

# JUNIOR MERCURY

Vol. 3. No. 7

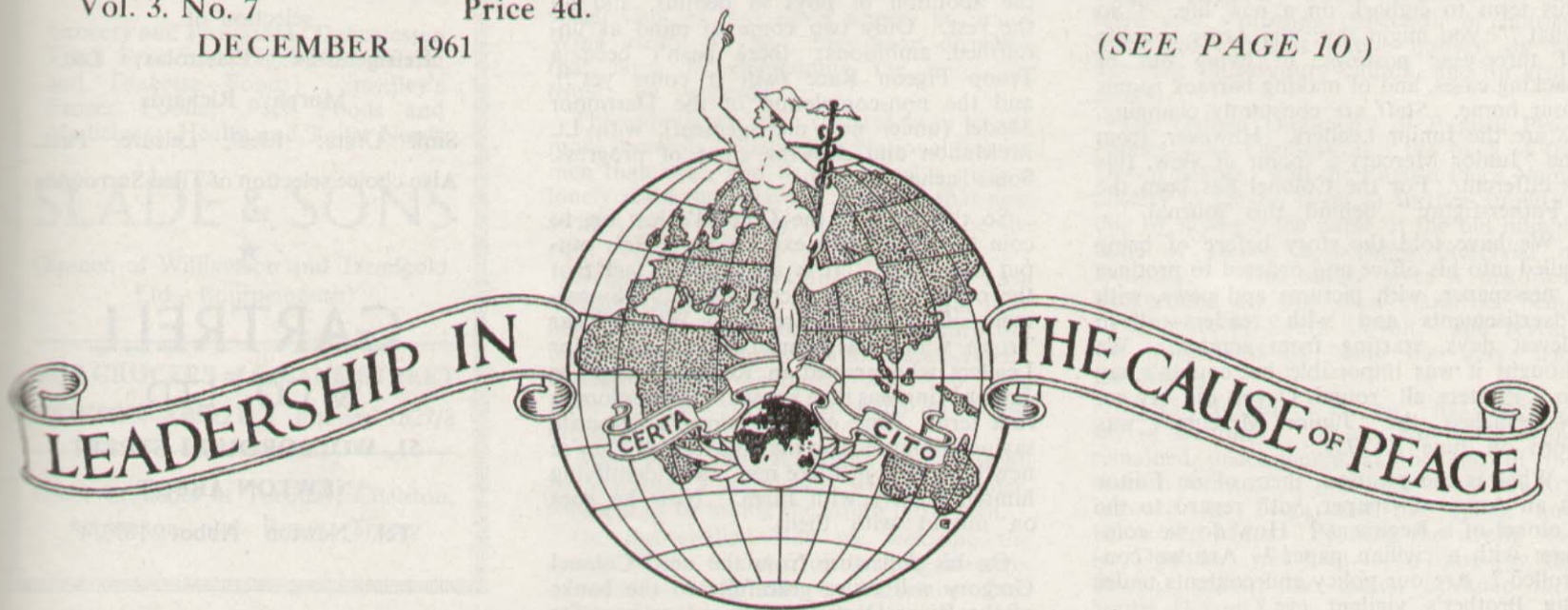
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DECEMBER 1961



Our Choir sings  
with  
"GRACIE"

(SEE PAGE 10)



## AS IN THE BEGINNING, SO AT THE END



Lt. Col. L. H. M. Gregory, M.B.E. by Sgt. Martin

To have commanded the Gurkha Signals Regiment and the Junior Leaders Regiment during my Army career is to have enjoyed the most generous honours that the Royal Corps of Signals can bestow on any one of its officers.

I spent twice as long with Gurkhas as with Junior Leaders, but the pattern of events in both regiments has been very similar. I shall treasure most, I think, the privilege that fell to me of representing the Gurkhas and the Junior Leaders at St. James's Palace to receive from the hands of the Princess Royal, our Colonel-in-Chief, her Royal Banner, symbolizing in its heraldic bearings the ancient heritage, glory, and honour of a nation. On the reverse side of the banner, in the case of the Gurkhas, is the figure of Mercury poised on a world under the Queen's Crown, protectively enclosed between two kukris, whose hilts rest appropriately on the words of the Corps motto: "Certa Cito." The reverse side of the Junior Leaders banner depicts the Corps badge emblazoned over a large world and supported by a scroll with the words *Leadership in the Cause of Peace*. The banner with the Gurkhas started its journey from St. James's Palace and went to attend the Coronation of the present King of Nepal in Kathmandu, and has since travelled all over the Far East, before the admiring gaze of every Regiment of Royal Signals and of other Arms and Services in the Far East Land Forces. The Banner of the Junior Leaders Regiment has toured Holland and Germany, visiting a large number of Royal Signals Regiments stationed there. In Holland, it will be recollected, thousands of people saw its rich design and bright colours for the first time, and their admiration and cheers echoed down the long march into Nijmegen at the end of a hundred miles.

I think of each banner as a kind of talisman, or charm, to which wonderful effects may yet be ascribed: for who can tell what great adventures lie ahead of them. The very idea that such a great honour, so closely associated with our Royal Family, should be placed in the proud and trusted hands of Her Majesty's Gurkha soldiers and the Queen's Junior Leaders stirs my sense of romance; and soldiering, after all, is a romantic occupation. To be present when a regimental flag is unfurled into the fresh morning air at the call of reveille; to stand still as it is lowered into the sunset at the sounding of retreat; to experience the thrill encased in a smart uniform; to know the joy of participating in a ceremonial parade; to hear the stirring notes of a Pibroch; to find your eyes going dim before the upsurge of warmth and emotional fervour as you salute the National Anthem remembering your Queen, is to share in the magic that has inspired soldiers ever since soldiering first began. These are the ingredients of which the heart of a true soldier is compounded. Theories come and go, new weapons will appear on the battlefield—each more terrible and murderous than the last—but there are some things that will never change, and the need of them was never greater: *COURAGE, FORTITUDE, UNSELFISHNESS, and HUMOUR*. All these are to be found in the heart of a soldier and, make no mistake, that heart is the same today as it was 100 years ago, and England owes much to its quality.

It is this, more than anything else, that brought us safely and undefeated through two world wars, and it is this also that triumphed at Balaclava and drew the THIN RED LINE, in spite of such tremendous odds and even greater blunders. The soldier who does not know and feel these things deeply, be he of the lowest or highest rank, had better hasten away and take his place on the benches of industry—as quickly as possible. Every soldier is, or should be, potentially a knight in shining armour.

What have I learned at Denbury? Where am I going? What advice, if any, have I to offer to those who follow?

I have learned this: *TODAY* matters most, and is something complete in itself. To treat every day as a new challenge and to enter into it with a fresh mind, renewed enthusiasm, and a bold spirit is to employ the surest compass on the road to success. *A lifetime is made up of an endless succession of TODAYs and each one of them was once tomorrow and will soon be yesterday.*

As to where I am going, I am starting out on an initiative test to the East. A personal adventure and an extension of what many of you have often done at Denbury. Like you, I too will leave from Denbury—after a few months' planning. Like most of you, I hope to find my way back! My headquarters will be located in a place familiar to all, in a small cottage on the Dart loaned to me by a friend. My purpose is to try and introduce you to your generation in the Eastern Commonwealth; to our great friends and brothers-in-arms in India, Pakistan, and Malaya. I shall also visit Nepal and Burma with the same object in mind, remembering that Burma was once part of the Commonwealth and Nepal is one of our dearest and most loyal friends. *I have a feeling that the young people of the Commonwealth, upon whom so much of our future depends, do*

*not know each other, and yet many of their fathers lie buried together on the battlefields of the world. In some small way I would like to subscribe to their knowledge.*

When I return, after about a year, I hope to be able to tell you something of my journeys and the youth of all these countries: their way of life, their hopes, their ambitions, their feelings, and what they think of us, our country, and the Commonwealth. All this I shall attempt to put before you.

What advice have I to offer? Nothing new, I'm afraid; only to repeat what I said when I took over command of the Regiment on 1st May, 1959! **"IF THERE IS ANYTHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE WILL TO SUCCEED IT IS THAT THE WILL SHALL NOT FALTER."**

Like many of you, I have thought about the future of Junior Leaders and their training in the Army. I am not in a position to speak in general terms, or to make comments on the training of boys in the Army as a whole. But it does to me seem a pity that we cannot finish with all unhealthy competition and rivalry between Junior Leaders Regiments, and limit such contests to the sports field, gymnasium, and boxing ring. Maybe one day the Junior Leaders Regiments will be Brigaded and become the acknowledged champions of teenagers, expressing their views and opinions in their own journal and newspaper—"THE JUNIOR LEADER," perhaps? Think of it: Her Majesty's Own Junior Leaders Brigade. All with a common badge and bound to a single allegiance, each regiment practising the art of leadership against a background of its own skills and requirements. What a lead would this not give to the youth of our nation, too often criticized, so often unfairly? In a special way you have the opportunity of playing host to a very large number of young people at Ten Tors every year. Do not miss or misuse that opportunity.

I ask you to remember the privileged position you occupy in relation to Newton Abbot, the frontier town to the South-West. Remember also the remarkable fashion in which all the towns and villages that surround DENBURY have identified themselves with us and accepted us as an integral part of the community. The banners of *NEWTON ABBOT* (rural and urban areas), *TOTNES*, *TORQUAY*, *PAIGNTON* and *ASHBURTON*, the Denbury Cross presented by the people of *BOVEY TRACEY* and soon, perhaps, the *COUNTY ARMS*, are each a sufficient reminder of what I am saying. You owe a special duty to South Devon, and it is one that you must never forget.

Finally, I ask you to walk faithfully and fearlessly into the future with Denbury, and to secure those greater successes that lie ahead and will surely be ours if every one of you gives your complete support and confidence, as I do now, to my good friend and successor, Colonel Holifield.

I wish you all the very best of luck. I offer my thanks most sincerely to all parents and the friends of Denbury in South Devon, for their many kindnesses and for having given me so much help, advice, and encouragement. I thank the officers, warrant officers, sergeants, military and civilian staff for their friendship and support and, most of all, I thank you, Junior Leaders, for the best and last two and a half years of my service in the active regular army.

A very happy Christmas, and God bless you all.

# EDITORIAL

"LE ROI EST MORT;  
VIVE LE ROI"

Lt.-Col. L. H. M. Gregory, MBE, leaves the Junior Leaders Regiment at the end of this term to embark on a new life. "So what?" you might say; the Army is a life of three-year postings, of living out of packing cases, and of making barrack rooms your home. Staff are constantly changing, as are the Junior Leaders. However, from the 'Junior Mercury's' point of view, this is different. For the Colonel has been the "Father-figure" behind this journal.

We have told the story before of being called into his office and ordered to produce a newspaper, with pictures and news, with advertisements and with readers—all in eleven days, starting from scratch. We thought it was impossible, but couldn't say so. Printers all round Devon did say so. Nevertheless, the 'Junior Mercury' was born on June 1, 1959.

What is the position, then, of an Editor in an Army newspaper, with regard to the Colonel of a Regiment? How do we compare with a civilian paper? Are we controlled? Are our policy and contents under Big Brother's vigilant eye?

We've never edited a national daily, but we do know that never has there been a finer "Lord Beaverbrook" than ours. At times it hasn't been easy—the Colonel normally wants to put two pints into a pint pot, and we've often sighed for an elastic front page. Normally, material is required for yesterday and amended the day before that. We've known the Colonel write three days before a Parade "and the sun shone," but then you can see it did! We've incurred wrath over a misplaced exclamation mark and made the excuse of "printer's error" with our tongue in our cheek. But the whole thing has been grand fun, and we feel that each edition has been a worth-while battle.

As regards policy and content, it has been clear all the time: "Let the 'Junior Mercury' window Denbury and show the world what goes on inside—there are no skeletons in our cupboard, chum . . ." and "there are twelve pages in this newspaper; eleven are yours, but remember the front page is mine . . ." That's how simple its been.

When Lt.-Col. Gregory first came to the camp he produced an "119-point plan"; that is to say, he had 119 ideas he wanted to see put into practice. . . . The 'Junior

Mercury' was there, mixed with the Band in Scarlet, the Regimental Farm, the Canoe Race, the Choir at the Albert Hall, bagpipes, Scottish Dancers, the troop adoption scheme, the abolition of boys in denims, and all the rest. Only two come to mind as unfulfilled ambitions; there hasn't been a Troop Pigeon Race (will it come yet?), and the non-completion of the Dartmoor Model (under new management), with Lt. McMahon and showing signs of progress. Some achievement!

So this term is the Colonel's last or, to coin the boys' own expression, "He's output this term." It is an amazing fact that the output this term consists of 76 Signalmen, of whom 21 are from White Spear Troop, which was formed entirely of Junior Leaders who arrived in Recruit Troop (as Junior Wing was then known) in the Colonel's first term. One of the Colonel's favourite sayings about them at the time was: "They're new boys here just like me," thus identifying himself closely with them. Now he goes on output with them.

On his departure from the unit, Colonel Gregory will retire gracefully to the banks of the River Dart, to plan and prepare for his new venture. A tour of the Far East—Malaya, India, Pakistan, Nepal, etc., he remains non-committal as to the details—maybe they really aren't formulated yet! We who know him well know that a visit to his beloved Gurkhas will feature therein, quite a few mountains will be climbed, and that his love and affection for youth and for the spirit of youth will merely be extended to the youth of other nations.

Finally, to take this opportunity on behalf of the 'Junior Mercury' staff and its readers to wish Lionel Gregory "Bon Voyage," "Happy Hunting," and every success in the future, coupled with the request for an occasional news letter for publication in the 'Junior Mercury,' and an annual subscription (6/-).

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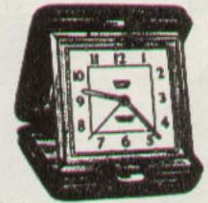
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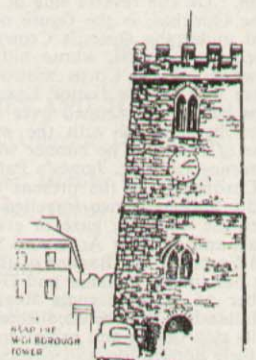
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## STAFF SCRAPBOOK

Amidst the confusion of trying to sort out transport and other varied tasks that come our way, two rather irate warrant-officers and a large spotted dog descended on me. Always hopeful that it was a social visit, as they never appear at Senior Wing except for pay, they soon dispelled that hope by demanding the notes, as usual, by yesterday.

This month we seem to have been saying more farewells to departing National Service men than ever, and Senior Wing is quite a lonely place these days (it is untrue that next term a barrack room per man will be the state of affairs).

Decreasing numbers do not seem to have affected the demands on us, and what little hair we have left is being roughly torn out trying to do the impossible for Canoe Races, Commonwealth Trophies, and the like. Even Ten Tors, 1962, is looming up on our horizon.

Apart from the OC trying to end it all by charging a petrol tank with his scooter, we seem to be taking the strain fairly well.

On the civilian side we welcome the revival of the Social Club so long inactive. A social is being held on November 24th in the Denbury Arms, and we hope the labours of chairman and committee will prove fruitful, and that a successful evening will see the club established again on a firm basis.

The familiar figure of Sgt. Meekings is at the moment absent from the scene, as he has volunteered to undergo the rigours of the Guards Course. We hope that they don't teach him to play basketball by numbers.

Three recent arrivals among the NCOs are Cpls. Smith, Mathieson and Mills. They are very welcome, but do not help the guard roster (unless they would like to take pity on the Signalmen).

The Quartermaster's Stores seems to be having a mysterious time at the moment, with staff-sergeants flying all over the place muttering about signatures. As usual, the "Iron Curtain" has dropped, and no comments are forthcoming about the reasons for the increased activity.

S/Sgt. Sweeney is due to join the Q-staff in the near future, and we are told his homework at the moment is learning to say "No" in a polite manner. He can be thankful that the old lags of White Spear Troop will have departed before they have chance to worry him.

## DENBURY

The Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, recognizes Denbury as being "the heart of South Devon," a place which gives a lead to the youth of our country. To a stranger Denbury would appear as an isolated and straggling collection of houses, with two excellent public houses, an interesting 14th-century church, and an army camp.

The Oxford Dictionary of English Place Names gives Denbury as "the burg of the Devon people," and the English Place Name Society in Devon (Vol. 1) further amplifies this by saying "the name of the old inhabitants of Devon is perhaps preserved in Denbury." This surely gives a historical background to our own claim as being "the heart of South Devon," and reveals the inhabitants as being the only true Devonians.

W. G. Hoskins' "Devon" has much to say of Denbury: "If any part (of Devon) remained unconquered at the end of the seventh century it was only the country between the Teign and the Tamar and below the Moor. Possibly the strong fort (at Denbury) was held for a time (by the British) against the Saxon advance into South Devon.

"Denbury fort consists of 'an elliptical ramparted area with an outer court on the west side, and with two large mounds in the main camp. It has never been excavated and its date is unknown; it may conceivably be of two distinct periods.'

"Denbury belonged to Tavistock Abbey in 1086 and possibly earlier. It was granted a market in 1286 and given the status of a borough, with a Portreeve, some time in the fourteenth century, but never became more than a village. The church (St. Mary's) is a cruciform building with a battered tower, all of early 14th century date, and pretty certainly the church dedicated by Bishop Stapledon in 1318. The fine 12th-century font remains from an earlier church.

"Denbury House is an Elizabethan mansion. There is some good 16th-17th-century building in the village; several houses have massive chimney breasts on the street, a characteristic feature of certain Devon villages."

The Dictionary of National Biography confirms that the manor of Denbury belonged to Aldred, who was appointed Abbot of Tavistock in 1027, and who later, as Archbishop of York, crowned William the Conqueror.

## DENBURY CALENDAR

- |       |     |   |
|-------|-----|---|
| Fri., | 1.  | Band and Choir Adjudication for Junior Leaders Drama Festival.  |
| Sat., | 2.  | Inter-Troop Canoe Race and Canoe Race Ball. Junior Leaders Rugby v. Torquay G.S., home.   |
| Mon., | 4.  | Pigeon Race. Graduation Parade Rehearsal, 1415 hours.   |
| Tu.,  | 5.  | Inter-Troop Drill Competition. Troop Hockey Cup Final.  |
| Wed., | 6.  | Inter-Troop PT Competition.   |
| Th.,  | 7.  | Inter-Troop Barrack Room Competition. Commonwealth Trophy Race (Night March).   |
| Fri., | 8.  | Choir's Carol Concert in Newton Abbot.  |
| Sat., | 9.  | Graduation Parade Rehearsal. Troop Soccer Cup Final. Junior Leaders Rugby v. Newton Abbot Juniors, away. Children's Christmas Party and Sergeants Mess Xmas Draw. |
| Sun., | 10. | Carol Service.  |
| Mon.  | 11. | Graduation Parade (a.m.). Prize-giving (p.m.). Boys' End of Term Dance.   |
| Tu.,  | 12. | Boys' Christmas Dinner. Regiment sees the Output off at station.  |
| Wed.  | 13. | Junior Leaders depart. Sergeants Mess Dinner. Term ends.  |

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## A C.O. "PAR XCELLENCE"

'X' was in a nostalgic frame of mind. His solid old heart bled with emotion, and his thoughts roamed to far-off days and happier times. A comrade, one imbued with the true spirit of Denbury, was making his departure, soon to vanish in the welcoming obscurity of the Himalayas. The CO was leaving the sinking ship!

After much reflection on the subject, 'X' reached the conclusion that "he wasn't such a bad stick."

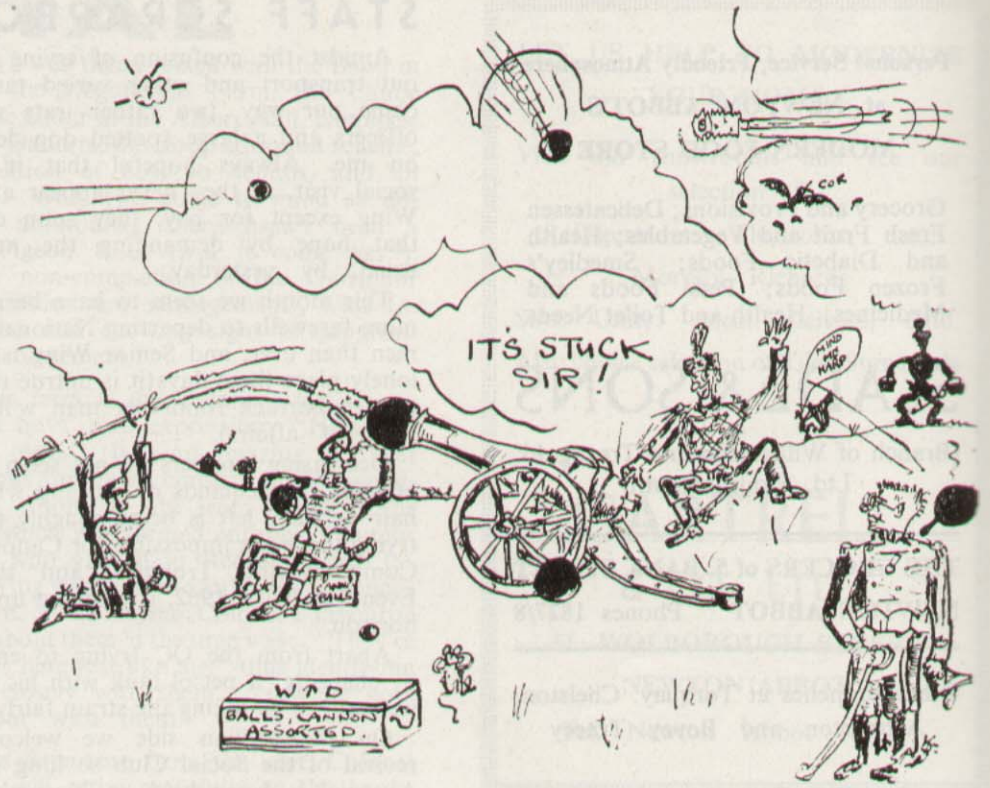
Of course Balaclavas made your hair itch abominably, and often led to differences of opinion with Marines and Armoured Corps blokes, who in their lamentable ignorance, failed to appreciate the noble history that went with the somewhat 'unusual' head-gear.

And then Regimental Undress came in for adverse comments from a certain fraction of the natives, whose uniform seemed to consist solely of leather jackets and blue jeans. Being peasants at heart, however, they too doubtless failed to realize the exclusiveness of having one's wardrobe tailored at Gieves.

'X' remembered the fracas he caused at the Scottish Country Dancing Social when the CO himself failed to recognize a clan whose tartan was represented by a torn Hawaiian shirt, stained with ink and innumerable helpings of 'Andye's' stew.

And had not the CO introduced that wonderful challenge to courage and endurance, the ambition of every Junior Leader to compete in, and complete, Ten Tors.

Ah, yes, 'X' remembered how he, single-handed had dragged his patrol through, throwing out a word of encouragement to the weaker spirits (like, "Can't we rest, just for a few minutes") at the starting point on Haytor. Let it be explained at this point that 'X's' memory has a peculiar way of recaptivating only what 'X' would liked to have occurred or, at best,



a grossly-distorted picture of the truth. 'X' had never realized how much he would come to miss the Colonel. How much he would miss that enchanting grin as he handed you over to the tender mercies of Staff Yates for a month or two.

Why, one didn't even do detention any more, but simply enjoyed a few good days of Inward Bound training which was, after all, good, solid, soldierly stuff.

Days of victory when Denbury brought the Rugger Cup home for the second time.

Somehow, 'X' could never account for the fact that, by some twist of fate, he became entangled in the mesh of the opposing scrum. And then, as the final straw, was mistaken for the ball.

'X's' charitable thoughts were rudely interrupted.

"All right, 'X,' get your hat and belt off. Come on, man, you're on CO's orders, not a Christmas party."

Well, mused 'X,' let's hope he's telepathic.



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# SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN

## 6. ESCAPE ! ESCAPIST !! ESCAPOLOGY !!!

By WO II W. H. E. CHANDLER, BEM

(Part II.)

I walked back to him, trying to appear casual and unconcerned.

I placed myself so that his bike was between us. He asked me to open the small parcel and said he would have asked me before, but saw it only when I had walked on.

I fumbled with the parcel of food and clumsily dropped it. As he bent to pick it up I kicked his bicycle hard over on to him and ran like blazes down the road and round into a side street as the sound of two shots rang out.

As I ran my mind was racing to think of a way out of my situation. I knew if I kept to the street I would be caught easily, if not shot. I ran on, down beside a house, and began going down the street by going over back gardens. By this time I could hear more than one pursuer after me.

It took me over two hours to get clear, after knocking out one German soldier who was evidently saying goodnight to his girl friend in a shed in one of the gardens.

By this time I was getting tired out, and in a very dirty condition, but I had to keep going and be miles away before daylight. I kept going all night, making my way towards Danzig. I hid and slept during the day and travelled at night, finally getting to some woods near Danzig several days later. I searched dust-bins for potato peelings and stole milk and food where I could, sufficient to keep me going.

I stopped in the woods about two days, then went to the waterfront near Danzig to try and contact foreign sailors whom I had been told would help to get me smuggled on board a vessel, most probably a fishing boat.

I had no luck; there seemed to be thousands of German soldiers everywhere. So I returned to the woods near Danzig to think out my next move. Before I had been there very long I was set on by four policemen and a couple of Hitler Jugend youths. I took a beating, and went to sleep when a rifle-butt hit me across the small of my back. I woke up lying in a police cell, bruised and aching all over. Several hours later I was brought up into what looked like a police office. I told them I was a British POW and had escaped. They then told me that the two Hitler youths had seen me acting suspiciously in the woods and had reported it. They apologized for the rough handling, but said they couldn't take any chances.

I was given some hot ersatz coffee and put back in the cells. The next day two German soldiers with a large dog came to escort me to a German headquarters in Elbing. I was searched and everything taken from me, and placed in an underground cell, damp and dark, containing a wooden bench and a bucket.

I hadn't eaten for nearly two days, and was ravenously hungry. About six hours later I was taken up for interrogation before a German officer and what appeared to be two NCOs.

At first they appeared kindly, and said that after I had answered their questions I would be given a bath, a hot meal, and transferred to a POW camp.

They asked me who helped to get dyes for my clothes, who gave me the German type of hat I was wearing, what method did I use to escape, what was the key for that they had found in my possession, who helped me to get away, and who was I trying to contact, etc.

Most POWs knew that interrogation would be rough going if they caught you out in one lie. The best bet was to stick as near to the truth as you could.

My story was: I had been given the dye by a foreign worker about a year ago. Who he was I didn't know, but I didn't smoke and used my cigarettes to obtain what I could to escape. I couldn't remember foreign people I had met over a year ago. The same applied to the hat; I thought it was a Pole I got that from, but wasn't sure after all that time. The key? I had found that after I had escaped; a POW picked things up as they might come in useful.

They didn't believe that, and the two NCOs went to work on me, using their fists. The next thing I remember was waking up in the dungeon on the wooden bench. Every half-hour or so a German soldier looked in, and if I was sleeping he woke me up, saying I wasn't allowed to sleep. I lost track of time. Again I was taken up to the same room, but with different people to interrogate me.

The key; what was it for? I stuck to the same story. Over and over again the same questions about the key. I lost count of the number of times I was hit by a rifle-butt, but I managed to keep saying the same story. At last I was taken back to the dungeon again. I didn't remember much after that. Later, after being given a cup of watery soup, and a piece of black bread, I was escorted to a castle to serve 14 days solitary confinement on black bread and water, for escaping.

As a POW I had to work; that was part of the Geneva Convention. But also I wanted to stay alive if I could. So stealing German rations became a good pastime. With the aid of some other POWs, we made a wireless set and listened to English news and spread our own war news.

One amusing incident was when, in a small working camp, a party of alleged British POWs came to the camp and said they had joined the British Free Corps, made up of POWs, and were going to fight the Russians. They had been given their freedom by the Germans and were trying to convert us to do the same.

They spoke excellent English, but I didn't think they were British, because when British soldiers meet and talk they seem to relax and be free and easy in their way. But these alleged ex-POWs were too formal and unbending.

When they spoke to me I was all for joining, on the condition that they gave me three months leave in England first. It didn't work; they seemed to think I might not come back! How right they would have been, too!

Soon after I, with some others, found ourselves arrested for stealing German rations, mutiny (as there were seven of us), and issuing propaganda.

We were tried by the German High Command at Danzig in April, 1943, on capital charges and, if found guilty, the punishment was death.

(Read on in next month's issue)

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**FIRELIGHT FANTASY APPRECIATED**

SIR,—My wife, son and I were delighted with the show which your Regiment staged on Saturday evening. To single out any single item for special praise would be an injustice to the remainder, and I can only say that all items were exceedingly well presented and executed. The work involved for all was obviously very considerable indeed, and it is good to know that all are prepared to go to this trouble to foster good relations between the Regiment and the surrounding population.

Your enterprise in staging this event must surely have been appreciated by all who saw it.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN L. HOBBS.

Ipplepen, Newton Abbot.

# READERS' CORNER

## "TAKE YOUR FINGER OUT"

DEAR EDITOR.—My daughter Margaret, aged 13, compiled the drawing. (EDITOR'S NOTE: Unfortunately, the drawing was in blue ink on ordinary paper, but we got Sgt. O'Connor to reproduce the idea, and publish it on page four of this issue. Margaret Whaflin will get a prize).

The information below came from myself, an ex-Gunner. The popular saying: "Take your finger out"; I think the Gunners can claim credit for its origin. In muzzle-loader days the N. 2 of the gun detachment put the gunpowder into the fuse-hole with his finger and kept it there until the time of firing. When the No. 1 of the gun detachment was ready to ignite the powder he called to the No. 2: "Get your finger out!"

Wishing all of you the best.—Yours, etc.,  
J. WHAFLIN.

Pembury, Kent.

## SINCERE APPRECIATION

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We thank Mr. and Mrs. Morris, parents of a boy in Junior Wing, by whom this letter was written, and Capt. D. Beadon, to whom the letter was addressed, for their kind permission to publish herewith).

DEAR SIR.—My husband and I wish to thank you for the welcome we received last weekend. We have never met with such combined helpfulness. We were strangers in a strange land, but not for long.

Everyone we came into contact with were most helpful, and we soon began to feel that we belonged, if only in a remote way. You could not have made a greater impression if you had gone all out to impress us which, being only parents of a very junior member of your world, was not expected.

We now feel quite happy about his life in the Army, at least for the next year or two, while he is still a boy. He has everything he could want in the way of tuition and help and recreation. More than he could have had at home, at least within reach, as everything is in camp. Being an only child and we, not being so young, he had not the young companionship which is so essential when they are growing up. Now he can expand in the right way, in a man's world. He has been given a home with love and affection that should be a good background for his future life.

With the long leaves from camp during the year, boys are still enabled to keep in touch with home life, with the necessary links of letters in between.

All we hope now is that he should turn out a credit to your training and the uniform he wears. We shall help him and encourage him as best we can.

Thank you again for your kind co-operation in making our weekend so happy.—Yours, etc.,

Mr. and Mrs. G. MORRIS.

Craig Street, Peterborough.

## 21 CLUB

The Wives Club (now the 21 Club) will hold their Christmas dinner at the Sea Trout, Staverton, on Friday, December 1st. The guest of honour will be Mrs. Holifield.

The club wish to say how much the gift of clothes given by Mrs. Chandler for sale was appreciated.—MAY ROBERTSON.

## FROM CAMP TO CAMP

DEAR SIR,—While I was at the November 5th celebrations at the camp with Sig. "Bob" Mills (ex-J/Sgt. of Francisca Troop). I sent off one of the balloons being sold by members of that troop.

On Thursday I received a letter containing the remains of the balloon, and the card which was attached to it, from a Major in the French Army. Evidently my balloon had landed within the military camp at Vannes, in Morbihon, Southern Brittany, which is, I think, about 200 miles from here.

I should be interested to know whether any other balloons have been returned and if I am eligible for any sort of prize. I have the card and the letter if they are required.

I think you will agree that it was extremely lucky that the balloon should have landed in an Army camp after having been sent from a camp in this country, and I shall write back to the officer to thank him. He wrote in French and, as I learned this at school, I think I can just manage a simple letter back in his language. I'll try, any way.

I would also like to take this opportunity of thanking the Regiment for the fine display held on November 4th. I knew many members of the public enjoyed it.—Yours, etc.,

SUSAN HIDER.

Denbury, Newton Abbot.

## "OUR CROSS"

DEAR SIR,—My boy, Michael, is one of the members of the Balaclava Intake, and last month you sent me a copy of the 'Junior Mercury.' We loaned the copy out to a friend, and they never returned it, hence the delay in replying. Please put us on your mailing list.

We did intend replying to your 'Chief.' The message on the front of the 'Junior Mercury' was very encouraging to his mother and me but, as previously stated, we had not got our copy by us.

I was greatly interested in the article "Denbury Cross" and, living at the St. John Ambulance headquarters in Sheffield (the largest in the north of England), we get "steeped" in the history of the Order of St. John.

I am enclosing my efforts for your competition in the October issue.

Again thanking you for my copy of the October issue, which assured us that our boy was in good hands.—Yours, etc.,

HERBERT MELLOR.

St. John House, Psalter Lane, Sheffield.

## OLD DESERT RAT WRITES

SGT. AVEN,—Please inform whoever is concerned that today I received a medal for shooting last Easter, and thank them for sending it.

Will you also please inform the Editor of the 'Junior Mercury' of my new address, and ask him when he would like my 6/- for another year's supply. Thank you.

I am having a lovely time out here, and I like the schemes a lot. The weather has just started to get cold.

I expect you have just read in the papers about Exercise Spearpoint, from which we have just returned. Well, my wagon was attached to 3rd Tanks, B Echelon. I am thankful that no tanks were with us as I do not like them.

I wish all Jerboa Troop my good wishes and luck. All the best.—Yours, etc.,

F. D. HOPKINS.

207 Signal Squadron, BFPO 30.

**BRITISH LEGION (TORQUAY BRANCH)  
FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE**

by J/RSM SPEARMAN

On November 9th, 1961, the British Legion Festival of Remembrance took place in Torquay Town Hall. Part of our Regiment took part in the events, namely the Fanfare Trumpeters, in the capable hands of S/Sgt. Yates; and four Junior Sergeants, under myself. They were J/Sgts. Round, Hollander, Longhurst, and Murray.

The sequence of events was as follows: As the standards marched in, a fanfare was sounded, and as the Mayor (Cllr. T. B. Revill, J.P.) entered a fanfare was sounded. The programme started with a sing-song of some old wartime tunes, followed by a musical programme by the Salvation Army band and the Songster Brigade with Timbrellists, who gave a really first-class performance.

Part two of the programme was the actual Remembrance Service. After the last hymn was sung, all the lights were dimmed, and the tableaue (which were on the stage) was lit up. It was the Memorial, and at the rear of this were all the standards. To the left and right were the Fanfare Trumpeters, looking very impressive (as usual) in their scarlet uniforms. At each corner of the memorial were the J/Sergeants, looking very smart in the position of "resting on their arms reversed."

In front of the memorial was myself, and a trumpeter directly behind me. Below me was the lone piper.

It was very, very quiet when the trumpeter sounded "The Last Post," then the piper marched in slow-time down the centre aisle playing "Lilies of the Valley." It was very moving to see the poppies fall. The guard presented arms, and "Reveille" was sounded. All the lights came back on, a distinct sigh came from the audience, as though they had been in another world, and all of a sudden, had awakened to reality.

The guard then "reversed arms," and followed the trumpeters off the stage and formed up behind them. Then the standards formed up behind the guard and S/Sgt. Yates gave the order to slow-march down the aisle and away.

**NOTICE**

Sgt. Price, Weapon Training Instructor and Singer, wishes all his classes a merry Christmas, and wants them to know that they will need mackintoshes at his lessons because, although he now has a full set of teeth, he feels it is easier to talk when they are in his pocket and not in his mouth.

**COMPETITION**

Several folk both in and outside Denbury had a go at October's competition, and it was difficult to choose a winner. However, Mr. Mellor (whose letter appears on this page), sent in a really good selection of proverbs, comment, and even poetry to choose from. Here are a few:

A NAAFI sandwich eaten in haste repeats at leisure.

A pint of beer in the hand is worth two in the barrel.

A barking RSM never bites (not 'arf !)

A stalling boil gathers no pus.

With a full moon in the heavens all's white with the world.

"O, would some power the giftie gie us,  
To see the RSM before he sees us."

**Now Try This One !**

This month's competition concerns itself with the Sport of Kings (and of Sgt.-Maj. Irvine). The Fairy Finale is to be run, for which there are six runners. These are: ANOTHERWIN, BESTOFALL, CANTLOSE, DEADCERT, EVERUP, and FIRSTMOME.

As it happens, each horse has already run four times this season and, by an amazing coincidence, each time there have been two other entrants in the same race. Here are the relevant results for the previous part of the season.

The CINDERELLA CASKET was won by DEADCERT; both Cantlose and Firsthome were unplaced. In JACK'S JOLLY, Bestofall was second with Anotherwin third and Everup unplaced. The TOM THUMB TROPHY was a close thing between EVERUP, Firsthome and Cantlose, who finished first, second, and third respectively. The SNOW WHITE STEEPLECHASE produced a strong field, and Deadcert did well to finish third, with Anotherwin and Bestofall both "also rans." The HANSEL HURDLE was won by BESTOFALL, with Firsthome second and Cantlose third. ANOTHERWIN was the winner of the DWARF DAWDLE, with Everup third and Cantlose unplaced. Deadcert was lucky to beat Anotherwin into third place in the GOOSE'GALLOP, with Everup unplaced. DEADCERT continued his winning ways in the ALADDIN 'ANDI-CAP, with Bestofall second and Firsthome in third place.

Now let us suppose that each horse were to run completely to form in the FAIRY FINALE. All you are required to do is to list the horses from one to six in the order in which they will pass the winning post. Write out your answer and send it to the Editor, 'Junior Mercury,' Denbury Camp, Newton Abbot, to arrive please before 1962.

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# ROUND THE

36 UNBLEMISHED YEARS



WO I Taylor (RAEC) has the unusual distinction of a Bar to his Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

Peter Taylor was in khaki for the first time in 1917, when he joined the Queen Victoria School. Later, enlisting in the Royal Scots, he entered the Sergeants Mess as a Lance-Sergeant in 1930.

He spent four years in India (see "Soldiers of the Queen," October 'Junior Mercury'), and transferred to the Army Education Corps. On the outbreak of war he was compulsorily transferred to the Intelligence Corps, captured in May, 1940, and was a POW until 1945, when he regrouped into the RAEC.

Mr. Taylor has been with the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, for just under a year, and his helpful personality and vast experience have won a place in all our hearts. He is due to retire on the age limit in four months, and this latest distinction caps a fine Army career.

## VISIT TO SLAUGHTERHOUSE

Pigs feature quite regularly in the life of Denbury, and during the past month the whole of the Balaclava Intake in batches of 20 and 30 have visited the Harris Bacon Factory at Totnes to see how these useful beasts are slaughtered and prepared and turned into so many tasty foods.

The smell around the factory made some a little queasy and others just plain hungry, depending on the way their minds worked. The slaughtering, done by electric stunning and subsequent bleeding, was viewed with interest and awe, but was so smooth, clean, and obviously painless that it was a bit of an anti-climax.

Next, the boys watched as the pigs were scraped and burned clean of any bristles,

cut and inspected for any traces of disease, disembowelled, weighed, and graded. Then a full hour was spent touring the factory, seeing and listening to full explanations of all the various processes for curing and smoking, lard, sausage and black pudding making, the cutting, grading, and packing of bacon and ham, and the making of pork and veal and ham pies.

After the visit the roll was called to ensure that no one had been refrigerated or had stayed behind in the pie department, and then all returned to Denbury to view the porkers in the Regimental Farm with critical and speculative eyes.

## SEEING RED

As we are approaching the Troop Competitions for best barrack room, etc., Junior Leader of Quadrant Troop, at present nameless, was ordered "Cleaning exercises, judging the time; stain corridors!" This was a movement he had not been taught but, grabbing a pot of PAINT, he set to. The rest of the story we leave to your imagination.

## ANOTHER BRIDE



When Susan Barratt, the sister of J/Sig Barratt, who will be leaving the Balaclava Intake and joining Javelin Troop next term, saw our picture of the doll, beautifully dressed and sent to us by Mrs. Dagnall, she set to and dressed a doll of her own.

The result: another exquisite bride, all in pink, was received by Capt. Beadon, and will shortly be raffled in aid of a local children's home.

Thank you very much, Susan.

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# CAMP

## ANIMAL FARM



The birds and animals at Denbury are as enterprising and active as the boys. You have heard how the chickens attacked the Sergeants Mess, how the geese ganged up on the Medical Officer, how the pigeons refused to be confined to barracks, and how dogs and pigs are as interesting a daily topic on conversation as the weather.

Well, now the chickens have broken out again. This time they marched on Kukri Troop, entered J/Cpl. Cooper's bunk, removed his bed, and squatted there until forcibly evicted. Things are getting out of hand!

### A DEDICATION TO CHRISTMAS

By J/Sig. MAPLETHORPE (Jerboa Troop)  
The Christmas tree's a goodly sight,  
The candles all aflame,  
Throwing out their friendly light,  
Christmas is here again.

The Yuletide shopping in the town,  
The hustle and the fun.  
Where's the person who can frown  
On the Birthday of the Son?

Not in a majestic bed  
As we would have him lie;  
But born there in a cattle shed  
With oxen standing by.

Born to rule both far and wide  
With gentleness yet with might.  
And every man at Christmastide  
Should wonder on that night.

And now our school term ends,  
And we are going to see  
Our families and our friends,  
And the light of the Christmas tree.

May every wish for Christmas,  
And every thought so true,  
Combine with those from Denbury  
And wing themselves to you.

## FIRELIGHT FANTASY

November 4th saw Denbury go up with a bang! It was a very successful evening, attracting vast numbers of people from the Torbay area. About 2,000 people streamed into Denbury Camp from all over Devon to watch the Junior Leaders Regiment put on their own special show. The show as a whole was given a theme by the twin thoughts of a civilian Youth undecided whether to join a group of Teddy Boys in civilian life or to join a Junior Leaders Regiment. Also, in the wings, was a veteran Chelsea Pensioner, anxious to see what the young 'uns could do.

They saw, among other items, the Regimental band; our justly-famous choir (see P10); good and bad drill squads; Scottish country dancers; a spotlight on Sport; as well as an unusual view of the QM's store; and the launching of the first Junior Leader into space.

The whole programme was timed and floodlit to perfection, pursuing an effortless and professional course to a dramatic ending, when the bonfire was lit and the fireworks set off.

Congratulations to Maj. Scott and all his sub-organizers. Many are the local inhabitants who have praised the excellent hospitality and performance by the camp on this occasion. We offer all our sympathy to all who did not come up to Denbury on November 4th; they certainly missed a real treat.

## TIRED BUT HAPPY

Riches is Back

## A CUSHIONED MEETING

Harry Secombe, quick and alert to size up a situation, realized straight away that he and Sgt. Maher could not pass through the same door at the same time.

## OVERHEARD IN RHQ

Second I/C: "I've got to take a 2603/4 on my course What is it? Where can I get it?"

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## NAAFI plans ahead

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# THE CHOIR

## FALL IN THE STARS

Who had the best collection? It was a difficult question to decide between the autograph books of J/Sgt. Murray, J/L/Cpl. Lindsay, J/Sigs. Young, Root and Swift. All collected in one day, too! Autographs included those of Gracie Fields, Harry Secombe, Vera Lynn, Eric Sykes, Hattie Jacques, Kenneth Connor, Bud Flanagan, Benny Hill, Frankie Vaughan, Shirley Abicair, Eddy Calvert, and a host of other outstanding stars. For these five Junior Leaders were members of the Regimental Choir group, 57-strong, which appeared on the stage of the Victoria Palace Theatre in the Army Benevolent Fund performance, "Fall in the Stars," on Sunday, November 19th.



Gracie Fields signs J/Sgt. Murray's programme. Mr. Griffiths looks on

Gracie Fields started her part of the show in the front of the stage, with Bert Waller, her pianist. Then the backcloth lifted to reveal 40 members of the choir behind her, silhouetted in their new uniforms, with sashes, on a two-tiered staircase behind her. Very impressive. They joined her in singing "There'll Always be an England" and "Wish Me Luck as You Wave me Goodbye."



Harry Secombe and Charles Craig with Lt. Pickup and S/Sgt. Foster

Later in the show there was an item called "Field Fare," where various top stars were entertaining troops in a remote jungle outpost. These troops consisted of 17 members of the choir dressed in Adventure Training kit. They marvelled at the wit of Harry Secombe, Peter Cavanaugh, and other top-rate entertainers, and joined Shirley Abicair in the choruses of "Waltzing Matilda."



Frankie Vaughan, Patricia Lambert, Vera Lynn, Cliff Michelmore and Jean Metcalfe pose with members of the Choir.

In the finale the choir marched on singing to the Welsh Guards band playing "Soldiers of the Queen," sang with Constance Shachlock's "Land of Hope and Glory," and joined in the singing of "There's Something About a Soldier" in the final parade of the stars.

It was a terrific show, and the choir played its role well.



Hattie Jacques makes some new friends

## TELEVISION APPEARANCE

On Friday, November 17th, 56 members of the choir went to the studios of Westward Television to be televised, and shown on "Westward Diary" the same night, on the eve of their departure to sing with Gracie Fields at the Victoria Palace.

This was the first time that the choir had worn its new uniform and the choir sashes, and some difficulty was experienced with the stiff shirt collars and the ties, but these were finally arranged after the third or fourth attempt, and the rehearsal carried out.

The recording was a complete success, although the closeness of the studio dulled the singing, and the boys had a chance to see just how a "Diary" type programme of interviewing, etc., clicks smoothly into place.

Perhaps Mrs. Ware and Sgt. Martin and the others who had accompanied Colonel Bartholomew, the Bursar, to help liaise between the Junior Leaders and the studio had the most interesting time, because they were able to see the choir actually performing in the studio and hear and see them on the television screen as they would appear that night.

After a good lunch provided for us in the studio restaurant, everybody returned to camp. The tenors sang all the way back, accompanied by Mr. John Griffith's piano-acordion, and the basses, in another coach, with S/Sgt. Foster, rested their voices and read books.



Cliff Michelmore with some of the Choir "Tonight"

## WORLD-WIDE FAME

The Regimental Choir was formed in October, 1959, and sang before HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN at the Albert Hall in November, 1960, in the British Legion Festival of Remembrance. During the Christmas of 1960 they made a broadcast to British troops throughout the world.

Then, in the late summer of this year, the choir departed on its continental tour, where they sang (and marched) at Nijmegen, from there to various Signal units in Germany, and then on to Paris (Fontainbleu), gaining praise from all who heard them sing. They have also sung at innumerable fairs and festivals around South Devon, as well as featuring prominently in the recent Fire-light Fantasy at Denbury.

The choir is organized into three main groups: basses, tenors, and "melody." The original officer i/c was Capt. D. G. Rowe, RAEC, but Lt. E. Pickup took over from him in October, 1961, and just previous to that Mr. J. Griffiths took over as choir-master from Mr. V. Webber.



The Choir as they appeared before the television cameras in Plymouth. Anthony Ware and Mr. Griffiths in front

Achieving continuity throughout has been S/Sgt. Foster, RAEC, leader of the basses, who sings with the choir himself, dressed in his own SD ("Look, Mummy, one of the boys has got a moustache"). As a soloist the choir boasts "Honorary Junior Leader" Anthony Ware, a 13-year-old schoolboy, who can melt many a hard heart as his trained treble voice sings "The Lord's Prayer." Master Ware, too, thoroughly approved of his continental tour.

The choir's brief, but exciting, history has now been capped by their recent visit to Victoria Palace, and the appearance on Westward Television (as reported elsewhere on this page). For the future? Further TV appearances, Christmas broadcasting, the cutting of a disc, as well as many exciting engagements.

All photographs by Sgt. Martin

# RUGBY

## ROYAL SIGNALS, 5 pts; BRIXHAM COLTS, 6

Played October 21. Team: Hill, Hobson, Barnett, Parkinson, Lyth, Perry, Spring, Thomas, Wooler, Kearns, Bagnall, Round, Brister, Buglass, Younger.

With quite a mixed team we started this away game on a very slippery surface. The match was the first the Regiment had played under wet conditions this season. Due to the two teams being fairly equal, it turned out to be a good game. Brister scored the first try with a good run right between the posts; his try was easily converted by Parkinson, bringing the half-time score to 5-0. In the second half it rained all the time. Brixham showed better form and went on to score a try, followed by a penalty kick, so we were defeated 6-5.

## JUNIOR LEADERS REGIMENT, 45 pts; TORQUAY TECHNICAL COLLEGE, 0

Played at home, November 11th. Despite Torquay turning up late, and the match being played in the morning, we played well, as the score suggests. This report is more or less a list of how the points were scored, because that is about all that happened. The tries were scored one after another, and Torquay's defence just could not hold at all.

Scorers: Brister, two tries; Hill, three tries, one conversion; Parkinson, two tries, five conversions; Kearns, two tries; Round, two tries.

It was altogether a one-sided game, as the ball rarely left the Torquay half, and we thoroughly deserved to win. Parkinson gave a remarkable performance.

## JUNIOR LEADERS REGIMENT, 24 pts; KINGSBRIDGE COLTS, 0

Played November 18th. This was quite a pleasing match, especially as a follow-up to the 45-0 win we had the previous week.

Right from the start it was clear which was the better team. The play hardly left the Kingsbridge half, and we started scoring right away, with Hill scoring a try which was converted with ease by Parkinson. Kingsbridge were a totally confused team, despite continuous advice from their linesman. Our team played well, and went on to score a try by Brister, converted by Parkinson; also another try by Hill again, bringing the halftime score to 13-0.

Perry had bad luck in that he was just about to score a try when he was tackled and just forced over the line. This happened during the last few minutes of the first half, over which there was quite a dispute. In the second half it was much the same story, even though Kingsbridge did try terribly hard to score, without luck. Brister scored his second try followed by Parkinson with yet another one.

The last try, I would say, was about the best of the match. It was due to excellent passing by Hill, who was tackled very near the line but managed to pass to Hobson, who went on to score the try, which Hill converted.

This brought the match to a fine end, with a 24-0 win for us.

## HILL CONVERTED FOUR

Played November 22nd. Last year the Signals XV. beat the RAC in the cup final, and the RAC were determined to avenge themselves.

In the first minute of the game the RAC scored, but from then on the Signals dominated the play and were ahead at halftime. The second half was a repetition of the first, with Signals always on the attack. Signals ran out winners by 38 points to nine. Prominent in attack were Parkinson and Round, who controlled the forwards exceptionally well.

## TOO EASY

Played on November 25th, this match against Totnes started quite well with a try from Signals. The Totnes team was not very strong in attack or defence, and the Signals soon had them worried. The points kept mounting, and at halftime the score was Signals 11 pts., Totnes 0. With some good play from Hill and Wraith, they cruised on gently to a comfortable victory.

Final score: Signals, 22 pts; Totnes, 0.

# HOCKEY

## JUNIOR LEADERS, 1; DARTMOUTH, 0

This away match was played at a dast pace, with few breaks-through by the Junior Leaders. Dartmouth were the better team in the first half, making many attacks on our goalmouth, but the defence prevented them from scoring until nearly the end of the first half. After the break we started with a very quick attack, which ended with Sharpe scoring. Afterwards, it was continuous attacking from both sides, who were exhausted after the game.

## JUNIOR LEADERS REGIMENT, 4; RASC, 0

Played Wednesday, November 15th, at home, with a very cold wind blowing. There was a delay while our team changed their shirts and socks, which were damp. At last the game started, and almost immediately the RASC broke through our defence but could not score. Then we got a corner but nothing came of it. Most of the first half we showed our superiority and, at 1425, Heard scored a goal. At 1435 he got another great one. Our goalie had hardly anything to do. Halftime came and we were two up.

The second half was full of excitement, and then Sharpe scored two more. After that there were no more goals, and when the referee's whistle blew Signals had won 4-0.

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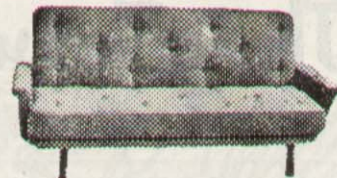
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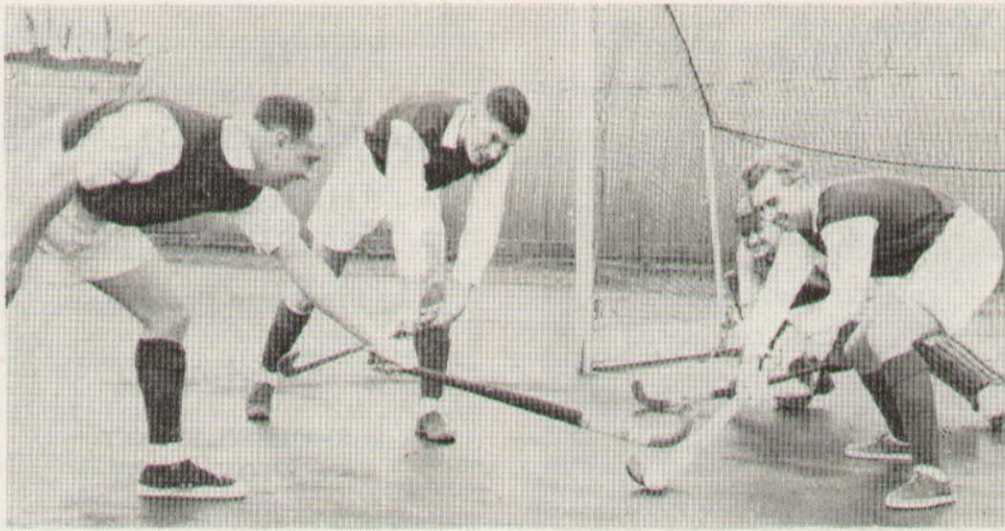
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by Sgt. Martin

## FOUR STARS

Our specially-posed photograph (hence the smiles) shows four members of our hockey team practising together. On the right is Capt. Hartnett, recently selected for the Army Hockey XI., previously capped for Devon, and current captain of the Signals Corps XI. Stretching towards him is Maj. Rothwell, who was selected for the Devon hockey trial this season and is also playing for the Corps. Ready for anything that comes his way is Sgt. Angell, who is an Army reserve, as well as having previously represented the Signals on many occasions. Finally, in a characteristic crouch, and master of his own goal area, is S/Sgt. Foster, who is having his fourth season as RAEC Hockey XI. goalkeeper.

## BASKETBALL

### COMFORTABLE VICTORY

Played November 9th. The Junior Leaders comfortably defeated the YMCA team 44-20, with the point-scoring distributed throughout the team—Harber 14, Albiston 14, Spree 8, and Croft, Smith, Jones, and McLaren one basket each. Although Locke failed to score, he was the outstanding player for the team.

The evening's enjoyment was marred by an unhappy incident when one of the YMCA players was involved in a motor-cycle accident after leaving the gymnasium.

### AN EXCITING MATCH

Played November 16th. Hele's School, Exeter, became the second team to defeat our Junior Leaders in the league when they won a close match 29-26.

The first five on were Spree, Craft, Jones, Smith, and Priestley, but they lacked the experience and speed to deal with the school side, which went straight into shooting form. In the first five minutes our opponents had found the basket three times. A quick change took four off as Nash, Keenan, Harber, and Locke came on the court to join Spree. Harber scored three quick baskets in as many minutes. It seemed as though all was well, but Hele's School rallied and at halftime were leading 20-8.

Again Signals came back in two inspiring bursts as Harber found the basket three times in as many minutes, and Spree and Locke added two more apiece. With but one minute to go we were trailing 26-27. The Exeter team then scored from two

throws to clinch their victory.

How pleasant to have supporters, in the form of Brister and three Junior Ladies.

### CREEK IN FORM AGAIN

The first friendly match of the season, on November 8th, resulted in a close victory for the Staff team over the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. As usual, Sgt. Creek was our main basket-getter, adding a further 16 points to his season's total. S/Sgt. Nichols and Sgt. Meekings scored eight apiece, WO II Wheatley four, and Sgt. Angell was, as usual, content with a solitary basket with one of his famed long shots. At halftime, with Creek and Meekings both shooting well, the score was 26-12 to Denbury, but in the second half, without Meekings, the naval team pulled up to the final total of 38-34.

### DEPLETED TEAM THRASHED

Played November 16th. Unfortunately, our league match against Exeter 'A' team—probably the strongest side in the league—coincided with the absence of three key players—Sgts. Meekings and Jamieson (both on courses) and Sgt. Angell (representing the Royal Signals Hockey XI.). By halftime Exeter were leading by 16-2 (Sgt. Creek). The second half shows an improvement, with the final score 38-13 (Creek 1, S/Sgt. Nichols 5, Sgt. Hendley 4). This was not the Staff's team's best by any means, and they seemed unable to penetrate Exeter's very tight zone.

## SOCCER

### SIGNALS, 5; COOMBE PAFFORD, 2

The game got off to a good start, with Prior at right-wing scoring after three minutes. Play was pretty deliberate for the first minutes of the game, with several more tries by Signals to score. A bad tackle involving Prior and one of the opponents resulted in Prior hurting his knee, but he continued to play on. But the knee got worse so he was brought off and given treatment. A couple of minutes later Booker and Gourley scored, putting Signals 3-0 ahead. At halftime there was no change in the score.

A minute after the kick-off, Coombe Pafford scored with ease, but Signals were still leading 3-1. Play was difficult for Signals in the second half as they were playing up the hill, but they managed to keep their opponents at bay. At 4.27 Booker scored with ease, making the score 4-1. Then Coombe received a penalty and scored, making the score 4-2 to the Signals. At 4.35 G. Nelson scored with a brilliant shot. At this stage Signals were confident of winning.

### SIGNALS v. MILBER UNITED

Played November 14th. Signals started off on a good game, but at 3.20 they were a goal down. A minute later they equalized with a lovely shot from Hollander. With the weather very cold and rainy, Signals were really on form, and tried to score every minute. Then Prior, left-wing, shot and scored, putting Signals a goal ahead at halftime.

After halftime, Campbell, at right-half, scored a brilliant goal with a long, low ball. The score was 3-1 for Signals. At 3.50 p.m., Hollander scored again following a lovely pass from Farquhar, at inside-left. The next goal was scored by our centre-half, Chisholm, who went ahead at great speed to score. Five minutes later inside-right G. Nelson scored again from close quarters. Prior was not satisfied with his previous goal; he just had to try to score again, and he did so. In the final minutes the opposing team put a goal through their own goal-mouth. All the Signals had a really good game and were satisfied that they had won by 8-1 at the final whistle.

Scorers: Prior (2), Hollander (2), G. Nelson (1), Chisholm (1), Campbell (1), and own-goal.

### JUNIOR LEADERS REGIMENT v. UPTON YOUTH CLUB

Won 9-0

From the very start of the game Signals were on top, despite the hard, cold wind that was blowing down the pitch. Although Upton played a good game they could not match the skill and speed of our players. Most of the goals were scored in the second half, but the first, by Hollander, was scored just before halftime.

Stanger, who was playing in goal, had a lonely game, as the ball was kept in the Upton half for most of the game.

Scorers: Hollander, Nelson, Chisholm, and Booker.

### USEFUL RESERVES

Played November 25th. In this game we put out our second team against Rover Colts, as we had previously beaten them 12-0. This game, however, started off slowly, with Signals scoring the first goal. Then Rover Colts went on to score, making the sides level at halftime.

After halftime our forward line blended well in scoring two quick goals. Fendley (Iron Troops) captained the second team. Campbell, at centre-half, had a very good game.

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