

JUNIOR MERCURY

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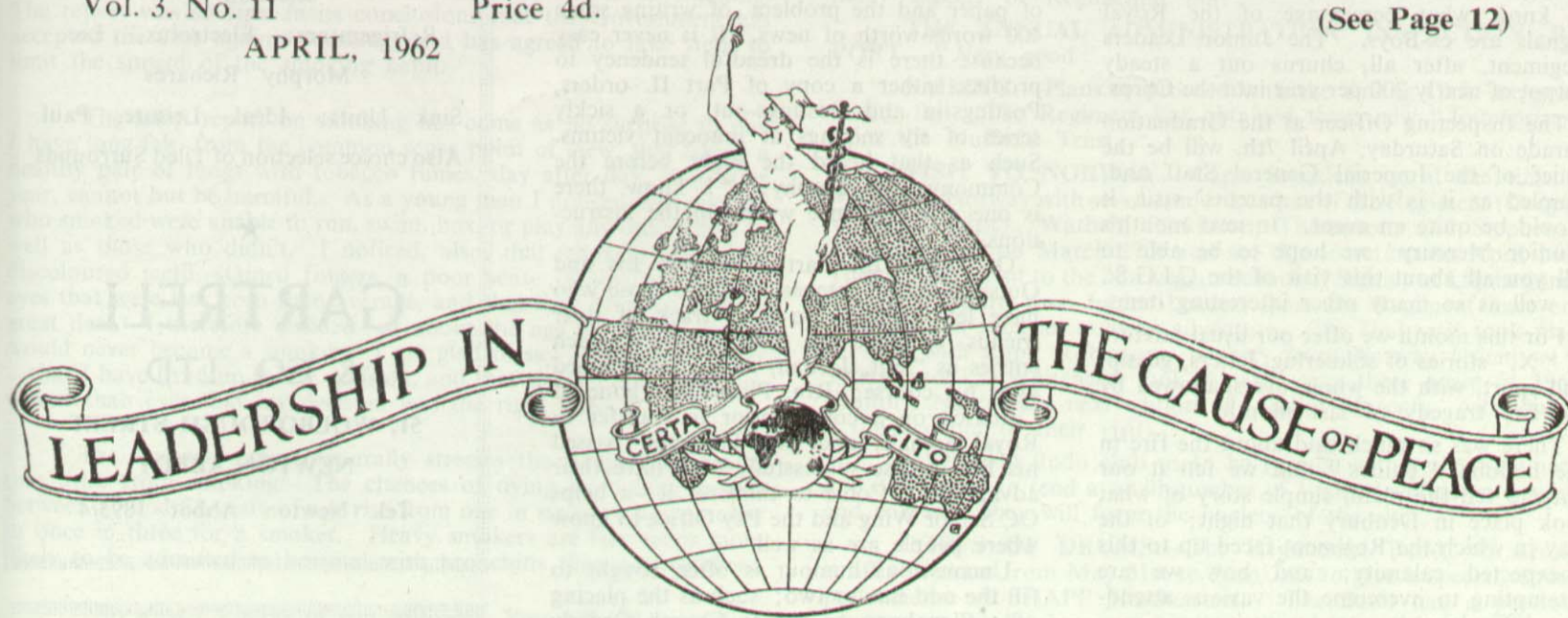
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APRIL, 1962



County Representation
for two
Junior Leaders

(See Page 12)



TRAGEDY STRIKES AT DENBURY

TWO JUNIOR LEADERS DIE IN BLAZE

Headlines of the BBC News on Sunday, March 11th, 1962, brought the news to the country of a disastrous fire in Denbury Camp. For the people of South Devon this tragedy was already common knowledge, for, on the previous evening, a red glow in the sky had been visible for miles around.

The source of the fire remains unknown at present, as the matter is subject to investigation. A Board of Inquiry is to be convened after the Civil Inquest is finished.

The accommodation for Junior Leaders consisted of six "Spiders"—wooden blocks consisting of six barrack rooms each, washing rooms, baths, a drying room, and offices. One "Spider" belongs to Junior Wing, where the recruits sleep; Alexander Squadron and Slim Squadron have two "Spiders" each, with two Troops to a "Spider"; and the remaining "Spider" is shared by a Troop from each Squadron. It was in this latter accommodation that White Spear Troop (Slim) and Francisca Troop (Alexander) slept.

White Spear Troop had just returned from Adventure Training on Dartmoor, and much of their kit was wet. A piquet worked through the day in the Drying Room to look after the many valuable items of equipment, rearranging them to dry properly, etc. Two volunteers—J/Sigs. Albiston and Ball—volunteered to sleep in there overnight.

At about quarter past eleven on the Saturday evening, J/Sgt. Rayson, of White Spear Troop, heard a noise in the top corridor. "There was a lot of smoke, and flames were billowing out of the Drying Room doorway," he told our reporter. His first thought was the safety of his Troop, and he dashed round, spreading the alarm. He then ran across to the Armoury, sounded

the alarm, and telephoned down to the Guard Room switchboard.

In the meantime, J/L/Cpl. Milne (White Spear Troop), with three or four other boys, tried to get into the Drying Room with buckets of water—"It was very hot there, the flames were spreading so quickly, and there was far too much smoke."

J/Sgt. Rayson said: "Even at this stage I didn't know whether Albiston and Ball had escaped from the Drying Room," but a troop roll taken by Rayson on the drill square revealed their absence.



Charred remains of the Drying Room

by S/Sgt. Wilson

TRIUMPH OF DISCIPLINE

The whole Regiment is to be congratulated on their behaviour following the sounding of the general alarm. Capt. J. A. Constable (RAEC), who was Orderly Officer, told our reporter: "The fire was spreading rapidly; boys poured out of all the exits. There was no panic, no trace of mass hysteria, however, as all available fire equipment was marshalled to damp down

the nearby buildings, and to empty them of all furniture and equipment."

The Guard Commander immediately contacted the local fire brigade at Newton Abbot, which was there within ten minutes an amazingly fine performance. The Commanding Officer and other officers were informed by telephone and came straight to camp.

J/RSM Wraith and other senior boy NCOs paraded the entire Regiment on the Drill Square, and commenced to check the rolls by troops. In the meantime, about a dozen officers and NCOs of the permanent staff had organized parties to combat the spread of the fire. The whole camp was threatened, but their efforts were rewarded by the fire being kept localized.

The behaviour of everybody was first-class, and was a great tribute to the policy of the Regiment in holding frequent fire practices.

BACK TO NORMAL

The displaced Junior Leaders were quickly found bedding from the Quartermaster's Stores and given a place in the gymnasium to sleep for the remainder of the night.

The Regiment is to be congratulated on shaking itself out of its problems so quickly. By rapid thinking and planning, all Junior Leaders were settled into permanent accommodation on the Sunday night.

Adopting the old theatrical tradition, "The show must go on," Reveille parade was held as usual on Monday morning, a full day's training was carried out, and the Choir fulfilled their Monday night engagement.

EDITORIAL

Well, Easter is upon us. Denbury Camp once more faces a short period of emptiness, and yet again we are saying farewell to a party of Junior Leaders who are graduating to Colour Service. It would be interesting to know what percentage of the Royal Signals are ex-Boys. The Junior Leaders Regiment, after all, churns out a steady putput of nearly 200 per year into the Corps.

The Inspecting Officer at the Graduation Parade on Saturday, April 7th, will be the Chief of the Imperial General Staff and, coupled as it is with the parents' visit, it should be quite an event. In next month's 'Junior Mercury' we hope to be able to tell you all about this visit of the C.I.G.S., as well as so many other interesting items.

For this month we offer our usual mixture of "X," stories of soldiering, letters, gossip, and sport, with the whole overshadowed by the fire tragedy of last month.

There was so much said about the fire in the national "dailies" that we felt it our duty to tell the plain, simple story of what took place in Denbury that night; of the way in which the Regiment faced up to this unexpected calamity; and how we are attempting to overcome the various attendant difficulties.

The Commanding Officer, you will note, has dealt with a really topical subject—everybody is talking about the dangers of smoking, cancer and the early demise of heavy smokers. Lt.-Col. Holifield here goes on to a slightly different tack: that of wealth. The figure of £10,000 certainly staggered us; what do you think?

Our congratulations to Chisholm and Ward on their county representation. We hope to hear their names later in even higher company. Has there ever been an ex-Signals Junior Leader capped for the Army?

Next time we hope to tell you of a member of the Staff who is training to win a Pentathlon. (We hint at this so that you can all look up this word in your dictionaries).

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3. All communications should be addressed to The Editor, "Junior Mercury," Denbury Camp, Near Newton Abbot, Devon.

STAFF SCRAPBOOK

STAFF SCRAPBOOK

Those of you who use these notes should give a thought to the writer who, in the midst of preparations for the many Regimental activities, is faced with a blank sheet of paper and the problem of writing some 400 words-worth of news. It is never easy because there is the dreadful tendency to produce either a copy of Part II. orders, Postings-in and Postings-out, or a sickly series of sly snipings at innocent victims. Such as that heard the night before the Commonwealth Trophy: "I know there is one grid reference wrong in the instructions."

Of course, the Part II. Orders Ins and Outs has its advantages. It helps those who have left Denbury to keep track of their friends (or avoid the other type); so such entries as "Sgt. Jordan, ACC, has rejoined after his course; Rfn. Plumb has gone to Catterick on a course prior to transfer to Royal Signals, and Sig. Patterson passed his BII. course successfully" do have their advantages. Come to think of it—it helps OC Senior Wing and the Pay Office to know where people are as well.

Unconscious humour is often sought to fill the odd line or two; such as the placing of a Signalmans to act as Church Orderly—his name, Laity. If that is too deep, swimming instruction is every week.

Then, of course, we have the civilian side of the staff, with all the "civilianization" (lovely word) going on, these notes will soon have to become "Civilian Scrapbook," with the odd military paragraph, and the best of luck to the civilian writer, at present under protest, he only has to type this. It is thought that he is already frantically looking through Civil Service Regulations to find a rule against the Editor roping him in. Anyway, it is nice to see the social side on the up-trend again, with the Social Night in the Denbury Arms each month. The organizing committee work very hard and deserve every support.

Other thoughts that often occur to the writer of this column are in connection with Senior Wing accommodation in Spider 61. Alas, the fire has robbed us of this now; all we have are a few bunks in Hut 43— one more place the staff can creep into and hide.

And now, having thought about what news there is for this edition, the writer must now start to write his notes. Oh, what a pity; I have used up my allotted space. Never mind, the news will have to wait until the next edition.

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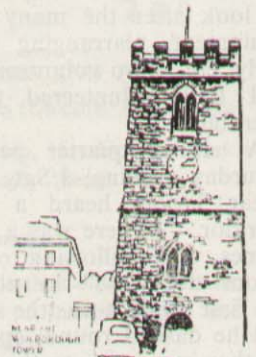
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THE COMMANDING OFFICER COMMENTS . . .

SMOKING

I expect that most of you will have read in the newspapers, or seen on television, that the Royal College of Physicians last month produced a conclusive report on the harmful effects of smoking. The report was so firm in its conclusions that the Government has accepted the case against smoking, and has agreed to take steps to limit the spread of the smoking habit.

The latest report on smoking has come as no surprise to me. I have long felt, from the common sense point of view, that filling a healthy pair of lungs with tobacco fumes, day after day, year after year, cannot but be harmful. As a young man I noticed that persons who smoked were unable to run, swim, box, or play any other sport as well as those who didn't. I noticed, also, that smokers often had discoloured teeth, stained fingers, a poor sense of smell and taste, eyes that were less keen than average, and that they often coughed a great deal. I therefore decided—at about the age of twelve—that I would never become a smoker. I am glad to say—thirty years later—that I have lived up to my decision, and that today I am more convinced than ever that my decision was the right one.

The doctors' report naturally stresses the dangers to health that arise from smoking. The chances of dying from lung cancer between 35 and 65 years of age rise from one in six for a non-smoker to once in three for a smoker. Heavy smokers are five times more likely to be admitted to hospital with bronchitis than non-smokers.

"So what?" many of you will say. You will kid yourselves that you are not the type who will smoke to excess and that, in any case, you could always give up smoking if you wished. Therein lies the danger. Smoking is an addiction. Many adults find it difficult to keep their smoking down to a moderate level, and most find it very difficult indeed to cut it out altogether.

Have you ever calculated the cost of smoking? If you smoked 20 cigarettes a day for 50 years—always assuming you lived that long—at present prices you would spend approximately £3,600. If you invested this sum weekly over the same period you would, after 50 years, having added your interest, have about £10,000 at your disposal! I have known for many years that I run my motor-car on what other people spend on cigarettes or tobacco!

I ask all Junior Leaders to think deeply on this matter of smoking. If you have already started, why not try to give it up? At least it will show you whether you are already in its grip or whether you are still a free individual. While you are young it is relatively easy to throw off the habit. The longer you go on smoking, the more difficult it will be. If you don't smoke, then for goodness sake don't start. You must know in your heart that you would be foolish to do so. Many people will try to persuade you, but don't be weak. If you don't wish to smoke, don't let anybody talk you into it. To strengthen your resolution, look through the list of some of my fellow non-smokers in the Regiment which is given below these notes. Perhaps it will convince you that a non-smoker is not a crank or a crackpot, but just a very sensible chap!

Maj. CLAPP (O.C., Alexander Squadron)
 Maj. ROTHWELL (O.C., Slim Squadron)
 Maj. NYE (Senior Education Officer)
 Maj. SMITH-OWEN (Regimental Medical Officer)
 Capt. HARTNETT (Adjutant)
 Capt. JOYNER (Sports Officer)
 Capt. CONSTABLE (O.C., Academic Wing)
 Capt. SWINDELLS (O.C., White Spear Troop)
 Capt. BURKE (O.C., White Swan Troop)
 Capt. WEINER (O.C. Trade Training)
 Lt. HODGES (O.C. Javelin Troop)
 Lt. McMAHON (2 i/c Junior Wing)
 Lt. LANG (Academic Wing)
 WO I. PAVEY (RSM)
 WO II. PALMER (SSM, Alexander Squadron)
 WO II. HOPSON (SSM, Junior Wing)
 WO II. BROWN (Pay Office)
 WO II. PHILP (Academic Wing)

Alan Holifield

ROUND-UP

In an interview with the 'Junior Mercury,' the Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. A. Holifield, M.C., discussed and commented on many aspects of Regimental life:

THE ANNUAL ADMINISTRATION INSPECTION REPORT.—"Very good."

SAILING.—Plans to proceed with the Sailing Club are going ahead fast. The Regiment has obtained three new "Enterprizes" from the Nuffield Trust.

VISIT TO NORWAY.—Capt. Swindells is, at the time of writing, in Norway with seven Junior Leaders of the Regiment (Cooper, Waugh, Hadrick, Wathen, Parkinson, Thompson, and Stephens.) They departed on March 27th and are due to return on April 14th. They are on a visit to the Norwegian School of Signals at Lillehammer. This is the third time Junior Leaders from the Regiment have embarked upon such an exciting adventure. The first visit took place in 1959 with Capt. Robinson; a party from Norway visited us in 1960; and Lt. Whitehead took a party over there again in 1961. (Editor's Note: The next edition of 'Junior Mercury' will contain a full account of their visit).

JUDO.—A Judo club is to be formed within the Regiment, and it is hoped to send a small number of Junior Leaders on a weekend course. They will form the nucleus of the club.

CORPS OF DRUMS.—The Regimental Band, 46 strong, is off to France from May 31st to June 3rd, to give a special request performance at SHAPE Headquarters. The Band had a previous engagement locally, but were kindly released from this in order that they could accede to this special NATO request.

TEN TORS.—At the time of going to press, there are about 1,300 competitors entered for the 1962 Ten Tors, and it is confidently felt that the number will rise to 2,000 by the time Whitsun is here. Ex-Junior Leaders from Catterick are coming down to help with the communications on Ten Tors.

JUNIOR WING.—The "new boys" who arrived with the Colonel ("It's my first term here, too") are settling down well. Seventy-two of them have "lasted out the course," which is a real tribute to their "devoted instructors."

REGIMENTAL SPORT.—We have been knocked out of the Army Cup in the semi-finals of both the rugby and the hockey. The Commanding Officer is not disheartened: "there is always next year."

INCREASED STRENGTH.—At present 175 Junior Leaders destined for the Royal Signals are being trained at the All Arms Junior Leaders Regiment, Tonfanau. It is proposed that the Royal Signals intake to Tonfanau should be transferred to this Regiment with effect from January, 1963. This will not affect those at present at Tonfanau, but will mean that all subsequent Royal Signals intakes will come to Denbury. Our present establishment caters for 480 Junior Leaders (we have 540 on strength), and the ceiling will now be raised to 655. This presents vast problems on the accommodation side, but the Commanding Officer is confident that it can be handled comfortably.

CATTERICK.—The Commanding Officer recently visited Catterick, where he saw and talked with all last term's output. He is pleased to report that they are all happy, and making good progress there. He also met many ex-Junior Leaders, mostly about two years away from the Regiment, who were on an up-grading course. They all appeared to be doing well; the majority were NCOs and many were full Corporals.

BURSAR'S SHOP.—The Bursar's Shop is to move its location in the near future, and will be housed in the present Senior Wing office block, which should be an improvement.

FRENCH ENTRANTS?—Chef de Battalion J. A. Perrot, the French colonel who has been visiting us (see "Around the Camp") has intimated that he will try and get a team for Ten Tors from the French Army Signal Units.

THE BANTHAM SURF LIFE-SAVING CLUB

Commencing Saturday, May 5th, the Regiment will provide a weekend Surf Life-Saving Patrol to carry out weekend patrol duty at Bantham, near Kingsbridge. Twenty-four volunteers (12 per Squadron) are required to join the club. Membership fee 2/6d. per annum. Each patrol will consist of six boys, under an officer or senior NCO.

They will leave Denbury on Saturday, stay overnight at Bantham, and return on Sunday evening.

"X" TENSION

The night was dark, the wind a veritable hurricane, and to "X" and his mates it seemed that even the sheep had deserted the Moor. For where? The comparative warmth of Iceland, perhaps?

"All right, Corpl. Hardhead, get your patrol out." The cheerful voice of the Troop Sergeant, seated in the warmth of the cab, muffled in three pullovers, broke the patrol out of the hypnotic trance into which they had fallen.

"I think we'd better move," ventured Hardhead.

Crunch! The booted foot was directed with commendable accuracy, considering the dark and the cold. After a good half-hour of pleading, cajoling, and eventually threatening to enter the patrol for Ten Tors en masse, Corpl. Hardhead and his gang of disgruntled youths were assembled on the road, watching the fast-disappearing truck with tears of rage in their eyes.

"X" considered night marches to be wanton cruelty at any time, but when Corpl. Hardhead insisted on doing the map reading it was, thought "X," paramount to manslaughter.

One glance at the Moor brought memories of the Commonwealth Trophy flooding back, and so, without more ado, they determined to walk to the finishing point by road.

Corpl. Hardhead protested: "But, 'X,' to walk along the road to the finish, saying that you missed all the check-points, is hardly conduct worthy of a Junior Leader. Besides, I might lose my tape."

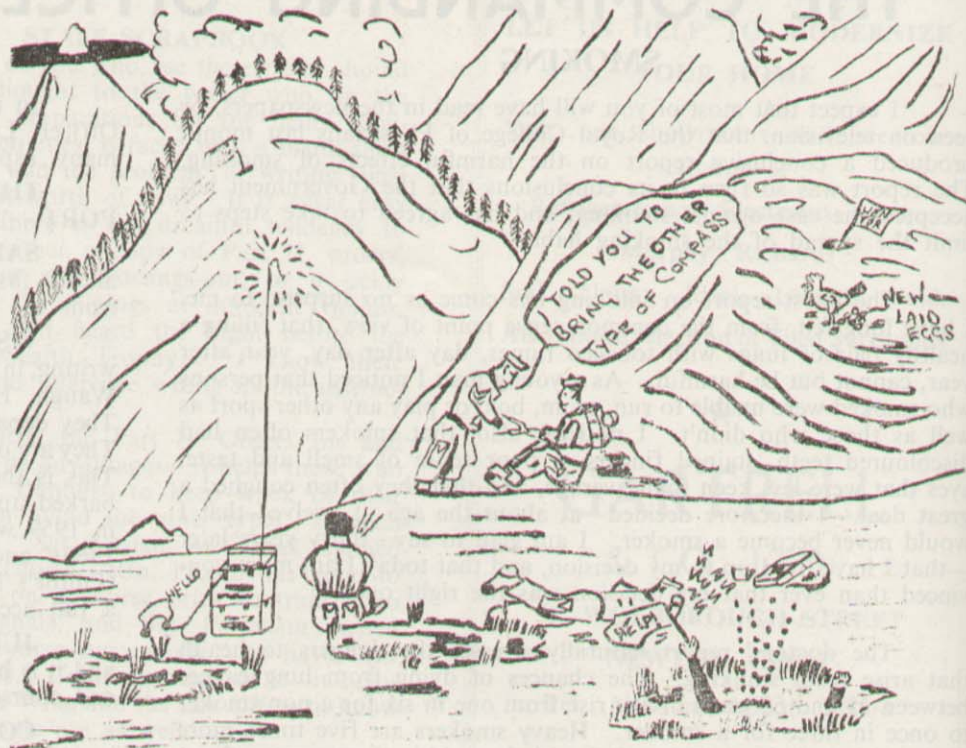
"X" muttered some mongrel Hindu into the night air, and Corpl. Hardhead gathered that not only was "X" quite indifferent to his status as a Junior Lance-Corporal, but that he also hoped that the powers-that-be would soon open their eyes and spot the real leader of the patrol; namely, "X."

After becoming unaccountably lost in at least three all-night transport cafes, stopping for at least half a dozen "fag" breaks, and waiting while Daisy disentangled himself from a hedge into which he had strayed, the patrol discovered to their horror that a good fifteen Devon miles still remained to be covered.

Disillusionment turned to despair, and one small rebel even dared to voice the opinion that the journey might have proved easier and far less tedious if they had gone over the Moor.

The final straw arrived in the form of the O.C., who leaped out of his Land Rover and demanded to know why they were standing outside the Crown and Anchor and not challenging the "jolly old Moor" with the true, indomitable spirit of the Junior Leader. The indomitable Junior Leaders chorused that they were lost.

A little surprised that even his troop could get lost three-quarters of a mile from the starting post, the OC proceeded to redirect them.



Accepting the inevitable, the patrol headed back on to one of the darkest and most forbidding stretches of the Moor. With tremulous footsteps, the patrol proceeded all of 200 yards before reaching the almost inevitable conclusion that they were lost.

"And 'ow, asked 'X,' his sarcasm thinly veiled, "did you manage this time, corporal?"

"The map's wrong," insisted Hardhead. "Ere, wait a mo', let's 'ave a look at that map." This was Daisy, with his balaclava covering the best or, maybe, the worst part of his features, and his nose glowing like a miniature beacon in the darkness.

A long, ape-like arm shot out, seized the map from Hardhead's fumbling fingers, and was scru-

tinized carefully in the glow of "X's" Woodbine. "Oh, my sainted aunt! You bet the map's wrong. Derby and Leicester are a bit further north than Princetown.

Hardhead stared at the map with eyeballs which were reminiscent of roulette wheels. "Must have brought the wrong map"; stating the obvious was one of Hardhead's more exasperating habits.

After half an hour of frantic dispute, during the course of which "X" tore the offending map to pieces, scattered it to the four winds and then remembering his Litterbug training, endeavoured to pick up all the pieces, the patrol determined

(Continued on page 6)



Off-duty smartness

Gieves have been making uniforms from Wellington's day onwards. But here's proof that we know a thing or two about clothes for off-duty wear. The illustration shows a single breasted blazer in serge or hopsack with cavalry twill trousers

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CONGO STORY

Part (2) by Capt. M. R. C. WEINER, R. Signals

From now on more and more troops were arriving. Contingents came from Tunisia, Morocco, Sudan, Guinea, Sweden, and the UAR. It was the task of our Brigade to ensure law and order in Leopoldville and to control the airfield. We were to face many sleepless nights, meeting fresh troops from all over the world. In the early hours of the morning it was difficult with some contingents to distinguish a captain from a general. Some arrived fully equipped, others with nothing. Any ideas I had of carrying out my normal Brigade troop commitments were soon forgotten.

One day we would be laying a telephone line for a Swedish company, next day for the Tunisians. One interesting task at this stage was having to supply a wireless to the Sudanese battalion for working back to Khartoum, in the Sudan. It was a Signal Officer's nightmare as, besides not knowing any call signs, etc., they did not have any frequency. Eventually these problems were overcome, and for three days we tried to get through. Like all nations, if a stranger can speak to them in their native tongue, they are thrilled. Knowing a few words of Arabic, I was able to talk to them, and from then on we were all great friends.

This was one of the most satisfying achievements of serving with the United Nations; the meeting and talking to people from nations all over the world. In some way it offset the frustration of being policemen in military uniforms.

By now, after a week, we realized this was not to be a situation where we were an enemy. All the Congolese were extremely friendly and always waved at the UN personnel. All the same, until the Belgian paratroopers left, there was an uneasy peace. Our job was to be friendly to all.

It became more obvious to us all that the Belgians had left in very much of a hurry. This was well brought home to us when we were told to requisition the homes of Belgian officers who had left. Besides being more comfortable than the stationery store I had been sleeping in, it served to safeguard the Belgians' property. The people who had owned the house I moved into had left in the middle of a meal. The place smelled of rotten food and unwashed dishes. As no windows had been left open, their pet parrot had died for lack of food. All around were luxury goods, such as radios, refrigerators, washing machines, etc. This served to remind us of the reasons for the present situation.

Cars of all descriptions were there for the taking by the more unscrupulous. With true British honesty we went through the official channels, and finally I acquired a large American machine, which did 12 miles to the gallon. Not having driven on the Continent, I soon found the hazards of driving on the road. On top of this, most of the cars were stolen and driven by Congolese who had

quite obviously never driven before. The Congolese police work on the Continental system of controlling the traffic by whistle and truncheon, all of which was quite unintelligible to me.

By now we had established ourselves as a complete Brigade, and I had a Brigade Wireless Net and SDS run to clear all the traffic. Apart from these accepted tasks, plus unusual radio from other nations on our net, our biggest task was that of mail.

After the initial chaos had subsided, Ghana began a regular air service three times a week to and from Accra. This was primarily to build up our force in men and supplies but, as far as morale was concerned, it meant mail and papers. As each aircraft taxied in we would back our Land Rovers up, in would go the mail and off back to camp we went. The mail, usually three or four bags, would then be sorted by my staff-sergeant and myself. This job was pleasant enough until a parcel of stew or a pot of boiled rice spilt out all over the letters. Many of the soldiers' wives in Ghana thought their husbands still needed their local dishes.

We soon established ourselves as a Forces Post Office, and I originated our own system of cancellation of outgoing mail. Firstly it would be stamped with the UNOC (United Nations Operation Congo), Bde LED (Leopoldville) stamp, and then using our own Signals date stamp set up with GB (Ghana Brigade) and UN, we would stamp it again.

Very soon after this I began to receive letters from such places as the UK, USA, Australia, Sweden, Holland, and South Africa. All asked for samples of our cancellations. Later, I saw cuttings from the "Philatelic Magazine" and "Stanley Gibbons Stamp Magazine" on the same subject. These cancelled letters are of considerable philatelic interest.

All this time we were still maintaining law and order. I remember a particularly ugly scene I was involved in. The Congolese soldiers were very bitter and antagonistic towards any Belgians they found. Many were badly treated and beaten up. One day I heard a commotion going on in the courtyard below. I saw about 50 or more angry Congolese soldiers raining blows on two civilians in a jeep.

With another officer I went down to investigate. The two civilians were Belgian army officers who had come to see the Congolese Colonel Mobutll. The soldiers did not believe them, and would have killed them had we not intervened. After a lot of talking we persuaded about six of their military police to help us clear a passage to get the jeep and the men to a safer place. Still being hit and struck by the crazy soldiers, the men got away.

Having done this, we were immediately surrounded by the very angry crowd of soldiers, who felt they had been denied their blood. The situation

seemed very unpleasant, and several blows were aimed at us. We were only too glad to return upstairs to our place of safety.

Several days later I was ordered to escort a Belgian refugee, whom the UN had rescued from the Congolese, out of the country. It was of the utmost importance that this man was not seen by the Congolese, who were hunting for him. I therefore put him inside a covered vehicle with three of my soldiers guarding him. After going to the Sabena Airlines, where I collected his air ticket, we took him to the Prosecutor-General, who wished to interview him about trouble in the Northern Congo.

From here we went to a flat, where his clothes were, and finally, after saying au revoir to his girl friend, we drove him out to the airport, through several unsuspecting Congolese road blocks. Finally, having seen him safely into the aircraft, my task was done.

To me, one of the most tense moments during my time in Leopoldville was the day the Belgian paratroopers were reputed to have returned. I was on duty in the Operations Room when suddenly the door burst open and a panic-stricken Congolese soldier came running in. He was shouting about the Belgians landing nearby; he had seen them himself, he said. Politely, I said "Nonsense," it was impossible. At this moment the siren on the roof began to whine out and, looking outside, I saw Congolese army trucks loaded with their soldiers flying in all directions.

Then I heard some rifle-fire about a mile away, and this caused all the hundreds of soldiers' families to come flying into our courtyard. They were in a state of panic, and the situation was not improved when a shot rang out inside the courtyard. I grabbed my Sterling and waited for the attack. But it was only a mess-cook accidentally letting off a round.

Outside, Congolese soldiers continued to rush around, armed with rifles, Brens and grenades. It was impossible to convince them they were wrong about the paratroopers. Eventually our Brigade Commander went to investigate the shooting, and it later turned out that a crowd of civilian strikers had clashed with the local police, who were armed.

By October, Mobutll, now a General, had sought protection inside his own military camp. One day I received in our mailbags a letter for him from America. To deliver it was no easy task, as he was a frightened man, having escaped two attempted assassinations. Arriving at his house I was searched by his Moroccan guards. Again, to get into the house required lengthy explanations. To state that I was merely delivering his mail seemed too suspicious for them. I was glad to leave the letter and go.

(To be continued)

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ADMIRABLE RESTRAINT

(EDITOR'S NOTE. We thank Maj. R. H. Coxhead, MBE, of the Army Information Office, Exeter, for enabling us to print the following reply from a prospective parent).

DEAR MAJ. COXHEAD,—Thank you very much for your prompt reply and literature enclosed. I may say I have always been against boys service, with a prejudiced view that only delinquents and the uneducated would find an appeal in it; but I was favourably impressed with the speech and manners of the two Junior Leader boys who were lost on the moor just before Christmas and were brought into the hospital. I was on night duty, and even when "rambling" I didn't hear one swear-word, and they dispelled a lot of my prejudice.—Yours, etc.,
Okehampton. PAT ROBERTS.

WELL DONE, THE CHOIR

(EDITOR'S NOTE. On Monday, March 12th, the Choir gave a concert to the blind of Newton Abbot. The Colonel received the following letter of appreciation).

DEAR SIR,—On behalf of all present at the Parish Room, Union Street, Newton Abbot, on Monday, we would like to express our thanks to the members of the Denbury Choir for the very fine performance they gave.

Everyone enjoyed the programme; its varied selection, so well sung, including the solos and percussion arrangements.

We feel that to have kept a promise after their recent frightening experience shows a wonderful spirit of service, and we look forward with pleasure to our next meeting with these fine young people.

Our thanks also to Lt. Pickup and to Mr. Griffiths, the Choir Master, and all who made the evening possible.—Yours, etc.,

O. M. WAKEHAM.

Home Teacher for the Blind, Exeter.

GOOD SAMARITANS

(EDITOR'S NOTE. Every Saturday afternoon six volunteers from the Regiment go to an old people's home in Newton Abbot, where they do shopping for the residents, run errands, and make themselves generally useful. The following letter was received by the Commanding Officer in appreciation of these efforts).

DEAR COLONEL.—A report was submitted by the Matron of Broadlands, Newton Abbot, to a meeting of the area sub-committee, held on February 7th, concerning the very helpful and valuable work which members of your Regiment have been under-

taking at this home on Saturday afternoons. The Matron explained the duties these boys were doing, and the committee were most impressed with this contribution by your Regiment.

I was requested by the committee to write and express the committee's appreciation of the help given, and to say that the staff and residents at the home have derived great benefit from these visits.

For my own part, I would like to add my own appreciation of these efforts which, I am sure, have contributed to the happiness of the residents at Broadlands.—Yours, etc.,
M. C. SPEED. County Welfare Officer, Exeter.

JERBOA FOR LAUGHS

DEAR EDITOR AND STAFF,—I enjoy reading the 'Junior Mercury' which I receive every month. I am very pleased to hear that our good name in sport is as high as ever. Congratulations to the kitchen staff on their hat-trick in rugby.

(EDITOR'S NOTE. This is a new one on us! WO II Hales, please explain).

I was not a sportsman when I was there, but was more keen on the social side, accompanying Sig. (Taffy) S. B. Elliott on the guitar on the stage and later playing with J/Sig. "Robbie" Moore and Pete Lindsay.

I have noticed there are no concerts now.

About the tea-urn mentioned in a previous edition, there is only one Troop which would do a thing like that, and that is my old Troop—Jerboa Troop. I think they would do anything for a laugh.—Yours, etc.,
JACK CROY. (ex Jerboa Troop).

("X" continued from page 4 as usual)

that their position warranted drastic measures so, tying the protesting Hardhead to an Everest carrier, they made for the nearest sign of civilization, which happened to be a sharp S-bend about 175 yards away.

But the fates were unkind to "X" and his confederates that night, for the third vehicle they "thumbed" halted to vomit forth the O.C., now in a diabolical frame of mind.

"X," untie Corpl. Hardhead at once, do you hear me," the pain-racked NCO beamed dutifully at his rescuer. "Now let's have the youngest members of the patrol." Nig was kicked accurately into the lap of the O.C. by Butch. "All right, get in the Land Rover. The rest of you will double across the moor to the finishing point. You have precisely three hours before transport leaves."

The NAUDC refuse truck backed towards the south gate. A small, withered man emerged from the cats and tapped the sides of the truck; "X" and his comrades emerged from the rubbish, like a butterfly from a chrysalis, but not looking quite as beautiful.

The funny thing was that everybody left them alone for a few days after. Nobody would go near them, so I suppose it did have its consolation—but do not tell that to "X"!

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ROUND THE

CHEF DE BATAILLON J. A. PERROT

Being an account of an interview conducted by J/Sig. (is "X" autobiographical?) Smith.

Recently the Regiment was honoured by a visit from Col. Perrot, of the French Army, who is touring the UK visiting various Signal Regiments of the British Army. Previous to visiting this Regiment, Col. Perrot had already seen 216 Para-Sig. Squadron and 14 Signal Regiment (COM-CAN) at Gloucester.

Col. Perrot is in charge of a "refresher" course for French Reserve signal officers at the Ecole d'Application des Commissions. He explained that there are no Regiments of a Junior Leader basis in France, and the visit here was in no way indicative of any Junior Leader Regiments being formed within the French Army. The visit was purely on an exchange scheme to foster better liaison among Anglo-French forces.

Col. Perrot has never served in Algeria, but has been to French Morocco, where he was stationed for five years.

Fortunately for me, Col. Perrot was extremely tolerant of the Midland twang (or is it a Birmingham groan?) in my French, and its extremely limited vocabulary. Also, the fact that his English was better than mine was an asset, although I do wish he had not waited for me to bleat some execrable French before revealing himself.

Col. Perrot was also most insistent that he should have a copy of this month's 'Junior Mercury,' and we are hoping that he will renew the order. (*J'espere vous le trouvez un bon journal, mon Commandant*). That should make it quite clear exactly why I considered Col. Perrot a very tolerant man.

And, finally, I think a simple statement of Col. Perrot's should be recorded here: "We fought two great wars together. We are Allies."

OFF TO FOREIGN PARTS

Capt. L. R. Wilmott, who left us at the end of last year, is to become commissioned into the New Zealand Army, with the rank of Lieutenant and a promise of a Captaincy after a very short period.

On behalf of the whole Regiment, and the many ex-members of the Regiment who will remember him so well, 'Junior Mercury' would like to take this opportunity to wish him and his wife "bon voyage."

THREE IN TEN DAYS

The Regimental Choir went visiting this month. The first stop was the Wolborough Parish Room in Union Street, Newton Abbot, where they entertained the members of the local Blind Association. Although a little short of space, the sight of their audience's obvious enjoyment produced that little spark which fires a successful performance.

The programme was a blend of old and new, including songs from the original repertoire and a couple of "pops." Many of the items were accompanied by Blatherwick on the drums, with guitar accompaniment by Moore.

S/Sgt. Foster, wearing much less thin than the chestnuts—"Youngest member of the choir," etc.—rather surprisingly contrived to be "shy" for the evening; not that anyone seemed to mind.

The evening did provide one riddle. The CO had promised to come. Where was he? He arrived in time for the sausage rolls, having been doing a creditable imitation of the celebrated bird, searching Union Street from end to end without success. How could this be? His driver had taken him to Union Street right enough—but Union Street, TORQUAY!

Five days later the choir were transported to Kingsteignton to entertain the Old Age Pensioners on their home ground, and this time the CO arrived safely.

The space in the club was even more limited and that, and the heat, disturbed the choir a little at the start. Soon, however, all were "in the groove," including the audience, who were so "with it" that they finished by entertaining the choir—and a very good job they made of it, too.

The final performance took place in the YMCA, Torquay, where the choir faced an audience composed almost entirely of grown-ups, most of whom were LADIES! There is no harm in a little variety, so the choir got down to business. The programme was changed slightly from that of previous performances, mainly because an injured hand prevented Moore from performing. Mr. Griffiths stepped into the breach, and not only took over the guitar accompaniment, but also gave a very entertaining lecture—fully illustrated, of course—on the violin, and how almost to play it, entitled "Life's One Big Fiddle."

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CAMP

POOR OLD JAVELIN

This term's Commonwealth Trophy race, held on Friday, March 23rd, did not make national headlines but, as that happens only when things go wrong, it follows that everything went right—and it did.

The weather was perfect; cold when you stood still, warm when you started moving and, most important of all, dry all the time.

The Troops raced by Patrols over six different routes, one Patrol of each Troop taking Route One, the next Route Two, and so on. The idea was to reach and search a "casualty area" until a hidden stretcher was found, and then to report to a check point about a mile and a half from the finish at Okement Hill, where a "casualty" was nominated, who, from there onwards, remaining trussed up and, lying on the stretcher, was carried to the finish by the rest of his Patrol.

J/Sig. White, of Iron Troop, provided the MO with a real casualty by being dropped while he was on the stretcher and hitting his head on a large rock, but he wasn't badly damaged.

The Patrols were marked on three counts—time, kit lost, and casualty handling.

The final result was: 1, Quadrant, 68; Jerboa and Romulus, 60; Francisca, 58; Kohima and White Swan, 46; Kukri, 37; Iron, 27; White Spear, 20; Javelin, minus 27.

AN OLD FACE

Perhaps that is not such a good choice of heading, because Paddy Watts-Moses looked as young as ever when she paid us a visit on the Canoe Race weekend. There's no doubt that the boys who were here when Paddy, in her capacity of "WVS Lady" was the Queen of the Social Club, were delighted to see her again.

"Well, nothing has altered much, as you can see," we said.

"But, my dear, everything's changed," she replied.

Before we could find time to ask her what she meant, she was whisked away to Totnes by an admiring crowd of Junior Leaders, and we couldn't find her again.

WHAT NONSENSE

"Get your 'air cut."

"I can't, sir; there's no barber."

"-----"

Several boys tried this one and, on checking, their story appeared to be true.

But the sign on Mr. McKenzie's door which read "Gone to the NAAFI," did not mean that Geronimo (named after a famous Indian chief who gave the white men their heads, but kept the part with the hair on), was having a quick cuppa.

Oh, no; not only the barber, but the whole shop, lock, stock and barrel, can now be found in its new location just behind the NAAFI shop.

Said Mr. McKenzie: "Much better (when I get the lights fixed), but I miss the view."

Never mind, Mac. With the Regiment's strength increasing, you won't have time to look out of the window. There are 60 new Junior Wing coming next term, and you know what they are like when they arrive. You have to see which way their feet are pointing before you know which side to talk to and, after their first drill period, that's not such a good guide either.

A DIFFERENT SORT OF "X"

Sgt. Jamieson complained that he rarely got a mention in the 'Junior Mercury.' We explained that we were waiting for something good to say about him, and now it's happened.

Andy Jamieson has just returned from a long and exhaustive course, on which he distinguished himself and emerged with an "X" trade, (R. T. Hvy. Class 1)

Well done, Andy; but please don't touch the Sergeants Mess TV or the Editor's radio. Leave that to the cook.

ONLY HALF-PINT BOTTLES

Eve's new flat is well under way now, and should soon be completed. She is particularly thrilled with the news that it is to be equipped with a refrigerator. On somebody suggesting that this would make an excellent place in which to keep bottles of beer cool in the hot summer months, she replied: "But it's only a very small 'fridge."

THE STANDARD ADVENTURER

South Devon had its own version of the Motor Show recently, when Evans and Cutler, the Standard agents in Totnes, co-operated with Lt.-Col. L. H. M. Gregory, MBE, in exhibiting his modified Standard Vanguard. Evans and Cutler had co-operated with the Colonel in modifying this vehicle ready for his tour of the Far East. The Colonel is talking about patenting the idea and selling it to Standards, to be called the "Standard Adventurer."

The car was laid out "a la Motor Show," with the tent fixed on to the car, fully equipped with chairs, tables, etc., even to such details as suits hanging up on hooks inside the car. The "Adventurer" looked very well, and attracted a great deal of attention from all who have been there.

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NAAFI plans ahead



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FIRE RELIEF FUND

FIRE RELIEF FUND

The cost of the fire is probably inestimable, considering that the personal and Army possessions of 90 boys were destroyed in the flames, apart from Adventure Training equipment and other equipment held by two complete Troops. A logical estimate could even be around the £50,000 mark.

Lt.-Col. A. Holifield, MC, the Commanding Officer, was fully aware of this, and therefore launched this appeal:

"It is hoped that much of the civilian clothing and many of the personal possessions lost by Junior Leaders in the recent fire will be replaced by funds provided by the War Department.

"However, there are likely to be some losses which cannot be replaced. I am therefore raising a fund within the Regiment to assist in replacing these items. I propose that the fund should also be used to assist in meeting that part of the funeral expenses of Mr. and Mrs. Albiston and Mr. and Mrs. Stielher which cannot be paid from Army funds.

Response to this appeal has been very encouraging, and emphasized once again the value of having good friends. Friends in the Royal Corps of Signals have shown how real is the family spirit and feeling within the Corps. Friends from all around South Devon have demonstrated once again how deep a place this Regiment has made for itself in this locality.

Contributors to date have included the Signal Officer in Chief; the Lord Lieutenant of Devon, Lord Roborough; from many Signal and other Regiments, including the 1st, 7th, 13th, and 22nd Signal Regiments, 7th Armoured Brigade Signals, Bovey Tracey A.C.F.

Local civilian organizations include the Kingsteignton British Legion, Broadlands Old Peoples Home, Nicholas Horne Ltd., Evans and Cutler, Totnes Round Table, Totnes Rotary Club, Mid-Devon Garage, Kingsteignton Old Age Pensioners, Newton Abbot Rotary Club, Torbay Hockey Club, Torbay Motor Club, Henry Warren, Totnes (Redworth) Secondary School, Newton Abbot Afternoon Townswomen's Guild.

Within the Regiment, donations have been received from the civilian staff, the officers, Senior Wing, Troops and departments, and also individual sums too numerous to mention.

Other friends who have kindly donated include Mrs. Cooke, Mr. T. Smith, Miss Roome, Lewis Major, Anvil Films, Col. Joliff, Evelyn Watts, E. J. Warmington, Taflin, WO I Lord (RAPC), Lt.-Col. Gregory, L. D. O'Brien, E. A. Kirby, Mrs. Preston, Col. Roseveare, Mr. and Mrs. Sadgrove.

EDITOR'S NOTE. We apologize where names have been mis-spelt, or titles left out, as in most cases we have had only the signature on a cheque to go by.

To all these people, and to the thousands of others in the area who telephoned expressing their sympathy and making practical offers to help the Regiment in their hour of need, we offer our grateful thanks.

Capt. L. R. Wilmott (ex Royal Signals), from this Regiment, who departed into civilian life in late 1961, rode up to the Second-in-Command's office on a motor-scooter, handed over the insurance and tax receipts for the whole of 1962, with instructions that the vehicle should be raffled for the Fire Relief Fund. The draw will be made during Ten Tors.

Mrs. Dagnall, who gave us the Bridal Doll for our Christmas raffle, has now presented another, complete with wardrobe containing a full trousseau, and even a suitcase. This will also be raffled for the Fire Relief Fund.

Letters of sympathy have poured into the Regiment from so many people. We have selected three to publish. The first is from two Corporals (ex-Junior Leaders in the Regiment only a year ago); the second from the secretary of a local football club in the same league as our team; and the third from the parents of an ex-Junior Leader.

DEAR SIR,—We would like to express our deepest sympathy to the whole Regiment in the recent tragedy at Denbury. We were very shocked when we heard the news.

Life out here is treating us well. Sgt. Turner (ex Javelin Troop) is our Troop Sergeant. Also in our squadron we have Cpl. Griffiths, Sig. Nutbrown (ex Javelin Troop), and Cpl. Saunders (ex Jerboa Troop). They all send their regards to their respective Troops and Squadrons.

Best wishes from us both.—Yours, etc.,

Cpl. G. JENKINS (ex Romulus Troop)

Cpl. D. J. FEIRN (ex White Swan

254 Signal Squadron, Aden. Troop.

SIR,—May I, my team and committee pass to you, your officers, NCOs and boys, our sympathy on the loss of life of two of your boys in the fire at the camp last Sunday.

I do not know whether these lads were members of the Denbury Football XI., but it was still a sad loss to some sport in which they participated.

My team will observe a one minute's silence before the kick-off at 3.15 next Saturday, and I hope that all the other teams in the league will do the same.

Should you wish to change the match on March 30th from Denbury to Torquay, I will try to arrange this for you, but we will still come to Denbury should you still be playing there. All the best.—Yours, etc.,

HAROLD G. PIKE.

Hon. Secretary, the Rovers Colts AFC, Hele Village, Torquay.

(The Third Letter is on Page 11)

RECONSTRUCTION

You will have read of the destruction of a complete "Spider" by fire, on the front page, and you will have noted, on page three, in "Round Up," the item concerning the acceptance of another 175 Junior Leaders. Already we have more Junior Leaders here than are catered for on establishment. The problem of accommodation is therefore likely to be a pressing one. However, plans have already been formulated to meet this situation.

At present, Academic Wing training takes place in one of the "Spiders." Now a temporary Education Block is to be constructed which, we hope, will accommodate 16 classrooms and a Science Laboratory. In addition, we understand that plans are going ahead to rehabilitate the present Cricket Pavilion and Farm in order to provide six additional classrooms. This means that we will lose our farm, for which we are sorry, but it is hoped that we will be able to revive this at a later date.

This reconstruction will serve the double purpose of releasing the present Academic Training Block to accommodate more Junior Leaders, and also to provide additional classroom space for the extra Junior Leaders who will be receiving educational instruction.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Sunday, March 18th, saw a special Memorial Service held in St. George's Church, Denbury Camp, taken by our own padre, the Rev. R. O. R. Wood, MA, CF, with an address by the Rev. E. J. Blythe, the "Other Denomination" padre for Denbury Camp.

The service was well attended within the Regiment, and also by civic dignitaries representing the Boroughs of Torquay, Paignton, and Totnes; the rural and urban districts of Newton Abbot, and Ashburton as well as so many others of our friends.

Mrs. Barbara Hall represented the Devon Association of Youth Clubs. We were also pleased to welcome Lt.-Col. Gregory to our congregation.

The collection taken is to be put towards the purchase of a permanent memorial to the two deceased Junior Leaders. As the padre pointed out in his appeal: "Memories are short, and a worthwhile memorial will serve to keep them with us in the Church." He went on to suggest that perhaps the money could be put towards a picture to be hung in the Church, or possibly a Bible for the Altar.

OBITUARY

J/SIG. JOHN MURRAY ALBISTON

John ("Sandy") Albiston was a Scotsman, and came from Aberdeen. He was Scottish in many ways. His friendly nature and broad accent combined to make him a personality who was well known and liked throughout the Regiment.

He had a sense of humour which seldom failed, and which was infectious in that others laughed with him readily and often.

He was a keen basketball player and regularly represented the Regiment, even becoming a member of the Regimental team in his first term with the Troop, which is quite an achievement. He was always keen to take part in other activities, whether it was the Social Club or the Camp Theatre. We shall miss "Sandy" because of his personality and humour.

To his parents and family we offer our deepest sympathy.

J/SIG. JOHN BALL

John Ball came from the village of Southwick, near Oundle, in Northamptonshire. He had two brothers (one of whom is serving in the Royal Signals) and a sister.

John only came to the Troop in January of this year and, because of his sincerity and willingness, quickly made many friends. Most of his pleasures in life were to be found out of doors; he was keen on the countryside and the challenge which it offered. Thus he enjoyed Adventure Training most of all in his work here.

At games he again displayed a spirit of adventure, always being keen to learn and to improve and displaying great determination, which was probably the most noticeable aspect of his character. John was still young, but possessed a wealth of goodwill, and the friendliness which he offered to us all will be remembered for a long time.

To his family and friends we offer our deepest sympathy.

FOOTBALL

FULL-BACK POINTS THE WAY

Although the Regimental Football XI. beat Coombe Pafford by a very convincing score in a league match played at Denbury, it was a very poor and rather frustrating game.

No forward seemed ready to shoot, and there was far too much attempted clever dribbling, which can otherwise be interpreted as greedy play.

Eventually, Nelson (M.) came steaming up from his full-back position to hammer home a goal, and this stirred the forwards into action. Subsequently, Farquhar, Nelson (G.), and Forrester all scored two goals apiece to make the final score 7-1.

TRIUMPH OF FITNESS

The Regimental Second XI. fulfilled the fixture against Paignton YMCA in a league match at Paignton, and they provided the opposition with a hard, evenly-fought game.

Paignton scored first, but good work by Beaumont made things even. For the majority of the game the Paignton XI. seemed more forceful, so perhaps we can feel ourselves fortunate to emerge 2-1 victors.

NELSON NETS FOUR

The Regimental Football XI. beat Upton Youth Club at Denbury in a league match by six goals to two. With Farquhar in fine ball-playing form, the team found no difficulty in keeping on top.

Nelson (G.) scored after four minutes, and from then on it was more or less one-way traffic. Nelson finished the game with another four goals to his credit, and Farquhar got two. Upton Youth Club deserves a word or two of praise for playing a very sporting game, and their two goals served as deserved consolation.

SLOW TO SETTLE

With a slightly weakened team, the Regimental XI. found Teignmouth Grammar School far too good for them in a friendly match at Teignmouth. The pitch being small and bone-hard, made ball control almost impossible. Teignmouth soon scored and, adapting themselves to the conditions more quickly, were four goals up by half-time.

A rapid reorganization of the Signals defence, through team positional changes, made the game closer in the second half, and Teignmouth were unable to increase their lead.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose herewith a postal order to cover 12 copies of the 'Junior Mercury.' We forward these on to our son, Cpl. M. G. Evans, in Cyprus. We, his parents, read the journal with great interest and follow all news of these youngsters at work and at play.

We were very shocked on reading and hearing the news of the loss of two of your comrades who were killed in the fire tragedy at Denbury. Our deepest sympathy goes out to the bereaved parents of these young boys.—Yours, etc.,

M. EVANS.

Battersea, London.

WITH APOLOGIES

DENBURY DIALOGUE

The following words and phrases are in common use round Denbury Camp, and other Army Establishments. Here we attempt to explain some of them to the uninitiated.

Skive.—Successfully working hard for one hour to avoid doing a detailed job which could be completed in five minutes.

Buckshees.—Anything belonging to the Quartermaster which is neither securely nailed down nor guarded for 24 hours of every day.

Nig.—Anybody who joined the Army on any day subsequent to your own recruitment.

Sweat.—Anybody who cleans his kit for one extra minute beyond the minimum standard required for an inspection to be conducted in pitch darkness.

Hard Man.—Any Junior Leader who can look Drum-Major Yates, BEM, straight in the eyes and call him "Uncle Alan" to his face.

Gunge (adj. Gungeey).—Anything slightly short of being immaculate.

Further suggestions will be welcomed. Perhaps we can build up a Denbury Dictionary in due course?

TOOTLE WITH VIGOUR

At the rise of the hand of policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him or otherwise disrespect him.

When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigour and express by word of mouth the warning "Hi, hi!"

Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by, or stop by the roadside till he pass away.

Give big space to the festive dog that make sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel-spokes.

Go soothingly on the grease-mud, as there lurk the skid demon. Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corners to save the collapse and tie-up. (Discovered in Japan by H. Allen Smith).

WORLD-WIDE COVERAGE

The Keystone Press, who are the photographic equivalent of Reuters, with coverage all over Europe and the USA, have been visiting the Regiment. Their photographer, John Drysdale, announced his intentions as being "to obtain a balanced picture feature of life in the Regiment, with the emphasis on the adventure side."

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She Always Gets Their Man (U)



Sunday, April 22nd, for seven days

**Rock Hudson, Doris Day
LOVER COME BACK (A)**

Eastman Colour

also **Freedom to Die (A)**



Sunday, April 29th, for seven days

**Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Joan Collins
THE ROAD TO HONG KONG (U)**

also

The Boy Who Caught a Crook (U)

SERGEANTS THREE

The action of this fast-moving film of daring, trickery and torture takes place in the Dakotas of North America around 1870. The sergeants (Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Peter Lawford), aided by Jonah (Sammy Davis, Junr.), a former Negro slave, discover a township massacred by fanatical Indians, the Ghost Dancers. The climax, after fantastic adventures, is a pitched battle between a cavalry regiment and a thousand warriors lying in ambush.

LOVER COME BACK

The trio which made the hilarious "Pillow Talk" are back in another brilliantly funny tale of New York's advertising world. Doris Day's marriage to Rock Hudson, whilst she is under the influence of alcoholic lozenges, is only one of the comic situations which flow through this picture.

THE ROAD TO HONG KONG

Another crazy "Road" film. It starts with Bob and Bing selling do-it-yourself space kits to Ceylonese natives, and progresses by way of Tibetan Lamas and madmen trying to take over the world, to an orbit around the moon, and a furious chase by American secret service men around Hong Kong. One long laugh.

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FOOTBALL



Ward and Chisholm at practice

by S/Sgt. Wilson

COUNTY REPRESENTATION

J/Cpl. Chisholm and J/L/Cpl. Ward played for Devon against Dorset in the South-West Counties Federation competition at Lyme Regis on Saturday, March 24th.

This is the first time ever that anyone from this Regiment has gained such an honour in any sport. In the boxing world, some of our champions have achieved Army and Inter-Services recognition, but to gatecrash our way into civilian county recognition is an honour indeed.

Both Chisholm and Ward are Northerners, and are alike in that they play very hard, rugged football, with heavy tackling. Yet no one could ever say that either of them was prone to unfair or dirty play. They both put their whole hearts into every game they play, and emerge from the field exhausted, having given their all during the match in question.

Ward was the Regimental Football Captain last season, and Chisholm holds the same appointment at the present moment.

However, the contrasts between the two in their attitude towards football are amazing. Ward, who plays at left-back, seems to live only for football, and never really seems at home doing anything else. Chisholm, in contrast, is long, thin, even gangling, but with a terrific ability to reach out a long leg and collect a stray ball on the end of it. He has a sharply-featured, long face which can suddenly break out into an infectious laugh which carries all with it.

Ward is short, broad, thick-set—perhaps "chunkily-built" is the best description—with an honest, smiling face and a sunny sense of humour. Chisholm, in contrast, is long, thin, even gangling, but with a terrific ability to reach out a long leg and collect a stray ball on the end of it. He has a sharply-featured, long face which can suddenly break out into an infectious laugh which carries all with it.

The game itself was a pleasant experience for both of them. Although Devon were beaten, the Denbury lads gave of their best, and the Press labelled Chisholm as "the outstanding defender on the field."

Considering that they are boys playing in the men's county team, we can all feel justly proud of them, and hope that when they go away to their Regiments they will be given the opportunity to go right to the top in the Army soccer world. After all, the opportunities in an all-Regular Army for good sportsmen are manifold.

AREA WINNERS

In the area final of the Devon Youth Cup the Denbury XI. soundly trounced Coombe Pafford by six goals to one.

The Signals kicked off against a strong wind, but the first 10 minutes were notable only for missed passes on both sides. The first goal was scored by Hollander, who lobbed the ball over the 'keeper's arm from out on the left-wing.

Chisholm was outstanding in defence throughout the whole game, coolly breaking up Coombe Pafford's attacks and finding his inside-forwards with long, accurate ground passes. Hollander got our second goal with the ball dropping down from the bar and deflecting from the keeper into the net. The third goal was scored by Forrester, with a great drive from the left-wing position.

Nelson (G.), playing in the unaccustomed position of inside-right, played diligently, and did his job well in feeding right-winger Prior with the ball.

However, it was again from the left that the fourth goal came. Forrester put over a swerving cross-lob which Hollander managed to deflect past the goalkeeper into the corner of the net. Forrester was really on form now, and scored his second goal cutting in from the left wing, beating two men and the goalkeeper and gently pushing the ball into an empty net. Prior scored Denbury's final goal.

TRIUMPH FOR THE STAFF

The Staff Football XI. went straight off to the attack against Seale-Hayne in their Calder Cup match on a rather difficult pitch which was still partially snowbound. The first goal was scored by Signals when Oliver fastened on to a long pass from Moorhouse and put in a short jab from only a few yards out which the Seale-Hayne goalkeeper had no chance with.

This put the college on their mettle, and it was only a few minutes later that they managed to equalize with a scrambling goal following an error in the Staff defence. Hammond, in goal, had no chance with that one.

There was no more scoring until the second half, when Harvey fastened on to a badly-taken goal kick and returned the ball into the back of the net before the goalkeeper had time to regain his position.

By this time the Denbury defence had settled down far better, with Henderson at centre-half dominating the area and putting out a stream of delightful passes to Milton at wing-half. Milton, however, is inclined to hang on to the ball a little bit too much, but on one occasion, when he did get rid of it straight away with a superb pass to right-winger Marriott, the latter scored a tremendous goal from the edge of the penalty area to give us a 3-1 lead.

However, back came Seale-Hayne on to the attack, and they scored a goal which had Hammond completely fooled. Harvey, cutting in from the left wing, got his second goal to put us two ahead again, and Moorhouse made it five.

Our final goal was scored by goalkeeper Hammond himself from a penalty; no doubt he would know how their poor goalie must have felt.

The final score was 6-3 to the Staff team as, with the last kick of the game, Seale-Hayne scored from a penalty after Henderson had handled the ball in the area.

CROSS COUNTRY

HIGHER STANDARD

The result of the Army Boys Cross-Country Championships, held at Aldershot on Friday, March 2nd, was disappointing with regards to Signals' positioning. The overall picture was:

1, Army Apprentices School, Chepstow, 114 points; 2, Infantry Junior Leaders Bn., 163; 3, Army Apprentices School, Arborfield, 187; 4, Junior Leaders Regt., RAC, 191; 5, Junior Leaders Regt., RE, 196; 6, All Arms Junior Leaders Regt., 198; 7, Army Apprentices School, Carlisle, 223; 8, Apprentice Tradesmen, ACC, 245; 9, Junior Leaders Regt., RA, 249; 10, Army Apprentices School, Harrogate, 273; 11, Junior Leaders Regt. Royal Signals, 274; 12, Junior Leaders Bn., RAOC, 483.

Royal Signals team individual results: 21st, J/Sig. Kemp, 18mins. 50secs.; 34th, J/Cpl. Gue, 19mins. 10secs.; 36th, J/Sig. Gibb, 19mins. 15secs.; 54th, J/Sig. Young, 19mins. 35secs.; 64th, J/Sig. Woolley, 19mins. 45secs.; 65th, J/Sig. Glossop, 19mins. 45secs.

However, individually our runners showed a tremendous improvement over the previous year's performances. Kemp moved up 74 places, and cut nearly two minutes off his time. Gue was 45 seconds faster, and Gibb 20 seconds faster.

However, the times throughout the race were faster altogether, and the range of points between all the boys unit teams much closer. Let us hope that next year will prove to be Signals' year.

RUGBY

GUNNERS HAVE A FINE PACK

The semi-final of the Army Junior Rugby Cup between the Royal Signals and the Royal Artillery Junior Leaders was played at Nuneaton. As soon as the game started it was obvious that here were two evenly-matched teams, and that a long, hard struggle was in prospect.

After about 10 minutes play, J/SSM Brister put Denbury ahead with a well-kicked penalty. However, this roused the Gunners to greater effort and they soon equalized with an unconverted try 3-3. Brister put Signals back into the lead with a dropped goal, and we crossed over at half-time 6-3 to the good.

Signals were unable to break through the hard-tackling Gunners defence in the second half, and their forwards had a definite edge. Their weight gained them nearly 100 per cent possession in the tight scrummages, and they put in some spirited work in the loose which denied Signals possession of the ball.

The Artillery went ahead with a try, which they converted, and then scored another unconverted try to give them a lead of 11-6. Here the Signals rallied, and the last 10 minutes of the game were spent almost entirely in the Gunners' half, but none of the team's efforts could produce the vital five points. The final whistle went with the Gunners leading 11-6, and Signals were out of the cup.

On the touch-line the Denbury team were delighted to see ex-2/Lt. Plummer, who trained last year's winning cup team, and perhaps his words provide the best postscript: "In 1961 we won the Army Cup, but the 1962 XV, which I have just seen knocked out in the semi-final is the better team of the two."

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