



THE GREAT STAGE



*Bewildered he stood at the gate, beset by untold fears,
Compelled then to change his fate—the shape of his future years;
Slowly the bright light appeared his doubts to smother,
And taking his case in his hand, his courage in the other,
He entered the Corps.
Gone now his training—time of endurance—
In BERET he struts, full of assurance,
A fledgling no more.*



THE SUMMER OUTPUT, 1962

by Sgt. Martin

*"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances."*

Shakespeare immortalized those words when he put pen to paper almost four centuries ago, and perhaps here at Denbury we see their wisdom term after term. For it is here we receive the raw material on a vast human conveyor-belt, and turn out the polished, finished article, after careful processing.

Some fall by the wayside for, to live up to the standards of a Junior Leader, is not the easiest thing in the world; but it is one of the most rewarding. And when, now a mature, capable character, he says his farewells to Denbury, off to the wilds of Catterick or Ripon, it is, we hope, tinged with regret.

Perhaps he remembers when he arrived, the "raw material," a little nervous, still perhaps the infant, "*mewling and puking in his nurse's arms*," rather awed by it all, probably wondering what he has let himself in for. Coaxed a little here and there, he begins to find his feet; to explore his own character, and those of his comrades. He learns to push back the barriers that have encompassed him; to succeed where before he failed.

His confidence increased, his knees lose that "drill shock" shaking, and he begins

to feel he belongs. He is no longer the outsider looking in, but truly a member of that particular brotherhood of men—a soldier. But this transformation is gradual. This is no sudden metamorphosis.

"And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face creeping like a snail unwillingly to school."

Perhaps the Senior Education Officer could vouch for "*creeping like a snail unwillingly to school*," although the "*shining morning face*" is usually covered with a slashed peak.

He racks his brains over the intricacies of the decimal, or perhaps he works for G.C.E. The typewriter is no longer a thing of wonder, as to the strains of Elvis Presley beating out the rhythm from the tape recorder or, in the case of the teleprinters, a little "Country and Western."

Now in his second or third term, he is surely "*full of strange oaths*" and, if not "*bearded like the pard*," thanks to the attentions of the Regimental Sergeant-Major, he is certainly "*jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel; seeking the bubble reputation*."

This term's output is the largest for several terms. Old characters are making their exits, new ones their entrances.

We shall certainly miss the quiet J/RSM

Johnny Beaumont, and the hockey team will find it hard to replace that suave-looking character from the "South Seas" (Guernsey), Keith V. Austin; and also the indomitable "Bom" Sharpe, of Kukri Troop. Grinning Quadrant Troop Sgt. Hyde, who took to pole-vaulting like a 'natural,' will be sorely missed on the athletics field. The swirl of the kilts of Cpls. Pollard and Dewar will be sadly missed at Scottish dancing. Also "Ginge" Porter, the stocky Westcountry man from Bristol, a killer in the ring, and Geoff Young, a cross-country runner as well as a boxer.

Others are Hedges, the band's leading drummer, together with Bob Newhart fan "Cookie" Isherwood, who delighted us at many a concert, one of the Regiment's comedians; J/SMM Wooler, one of the veterans of the team which brought the Rugby Cup home to Denbury; and Trumpet-Major Wooley, who always brought his infectious sense of humour to every band "Retreat."

Of these, and others too numerous to mention, we can say truly are they "*with good capon lin'd, full of wise saws, and modern instances*."

Well, we hope you, the parents, are proud of them, for we certainly are. The very best of luck to you all.

EDITORIAL

Back once again under normal management, our first task is to thank and to congratulate WO II Irvine (RAEC) for his hard work in producing such an excellent edition of the July 'Junior Mercury.' He no longer regards the Editor's chair as a "haven of rest," and goes out of his way to avoid getting involved in any more work! He has learned the hard way!

This August edition has been so easy to produce. Graduation Parade and Parents Day are with us once again and, as usual, we welcome all those who are visiting us. Capt. Burke has earned our thanks for so entertainingly given us the "inside story" of the Royal Signals Motor-Cycle Display Team. Mr. Tysoe has once again "turned up trumps" with our cartoons, and Sgt. Martin, although taking many photographs himself, now proudly presents the work of some of his proteges. The "Readers Corner" filled itself to the extent that we must apologize for not being able to fit in our competition this month. Funny stories for "Round the Camp" just abound.

Next, to sport. This must have been the finest summer season this Regiment has ever known. Athletic successes abound, for which credit must go to Capt. Joyner and his two chief assistants, Sgts. "Mick" Hall and "Frank" Rogers. In the first-ever Regimental swimming season, the Junior Leaders have produced a tidy team, which should be greatly improved by next season. The Staff and Junior Leaders have combined to form a water polo team good enough to be District Champions and Command runners-up. Apart from these outstanding achievements, Staff and Junior Leaders have combined to produce a highly successful cricket team. The Regiment has played Staff and Junior Leaders tennis matches, also unprecedented. We have fitted in some boxing and a couple of football trials, too.

It has been a busy term in many ways, but a happy and successful one, and we take this opportunity to wish all members of the Regiment a "Good Leave"; you've earned it!

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2. The views expressed herein are not necessarily official War Office or Army policy.
3. All communications should be addressed to The Editor, "Junior Mercury," Denbury Camp, Near Newton Abbot, Devon.

STAFF SCRAPBOOK

Days to do—too few. That is the cry of SSM Senior Wing.

It has two meanings. First, that the majority of our remaining National Servicemen are leaving us in one large block during the August Leave. The other meaning is with regard to the remainder still left to soldier on. They are looking forward to the long summer break, now rapidly looming up, although a few stalwarts must remain to look after the camp. The SSM looks frantically at the amount still to be done in the few short days left, wondering whether everything will get done in time.

One of the events we still have to cope with is the visit of Her Majesty the Queen to Totnes on July 27th. In this event we are mainly the backroom boys, apart from Maj. Scott and Capt. Haw (we do count them as part of Senior Wing), who will be in command of the guard of honour.

The other major event still to come is Parents Day. For this we cannot cope with the vast amount of organization, and must get the help of Junior Leaders. The QM and his staff have been extremely busy for the last few weeks, collecting all the stores needed to ensure that the Mums and Dads get every possible comfort during their stay.

One section of Senior Wing which is often taking for granted is the Messing Staff who, under Lt. Stacey (congratulations on your promotion), WO II Hale, Sgts. Jordan and Hill, and all the cooks, both military and civilian, will really be hard at work feeding thousands. They work long hours to produce meals for over 500 people, with very few complaints and, seeing the fruits of their labours, we can say "Thank you."

For the observant few, it will be obvious that there are changes taking place in Hut 43. Vast quantities of wood are to be seen outside the building. In fact, we are losing nearly all the bunks and getting, instead, four barrack rooms, which will ease our problems of the present situation of getting a quart into a pint pot. Even then it is doubtful if we shall ever get back to the old, spacious days of a complete set of rooms spare to put up the "Hotel Splendide" sign again.

Finally, we would like to wish everyone a good holiday, and hope the weather is as good as the Ten Tors weekend.

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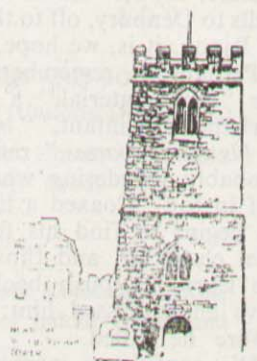
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THE COMMANDING OFFICER COMMENTS . . .

On July 31 one of the biggest Outputs ever will graduate from this Regiment to Colour Service, and I feel it is appropriate, therefore, that I should address these notes primarily to them.

You have now completed your training at DENBURY, and are going on to the Training Brigade, Royal Signals, for further training, at the end of which you will be posted to regular units of Royal Signals. Your future in the Corps is a good one, but the success you achieve will depend entirely on your own efforts. For many years after you have left DENBURY, you will carry with you the prestige of this Regiment, and you will find that rather more will be expected of you than of other soldiers of your age. You will be expected always to be smart and soldierly in appearance, willing and helpful in your manner, and always completely loyal to your Corps and to the Army. You will probably get rather more than your fair share of sticky jobs because your seniors will know you can be relied on more than most. You will be expected to show above-average leadership and example at all times.

It is important, in facing up to these "great expectations," that you do not become conceited or complacent. The world—and, in particular, the Army—does not owe you a living, and you may well have some difficulty in finding your feet in a regular unit. You will find you are younger and, in some ways, less experienced than most of your fellow-signalmen. You will need time to become a proficient tradesman, and until you are completely a master of your trade, it will be difficult for you to take charge and command the respect of other tradesmen. Don't be disheartened if it takes a little time to achieve your first stripe. Your chance will come, and your prospects of success as an NCO will be greater if you have had sufficient time to settle down in Colour Service.

During your stay at DENBURY many of you have distinguished yourselves in games and sport. On reaching your Unit, don't be bashful regarding your skill at sports, and take a full part in Regimental sport and activities. Do your best to gain a place in at least one Regimental team and remember that, as a regular soldier or NCO, you must place your services at the disposal of Regimental and representative Army teams before you agree to play for civilian clubs. Remember also that it is an essential part of your job as a soldier to keep yourself fit. Whether you are a "gladiator" or not, make sure you get plenty of open air exercise and never let yourself get physically soft.

One of the things we have always emphasized at DENBURY is the importance of good manners. When you leave DENBURY make sure that your manners keep at the same high standard. Your seniors will respect you for your politeness and your willing, helpful manner, and your example will have a good effect on your comrades. Don't imagine that all tough soldiers are foul-mouthed. A few blistering oaths at moments of provocation or anxiety may serve to relieve your feelings, but never slip into the pathetic habit of using swear-words in place of adjectives.

One of the biggest decisions you will have to make on entering Colour Service is where you stand on the question of drinking. Inevitably the first inclination of many of you will be to kick over the traces and have a few parties. By all means have a good time, and prove to yourself and your friends (if you must) that you can drink with the best. Hard drinking in a young chap will eventually lead to physical and mental deterioration, and so make sure that your drinking is kept well under control. More NCOs have been reduced in rank as a result of drunkenness and crimes arising from it than from all other causes put together.

And now a special word addressed to the Junior NCOs and Junior Warrant-Officers. At DENBURY you have earned, and successfully held, rank and responsibilities, and you have savoured a few of the privileges that go with rank. You may well find it more difficult than other Junior Leaders to settle down as Signalmen in the Regular Army, and you will at times wonder whether there was any point in the extra duties and responsibilities you have undertaken as Junior NCOs and WOs. I would therefore like to emphasize that your Junior NCO and WO duties have formed a most valuable part of your leadership training, and you will find the experience invaluable when you reach regular NCO rank.

In conclusion, on behalf of All Ranks of the Junior Leaders Regiment, I would like to wish you all every success and good fortune in Colour Service. I look forward to meeting you all again in Units of the Corps in the years to come, and to noting with pleasure the progress you will have made in the Regular Army.

Alan Holmes

ROUND UP

A WEEK'S ADVENTURE TRAINING

The decision not to allow this Regiment or, indeed, other Regiments, too, to participate in the Nijmegen Marches was very sudden. However, the Colonel determined that some other outlet for Junior Leaders' energy should be found to make up for the disappointment.

His first idea was a summer camp, and a recce was made of Fort Tregantle, near Plymouth, but this was considered unsuitable.

Now the first week of next term is to be devoted entirely to Adventure Training; camping, rock-climbing, surveying, canoeing, sailing, swimming and marching are a few of the items on the programme. At the same time there will be an organized three-day expedition for those participating in the Duke of Edinburgh's Silver Award Scheme.

Next year, definite plans for a properly-organized Summer Camp will be formulated well in advance.

FIRELIGHT FANTASY

Last year's successful venture of the Firelight Fantasy on November 5 (a sort of miniature Tattoo) proved such an unqualified success that the venture is to be repeated this year. Present plans are based on a show not quite so elaborate as that of last year. Certainly there will be a firework display and another super bonfire, as well as performances by our Corps of Drums, Choir, and Scottish Dancing team. We in the Regiment feel that a show of this nature is the best way of saying "Thank you" to our many friends in the area. Last year's attendance of well over a thousand Devonians proved it was appreciated. So we ask you to write down "Denbury" against November 5 in your engagement books.

MOVEMENT AT LAST

The promised temporary Academic Wing is at last under way, and the foundations are already visible. The contractors actually began work at the beginning of July, and it should definitely be finished before Christmas.

CROSS-COUNTRY

A pat on the back to the whole Regiment from the Commanding Officer, who said: "I had the feeling that the boys ran much harder than usual. I am pleased."

NEW LOOK

We can expect the popularity of the Church Army canteen to soar even higher in the near future, as it should be getting a refreshing new look to it. Capt. Woodhouse, of Church Army headquarters, has been visiting Denbury to see about refurbishing the canteen.

WINTER COACHING

Our successes in both athletics and swimming this year have been so heartening that it is hoped to train throughout the winter, so that next summer's achievements can be even more outstanding.

EDUCATION

It is hoped that post-senior candidates can have greater chances for technical education, and that study for City and Guild examinations can be pursued, as well as for the General Certificate of Education.

VISIT OF 19

Recently, 14 headmasters and careers masters from the city of Plymouth, and five Youth Liaison Officers from Southern Command, visited Denbury. They went round the Regiment and saw Junior Leaders pursuing their everyday training. They all appeared very impressed with camp life as a whole, and expressed surprise at the high standard of the food. Cooks: take a bow.

RECRUITING

The Commanding Officer talked with pleasure of the Regiment's present position with regard to recruiting. "Next term's Intake should be first-class," he said, "as we were able to pick and choose from the applicants." We had more applicants than there were places available.

Lt.-Col. Holifield also talked of recruiting with regard to Devon itself. He feels there are "rather less recruits from the immediate locality than might be expected." Future efforts are likely to be concentrated on Devonshire.

"X"-PRESSIVE

It was raining. The thick red mud of Denbury was being transformed into a thick, opulent paste. To "X" the general atmosphere was one of complete and utter misery. The fact that there was a barrack room inspection the following day did not help matters either, and so, being in the depths of despair, "X's" thoughts, not unnaturally, turned to Parents Day.

So far this year, "X" had managed to resist all his parents' efforts to visit the Regiment by painting lurid pictures of Spartan accommodation (bare boards, etc.) and tales of hostile natives who, according to "X," made Katanga rebels look like choir-boys "whooping it up" a little.

With an involuntary shudder, "X" recalled last year's Parents Day when swarms of civilians, all under the guise of uncles, mothers, aunts, fathers and the like shattered the tranquil atmosphere of the place, monopolized the NAAFI, mistook the RSM for the CO, and insisted on calling the Padre "Vicar." He remembered the iceberg which dropped into his stomach on seeing his mother emerge from the Sergeants Mess.

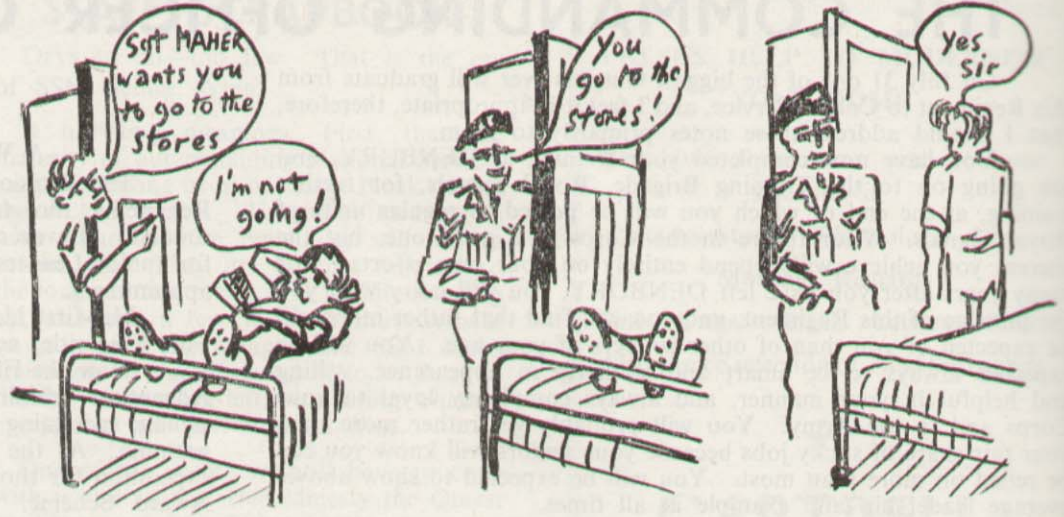
"I've had such a nice little chat with your sergeant," "X" disclaimed all knowledge of ownership to any particular NCO but, undeterred, she went on, "Such a nice man, too. Your Dad's talking to him now."

"X" remembered how, with a cry of anguish, he vacated the scene into his last refuge, the Church Army (of "Bella" fame), whose whereabouts the parents as yet had failed to locate, and then, that same night, another humiliation.

Having quietened down his father after his "little chat" with his troop sergeant, "X" had agreed to show his father and Uncle Bert the sights of Newton Abbot.

Five cups of coffee later, in the "Milky Way," his father interrupted his attempt to drown the latest hit blaring in all its stereophonic glory from the juke box, and suggested that surely Newton Abbot had entertainment other than drinking endless cups of "frothy coffee."

"X" had to admit that it had, but he suspected there were limits to his father's broadmindedness. However, he decided Courtenay Park should be a safe bet, and so, apologizing to Lil for a shorter stay than usual, he set off at a cracking pace down Queen-street, in the hope that they would be sufficiently exhausted to warrant another drink at the Railway (cafe).



Unfortunately, it transpired that Fate was all against "X" that day. For just approaching from the station was Alice, a sweet, old-fashioned name for, well, let us say, a gay, perhaps well-developed, healthy young animal whose physical properties sadly dwarfed her intellectual ability. She was "X's" girl.

With hands thrust deeply into his pockets, "X" was too engrossed in exhausting his charges to notice his approaching doom. Eventually he could not help noticing it when his head came into contact with her extreme points.

"Sorry," said "X," didn't realize where I was g— Oh, it's you."

"What you mean, 'Oh, it's me.' 'Bain't you ashamed you didn't meet me last night," she pouted provocatively. "Poor little Alice all alone in the shelter, without 'X'y' to look after me."

"X" was about to make some terse comment on the chances of Alice remaining alone on an iceberg when heavy, somewhat distressed breathing announced the arrival of his charges.

"Steady on, me lad, not as young as I used to be, y'know. Neither's your Uncle Bert, eh, Bert?" Uncle Bert confessed that he too was not as young as he used to be.

"Aye, aye, what have we here then, me lad? Your lass, eh? Pleased to meet yer, Miss ——" "No, she isn't, Dad," interrupted "X," "she's just ——" "

The thoroughly enraged Alice decided she had remained silent too long—much too long.

"That 'bain't true; I'm 'is 'bird,'" and then, with a brainstorm and a meaning look at "X": "I was 'is 'bird.' Who's the other bloke wiv yer? 'S'pose 'e's a copper. Bin in trouble agin, 'as 'e?"

"What do you mean by that?" screamed the equally enraged father, whose paternal instincts were beginning to rise to the fore.

"I could tell you a few things 'bout 'im," continued Alice, stimulated by the opposition and the audience which was gathering rapidly.

And so she did. Yes, thought "X," Parents Day held painful memories. Still, there was always the Church Army.

The troop sergeant used some rather gruesome epithets when he called "X" for the third time. "'X,' wake yourself up. Your parents are here; they're waiting for you in the Church Army." The last sanctuary!



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MEMORIES OF TIME SPENT ON THE MOTOR CYCLE DISPLAY TEAM

by Capt. B. J. BURKE

Although motor-cyclists in general are held in some disfavour by motorists and most adults, anybody who watched the televised excerpts from the Royal Tournament a few weeks ago must have appreciated the skill of that world-famous team, the Royal Signals Motor-Cycle Display Team.

What do you know about this team? What do we of the Royal Signals know of the team? Probably very little, so I, as a previous team captain (in 1960) will attempt to enlighten you.

First, the object of the team is "to demonstrate the skills of a Royal Signals Despatch Rider." I shall not try to pretend that the members of the team are only average motor-cyclists, though in many cases they probably were before they started their specialized training, but they end up as exceedingly skilled riders. How is this achieved?

Well, for three months, from November to February, the newly-formed team spends a large proportion of its time doing cross-country riding in the infamous Yorkshire Gandale at the peak of a Catterick winter. No wonder they learn superb control; they have to—to stay alive. During February and March they learn their places in the intricate formation rides, firstly in the gymnasium and then on the parade ground, on Army machines. Timing is all-important, and the end product is the result of hours and hours of practice.

In late March the team goes to Coventry and draws the 18 gleaming motor-cycles hired to them by the Triumph Motor-Cycle Co.

These machines are unique, as they have 500c.c. twin-cylinder side-valve engines, with a top speed of only 75 m.p.h., and doing only 45 miles per gallon. Although some machines have extra strengthening (very necessary when there are 12 people on one cycle), and extra foot-rests and seats, apart from these, the machines are completely standard, and as supplied to the Royal Air Force and the Navy as well. They do not have special or extra throttles, as is commonly supposed. They are, however, ideal for their job, as they have excellent low gear acceleration, a vital necessity for this type of work. Any repairs necessary during the season are done by some of the more skilled riders and expert mechanics in the team.

The normal riding season is from April to December, during which time the team covers thousands of miles on the machines, going from show to show. Their itinerary embraces everything from humble village fetes to county shows and large military tattoos such as the Royal Tournament. Any of our civilian friends who are thinking of hiring the team might be interested to know that it

would cost them £80 for one day—but this reduces for longer periods!

The team is 30-strong, and tradition dictates that the team captain shall do the "Fire Jump" and the team sergeant the "Rock Wall." In order to join the team, any regular soldier of any trade in the Royal Signals, with a motor-cycle licence, may volunteer, through his unit commander, for a trial for the team during October, which is when the team is rebuilt every year.

He will then be posted to Catterick, and his potential examined on the Yorkshire moors; at this stage it is potential which is being looked at, and not proficiency.

If selected, an individual is posted to the team at 24 Signal Regiment; if unsuccessful, he may be posted anywhere. A tour with the team is normally a full-time tour of three years and, as some risks are inevitably involved, and a great deal of time spent "on the road," it is really a single man's posting.

REMINISCENCES OF 1960

This year was a special one, as the team spent a month in New York and a week in Berlin.

The team flew directly to New York (3,400 miles) in a R.A.F. Britannia turbo-prop, complete with all motor-cycles, spares and props—quite a load. The Military Tattoo was being held in Madison Square Garden. This arena, in fact, is a mile from Madison Square, and as it is completely covered, contains no suggestion of anything resembling a garden. The audience, 15,000 of them, sit in tiers looking almost vertically down on to the arena. This gave spectators such a good view of the display team that women were literally screaming with fright at every performance. Also appearing were a P.T. team, the Marines, the Guards, and hordes of bagpiping and dancing Scotsmen. Despite the fact that, to Americans, a tattoo is something sailors have on their torsos, the show was a tremendous success. It was marred only by the tragic death of the Royal Marines captain from Plymouth, who fell to his death when he became unhooked from the "Death Slide" wire.

The soldiers stayed on a little island half a mile off-shore from Manhattan Island (it goes without saying) the Biggest Barrack Block in the World. Readers will be pleased to know that this block was of very similar standard to most British Army accommodation. However, the food was excellent, and the Americans very hospitable.

The trip was not without its incidents. The author made the society column of a famous newspaper through his inability to perform the "Fire

Jump" on three successive nights, due to his having jammed a finger in a New York taxi-cab!

Also, when we were approximately half an hour out of Newfoundland, the passenger cabin filled with smoke. This most disconcerting happening was caused by an engine failure. It resulted in a two-day stay at Gander Airport, Newfoundland. This island consists of nothing much but trees, moose, a few rough roads, some inland lakes and more trees. As a result of the relief plane arriving early, two wandering members of the team were left behind. However, they subsequently rejoined us in the U.K. Altogether, the American trip was a superb, never-to-be-forgotten experience.

The shows in England that followed seemed a little tame, although they were enlivened by some comments of certain riders as they hung close to the ground in areas following a parade of cattle. (It's a good job cows don't fly!). Although the team always performs on grass, or on some such similar surface, conditions can be difficult. At Woburn Abbey, where a crowd of 25,000 critical motor-cyclists were the audience, the ground was like a scenic railway, thanks to a Traction Engine Rally the previous weekend. At Denbury, in the rain, the author slid off for the first and last time in the season, to the amusement of all present. (I'm still trying to live it down).

A trip to Berlin was thoroughly enjoyed by the team, although motoring in an RASC 7-tonner at the regulation 28 m.p.h. for two days up the autobahn did nothing to improve the tempers of the normally swift-moving riders. The Germans, like the Americans, were a very enthusiastic and demonstrative audience. A measure of the team's success is the fact that they have been invited back every year since then.

A question one was asked often was: "Do accidents occur?" The answer is "Yes," but they are kept to an absolute minimum by the team practising their skills unceasingly before the season starts. Nevertheless, incidents will inevitably happen. I recall the enthusiastic admiration of a German audience, when the team sergeant, who was up the ladder on his machine, was knocked off-course by a bump and disappeared into the bushes. He emerged, running alongside his still-moving machine; he jumped on and continued the trick to thunderous applause. Riders fall off fairly regularly if the grass is damp or wet: this is unavoidable at the speeds employed. They cannot slow down very much or the whole thrill of the show is lost.

Continued on Page 9, Column 2-

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OLD COMRADES

It is always a pleasure to hear from old friends of the camp, and this month their letters have been especially prolific. Capt. Robinson left here three years ago. In his time he was well known as Francisca Troop OC, Boxing Officer, and leader of the first expedition to Norway. WO. II. Curley left 18 months ago. He was in Junior Wing, Spearman and Round left last Christmas, the former being J/RSM and the latter J/Sgt. (Francisca). Wright, Watts, Wedgbury and Blakeborough were all well-liked personalities from different troops who left us last Christmas. Harber was of Francisca Troop, and especially well remembered as basketball captain. We thank J/Cpl. Spree for permission to publish extracts from this letter. Livingston was ex-J/Sgt. of White Spear Troop and Junior Wing. Despite the fact that he was medically discharged from the Army, he is desperately interested in Denbury and its doings.

With all this news coming in, we are unable to publish all these letters, so content ourselves with extracting what we hope will be of interest.

ENJOYS LIFE

I return from Cyprus to Alder-shot next month and hope to renew my acquaintance with Denbury.

I was very pleased last week to meet again Cpl. Francis (ex-Boy RSM, 1958-59, I think, and now a Telegraph Technician). Cpl. Francis has had a tour in BAOR with a Guided Weapons Regiment and thoroughly enjoyed this exciting and exacting job. He is now with 15 Signal Regiment, and is settling down quickly to his COMCAN job in sunny Cyprus.

W. J. ROBINSON, Capt.

STILL INTERESTED

Enclosed is a further subscription for another 12 months supply of your excellent paper. Please convey my regards to the old crowd, all of whom I hope to see again in the future.

D. CURLEY, WO II.

NEWS FROM CATTERICK

We had a letter (or at least the Regiment did) from Lt.-Col. Holifield thanking all the ex-boys for the help we gave over Ten Tors, and the officer in charge of the TG operators called us all together and congratulated us on our achievements there.

We have seen a little of the Easter output who came up to Catterick. All the TG operators are doing well and have made a good impression. We have seen "Chick" Brister, who is on the Radio Operators side, and he too seems to have settled down well.

Please give our regards to all our friends among the staff at Denbury, especially Sgts. Angell, Hall and Jamieson; Staffs Hendley and Yates, and WO II. Irvine.

"CHRIS" SPEARMAN, "SQUARE" ROUND.

REGIMENTAL PRIDE

We have been out here in Aden for a month, but it is not nearly as good as in Blighty.

We are looking forward to hearing the result of this year's Ten Tors Expedition, and hope that the Denbury boys led the field, as usual.

We were proud to hear that the Regiment has been requested to provide a guard of honour for the Queen's visit to Totnes, and we sincerely hope that the War Office will approve of the idea. We feel sure the boys chosen will give an excellent account of themselves.

All four of us are very proud to have served in the Junior Leaders Regiment, and we are sure that in years to come it will continue to maintain the high standard it has achieved.

"JOCK" WRIGHT (ex Javelin Troop)

"MOSES" WATTS (ex Francisca Troop)

"WILLIE" WEDGBURY (ex Romulus Troop)

"YOGI" BLAKEBOROUGH -ex White Spear Troop)

EVERY COPY SO FAR

I am extremely sorry I have not sent my subscription to you for a further year's supply of the 'Junior Mercury' earlier. I am away from home most of the week on a telegraph training course at Leeds for the G.P.O. I have just completed six weeks but have a further five to do before I come back to Hull. I hope everything is going OK at Denbury, and that the weather was good for the Ten Tors competition; I saw part of it on television.

I have got every copy of the 'Junior Mercury' which has been printed (Editor's note: This will be the 39th), and I am always very pleased to read what is going on at camp.

P. LIVINGSTON (ex White Spear Troop).

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I can tell you its terrifically hot out here in East Africa. The weather is just scorching hot; its about 70 degrees every day and, boy, its just terrific.

The work here is just fabulous. We go out on the border every day, where the heat really pelts down on you, and you just roast. Well, how are the rest of the boys getting on? I don't suppose there are many left whom I can remember. How is the basketball team playing? It seems a long way ahead, but I can't get home for three years unless I pay my own way home. This costs £196, which I can save in about twelve months. I know this sounds fantastic, but I save £4 a week, and I shall save more later on. Cigarettes are 2/- for 50 Senior Service, and 1/3d. for over a pint of beer. Give my regards to "Groch" Angell.

R. M. HARBER.

ALL FACILITIES

On Thursday, July 12, primary schools in the area were permitted to use Denbury Camp sports field. We thank the Commanding Officer for permission to publish this letter.

DEAR SIR.—Thank you very much for your kindness in providing us with all facilities for a very enjoyable sports afternoon for the children. Believe me, it was much appreciated by all concerned. I am enclosing a letter written by one of my girls, aged 10.—Yours, etc.,

E. M. TODD, Denbury School.

DEAR COLONEL.—The children of Denbury School wish to thank you very much for allowing us to use your field yesterday afternoon. We are very grateful to you for all the help you gave to make the sports a success.—Yours, etc., LINDA MORTIMORE.

Editor's Note: The beautiful calligraphy of Linda's letter was a joy to behold.



The Author Relaxes by Major Rothwell

good 2½-hour journey out to the fishing grounds, but the time soon passed, due to the fact that we were too excited to notice time. Also, the skipper liked to pass the time by answering all the questions about life on the sea that we threw at him.

Suddenly the engines were cut; we had arrived at our destination. The skipper quickly set about the task of preparing the tackle and line for fishing. The bags of dead fish which were to draw the sharks around were thrown over the side and we were ready.

It was quiet for a couple of hours, then suddenly a yell from the skipper told us there was a shark around. We could not believe this at first, as there were no signs, but sure enough a few minutes later the rod began to bend under the strain. The shark did not give much trouble in the water and was landed easily. Once on deck we held on to our corners of the boat while the skipper tackled the huge fish.

The shark really tried to "go to town" when on board, snapping its teeth and snapping at anything in its way. It was a fight between fish and man, and after receiving a lot of well-placed blows with an iron bar the shark decided—and, I should think, wisely—to lie down. It was quickly tucked away, and all the signs remaining were the blood-covered decks.

We quickly settled down after the excitement, and it was my turn on the shark rod. At 3.15 it seemed as though I was going to be unlucky, for there was no sign of another shark, and a few minutes later we had to start back. Unlucky with the fishing, but well satisfied with a marvellous day, we turned and headed back for land, a good three hours away.

This part of the trip, as we soon found out, was to be the roughest. The first wave caught us unexpectedly and threw us around the slippery deck, from there on we caught hold like grim death. I think, though, that I can truly say we all enjoyed that return up-and-down trip.

Immediately we tied up in the harbour the shark was pulled ashore and weighed. The General was quite pleased with his catch, which was of average weight, about 80lb.

Due to time, we had to say our farewells to each other. With a last goodbye we departed on our return journey to Denbury. Once again we had come to the end of another great expedition.

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**AN UNFORGETTABLE
EXPERIENCE**

By J/SSM. WILSON
(Slim Squadron)

On a Tuesday in July, Maj. Rothwell, myself and J/Sig. Hoare had the honour of accompanying Maj.-Gen. Cubbon on one of his out-of-the-ordinary, but very exciting, fishing trips—out of the ordinary, for we were fishing for shark.

After an early start from Denbury, we were on our way to the beautiful resort of Looe, which is set on the Cornish coast. It was just under two hours later that we stepped on to the East harbour of Looe.

Once the General arrived there was no time wasted. It was kit and bodies aboard the "Irene" (the name of our boat), engines started, and away, heading out into the English Channel. It was a

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HAPPY COUPLE

The bachelors of Denbury's Sergeants Mess lost yet another "wicket" in June when Sgt. Randal Simmons was married at St. Mary's Church, Bishopshill, York, to Miss Barbara Patricia Bates. His best man was Sgt. Davis (Junior Wing).

Now returned from a Guernsey honeymoon, Sgt. Simmons is back to his old job of Morse instruction, disappearing nightly in the direction of Newton Abbot on a newly-acquired scooter. We welcome Mrs. Simmons to regimental life, and hope she and her husband will be very happy.

REGIMENT ASSISTS CEREMONY

The Torbay Beauty Queen was crowned at a fancy dress ball at the Grand Hotel, Torquay, on July 2. The Regimental Fanfare Trumpeters heralded her, and her "crowning celebrity," Jackie Rae. The choir sang "Rose of England."

The ball was not unsuccessful. The best gentleman was a masterly Long John Silver; the best lady a delicious page. The prize for the best couple went to two soi-disant "Mexicans," although the gentleman looked more like Done Jose dressed up as Carmen.

The group prize was awarded to some authentic "Ban the Bomb-ers," and perhaps the last words rested with them, for one carried a placard: "Ban the lot and be done with it."

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OVERWORKED AND UNDERPAID

The Corps of Drums has had more engagements this month than ever before. The first was the Torquay carnival procession, where we successfully held up traffic for half an hour, waiting for the carnival queens. However, we got going in the end and marched through streets which were literally packed with people.

This was in the morning. We were back again in the evening to beat Retreat on the Abbey Field. This went down particularly well, especially when we marched straight into the spectators.

After the Retreat, the Fanfare Trumpeters went to the Grand Hotel and played fanfares for the beauty queens as they were introduced by Jackie Rae, the compere. J/Cpl. Laming and Trumpet-Major (J/Sgt. Wooley) had photographs taken beside the present beauty queen by Sgt. Martin, who afterwards went absent with "Trumpet's" glasses.

After all this we went off to Catterick for the Old Comrades Reunion, and after much practice and "grip" from Drum-Major Yates, B.E.M., we were successfully massed with the Corps Band. Our own show went off very well, and the finale with the Corps Band was spectacular. Incidentally, one of the Corps Band drummers dropped his drum during practice—a thing which has never yet been done by us.

Our latest Retreat was performed at Budleigh Salterton for the Master of Signals, and although the ground was postage-stamp size, it went off very well, and the Master of Signals offered congratulations all round.

WHISPERS GALORE

We are delighted to find that the almost-forgotten art of conversation is once more being exercised in the NAAFI. For the juke box is silent; somebody's blocked up the coin slot.

VALETE AND SALVETE

The Regiment has suffered a sad loss in the departure of WO II Palmer. However, we wish him every success on his promotion to RQMS and also on his posting to Germany.

Every cloud has a silver lining, and this has brought about one in the acquisition of WO II Leighton, who has succeeded Mr. Palmer as Alexander Squadron Squadron Sergeant-Major. He is doing his second tour with the Regiment, for when we moved from Beverley in 1955 he was Troop Sergeant of Quadrant Troop.

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CAMP

A CUTTING SITUATION

Sgt. Harper, our new REME sergeant, warned all Junior Leaders that the "new bayonets are very sharp, and sometimes stick in their scabbards." As usual, Junior Leaders knew better than this, and one enterprising youth contrived to cut his arm—not deeply, but a long graze, with plenty of blood gushing forth.

Sgt. Harper told our reporter: "I knew what to do. I put my head between my knees, thus avoiding a faint."

Sgt. Taylor, RAMC, has taken further action in this case by putting in a special indent for 500 rubber bayonets.

HE'S NOT A SQUARE

Typewriting instructors in the Regiment possess a magnificent tape-recorder, which reels off a string of popular modern melodies to give students the "beat" as they tap happily away.

Not to be outdone, Sgt. Greaves has resurrected a battered old gramophone with three records which play at 78. His favourite is reputedly "I Wish I was a Little Younger," and he is prone to proceed around the room tapping a ruler to the time. If an over-enthusiastic student starts to exceed the teleprinting speed limit, he finds this ruler beating on his head "to bring him back to earth."

GIVE 'EM THE BIRD

It was the day of the regimental pigeon race. The handlers had already departed for far-distant fields (the next county), and sections of the Regiment were all keyed up expectantly. Grand Pigeon-Master Avon and Pigeon-Major Maher were both in their element, watching each other carefully for signs of bird "nobbling."

Sgt. O'Connor who, as usual, prefers to remain anonymous, then came out with his suggestion for a new hobby, which shocked our pigeon fanciers. "Does anybody know anything about Falconry?"

TOO STRONG

We are expecting daily a bill for damages from the Wessex District headquarters. It will be addressed to Lt.-Col. A. Holifield, M.C., and will be rendered for breaking a back strut on the water-polo goal-net.

Anybody fancy a go in goal while the Colonel gets in some shooting practice?

WE AGREE ?

Five 12-year-old boys were sitting around the television set on Saturday, July 21, watching the Royal Tournament.

The massed bands of the Royal Marines were in the middle of their performance when one of the boys turned to the rest and said: "Coo, they are not half as good as our Denbury Camp band, are they?"

To which the others replied all at once: "No, definitely not; they don't march as good, neither."

("Our band" because Mum is employed at the camp).

BON VOYAGE

The Rev. R. O. R. Wood, RACD, joined the Regiment from Aden in June, 1960. His cheerful manner helped him to settle quickly into life at Denbury, and his "Garth"-like figure was soon seen on the rugby field as a referee and coach. As he was born and bred in Ireland, he found a second home in the soggy expanses of Dartmoor.

His main work has naturally been with Church affairs, and he soon achieved considerable success. The transformation of the old dining hall into the present attractive St. George's Church was due mainly to his effort. Many Junior Leaders and members of the Staff have reason to thank him for his patience, understanding and guidance.

On behalf of the Regiment, 'Junior Mercury' wishes him God-speed and a happy tour in Malaya.

MOTOR CYCLE DISPLAY TEAM

Continued from Page 5.

I remember riding up my ramp towards the fire on one occasion, when the ramp lurched violently, due to a loose bolt. I went through the fire, and somehow landed sideways on to my original line of approach. Certainly pride was the only thing that kept me in the saddle on that occasion!

I also recall an occasion when I was riding the Combination up the Great North Road at 70 miles an hour when I hit the kerb. The sidecar passenger woke with a start, and thought the end of the world had come. On reflection, perhaps this was nearly true!

In conclusion, although I have now forsaken two wheels for four, I would like to offer a few words of advice to all young motor-cyclists: The skilled rider is not the person who rides fast all the time, but the one who chooses the right time for speed, and is always in complete control.

NO COLOUR BAR

It was after Ten Tors and, while giving Sgt. Rogers a lift in his car, Sgt. Angell invited him into his house to have a quick cup of tea. It was early in the morning. Although Mrs. Angell was still upstairs, an Angell junior was below to see the arrival.

"Mother, mother," he was heard to yell up the stairs, "Dad's home, and he's brought a black man with him!"

TOP 20 SELECTION

We are informed on excellent authority that J/Sig. Fogg's (Quadrant Troop) favourite tune is "Come Outside."

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Overheard in Training Wing: "You don't need to be able to type in order to teach typing."

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CRICKET

BROADHEMPSTON GIVE UP FIGHT

After a near round-Devon tour, the Camp XI still had time to beat Broadhempston by 39 runs. Batting first in a "no-duck" innings, Sgt. Waters opened with 15. Wickets then fell regularly until an undefeated tail-end pair put on 31 (21 of which were smitten by "five-hit" Wicks). He then followed this with a 5-25 bowling stint which took Emmott by surprise and left him with only 3-18.

EMMOTT FILLS IN FOXHOLE

Emmott, however, refused to be surprised against Foxhole for, with ten eager and willing assistants, he beat them by 16 runs. Playing a "Jekyll-and-Hyde" innings with his poorer self, "Edge," he returned to the pavilion undefeated with 60 runs. Bowling unchanged, he then took nine Foxhole wickets for 18 runs. The "one that got away" was filched by Wicks.

DISASTROUS DEFEAT

After a very long, laborious journey we arrived at Bovington two hours late. Without having lunch, we started the game immediately. Richardson and Nelson opened the batting and started rather well, but before long they were both back in the pavilion with the score at nine. Barnard and Hunt added 15, but within the hour the whole team was back in the pavilion for 34. The RAC opened with some aggressive batting, and Robinson, their wicket-keeper, made 67 not out. Both Barnard and Wicks were knocked all over the field by a much-improved side from the last time we met.

BOXING

SIGNALS DRAW WITH THE INFANTRY

In a friendly inter-unit boxing meeting between the Junior Leaders, Royal Signals, and the Infantry Junior Leaders Regiment, held at Denbury on Monday, July 9, the result was a draw.

In the A-class, Signals won two bouts and lost three; in the B-class four were won and four lost; and in the C-class, Signals won four and lost three. The meeting thus ended in each Regiment winning ten contests.

Results: (Signals representatives first): Class A.—Wells lost to McDonald; Ayers defeated Bentley; Henry defeated Dalton; Glennon lost to Pinkney; Rotheram lost to McDonald.

Class B.—Manning defeated Spufford; Beck lost to Gordon; Turner-Howe defeated Young; Lappage defeated Doyle; Fawcett lost to Pearce; Babb lost to Liddle; McManus defeated Bowler; Nelson lost to Speed.

Class C.—Smith lost to Brown; Marchant lost to Cameron; Hargreaves defeated Hicks; Young defeated O'Brien; Cook defeated Henderson; Dulston lost to Malcolm; Burman defeated Paterson.

Exhibition.—Greenwood defeated Berry (both Signals).

In the A-class the fights tended to be exciting, but rather unscientific. Ayers won on a knock-out. The best boxer in this class was undoubtedly Pinkney, of the Infantry Junior Leaders.

Turner, Howe and Babb look to be our best prospects in Class B. Manning and McManus

both fought powerfully, but at present lack control over their punching. Nelson's fight was stopped because of excessive nose-bleeding.

In the C-class, Hargreaves, Cook and Burman all brightened our hearts with some clever boxing. Young, as usual, put up a fine performance, but was not properly fit. Dulston, although outclassed by a superior boxer, displayed great courage.

It was a very enjoyable evening, but a lot of hard work will have to be put in by our boxers to give us any prospect of recovering the Army Junior Boxing Cup for Denbury.

CROSS-COUNTRY

This term's Regimental cross-country will be particularly memorable by the ease with which J/Cpl. Gue (Quadrant Troop) achieved his victory in the excellent time of 22 minutes 49 seconds (a new course record), and 40 seconds ahead of J/Sig. Gibb (Jerboa Troop).



"Keep Going"

by Sgt. Martin

Troop result: 1, Quadrant; 2, White Swan; 3, Jerboa; 4, Iron; 5, White Spear; 6, Kukri; 7, Javelin; 8, Kohima; 9, Francisca; 10, Romulus; 11, Junior Wing.

First 20 individual positions: 1, Gue (Quadrant); 2, Gibb (Jerboa); 3, Thomson (Romulus); 4, Young (Iron); 5, Chisholm (Iron); 6, Wooley (White Swan); 7, Prior (Kohima); 8, Smith 721 (Javelin); 9, Forester (Iron); 10, Cooper (White Spear); 11, Wilson (Kohima); 12, Glossop (White Swan); 13, Read (Quadrant); 14, Benson (Kukri); 15, Stephens (White Swan); 16, Ridge (Javelin); 17, Perry (Javelin); 18, Martin (Jerboa); 19, Merrick (Quadrant); 20, Maddison (Javelin).

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WATER POLO



The Water Polo Team by J/Sig. Woodford

DISTRICT CHAMPIONS

Having been beaten by large margins by Torquay Leander, Brixham and Newton Abbot in local friendly matches, it was with some trepidation that our team entered the bath at Taunton to play the Junior Leaders RASC in the semi-final of the district water polo championships.

Our team was a mixed Staff and Junior Leaders team, with J/Sig. Campbell (Quadrant) in goal, WO II Wheatley at right-back, J/L/Cpl. Waugh (White Swan) at left-back, Sgt. Meekings at centre-half, Lt. Lang at right-wing, Lt.-Col. Holifield centre-forward, and Capt. Constable left-wing. As reserves, if required, we had Sgt. Rogers, J/Sigs. Emmott, Jaggard, Clifton and Berry.

It was a fast, hard game, and although we started shakily, we gradually began to find that we could win. Passes ceased going astray, and short passes from Waugh to Wheatley or Meekings brought in long throws, for the Colonel and Lang to bring their speed and shooting power into play. We emerged winners by six goals to four, with the Colonel and Lang scoring three each.

Colonel's Hat-Trick

We began the final with more confidence about four hours and a lunch later, still feeling rather tired. Despite the fact that 6 Training Battalion RASC had held the district water polo cup for the previous two seasons, and defeated 18 Coy RASC (Amphibious) 4-1 in the semi-final, we still felt we could win.

In fact, still playing the same team, we won convincingly 8-3, with the Colonel scoring six goals and Lang two. As the score shows, Denbury played as a team, with strength in defence and attack.

Maj.-Gen. J. H. Cubbon, CB, CBE, presented the District Cup to the team and medals to the players.

COMMAND RUNNERS-UP

Our next engagement, a week later, was to represent the south-west in the Southern Command championships.

In the semi-final, we found ourselves pitted against the winners of the Salisbury Plain District, 5 Training Battalion, Royal Artillery. Our opponents had

one first-class player, at centre-forward, and one good back, who guarded Constable effectively, but the remainder were not up to our standard. Both Waugh and Wheatley could handle the ball better than the opposing wingers, and Meekings had the task of containing their centre-forward.

The final score was 8-3 to Denbury, with the Colonel notching another four goals, Lang got three, and Meekings appearing in the goal-scorers list with a long lob. In the last quarter Rogers substituted for Waugh, who had cramp, and filled the position admirably.

Cut Down to Size

The following day was to see us playing 3 Parachute Regiment in the final.

They had watched our semi-final, and were openly confident of beating us by a large score. There was a fast, fit team of excellent ball handlers, with one real star who, it was rumoured, had been a youth international.

In fact, the Parachute Regiment beat us by 15 goals to eight. The Colonel and Lang scored four goals each. Special mention must be made of Campbell's admirable goalkeeping.

For a first season of competition, Denbury had done well to emerge as district champions and Command runners-up. When the Colonel received the runners-up cup from the Colonel-Commandant of the Ordnance Training Brigade, special congratulations were offered to us on our high standard, considering the fact that we had two Junior Leaders in our team, a small staff from which to select a team, and so many other commitments.

SWIMMING



Emmott Receives The Cup by J/Sig. Woodford

EMMOTT WINS CUP

As planned, the Junior Leaders swimming team has been entered for various galas and other local swimming competitions.

Our greatest success was at Newton Abbot Youth Week gala, when we defeated all other male teams entered. Our photograph shows Emmott receiving the free-style cup from Lt.-Col. A. Holifield, M.C., who presented the prizes. In this particular event Emmott also broke the Newton Abbot swimming

bath record with a time of 51 seconds for two lengths. Other successes at this meeting were gained by Vivian (breast stroke) and Mills (back stroke).

We have also done well in the various galas at Torquay bath, where we have entered for various team events.

ONLY ONE WIN

It was with some trepidation that the swimming team departed to Taunton to compete in the (Wessex) Division District Inter-Unit Team Swimming Championships, for we had no idea of the standard. In fact, there was only one other team involved in the Junior Leaders section of the championships—the Junior Leaders Battalion, RASC. The RASC were eventual winners, the score card reading:

Two x four lengths free style relay.—1, RASC, 2mins. 12secs. (4 pts); 2, R. Signals, 2mins. 14secs. (2). Emmott and Bell represented us in this event. Both swam well as is shown by the times, although the distance was perhaps a little too far for Bell.

Two x two lengths back stroke team race.—1, R. Signals, 1min. 16.2secs. (4 pts); 2, RASC, 1min. 16.9secs. (2). The race was won by Mills, with Benson taking third place.

Two x two lengths breast stroke relay.—1, RASC, 1min. 15.2secs. (4 pts); 2, R. Signals, 1min. 17secs. (2). The RASC second string proved far too good for Telford and, hard as he tried, Vivian was unable to make up the distance.

Four x two lengths free style relay.—1, RASC, 2mins. 9.4secs. (4 pts); 2, R. Signals, 2mins. 1.2secs. (2). Bell, Emmott, Reid and Turner represented the Regiment, but despite fast sprints by Bell and Emmott, we were again outclassed.

Thus we lost by 14 points to 10 but, as the timings show, we were by no means disgraced for a first attempt.

TENNIS

JUNIOR LEADERS REGIMENT, R. SIGNALS v. JUNIOR LEADERS BATTALION, R.A.S.C.

It was feared this match would have to be called off, due to inclement weather but, fortunately, the weather was kind, and a very closely-fought, exciting match was enjoyed by both sides.

As the Staff was also represented, several matches took place in Newton Abbot, but no one seemed to mind the change.

For Royal Signals, J/Sgt. McArthur and J/Sig. Hamer did well to win two of their three matches but, unfortunately, the two other Signals pairs managed to win only one match each, giving the RASC a win by five games to four.

STAFF TENNIS MATCH

The Officers Mess team played the Staff of the Royal Marines Centre at Lymington on Wednesday, July 11.

Considering their Officer staff is about three times that of ours, we were somewhat surprised to have a fairly comfortable win by eight rubbers to one.

Our first pair, Capt. Davies and Mr. Grant, won their three matches, losing only six games all told. The second pair, Capt. Constable and Capt. Simpson, won two matches out of three; whilst the third pair, Capt. Weiner and Capt. Walker, playing at the peak of their form, beat all three of the Marines pairs. Well done, Walker and Weiner.

Perhaps it was the inclement weather and the occasional heavy showers which caused the Marines, on this day, to be all at sea.

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