, as opposed to the senior, is a team one, with marks for each apparatus counting, with of course, an individual title for the best performer.

The compulsory routines are set by the Army Gymnastic Union prior to the championship whilst each performer has the opportunity to show his best in his own routine. To any aspiring gymnast the compulsory floor exercises are shown below.

"With a short run Arab spring, flick-flack to one leg, turn and handspring to attention. With a run front somersault, dive forward roll, headspring to attention."

The team, ensured of the Command title due to the number of entries, set out to decide the individual title, which was won by J/Cpl Riddell with a very polished performance, winning each apparatus with the exception of the vault which went to the runner-up, J/L/Cpl Kendall. J/L/Cpl Dyer and J/Sig

Cumberpatch also turned in good performances with only 1.5 marks separating the individual winner and the team reserve J/Sig Honey. Since this win, the team, under the watchful eye of SI Dart, has put in more practice, and hopes for even better performances in the Army Championships this month, run high.

After training the team, it was the turn of SI Dart, APTC, to show his paces in the Senior Championship. At the completion of the vaulting it was evident that he was far superior to his rivals, and with much vocal backing from all from Denbury he went on to win the title by a clear 15 points. In all, a day of personal triumph for SI Dart; to see the team he coaches win, and then to win himself. It was very pleasing for him to be asked to demonstrate gymnastics with notable members of Army and Olympic teams at the completion of the championships

Much of the Club's success this year and last must go to SI Dart; he and the team practice every night of the week, perfecting and improving performances. It is this, together with determination, which makes a gymnast, one of the world's toughest sports and an excellent example of teaching by demonstration. After his success with the APTC display team at the Royal Tournament, and his recent performances, I feel he has an excellent chance of gaining a place in the Army team.

The following day heralded the Trampoline Championships in which there was fierce competition from other units. We were represented by two teams: "A"—J/Cpl Riddell and J/Sig Forster; "B"—J/Sig Billam and J/Sig Gibson. At the completion of the compulsory routine the "A" team shared first place, with J/Sig Gibson turning in an 8.8 to lead in the individual. After the voluntary routines, however, we conceded first place to the Junior Para Coy, the "A" team being beaten into second place by .3 of a mark. A good all round performance by both teams, with special mention due to J/Sig. Forster, who gained third place in the individual title with some excellent tumbling, and to J/Sig Gibson who gained fourth place.

We now look forward to the Army Championships at Aldershot on the 24th November, with the Senior and Junior gymnastic titles at stake.

Full results were:

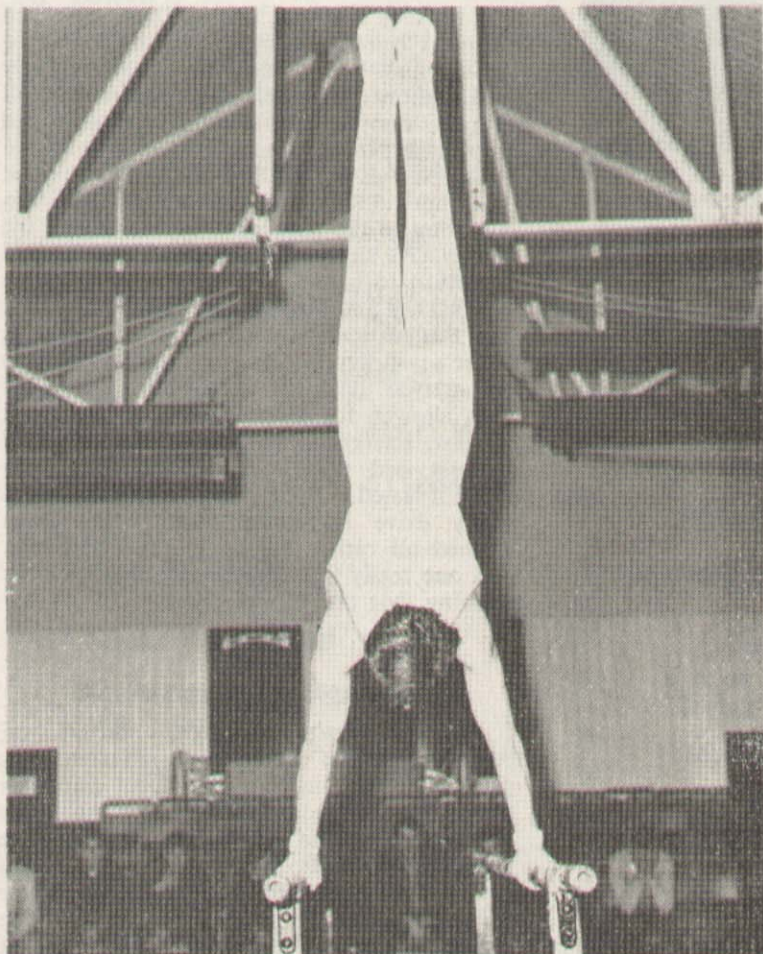
**Senior Gymnastics:** 1st, SI Dart, APTC.

**Junior Gymnastics Cup:** 1st, Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals.

**Individual Junior Gymnastics:** 1st, J/Cpl Riddell; 2nd, J/L/Cpl Kendall.

**Junior Trampoline:** 1st, Junior Para Coy; 2nd, Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals "A".

Lt C. C. PEARCE, RAEC



Srgt. Instructor Dart in perfect position on the parallel bars

NAME	SENIOR										JUNIOR										TOTAL POINTS	ORDER OF MERIT
	HORIZONTAL BAR					PARALLEL BARS					VAULTING					FLOOR EX.						
	1ST	2ND	3RD	4TH	5TH	1ST	2ND	3RD	4TH	5TH	1ST	2ND	3RD	4TH	5TH	1ST	2ND	3RD	4TH	5TH		
GREEN	4.5	0	7.5	2	3.5	3.5	3	3.5	2	3.5	7.0	2	7.5	6	7.5	3.5	3	3.5	3	3.5	81	1
THOMPSON	4.2	4	5.0	3	2.5	2.5	3	3.5	4	3.5	7.4	7	7.5	5	7.5	3.5	3	3.5	3	3.5	75	3
ASHNALL	4.0	4	5.0	4	3.5	3.5	4	4.0	5	3.5	7.3	4	7.5	4	7.5	3.5	3	3.5	3	3.5	74	4
MILLAR	5.0	2	5.5	5	3.5	3.5	5	5.5	6	3.5	8.2	5	8.5	7	8.5	3.5	3	3.5	3	3.5	87	5
SHARKEY	4.0	4	5.0	5	3.5	3.5	7	8.5	6	3.5	7.0	3	7.5	6	7.5	3.5	3	3.5	3	3.5	80	6
DART	8.5	8	9.0	1	1.2	1	8.5	2	2.5	1	11	6	11.5	19	11.5	3	3	3	3	3	67	1
SCULLION																					53	7
WALSH																						

Green, Dart and Thompson pose in front of the scoreboard. Close examination of the board will indicate the overwhelming lead which SI Dart held over the second man



## EXERCISE TWO MOORS

By J/Sig. TOM BURGESS

The output, having entered the last three months of their stay at Denbury, are soon to sit their trade test and are now engaged in a series of practical exercises to gain experience before they do so. At the same time as our second exercise was due to take place, the TA were holding an exercise, and as they were in need of communications, we joined forces and decided to work together. Assisting us were Iron Troop's affiliated unit, 3 Division. Since the location of the exercise was Bodmin Moor as well as Dartmoor, the name given to it was, naturally enough, Exercise Two Moors.

After spending the previous few days in fitting out vehicles and drawing stores we

started out on a dismal Friday late in October. I was allocated to the exercise comcen and was transported to the Okehampton battle camp at the end of Dartmoor. I was blessed (or otherwise) with Sgt Byrd as my crew commander, and the overall supervision was done by Yeoman of Signals Scrafton and Capt. Watson. Arriving at the camp we set up the comcen in hut 96 and erected a few tents for sleeping quarters. The linemen then got busy laying cables whilst the radio operators set up aerials, calibrated the sets and attempted to set up communication. The comcen operators set up their desks and teleprinters and by the end of the morning everything was set up and ready for the word to go.



A pause in training for the fifth term

From left to right—J/Sigs Ritchie, Gardner, Eastly, Whincup, Spence, Foreman, Marston and Counsell

By this time dinner had been prepared by Sgt Byrd. He was to continue doing the cooking for the three days that we were out and I for one can honestly say that his cooking would do the Savoy justice, and if this is field cooking, I'll spend all my time in the service in the field.

After dinner the whole detail had an easy time for the TA exercise was not due to start until the Saturday. Indeed, the most arduous part of Friday came at night. The cold winds which blow off Dartmoor in October are not exactly beneficial to tents, and as J/SSM "Beagle" Rumsey will tell you, it is not very easy to sleep on a couple of chairs against the side of a tent when you get blown off every five minutes. But Saturday came and we were ready. By 0730hrs we were standing outside our tents with our bed rolls folded back, washed, shaved and spruced up ready for inspection. After a few tests during the morning the net finally opened up at 1300hrs and the exercise was finally under way. I personally was not due on duty until 2100hrs so until then I took it easy.

My shift arrived eventually and when I relieved J/L/Cpl Grimshaw, I had the prospect of five hours keeping watch on the C42, the C11 guard net, and two field telephones. At first the net was quiet but as time passed, more traffic was transmitted. I feel sure that the most popular message of the night was at the stroke of midnight when I was told to transmit the football results. Imagine my joy when I discovered that the operator at c/s 18 was a fellow Rangers supporter, and he was as pleased as I was that our team had had a very convincing win. Greater still was my surprise when I learned later that that particular supporter was my own troop sergeant, Sgt Mathieson, and I hadn't even recognised him.

I finished my watch at 0200hrs, and then went to bed to sleep soundly until reveille at 0630hrs. The morning passed quietly and without too much effort, there being a certain number of chores, pleasant and unpleasant, to perform.

Lunch was at 1200hrs and, as I was not shift until 1300hrs, I assisted with the dismantling of the tents and the loading of the lorries. As luck would have it, I was detailed to return to camp with the Regiment's new Mark IX Land Rover, and I must say here that this particular vehicle really is something. After a journey lasting some ninety minutes we arrived back in camp and I had my first shower for three days. What bliss! At last, Exercise Two Moors was over and I must add that it had been grand fun while it lasted. These end of course exercises really drive home the points that have seemed all rather boring in the classroom, and one really feels the benefit at last of the training that one has received.

### BREAKING AND ENTERING

As his tank squadron started on manoeuvres, the major gave strict instructions that slipping into the local pub was absolutely forbidden. Soon after the tanks got under way the major received an urgent signal on the radio from one of the drivers asking for aid. Asked his position, the driver haltingly gave the name of a pub. The major hit the ceiling but the driver was at last able to get a word in edgeways.

"I don't think you understand, Sir," he said meekly, "My tank is in here with me."



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# THE STORY OF BEAUFIGHTER or THE ARNOLD SAGA

Beaufighter troop was formed in Easter term 1963 under the command of Lt. Graham and Sgt. Arnold. To be honest, the troop was formed from lads who were outcasts from other troops, however much people denied it, but Lt. Graham and Sgt. Arnold soon got to work welding the various personalities into a single unit, without destroying the spirit and initiative of the individual. And what a fine job they did, for it did not take many terms before the champion troop trophy was ours, and what is more, we retained it.

The thing that our troop leaders were particular about was fitness, and the term started off with a real bang on the first day; a cross-country run of three miles, and that was the pattern for almost every week day of the term. No wonder we found the Regimental Cross-Country Competition so easy to win. But this was not the only motive behind the runs for they made us fit generally and we were well prepared for all the competitions which take place at the end of term. We had more than our measure of success in these events and for the last three terms we have been champion troop and we shall endeavour to retain the position well into the future.

Although we have lost both Capt. Graham (he was promoted while with the troop) and Sgt. Arnold during this last term, we have inherited Lt. Hampson and Sgt. Wilcox, the latter coming to us from the now defunct Romulus Troop. We welcome newcomers from Romulus and we are sure that they will soon settle into the routine so well established by Sgt. Arnold.

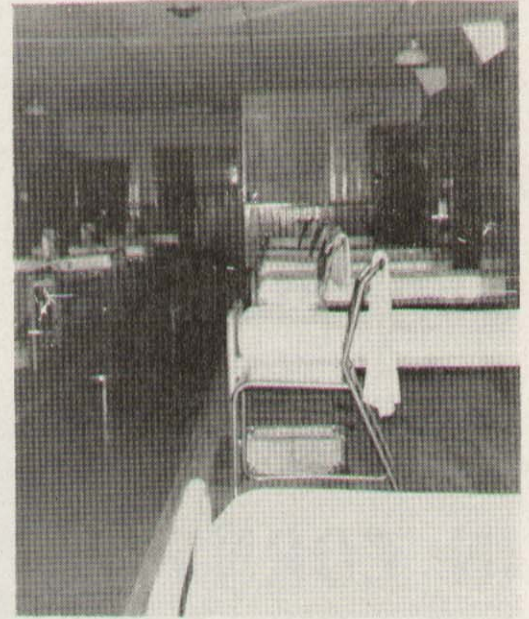
### Sgt. ARNOLD

He was a much abused character for his strict discipline and his continual driving of the members of Beaufighter. Still, his methods proved successful as results will show, and in the end most members of the troop would agree that they are much better soldiers for the experience.

At times Sgt. Arnold would lose his temper and almost go crazy, or so it would appear to us who were on the wrong end of his tongue. But he was not above a joke, even against himself, and after competitions there was no one with a greater sense of humour. During the actual competitions Sgt. Arnold would always be at our sides spurring us on, sweating away and losing pounds in weight working out the points tally that we were accumulating in the final competition.

When the time of departure came it was decided that a suitable farewell present would be a bottle of Brandy, and this was duly purchased. Well he's gone now, but the effect on Beaufighter will last for a long time.

J/Cpl T. DYER  
J/L/Cpl MORRISON  
J/Sig P. HADDOCK



The pride of Beaufighter

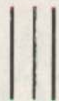


The Regimental Band assembles for parade

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# BEAUFIGHTER CLIMBING IN CORNWALL



A tricky problem for Mitchell of Beaufighter



J/Cpl Ray and J/Sig Whincup, both of Beaufighter, look down as the Cornish landscape sweeps away in the distance

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J/Sig Waddington descends the rock in good style  
(by A. Cooksley)



J/Sig Weir (Kukri) looks on as J/Sig Mitchell (Beaufighter), climbs the difficult face at Roche Rock  
(by A. Cooksley)

**THE SPORTSMEN OF BEAUFIGHTER**

Beaufighter Troop has always been a troop with a grand sporting reputation. In every sport played within the Regiment, we can honestly say that our troop has had more than its fair measure of success. Since the troop was formed, we have reached the final of the cricket competition twice, the first time losing narrowly to a much fancied Javelin and the second time winning even more narrowly, to White Swan by one run. During this latter competition the troop had some fantastic wins, thanks mainly to the stupendous batting of J./Sig. Wilson.

At the beginning of this rugby season we reached the final of the seven-a-side competition but were beaten by a much more

experienced team from the Officers' Mess. In the inter-troop competition being run at the moment, we were beaten by the well fancied favourites, White Swan, but we feel this is no disgrace for the victors always take this sport very seriously indeed and work like Trojans to preserve their reputation.

As for Regimental players in all sports, Beaufighter have had more than their share of representatives. The soccer team always contains either six or seven of the lads, including the captain, J/SSM Smith, who was our troop sergeant until his promotion a short while ago. Amongst the boxers we have J/Cpl Ford, a good strong heavyweight who is building a big reputation, J/L/Cpl

Haynes who is a very fast and clever boxer, as well as J/Sigs Short, Foster and Moon.

The cross-country team has J/Sigs Tate, Martin and Wilson from Beaufighter, whilst Wilson again represents us, together with Palmer, in the basketball team.

I wonder what happened to the other troops in the Regimental Cross-Country Competition during the last three terms? Beaufighter have run away with this particular event very easily which shows the high standard of fitness right the way through the troop. This is going to be maintained, and I should like to make an appeal to the other troops for a bit of competition in future runs.

J/Sig J. SMITH.

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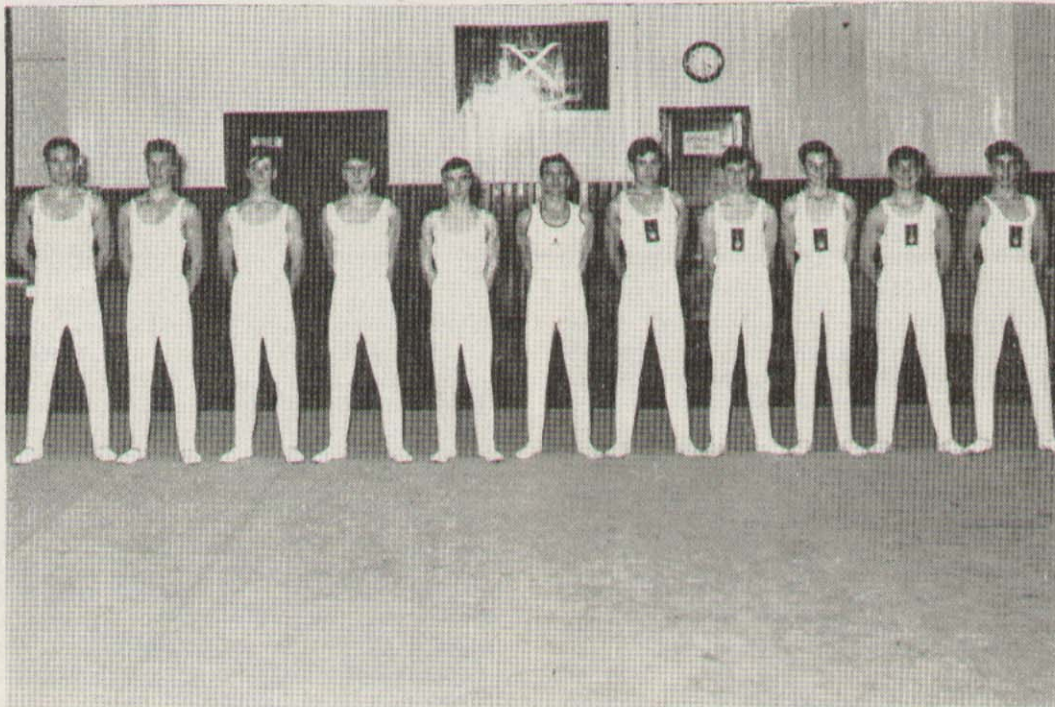
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This time we see Sgt. Inst. Dart vaulting with a good flight position for a "long fly." Unfortunately his hands are out of "zone" to gain full marks—a mistake he did not make in the Championship



The competitors pose

### QUICK OFF THE MARK

As First Lord of the Admiralty early in the Second World War, Winston Churchill was inspecting a warship which had had an abnormal number of changes in its complement. The young officer in charge of one division was taken aback when Churchill said, "I suppose you know the names of all the men in your division?"

But he quickly recovered and replied, "Oh yes Sir!"

"Then what is the name of that man over there?" asked the First Lord.

"Arthur Smith, Sir," was the officer's quick reply.

Churchill looked at the man and asked him what his name was.

"Arthur Smith, Sir," came at once from the lips of an astonished William Clarke.

J./Cpl. D. FORD

### DEVIL'S ISLAND FOR JUNIOR LEADERS?

"Junior Mercury" believes it has uncovered a plan to set up a Penal Establishment for Junior Leaders on Labuan Island. Where and what is Labuan? A few miles off the coast of Borneo, and consisting mainly of dust or mud, this small isle—it is about 30 square miles—is practically escape proof. The only contact with the mainland is by a small boat which, at infrequent intervals, braves the shark and sea-snake infested waters to bring much needed supplies to the Island. There is a small airstrip but this is securely guarded by fierce Kumove Tribesmen.

How did "Junior Mercury" uncover this vile plot? Whilst little import was placed on the move of S/Sgt Morris to the island, suspicions were roused when S/Sgt Young-johns also began preparations to move there. There was the "Q" set up arranged. Now it is learned that the Paymaster is to move there, and his Staff/Sergeant to nearby Brunei. Do we need more proof?

Naturally "Junior Mercury" will watch matters closely on behalf of its readers. Already the key figure for such an establishment, "Jungle Drums Yates," is under constant surveillance. Any hint of a move by him will naturally result in a Special Stop Press Edition.

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# LEE-ON-SOLENT

By J/Sig. M. BEARD (Beaufighter)

To most readers of "Junior Mercury", Lee-on-Solent will be merely another town in England, but for me it is home, and it is a town with much of interest contained in it.

Lee is a small place but it has done its fair share in the defence of the country at its time of greatest need. During the last war the famous "Stringbags" were stationed at Lee and they left for many a mission from the airfield on the outskirts of the town. Some of the Swordfishes which helped to sink the *Bismark* left from Lee and the town had a number of return raids to contend with. The enemy were actually after the ships anchored in the Solent, but too often they missed and their deadly cargoes landed in the middle of the town.

The most prominent building in the town is the Tower. Up until a few years ago it used to be a cinema but it closed down through lack of support, as a lot of similar places all over the country did. It was then opened up as a bowling alley with a single bar, but before long it had added a Chinese Restaurant, a Cocktail Bar and a new Spanish Bar. There is also a small Coffee Bar which is the meeting place of the "Mod/Rocker" element in the town.

During what little summer we have in this country, Lee-on-Solent fairly buzzes with activity, and all the shopkeepers and cafe owners do a roaring trade. People find the atmosphere of the place suits them and often come back year after year. It is difficult to get on the beach, but in the winter it is a different story. For months on end the only people who venture on the beach are the hardy walkers who brave the bitter winds as the waves lash the shore, and it is cold, very cold.

Lee-on-Solent is a place where people go to retire, but a younger element is provided by the service families of those men who are stationed at HMS Aerial, formerly

known as HMS Daedalus. There have been many changes in the last ten years, a lot brought about by the services. There are new blocks of flats, new shops and a tremendous new office block. In some ways Lee has lost a lot of character with all the new projects, but this I fear, is the price of progress.



J/Sig Haynes, of Iron Troop, in deep thought as he prepares his lunch (by A. Cooksley)

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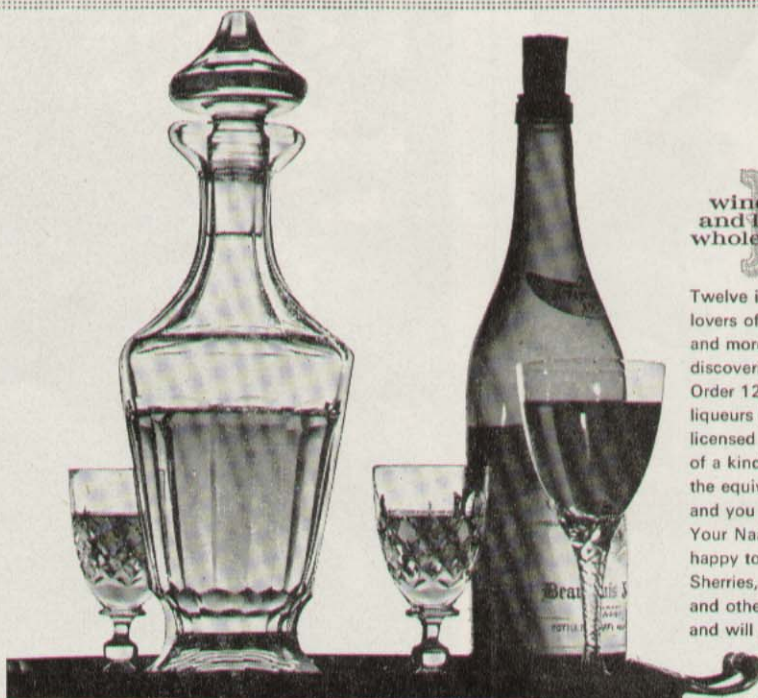
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# BOXING NOTES by "Ringside"

## CUT EYE ROBS TEAM OF VICTORY

Hopes ran high when the boxing team left Denbury on the 9th November to fight the Junior Tradesmen's Regiment, ACC, in the semi-final of the Inter-Unit Team Championship.

A convincing win the previous week against the Junior Leaders' Regiment RCT team from Taunton, by eleven bouts to four had given a good start to the season and had shown that with a little luck we could well get into the final of the army competition. In this particular contest we had a poor start when Patterson lost a narrow points decision to Walley, and then Sammons fell in the first round to a fast and furious opponent. However, of the next thirteen bouts we lost only two and this achieved a most satisfying victory against an RCT team that had lost at Oswestry a fortnight previously.

Highlights of the contest included an excellent light middleweight bout between J/Sig Simpson and J/Dvr Jones which Simpson won on points after Jones had absorbed no end of punishment and had held on gamely right to the end. There was a good display of "guts" by J/Dvr Docherty, but he was eventually stopped in the last round by J/Cpl Ford. The last bout of the evening also proved to be the best. J/Sig Whitelaw and J/Pte Wilson gave an exhibition of straight, hard punching and its effects. Both boxers shrugged off a good deal of heavy punishment, and it was Whitelaw who eventually emerged as the winner in this most hard fought fight.

Fortified by this good win, the team went to Aldershot to meet the Army Catering

Corps, full of confidence. Unfortunately this confidence was not enough to ensure victory for luck was completely against us and we went down by a slender margin of 20 points to 18.

Teams, no matter how good they may be, sometimes come unstuck, and it may well have been another story had the Regiment not suffered from three bits of bad luck—or judgment? One—one of the boxers failed to make the weight when it is normally an easy matter for him to do so; two—two of the boxers were declared medically unfit only minutes before the match was due to start; three—J/L/Cpl Unwin was forced to stop boxing in the third round of his fight when a badly cut eye, suffered in a clash of heads, made it impossible to go on with a fight he was winning with no difficulty at all.

Despite the initial setback of having to concede two bouts out of fourteen to be fought, the team was not too despondent and prospects still looked good. In the early bouts Connachan and Patterson both won on points in evenly fought matches, and Finn was surprisingly beaten on points when he appeared to be winning comfortably. At half-time the ACC were winning by 11-8, and with a walkover to come, effectively the score was 12-8, with six bouts to be fought. The Regiment, providing it won the 10st. 7lb. (Class B) contest, had to win five of the remaining bouts to run out winners. But the chances still look good as some of our stronger boxers were still to come.

Short soon finished his man and then in bout number ten, when Unwin was well on top and piling up the points, in the third round there was a crack of heads and when Unwin emerged, blood was streaming from a gash over the right eye. The referee stopped the fight to examine the wound. The blood continued to run down the side of his face and Unwin had to retire. This was a severe blow to our chances, and we now had to win all the remaining fights.

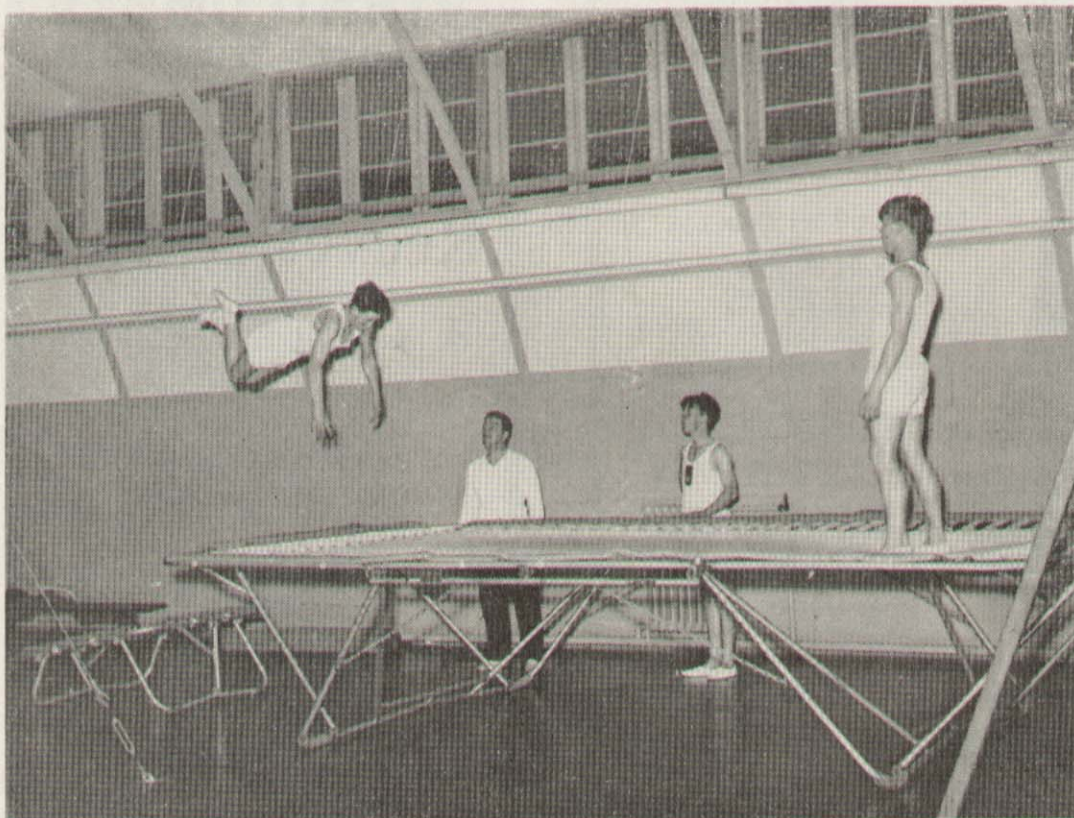
Roe stopped his man with a crippling blow to the heart after about 30 seconds. Nightingale gave a polished display of straight left-hand punching and easily beat his man on points. The excitement mounted and the score was now 17-15 to the ACC with two bouts to come.

Simpson versus Keir—after two rounds the scores must have been equal since neither boxer would yield an inch. The even struggle continued and half way through the final round Simpson took what must have been a low blow to the groin and slumped into a corner—the referee had to intervene to stop the fight, Simpson was sent back to his corner defeated and our last chance had gone.

It was a mere formality for Cain to go into the ring for the last bout, but he gave us a ruthless display and with cool deliberation he landed his now characteristic right, flush on target and knocked his opponent out in round one. Anyway, it was a 20-18 defeat for the Regiment—unlucky perhaps but in this game you just can't be sure.

The future still looks bright. A return match with RCT and then the individual championships next term. Our aim? Certainly five champions at least.

Finally, congratulations to J/Cpl Carr and J/L/Cpl Unwin who have both been invited to represent the Army Junior team versus the RMA, Sandhurst.



Lt Carl Pearce and J/Sig Hawkins (Kukri) keep careful watch as J/Sig Thornley leaps from the new Nuffield trampette on to the trampoline. (by J/Sig Hitchens)

## STOP PRESS



J/Cpl Ray (Beaufighter) smiles as he descends the rock in expert abseiling position. (by A Cooksley)



**TWO-MINUTE TALE**

**If only Harry had waited . . .**

Harry had come to London from the States three weeks ago. He had thought it was all left behind him, but things were beginning to happen again.

His room had been ransacked two days ago. The doors had been locked, the windows too, but someone had got in there—or was it something? There were no fingerprints, no marks at all which a human could have made—nothing. And then it had been his car. This he had missed, reported it to the police and they had found it a matter of hours later. But the strange thing was that there was no sign that anyone had been driving it apart from Harry himself—no fingerprints again, no marks. But the real mystery emerged when Harry discovered that there had apparently been no petrol used—it had been almost empty and a similar amount was still remaining in the vehicle.

The same thing had been happening in the States before Harry left. He had left the girl he was going to marry, left his parents, moved all around the States trying to get away from something that just wasn't there.

It had all happened when Harry came across the doll—the Ju Ju doll his friends had said. He really didn't know what Ju Ju meant, so he began to read about it and delve into the history of this particular doll. He learned that the owner of it would have many strange and sometimes terrible things happening to him. The only way to get rid of the hoodoo was to burn the doll—but it had been too much of a joke. And besides, he liked the thing—it had an amusing, no, not amusing, interesting face. Then things started to happen. But he still couldn't believe that a doll could have any effect on human life the way the legend said. In frustration he'd broken it one day and thrown it into the waste paper basket in his apartment in New York, and it was that day that he decided to leave for London.

But in London there was no peace either, and Harry was driven more and more into the depths of despair, whilst the broken doll lay in a waste paper basket in America. And then it happened. Harry could stand it no longer and in a fit of complete depression he took the ultimate step. He was discovered by his landlady gassed in his flat in Kensington.

That day in the States a certain building was reported in the press as having been completely gutted in a fire. In that building there was a certain doll—if only Harry had waited. . . .

J/Sig D. WILCE

**POINTS OF INTEREST**

A lion cub was found at an RAF airfield in Kenya and the ground staff decided to look after it. The animal grew up and became so tame that it was allowed to roam about quite freely.

However, it started to wander onto the runway so the CO decided that it should be tied up in the orderly room. A little while later he saw it on the runway and he chased it away. Imagine his surprise when he entered the Orderly Room to deliver a large-sized rocket to the corporal in charge of the lion and found that the beast was sleeping peacefully and had been in the room the whole morning. It's just as well the lion on the runway had not been hungry.



A South African who was planning a holiday in Durban wrote to the manager of a hotel asking if he could bring his well-behaved dog to the establishment with him. The reply he received read as follows:

"I have been in hotel management for thirty years and in all that time I have never found it necessary to remove a dog for misbehaviour. Your pet will be very welcome, and if you are as well behaved, you may come with him."

J./Sig. M. C. MARTIN

**VERY SHORT(S) STORY**

*There was little spit and polish about the Aussies during the First World War and the Aussie shorts were definitely not cut for the eyes of the English. This may have been why an order was issued in Palestine that Light Horsemen were not to wear shorts while mounted. A British major who passed this order on to Light Horsemen camped near the Suez Canal was horrified to see one lanky bushman, clad only in shorts and hat cantering to the canal bank for a swim.*

*"That man there!" bellowed the major, pointing a quivering riding crop, "Halt! Dismount at once! Don't you know that it's against orders to ride in shorts? What d'you mean, dammit?"*

*Unperturbed, the Digger slid off his mount, and with the reins over his arm, unbuttoned the shorts, took them off and handed them to the flabbergasted major. Then the Digger remounted and, stark naked, rode off for his swim, having obeyed orders.*

J./Sig. T. CALVER

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# REGIMENTAL RUGBY

## PERMANENT STAFF XV

The Staff XV has had a season of mixed fortunes so far this year. Of the eight games played to date, three have been won and the remainder have been lost. The "points for" tally is however, still above the "points against", this mainly being accounted for by a magnificent 55-0 win against an RCT Regiment, from Fremington, in the first round of the District Cup. The opposition was very weak indeed, but the home team played like men inspired and really proved to be unstoppable.

In the first round of the Army Cup proper, we were drawn against 17 Port Regiment and had to travel to Southampton to play the match. Unfortunately we were dogged by ill-luck and lost a player early on with a broken collar bone. A 6-0 defeat was no disgrace under the circumstances.

Our two other wins have been recorded against a team from Exeter University by 8-3 and a Wyvern team from Taunton.

When one considers that the Staff team chops and changes from week to week because of injury, courses and Corps matches, the record is not too bad at all. It is pleasing to see Capt. Cuthill back in the hooking

position where he generally dominates in this standard of rugby. There are still plenty of gaps being filled by inexperienced players, but they seem to be learning the game and, what is more important, enjoying the sport. In fact, the Staff team is slowly being welded into a cohesive force, and with a bit of luck, there might well be a lot of success in the future rounds of the District Cup.

## JUNIOR XV

The boys' team has not had a successful season to date, but this is accounted for by the fact that the teams which are normally played are Grammar School teams and the average age of these boys is eighteen, whereas our average age is under seventeen—a tremendous difference in age, strength and experience. Still, some good rugby is being played and there has been a certain amount of success against other Junior Leader Regimental teams.

It is hoped to do well in the Junior Army Cup next term, and with players such as Smith, Peel and Whitehead forming the backbone of the team, there is no reason why hopes of success should not be high.



Capt Colin Rayner slings a one-handed pass as he is tackled high in the District Cup game

(by J/Sig Jobson)



A quick heel and the ball is whipped away for another of the many sparkling moves which were a feature of the match (by J/Sig Jobson)



Cpl Barry Wilson heaves his seventeen stone in the air in an attempt to catch the ball in a line-out. (by J/Sig Jobson)

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