

# JUNIOR MERCURY

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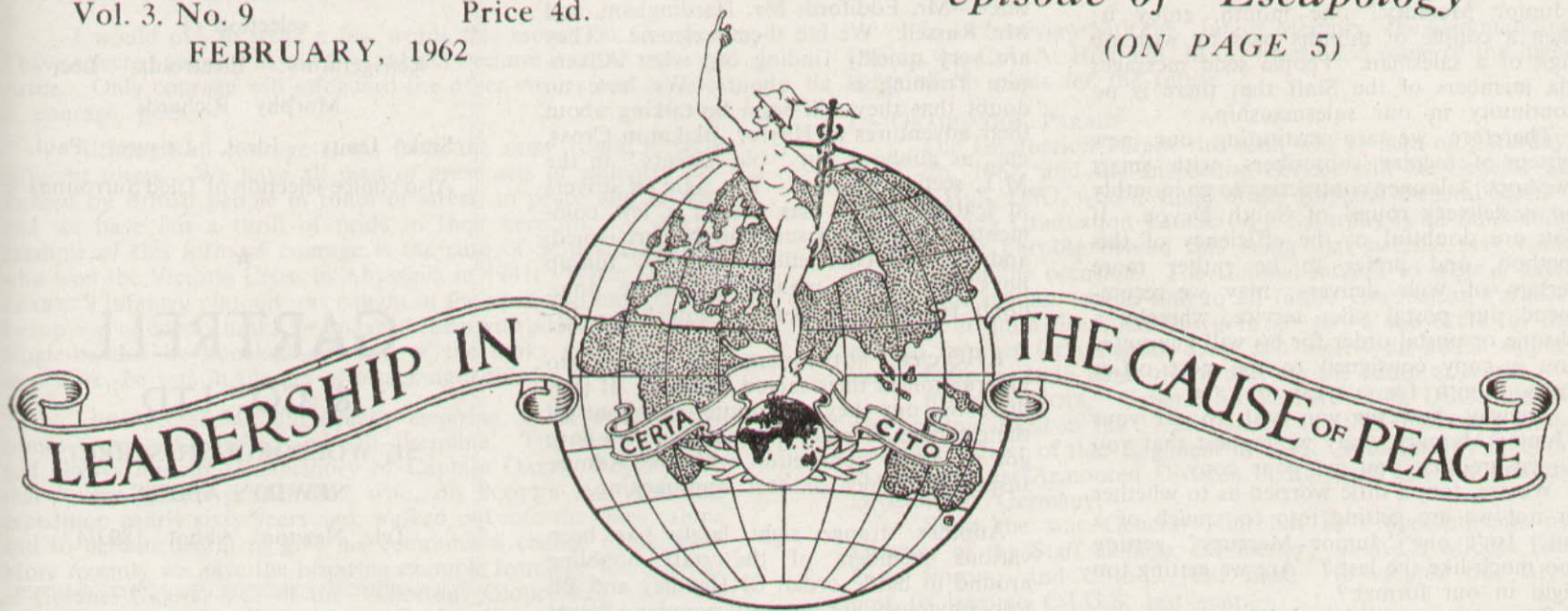
FEBRUARY, 1962



DOES HE FINALLY  
MAKE IT!

*Don't miss the final  
episode of "Escapology"*

(ON PAGE 5)



## ST. GEORGE'S, DENBURY

### "A GIFT WITH MEANING"

As the strains of Blake's "Jerusalem," sung by 300 voices, died out on a rainy Sunday—January 21, 1962—a knock, thrice repeated, was heard on the door of Denbury Camp's Church block. The Commanding Officer opened the smart new door to admit the Chaplain-General to the Forces, the Venerable Archdeacon I. D. Neil, OBE, QHC, MA, and the Dedication of St. George's Church, Denbury, was under way.

The service was a simple one, yet a sincere one, which had deep meaning for a packed congregation, which included the Master of Signals, Maj.-Gen. Sir William Scott, KCMG, CB, CBE.

The Chaplain-General, assisted by our own Padre, the Rev. R. O. R. Wood, MA, CF, dedicated the various parts of the church, a fanfare of trumpets came from outside as the flag of St. George was broken at the mast-head, the Chaplain-General gave the address, the collection for Overseas Missions was taken, and the congregation filed out of St. George's Church, Denbury, into the pouring rain.

In his address the Chaplain-General emphasized that the church was the centre of camp life, explaining dedication as the "giving of a building to God." He then spoke of the meaning of gifts, from a casual offering with a mere intrinsic value, to a true, heartfelt present which would give lasting pleasure to its recipient. He ended on the note of the deep meaning of church dedication as a self-offering to God.

The service was one of charm and simplicity, which was added to by the clear voices of the Choir, which has performed with such success in places of entertainment. Our thanks, too, to Mr. John Griffiths (Choir Master) and J/L/Cpl. Reed, who played the organ so admirably.



The Padre, the Chaplain-General and the Commanding Officer talking outside St. George's Church Denbury  
Photo S/Sgt. Wilson

### WHAT IS DEDICATION?

When the Chaplain-General dedicated our St. George's Church, what actually occurred? In what mysterious way was the church altered; if at all? Are we to wonder if all the prayers and hymns offered to God before the dedication were wasted and went unheeded? Of course not!

"Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I also . . ."

Had you forgotten those words? For are we not taught that God is everywhere and most particularly in the hearts of each one of us? Then why bother to dedicate the church at all?

In the case of a church which is built as a permanent structure, to serve as a centre of religious worship for a community, then it is consecrated. This consecration is an impressive ceremony, which is conducted by a Bishop, and makes the building sacred. This means that the building cannot be used for any purpose other than religious ones—church services, weddings, funerals, baptisms, and so on

Our own church started life as a cook-house—difficult to believe now that we see its charming interior and excellent decorations. But how will it end? We know that Denbury Camp, as we see it now, will be completely changed in a few years time. Existing buildings will be razed to the ground and a modern barracks constructed in their place to make this a permanent home for the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals. Surely a brand-new church will be high on the list of priorities?

Were St. George's to have remained a permanent church, then Sunday's service might well have been a Consecration Service.

As it is, our church is now dedicated to God, an act which declares publicly that this is a house of worship.



## EDITORIAL

Letters arrive in our office—which we enjoy very much—and many of them complain that the distributional side of the 'Junior Mercury' leaves much to be desired. Well-wishers say that they buy a copy of 'Junior Mercury' one month, enjoy it; then a couple of months pass by with no sign of a salesman. People send messages via members of the Staff that there is no continuity in our salesmanship.

Therefore we are instituting our new system of regular subscribers, with smart (we hope) salesmen contracting to go monthly on a delivery round of South Devon. If you are doubtful of the efficiency of this method, and prefer to be rather more certain of your delivery, may we recommend our postal sales service, whereby a cheque or postal order for 6/- will guarantee you a copy consigned to the post office every month for a year.

Anyway, however you wish to get your 'Junior Mercury,' may we request that you do ensure that you get your copy.

We are, too, a little worried as to whether or not we are getting into too much of a rut. Isn't one 'Junior Mercury' getting too much like the last? Are we getting too rigid in our format?

So we must get with it! We must become more original!! New ideas! Here, we ask you, our readers, to help us; because we would hate to take the risk of omitting your favourite article. Therefore we ask you to write to us and let us know:

What you like best in the present 'Junior Mercury'; and

What you would like to see covered in future editions.

Now for our own news. Firstly, welcome to our new photographer, S/Sgt. Wilson (RAEC), who is kindly filling in the gap until Sgt. Martin returns.

Secondly, a welcome to J/Sig. Bennett, our new cartoonist. Read all about this discovery in "Comic Cuts" (Round the Camp).

And congratulations to our "X" writer who, despite this liability, has been successful in passing G.C.E. (English); probably why he wrote more words this month and had to go into smaller print!

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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

The "few" are going to become even fewer. One of the biggest changes that will be noticed by the Junior Leaders is the introduction of civilian drivers. Already we have three—Mr. Eddiford, Mr. Hardingham, and Mr. Russell. We bid them welcome. They are very quickly finding out what Adventure Training is all about. We have no doubt that they will soon be talking about their adventures at Haytor, Blakaton Cross, etc., as glibly as our "old sweats" in the M.T. section do now. The sight of drivers in leather jackets has caused a few comments, but we can assure you they are issued, and have no connection with the "ton-up boys." NAAFI manageress please note: don't run out of ox-blood polish.

RHQ clerks at the moment have gone into hibernation in their sacred building. If they do come out they are muttering about all the returns and other queer things they have got to do in connection with the Admin. Inspection which is fast approaching.

Another strange sight lately has been various members of the staff hobbling around in battle order. SI Hendley and PE tests obviously are not very popular. Never mind, like Christmas, it only comes once a year.

What with the smallpox vaccination and the flu, one of the busiest departments is the Medical Centre. Rumour has it that Sgt. Taylor is going to try and draw bow-ties and dinner suits for his staff; even though there is no official trade rating of Waiter B.2 in the Medical Corps. We don't think he will get anything from S/Sgt. Hammerton who, at present, is to be seen running around with piles of No. 2 Dress and combat suit indents.

It has been noticed that there are now two green Mercedes cars in the camp. One of them is easily recognizable due to a violent disagreement with a patch of ice.

Finally, we wonder how many Junior Leaders have noticed the new patch of cultivated ground by the side of the Church Army. To satisfy the curious, it is an effort on the part of Mr. Barter and his two gardeners to give us a small market garden. We hope soon to taste the results of their efforts.

Note to the Editor: We are not always trade union; this was typed during my official lunch-break.

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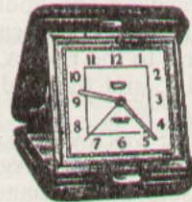
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# THE COMMANDING OFFICER COMMENTS . . .

## COURAGE

I would like to write a few words this month on Courage. I have selected courage as my first subject because it is the supreme virtue. Only courage will safeguard the other virtues and all goes if courage goes.

Although all courage stems from the same roots, it takes different forms. We have all read of great acts of gallantry performed by British people in times of stress, in peace and in war, and we have felt a thrill of pride in their heroism. A stirring example of this form of courage is the case of Sergeant LEAKEY, who won the Victoria Cross in Abyssinia in 1941. When Sergeant LEAKEY's infantry platoon was caught in the open and unprotected, by a troop of enemy tanks, he engaged them with pistol and grenade. Single-handed he knocked out two of the tanks and, when last seen alive, he was in the act of attacking a third.

Less spectacular, but equally inspiring, is the courage that comes from self-sacrifice and self-discipline. The British people will always honour the memory of Captain OATES, Royal Navy, that "very gallant gentleman" who, on SCOTT's last Antarctic expedition nearly sixty years ago, walked out into the snow, alone and to certain death, to give his comrades a chance of survival. More recently we have the inspiring example from the Korean war of Colonel CARNE, VC, of the "Glorious Gloucesters," who remained defiant and unbroken in spirit after 18 months of brutality and brain-washing in a Communist prison camp.

The least glamorous form of courage is that which we are called on to show every day in meeting the problems of life. It needs guts and determination for us to keep our heads and do the right thing when everything goes wrong. We need courage to keep us going when we are fed up and dispirited.

You have come to DENBURY as Junior Leaders to be trained to take your place in due course as the senior NCOs and Warrant Officers of the Royal Corps of Signals. Whilst you are here, the permanent staff and I will do our best to teach and guide you towards this purpose, and you will learn many things which will serve you in good stead throughout your Colour Service and after. If, when the time comes for you to leave DENBURY, you have absorbed the proud traditions of the British Army, you have acquired the qualities of devotion to duty, personal example and self-sacrifice, and you have learnt to tackle the problems, frustrations and worries of life with guts and determination, then the greatest of our aims will be realized. You will have acquired the foundations upon which you may build up the greatest virtue of all: COURAGE.

"Life is mostly froth and bubble,  
Two things stand like stone,  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own."

*Alan Holifield*

## THE FUTURE

In an interview with the 'Junior Mercury,' the Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. A. Holifield, M.C., mentioned some of the highlights of his plans for the future.

### 1.—GRADUATION PARADE

The Graduation Parade this term will be held on Saturday, April 7th, 1962, and the Inspecting Officer will be General Sir Richard Hull, DSO, who is Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Having Graduation Parade on a Saturday is an innovation in itself, the purpose behind this being that parents may come in honour of the occasion. The Colonel intends to write a letter inviting the parents to this and to all future Graduation Parades. He made it quite clear that this is in no way a substitute for the normal summer term Parents Day, but merely an added opportunity for parents to come down and see the camp at work.

EDITOR'S NOTE. General Sir Richard Hull, DSO, age 54, was commissioned in the 17/21 Lancers in 1928, becoming Commanding Officer of that Regiment in 1941. Subsequently he commanded the 1st Armoured Division in Italy and the 5th Infantry Division in Germany.

Since the war General Hull has held appointments as Director of the Staff College, Camberley; C.-in-C., Middle East Land Forces; and C.-in-C., Far East. He vacated this latter post to become C.I.G.S. last year.

### 2. NIJMEGEN.

It is proposed once again to send a strong contingent to Nijmegen this year, and it is hoped that the band will be able to accompany the marchers. The Commanding Officer is looking into the possibility of taking the marchers across by LCTs (Landing Craft Tanks).

### 3. SWIMMING AND WATER POLO

Being a keen swimmer himself, Col. Holifield is anxious to place swimming and water polo rather higher on the sports programme than it is at present. Owing to the lack of a swimming bath in camp, it will have to be confined to the summer months, but he is proposing to start a swimming, life-saving and water polo club, which may have to become affiliated to a local club.

### 4. DRIVING INSTRUCTION

In his opening talk to the Regiment, the Colonel suggested that boys might be taught how to drive while at Denbury—a very popular suggestion. Now he is pleased to report that general approval to the idea has been given by War Office and, subject to transport and instructional availability, it is hoped to start at a future date. He warns that immediate action cannot be hoped for.

### 5. DRESS

Number Two dress for Junior Leaders is on its way (like the Choir have got now), and it is hoped that this will be available before the end of term.

### 6. CHOIR AND HIGHLAND DANCERS

Local engagements have already been fixed for the immediate future, and it is hoped to maintain these excellent hobbies at their present high standard.

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# UNE "X" PLODED

For several days now, "X" had watched the peculiar antics of various members of the Staff and Senior Wing with some amusement, not to say downright pleasure. The sight of his "arch-enemies of the Education Corps" making their somewhat ponderous circuit of the camp in full combat kit, complete with steel helmet and self-loading rifle, brought home to "X" the fact that the Army really was a democratic institution. The fact that these sweating, swearing, short-winded stalwarts became offended when "X," riding past, solicitously inquired why they didn't "hop on the back"; or informed them that they had "missed the last 'bus, anyway," indicated nothing more than a Fascist streak in their make-up.

Things ran smoothly for "X" until he was ordered to report to the open range at Rippon Tor. Now "X" had a great respect for the lethal prowess of the self-loading rifle, and the very thought of being anywhere near the receiving end of rounds fired by these "seasonal shots" (as "X" liked to refer to them) filled "X" with positive terror. One bullet, "X" reasoned, and several instructors would sleep again at night.

In vain his troop sergeant explained to the grief-stricken "X" that the laws of science just would not permit any bullet to "drop" over several feet of reinforced concrete and penetrate his cranium. Although, rather unkindly, he did add that if anything did penetrate it, it would become very lonely. Anyhow, "X" had a profound mistrust of science, doubtless stimulated by the fact that he had completed his hat-trick, so to speak, and had once more miserably failed in his General Studies.

Such words as "trajectories," "parabolas," and even "reinforced concrete" were of little comfort to "X," who was convinced he was about to be "thrown to lions," and had little idea of what they meant, anyway.

"Why me, sarge?" he pleaded, his out-of-place "Tony Curtis" striking a note of pathos into his appearance. "I've got everything to live for"; and then a touch of drama (always

dear to "X's" heart): "Sarge, every bullet will have my name, rank, and number on." After two years with our hero, the venerable NCO had become quite wary of "X's" more dramatic pleas. He had found from long experience that the louder "X" bleats, the bigger the "skive" and so, with a final "No," his fate was sealed.

Realizing that his pleas had fallen, as always, on mute ears, "X," with the philosophy of the true fatalist, stepped back and allowed events to take their course. "X" climbed silently into the truck and then suddenly searched feverishly in his trouser pocket and emerged with a grubby postcard, which he promptly handed to his mate.



"If I shouldn't come back, see that it gets there." "What about the stamp?" asked his mate, who failed to realize the gravity of the situation.

"Oh, I should think they'll pay for the postage when I'm..." and here "X" made a grand gesture that would have done justice to the late James Dean.

"Have a fag," continued "X," proffering his mate a half-smoked Woodbine, which, incidentally, almost caused a somewhat premature mortality on the truck.

Throughout the journey "X" stood in an attitude of pious devotion. "It is a much nobler thing I do now..." thought "X," whose literary

genius was beginning to shine during his last hours on this earth.

However, even the bravest of men have their breaking point, and for "X" it came when Staffs Wilson and Foster rammed home loaded magazines and marched with determined strides towards the firing positions.

They found him somewhere on Okehampton Range, happily seated on an unexploded shell from a previous day's shoot, drawing a neat line through a row of noughts, oblivious to all and sundry. This time his right hand had won!



## Off-duty smartness

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

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# SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN

ESCAPE! ESCAPIST!! ESCAPOLOGY!!!

by WO II W. H. E. Chandler, B.E.M.

## PART IV.

As I, with several others, were actively engaged in plotting the progress of the war on our maps, so far undiscovered by our guards, and issuing our own war news to as many other prisoners over a wide area as possible, I knew near enough where the allied troops were in France. It was knowing this that made me escape again.

I thought that, if I could get south through Germany, make my way towards the sound of guns, then hide up and await the advancing allies, I would be free. Sounded quite easy, so I decided to put it into practice. I didn't know then the privations, hardships, and starvation that was to follow my decision.

During the summer of 1944, prisoners were shown or given a printed pamphlet starting with a large word—"DEATH" if any prisoner is caught having escaped or in attempting to escape, and is found in any of the following areas. They then named practically all the towns and villages over a very large area in which POW camps were.

I don't think it stopped many prisoners escaping. We all knew that we took a chance of being shot any time we escaped.

I planned to make a break for it during November, '44, taking the first opportunity that presented itself.

I had been working up near the Lithuanian border and could hear the sound of guns when the wind was strong. The civilians were plainly worried, and showed it. Gun emplacements were being put up everywhere, towers were being manned by machine-guns.

No one, I thought, would worry about another odd character, so I pushed a nail through my foot, bound it up so that I could visit a British medical post several miles away. With others, we had to walk there and back. I hobbled along slowly, and apparently in pain, so the guard could get used to my slow crawl.

When I had seen the medical orderly, I told him I wanted to escape on the way back. Could he do my foot up to make it look bulky, but also in a way that I could free my foot quickly? He did it very well, and wrote on my papers: "Poison and badly-infected foot."

So now I was ready. Slowly and painfully I started the walk back. As I expected, the guard soon got impatient at my slow crawl, and tried to prod me on with his bayonet. He soon gave up, then apparently decided I couldn't move very far. If he took the others back while I hobbled on, he'd get a coffee break then come back to meet me. The weather was bitterly cold; almost at freezing point.

As soon as they were out of sight I went into some woods, took off the bandages, stuck a plaster over the place where I had pushed the nail into my foot, and was ready to get going. I had to move fast to get clear of the area.

By the end of that day, after dodging lots of small parties of German troops and armed civilians, who seemed to be guarding roads and bridges, I reached the outskirts of Marienwerder. I thought it would be more advantageous and less dangerous to keep inland and not travel towards the coastline.

I rested until about midnight, feeling hungry, but had to tighten my belt. Then I carried on, working my way further inland to a place called Swerine. There I had to hide up for a few days, due to a lot of German troop movements. I was ravenously hungry and thirsty. On the fourth day, almost frozen stiff, I knew I had to eat; I couldn't go on any further unless I did.

Cleaning myself up, I waited till the sky began to fade, then went boldly into the town to a bakerei (baker's). The woman was a florid, pleasant type. I spun a yard about being an interpreter in English for the Germans and had lost myself in her lovely little town, and could she direct me to the Town Council buildings. She did so, but I kept up the conversation, and asked if she would like some cigarettes we had taken from a prisoner. She jumped at the chance ("for her friends," so she said). Then I spoke about the cold weather. Soon I was having a plate of hot potato soup, and eventually came away with two freshly-baked loaves.

I scuttled back to my hide-out, and ravenously ate a quarter of one of the loaves. I could have eaten the lot, but I knew I'd be ill, and secondly I didn't know how long it had to last me.

Feeling more cheerful, I started off again. I had lost track of days; I didn't know what day or even what date it was.

I struggled on in snowstorms, intense cold, and

freezingly bitter winds. Sometimes it was so cold when I rested that I knew I'd be frozen if I went to sleep. Eventually I got to Stargart, near Stettin, and rested for several days. Once again I was starving. This time I went to a farmhouse during the night, very quietly, to see what I could steal.

I managed to get about 4lb. of potatoes from a shed when I heard voices. Quietly lying down, I saw lots of German soldiers, evidently billeted on the farm. I lay there for hours until everything was quiet before I could move away silently.

The next thing was to find a place and cook the "spuds" without the fire being seen. It took some time, but hunger makes you do impossible things. At last I had burnt, black "spuds," half-raw inside. They tasted marvellous to me.

Stettin is in the flat country of Mecklenburg. It was too risky to go through, so I had to turn towards the coast and go through Pomerania.

It took me 20 days to get across to Rostock. The only things I had to eat were a handful of mouldy cheese, potato peelings I got from dustbins, and fried with machine-oil.

Again the place was lousy with German troops, so I had to go back inland. All the time I was trying to get towards Bremen I was being forced back by heavy troop movements towards Stettin. I knew it must be near the end of January, and wondered how the war was going.

Near Stettin again I saw a column of British POWs on the move. Why not join them, I thought. I might get some food, and possibly they'd get me through the heavy concentration of German troops around the area. So, watching an opportunity, I slipped in amongst them.

I went with them, sleeping in fields in the intense cold, scrounging lots of food here and there as we went along. One guard was really dead-beat. He had a little trolley on wheels, with all his kit, including his rifle, on it. He was really ill. I walked with him for some hours, trying to find out where they were all going, how many guards there were, what the guards did at night. I was preparing the way to slip off again. They were marching us about 40 miles a day.

We were going in the direction of Denmark—the last place I wanted to visit. So, with three or four others, I dodged the column and we went off on our own, making for Hamburg. By this time it must have been about the end of February.

After many hardships we were very near Hamburg. The sky was full of allied planes. We could see Hamburg was their target.

One day, as we got nearer, we decided to walk on the road for a few miles. A flight of planes appeared from nowhere, swooped down and machine-gunned us, dropping bombs as well.

We flung ourselves down. As I went down I could hear the scream of a bomb coming. It seemed to be coming right on top of me as I fell. It went off the moment I laid flat; my ear was blasted and a bit of shrapnel tore the top part of my left arm.

I lay there for about 2½ hours, wishing I could get deeper into the ground as they kept swooping, machine-gunning, flying off, but always seeming to come back again.

Jack, one of the men with me, was shot twice as he lay by me, once in the knee and once in the back. George, another with me, had scrambled right up a telegraph pole and wouldn't come down; he appeared to have gone completely off his head.

Bob, another with me, was all right. We couldn't do anything with George, so we had to leave him. We made Jack comfortable, but he insisted he would be OK and made us go on.

After the war, when I got back, I managed to find out what had happened to Jack, and finally met him again while he was in hospital in England. He now has one leg a couple of inches shorter than the other. I couldn't find out any news of George, or what happened to him.

Bob and I continued on to Hamburg, got caught in a massive air raid on the railway station, and only by holding on to some staunch pillars to prevent the blast tossing us about like paper did we survive, although nearby railway trucks were blown to smithereens. We came out without a scratch. Everywhere was a shambles. We decided to get out of Hamburg quickly and make our way to Brunswick, a few kilometres back.

Nearly there, we had to take cover in a bombed-out brewery. We stayed hidden for four days without coming out, while the German army went through on its retreat. When we did come out, right by the side of the stairs to the cellar where we were, was a 500lb. bomb. The casing was split and most of the yellowish powder had spilled out.

Six o'clock next morning I went on alone, and met up with the first line of American infantry—

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a wonderful sight. Words failed me.

I was escorted to an American major who was in a jeep. He questioned me and seemed satisfied. I told him what I had seen of the enemy. At that moment a couple of Germans were brought in, taken from the woods a couple of hundred yards away. I helped to interpret, and considered myself fortunate to go along with them, eating white bread and peanut butter—the first for five years.

My arm, which had become swollen and slightly infected from shrapnel in the air attack, was dressed by their "medics" when we rested.

I went along with their front-line infantry for about nine days, becoming good friends with two sergeant platoon-leaders, really enjoying the reversal of roles, until my arm went really "lame" and my right ear completely deaf.

The American infantry, both black and white, who were fighting together, loaded me with cigarettes and chocolate, put me on a bomber and flew me to Brussels, where I stopped in the hospital for several days. For the first time I heard British women speaking again. It sounded wonderful.

I landed in the UK a few days later in a Lancaster bomber.



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## READERS' CORNER

### "WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?"

SIR,—I would like, through the use of a few lines in your paper, to give the Junior Leaders of this Regiment a brief summary of a proposal for an expedition during a part of the summer leave period that has been submitted to the Commanding Officer for approval.

The object of the expedition is to send a party of three staff and ten Junior Leaders to the British Army Kiel Yacht Club for a period of ten days. Six days of the time are to be spent sailing on the Baltic Sea and up to Denmark, using three of their 30-square metre yachts. It is proposed to travel to and from Germany via Dover-Ostend, using the Regimental mini-bus.

Each of the yachts to be used take a crew of four, and are complete with sleeping berths and a fully-equipped galley. At present the three members of the staff who will act as skippers are Lt. McMahon, SI. Hendley, and myself. Both Lt. McMahon and I hold Baltic ratings, having raced and cruised many times to Denmark. SI. Hendley has similar qualifications from Aden.

It is hoped that Junior Leaders will not read so far and then stop, saying, "No good to me, because I don't know the sharp end from the blunt end" as a comment. The main idea of going is to try and teach them the basic knowledge of seamanship, which will always be helpful to them, especially if their man's service posting is Germany, where a great deal of sailing goes on. No; all that is required is a great deal of enthusiasm and team spirit to make it a success.

Of course, like anything of this nature, it costs money, but with a little help, the actual amount each person will have to pay is not high, especially if it is compared with the amount of fun and experience that will be gained.

Finally, I must emphasize all this is still in the planning stage, and there are still many things to be done before all the obstacles have been cleared, so that we can say it is definitely on. Already this trip has been rumoured, and Senior Wing office has been swamped with enquiries. We will call for names as soon as we can.—Yours, etc.,

R. RODRIGUEZ, WOII.

### THE OLD CROWD

We thank J/L/Cpl. Gue, Quadrant Troop, for allowing us to publish extracts from a letter he recently received from Sig. (Ex-J/S/Sgt.) E. Barrett, which gives news of some of our Denbury graduates:

"... Catterick is a grand place, particularly as we don't have to do so much with our kit. We started on our trade training a week ago, and are already doing Morse up to six words a minute. Old George Blease (Output Summer, 1960) is up here with us, and "Mick" Orde is up at 11 Signal Regiment. We are hoping to go and see him some time. Mason and Wiles are with us, too. We have got a 48 due soon, and hope to take the opportunity to come down and see you all..."—Yours, etc.,

E. BARRETT.

24 Signal Regiment, Catterick.

### DISAPPOINTED READER

SIR,—May I take this opportunity of congratulating you on your interesting publication, the 'Junior Mercury.' Both my husband and myself read it whenever we can. In fact, my husband, who served with the Royal Signals in Germany during the war, has been cutting out and keeping your "Escape" story.

Unfortunately, the Junior Soldiers who used to sell me my copy seem to have missed me in December. Perhaps you would send me a December issue, if you have one left, and I look forward to buying many future editions from your Young Soldiers.—Yours, etc.,

Mrs. M. UPTON.

St. Michaels, Paignton.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We have sent Mrs. Upton her copy, with apologies. Come on, Javelin; where were you?

### FUTURE RECRUIT?

Capt. Hartnett, the Adjutant, received a letter from a Master John Gerrard, who lives in St. Albans, requesting that he send him our Regimental badge for his collection.

Capt. Hartnett wrote back to John, and pointed out that we have no Regimental badge as such, but share the "Jimmy" with the rest of the Corps; but with the letter he sent a parcel of military bric-a-brac which he had lying around.

Soon after he received the following reply:

DEAR CAPTAIN M. A. T. HARTNETT.—I thank you very much for the lovely badges and buttons you gave me. To be honest with you, I have not got any of the badges and buttons you gave me. I will keep this letter as one of my nicest letters I have received. I will keep you in mind as a trusty friend and a thoughtful soldier.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN GERRARD.

2, Lynton Avenue, St. Albans, Herts.

P.S.—Sorry about pencil, lost pen.

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**HONEST CRITICISM**

SIR,—I hope you will permit me the liberty of putting pen to paper and giving you an honest criticism of the 'Junior Mercury,' without incurring the Editor's wrath and coming into close contact with Staff Yates.

For a paper of its size, I think there is an excess of advertisements, although I realize that, without some adverts, there probably wouldn't be a 'Junior Mercury.'

Most of the 'blokes' who read the paper get a lot of kicks out of "Round the Camp." Its surprising what happens here that's kept hidden from us until the beginning of the month.

I've always been curious to know which 'Times' the competitions come from; or maybe our I.Q. rate isn't what it should be! Hoping this letter finds you as it leaves me.—Yours, etc.,

JACK RICHES, J/Sig.

Kohima Troop.

**CONSUMMATION**

(A second poem from Mr. W. David Baker, of Totnes, as suggested from the motto of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals).

A million years great forces wrought  
The coal to keep these islands warm,  
To smelt the iron for pike and dreadnought,  
And surely shield them safe from harm.  
Then a thousand years in blending  
Men of every clime and race,  
Coming in a stream unending,  
Each to his appointed place.  
For a hundred years of labour,  
Workshop to a world in need,  
From that labour rose a splendour,  
Made a nation great indeed.  
Now a rising generation,  
Leads a search that cannot cease,  
Till the final consummation,  
A world at rest—all men at peace.

**COMPETITION**

This month we offer two rather easy problems especially suitable for those of a mathematical and logical type of mind. This does not mean, however, that you need to be a second Einstein to answer them just a normal, clear-thinking human being!

1.—Dennis, who was busy doing elementary arithmetic at school, was intrigued to find out that his father was 29 years of age, and his mother was three years younger. This meant that in five years time the combined age of his mother and father would be exactly five times his own age in five years time.

How old is Dennis now?

2.—Alice had three sons, Bernard, John, and Malcolm. Bernard never married. John had two children (George and Pamela); Malcolm had three children (Stuart, Colin, and Helen). All this third generation of the family had children. George had three boys, named Derek, Thomas and Paul. Pamela had only one son, as did Stuart, and they were named Richard and Timothy respectively. Colin had two girls (Margaret and Lucy), Helen had three children (a girl and two boys, whose names were Laura, Brian, and Steven).

Who are Timothy's cousins?

**DENBURY CALENDAR**

Fr., 2.—Adventure Training; Alexander Squadron.

Sat., 3.—Staff Hockey v. Dawlish HC (a); JL Soccer v. Coombe Pafford (a), League.

Sun., 4.—JL v. Totnes Youth Club (h).

M., 5.—JL Basketball v. Falcons (a).

Tu., 6.—ANNUAL ADMINISTRATIVE INSPECTION. Table Tennis, B team v. YMCA Falcons (a).

Fr., 9.—Table Tennis, 'A' team v. YMCA Wolves (a). Adventure Training, Slim Squadron.

Sat., 10.—JL Hockey v. HMS Fisgard 2nd XI. (a). JL Soccer v. Milber United (h), League.

Mon., 12.—JL Basketball v. Bulldogs (h).

Wed., 14.—Staff Hockey v. Seale-Hayne College (h). JL Hockey v. Queen Elizabeth School, Crediton (a). Table Tennis 'A' team v. British Railways (a).

Thurs., 15.—ARMY CUP MATCH, JL RUGBY v. JL REME, at ARBORFIELD. Staff Basketball v. Royal Marines (h).

Fri., 16.—Torquay Festival; Fanfare Trumpeter.

Sat., 17.—JL Soccer v. Newton Abbot (a), friendly.

Mon., 19.—JL Basketball v. Pirates (a).

Tu., 20.—Table Tennis, 'B' team v. YMCA Wolves (h).

Wed., 21.—Staff Hockey v. Exeter University (h).

Th., 22.—Table Tennis, 'B' team v. B 'A' (a).

Fr., 23.—Adventure Training, Slim Squadron.

Sat., 24.—JL Hockey v. Taunton Vale HC 3rd XI. (h). JL Soccer v. Rover Colts (a), League.

Mon., 26.—JL Basketball v. YMCA (h).

Wed., 28.—Staff Hockey v. ITC Marines (a). JL v. Plymouth College 2nd XI. (h).

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# ROUND THE

## CUSTOMS; TAKE NOTE!

When J/Sgt. Isherwood entered Jerboa Troop office he was introduced to an officer of the CID. Normally the situation would have caused little concern to this honest lad!

However, events took a vicious twist when, on extending his hand, the amazed "copper" surveyed an interesting collection of watches, all varying in shape and size.

J/Sgt. Isherwood was fortunately spared a searching enquiry when he explained that he was temporary custodian of all the watches belonging to the troop's basketball team.

## TRUE STORY FROM J/SIG. "X"

Making my tortuous way around the regimental cross-country course, my medical condition having been brutally ignored by a vicious troop sergeant, I was amazed to see two spritely gentlemen hurtle past me, with little regard for life or limb on such a quagmire of a track. On closer investigation they proved to be the Commanding Officer and Capt. Joyner.

## UP TO THREE NOW

Mr. Hugh Price, now in his third term with the Regiment, is already a well-known and liked member of the academic staff. He must be delighted now that he is no longer that peculiar oddity: a single civilian instructor in an army world.

Mr. Michael Grant was remembered by many of the older members of the staff, having already served at Denbury for 20 months as a National Service sergeant, RAEC. Apart from being an excellent teacher, he is also a good all-round sportsman and a first-class hockey player.

Mr. Whapham is also ex-RAEC (it must be catching!). Up to a few weeks ago he was a short-service captain. Now we find him once again teaching khaki-uniformed figures. As a graduate (B.A., Durham) and ex-army man he should find no difficulty in settling down here.

The 'Junior Mercury' takes this opportunity to welcome both our newcomers. May the cause of education at Denbury advance, and all Junior Leaders increase in learning.

## THE EASY WAY

The Junior Wing Officers and staff were surprised one day when Sgt. "Bob" Peake offered to take two squads out for a cross-country run. He is not usually known for his keenness to take unwonted exercise of that nature.

The boys lined up on the edge of the square, Sgt. Peake signalled them to start, and maintained a pace throughout the whole run that kept him well ahead of the leaders. WO II Brown, of the Pay Office, assures us, however, that he will not be able to claim Motor Mileage Allowance for that particular SCOOTER JOURNEY.

## EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Publication date was nearing. The editors were worried, as there was no news concerning Sgt. Maher. Then the rumours began to spread. His pigeons were pregnant. On Saturday, January 20th, the first one laid an egg, and we find that there are three more pregnant pigeons.

Congratulations, Sgt. Maher. You'll make a wonderful mother.

## GREYING ON TOP

Sgt. Taylor (RAMC) would like to express his thanks to all those boys who have caught the 'flu as, without their efforts, he would never have been able to have a nervous breakdown.

## THE BARBER THINKS THAT . . .

1.—A Flying School should be started to assist various members of the Staff who at present "FLAP" ineffectually.

2.—The Dart-Moors are a dangerous race, and should be left severely a-loan.

3.—That the Regiment should be permanently stationed at Nijmegen, and come home only for Ten Tors, which could then be moved to March.

4.—That the Regimental Farm should purchase some cows in order to divert the RSM's attention from "BULL."

5.—That trees should be planted on the Drill Square to enable it to become a better dog's playground.—Two at each end, of course, for hockey purposes.

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# CAMP

## THE EMPTY NEST

Sgt. Angell does not normally talk to himself, except when telling Francisca Troop to: "Swing your arms! Higher! HIGHER!" But the other day he was conscientiously carrying out his Reveille duties, had succeeded in panicking half the Regiment, and was feeling well pleased with himself.

Approaching White Swan Troop, he saw the place in darkness. No lights were lit. Not a soul was stirring.

Rubbing his hands and chuntering with delight, Sgt. Angell crept into the passage, took a deep breath, charged into the first room like a maddened buffalo, and started to play "Skin deep" on the beds and lockers with his reveille-type persuader and at the same time bellowing and roaring in the approved manner. Silence. Mutiny?? No; they're just petrified. I'll give 'em another long burst. Bellow, roar, crunch, crunch. Still silence.

At this stage Sgt. Angell put the light on. White Swan Troop were adventure training on the moor.

## DISCUSSION

The new year has Twisted itself in with a new craze in swinging records, and its American ambassador on records and in person, the effervescent Chubby Checker, claimed the dance as a great slimmer. So, ladies, here's a chance to swing and slim.

Our own Cliff Richard tops the pops with his hit song, "The Young Ones," from the British musical film of the same name. Pat Boone has had a welcome return to the top ten with a neat, swinging effort in despair because if he doesn't take her to the dance next week, "Johnny Will."

This column suggests that Elvis's new LP, to be released soon, will bring him a new "golden disc." It is the sound-track from a happy little film called "Blue Hawaii." The songs from this show that, although Elvis sings most of his songs straight, he can still rock it with the best. Its "crazy, man, but crazy."

## COMIC CUTS

The co-editors of the 'Junior Mercury,' having read the reports on everybody in the camp (which are rendered monthly by their secret spy service), and decided that they had enough scandal to fill the 'Round the Camp' columns, fell to discussing cartoons and cartoonists.

It soon came to light that the 'Mercury' has gone through cartoonists at an alarming rate. It all started with J/Sig. Mant. Now J/Sig. Mant was no ordinary J/Sig. J/Sig. Mant used to let J/L/Cpls do his soldiering for him while he devoted his time to creating the first "X" cartoons and others of a less "X"-ey nature. Unfortunately, he was sent out to spend a night on Dartmoor before he could reach the Medical Officer, let a petrol-stove get the better of him, and eventually left the Army.

Next came WO II (SSM) Cox. He enjoyed drawing cartoons and people enjoyed looking at them, but as he got most of his ideas from banned "paper covers" straight from Paris, he was reluctantly allowed to lapse.

Then Capt. Robb (the dentist of those days) had a go. Only one, its true, sweaty round the edges and having teeth as its central theme; but he had class, that boy!

Before he could produce another, L/Cpl. Steer took over, and stayed the course until his 'demob,' when he handed over his 2B pencil to J/Sgt. Wellington, whose brother is now serving in White Swan Troop. J/Sgt. Wellington started late, though, and had to go, leaving the job to Sig. Dryland, whose speciality was "X" cartoons.

Capt. Bowyer, until he escaped to Shrivenham and the College of Military Science, served well and truly and at short notice, and then Rfn. Plumb got his foot in the door and immediately became prolific. Then he started accelerating in the Padre's car whenever he saw a member of the 'Mercury' staff, covering him in dust and not coming back until much too late.

Into that breach—and many others since—stepped Lt. Tysoe, normally a "straight," but not necessarily.

J/Sig. Procter was next. Forcibly held down until a cartoon appeared beneath his

pen, he began to learn camouflage and evasive tactics, and to leave his Troop Sergeant to explain if he could. He couldn't, so Sgt. O'Connor joined the staff. He lasted fairly well, considering, and is now in Tidworth Military Hospital recovering from ulcers.

And it came to pass that Sgt. Angell summoned one Bennett, a J/Sig. of his Troop, to design and paint something funny to hang on the wall of the Sergeants Mess, which was heading for a Flintstone Night (a great success, incidentally). These were seen by the editors, who were struck by the same thought.

Our cartoon this month is by J/Sig. Bennett, Francisca Troop.

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# TRADE TRAINING WING

At present within the Corps there is a revision of the trade structure taking place, to bring it up to date with all the new equipment on issue to the Regular Army. Basically there are three types of tradesmen and, briefly, they are these. On the top we have our Technicians. At present the technicians are split up into six groups:

1. Electronic
2. Line
3. Radio (Heavy)
4. Radio (Light)
5. Radio Relay
6. Telegraph

These are highly-skilled trades demanding a good standard of education, concentration on one's course, and responsibility of valuable and complicated equipment. Two courses at Catterick are longer than for other trades, lasting up to six months or more.

The big advantage of a technical trade is the higher pay. Further, the trades are recognized by the trade unions, and are extremely useful to the man himself when he comes to leave the Army.



J/Sigs Child and Folder out on a local exercise, can you find the aerial?

Secondly, we have two "A" trades, both operating either as a Special Operator or a Telegraph Operator. The former trains at Loughborough, and the primary difference is that the speed of operating must be very much higher than of a Telegraph Operator. Finally, we have the largest group of trades—the "B" trades, all of which are equally important in maintaining the Corps tradition of always remaining "THROUGH."

- These trades are as follows:
- |                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Cipher Jointer  | Cipher Operator    |
| Clerk Technical | Draughtsman        |
| Communication   | R. Signals         |
| Centre Operator | Driver R. Signals  |
| Lineman         | Electrician Driver |
| Radio Operator  | Radio Relayman     |
| Staff Operator  |                    |

This is a wide choice of trades, covering a large field of activities, and all are interesting and important trades.

Some of these trades, e.g. Cable Jointer and Linesman, are also now recognized by the G.P.O. and trade unions. The same opportunities exist for promotion to senior NCOs as in the other trades. It is in every single soldier's interest to reach the top in his trade as early as he can in his service. He then has no problems towards promotion as far as his trade is concerned.



Cpl Mathieson explaining tuning procedure to J/Cpl Healey and J/Sig Dean.

All Photographs by S/Sgt. Wilson

Now we will show what we try to cover here in the Regiment towards trade qualifications. Ultimately, and it is hoped the day is not too far distant, it is hoped that every boy leaving the Regiment will have passed his Class III trade test before entering man's service.

At present it is the aim within the Wing to give a broader outlook on trade training, only concentrating on the boy's particular trade during his output term. Our aim is for every boy to obtain at least an "A" trade, and over recent terms over 50 per cent regularly attain this aim. With this in mind, the emphasis is on radio and teleprinter training. Briefly, we try to cover the following:

**BASICS.**—Nearly every trade in the Corps has a need for some elementary knowledge of electricity. During the first two terms all the boys spend a certain time on Basics. In the final term, approximately 30 periods are spent on Basics. During this time they learn about such things as electronics, theory, current, cells, magnetism and Ohms law. During his second term, boys spend up to ten periods on Basics, during which time they learn elementary knowledge of circuits, bells, and telephones.

**RADIO.**—No matter what trade a boy finishes up taking, a basic knowledge of radio procedure is always of use. In the Radio Wing the boys spend a considerable time learning and practising the Morse Code. Many are already up to the Class III trade test standard before they leave the Regiment. In their third term half their military training is in this work, after mastering his voice and telegraph procedure. The boys then can take part in larger exercises on field wireless sets. Up-to-date wireless equipment is used for those exercises, and they are often sent out into the country, where each station is controlled by more senior boys.



J/Sig Maplethorpe receiving Teleprinter instruction from Sgt Greaves

**TELEPRINTER WING.**—In this Wing the boys learn to type during the third terms. When he completes his fourth term, he has mastered the typewriter keyboard and is capable of moving on to a teleprinter. By the time they have reached output, many boys are typing at or above 20 words per minute. Practice is given in typing messages and cipher traffic.

Besides learning the teleprinter, he also learns the elementary organization and working of a Signal Centre, so that he is well trained for an eventual trade of Communication Centre Operator.

Already results have proved the usefulness of our training here in the Regiment. When the boys reach Catterick for trade training, many of them do not have to do the first 4-8 weeks basic trade training. Let us hope before long they will reach Catterick already possessing their Class III trade.

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# SOCCER

## A NASTY INCIDENT

Junior Leaders Regiment, 1; Teignmouth Grammar School, 1.

Played Saturday, January 20. This was supposed to be a "friendly" game, and was played under very poor ground conditions. The Regimental team were on the defensive for the majority of the game.

Temperatures began to get frayed, and Lister was sent off following an incident with a Grammar School player. Beaumont scored our only goal, but it was a game best forgotten.

The referee, Sgt. Taylor, is to be congratulated for his handling of the game in very difficult circumstances.

## "THE BABES" BEATEN

Junior Wing, 0; Teignmouth Grammar School 2nd XI, 10.

Played Saturday, January 20. The recruits, in their first "Army Week," made up a side to play Teignmouth G.S. 2nd XI.

Although not a match for the visitors, they never gave up, and the score was distinctly flattering to the School. The goalkeeper was Drewitt, and the cricket-type score was not his fault. Particularly promising for the future were McKenzie and Craig, but the main trouble with the team lay in their ungenerosity to each other.

It was pleasing to see the game played with such enthusiasm and good spirits in such bad conditions. Our "rookies" need feel no disgrace.

## FORWARDS ON TARGET

Junior Leaders Regiment, 5; Teign Juniors, 3.

Played Saturday, January 13. The game was played at Shaldon in bad conditions. The pitch was very small, which the forwards found ideal for shooting at goal. The half-back line distributed the ball well, and early goals were scored by Orrell and Beaumont. However, the Regiment began to get over-confident, and there were some fine saves by the home goalkeeper. At half-time the scores were level.

In the second half the team settled down again, and some hard grafting by Hollander, Gourley, and Beaumont made further goals from Nelson, Gourley, and Beaumont possible. Thus the Regimental XI chalked up yet another win in the South Devon League.

## FARQUHAR TAKES COMMAND

Junior Leaders Regiment, 6; Milber United, 5. Played Saturday, January 20. Playing a young side (in connection with team building plans for next year), this match seemed as if it was going to prove disastrous when the Regimental XI found themselves quickly two goals in arrears in this Devon Youth Cup first-round game.

However, sterling work by Farquhar enabled Forester to score, but once again Milber found the net to make their interval lead 3-1.

Things looked black, but once again Farquhar began to dominate the scene, and it was his delightful ball-play which created the openings for Nelson to score a hat-trick, giving us a 3-4 lead.

Milber drew level, then Farquhar himself scored, only to see a defensive error enable Milber to

equalize again. Even then Farquhar wasn't finished. The "wee Scots bairn" established himself as the man of the match by scoring the winner with the final kick of the game.

## THE DEVON JUNIOR CUP (SECOND ROUND)

The second round of the Devon Junior Cup was played at Denbury Camp between the Royal Signals and Seale-Hayne College on Wednesday, January 17.

The College won the toss and played with the wind in their favour, most of the play being in their half. The Denbury boys played good attacking football from the start, and should have been two goals up in the first five minutes, WO II Irvine and L/Cpl. Murray coming very close with good shots.

The College took the lead in the seventh minute, the inside-right passing to the centre-forward, who beat Hammond with a well-placed shot.

The Signals fought back strongly, and in the twelfth minute WO II Irvine scored to put them on equal terms. From then on it was all Signals, with the wing-halves moving up into the attack. In the 21st minute Oliver put them in front.

As the game progressed it was obvious that the home side were playing better football, striving to get more goals, but at half-time the score was 2-1 for the Signals.

The second half started with the College attacking. The Signals were put on the defensive. Townsend, Milton and Henderson broke up attack after attack, while S/Sgt. Hammond made some very fine saves.

The Signals weathered the storm, and slowly got on top again, with L/Cpls. Harvey and Murray playing excellent football.

In the 75th minute Sig. Milton moved on to a loose ball and shot from 25 yards, hitting the crossbar. Sig. Oliver scored from the rebound.

The College seemed to lose heart after this upset, and play deteriorated towards the end, with Signals well on top.

The match was well handled by Mr. Collier, the referee. It was a good, clean game. Well done, Signals.

# BOXING

## TUCKER AND COOK STRONGLY FANCIED

Last term we were, unfortunately, knocked out in the first round of the Inter-Junior Leaders Boxing Championships, but this term gives some of our star boxers a chance to cover themselves with glory.

January 27.—Devon Clubs ABA.

January 30-31.—Southern Command Junior Individual Boxing Championships at Aldershot.

February 12-15.—Army Junior Individual Boxing Championships at Blackdown, near Aldershot.

Six boxers were originally selected to participate against Devon ABA club but, unfortunately, only two will now be able to compete. They are J/Sig. Tofield (Class B, 8st.) and J/Sig. Burman (Class B, 8st. 7lb).

J/Sigs Turner, Howe, Witherington, Fagg, and Murphy were, unfortunately, all ruled as medically unfit, mainly as a result of the smallpox vaccinations so recently "enjoyed" by the whole unit.

In the Southern Command Championships we are hoping to have a more complete entry: J/Sig. Witherington (Class A, 8st), J/Sig. Turner-Howe (Class A, 8st 7lb), J/Sig. Watson (Class A, 9st 7lb), J/Sig. Tofield (Class B, 8st), J/Sig. Trenchard (Class B, 9st 7lb), J/Sig. Burman (Class B, 10st 7lb), J/Sig. Powell (Class B, 11st), J/Sig. Young (Class C, 8st 7lb), J/Sig. Cook (Class C, 9st 7lb), J/Cpl. Porter (Class C, 10st), J/Sig. Black (Class C, 10st 7lb).

Entries for the Army Junior Championships will, of course, depend largely on the results of the Southern Command Championships.

Great hopes are held that Tucker will repeat last season's successes, as he is the present holder of the Imperial Services Boxing Association championship. Cook is another likely winner, as he has already had considerable boxing experience in civilian life. Those fortunate enough to travel up to Bovington last term will recall the terrific fight he put up to defeat J/L/Cpl. Last, of the Royal Armoured Corps.

Dulston, who has improved his hooking technique, and is no longer slapping with the inside of the glove, is another who should acquit himself well. Tofield, too, is a greatly-improved boxer since he was last seen in the ring, and is now far more aggressive.

The very best of luck to them all.

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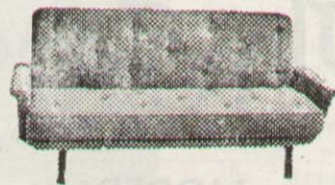
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By S/Sgt. Wilson

J/Sgt Lock beats an opponent in a dribble.

## RUGBY

### PARKINSON MISSES FOUR CONVERSIONS

The rugby XV's first match of the new year was against Totnes RFC. They took a long time to settle down. In fact, they crossed over at halftime eight points down, largely as a consequence of indifferent tackling, scrappy forward play, and a general lack of "bite."

After the interval, and a strong pep talk, they began to improve. First, J/Sig. Barnett, playing in the unaccustomed position of scrum-half, scored after a good run, followed by a disputed try which J/Cpl. Greenwood touched down. J/Sgt. Wooler scored our third, thus proving that tries will come from the wings if only the centres and fly-half would let the ball get there.

J/L/Cpl. Parkinson made amends for missing three conversions by scoring the final try, to give Denbury a 12-8 victory.

### BRISTER DROPS A GOAL

Against Seale-Hayne Agricultural College we were unable to turn out our full XV, because of sickness, duty, etc. However, despite this excuse, the forwards were peculiarly lifeless throughout the first half, and we were fortunate to change over with no score against us.

J/L/Cpl. Castle, making his debut at centre, scored our first try after a fair passing movement down the line; J/L/Cpl. Parkinson converted. Then J/SSM Brister, who is the most dangerous of our backs, dropped a neat goal. Finally, Parkinson capped a fine personal performance by kicking a penalty. We won 11-3.

The forwards played better in the second half, but their theme for the Army Cup matches must be to **TACKLE HARD**, to **TACKLE LOW**, and to **BACK UP THE MAN WITH THE BALL**.

## BASKETBALL

### ALBISTON FINDS THE BASKET

In our opening match of the new year, we were playing a YMCA club from Exeter. They turned up short, and we had to lend them a couple of players. However, it turned out to be a fairly even game, with Signals always having a slight edge. The game started at a very fast pace, with the play shooting from end to end.

J/Sig. Albiston, taking over the responsibilities of pivot play from Harber (now graduated to man-service), played well, scoring most of our points. J/Sgt. Locke, captaining the team, controlled the pace of the game adeptly from guard, and was very quick to see an opening for the long pass. J/L/Cpl. Spree played as "float," and made good use of these long balls. J/Cpl. McLaren played well before being sent off the court.

The final score was 30-18, and our congratulations to Sgt. Hendley, who controlled the game well as referee.

## HOCKEY

### THE ARMY JUNIOR LEADERS HOCKEY CUP FOR DENBURY?

By Capt. M. A. T. Hartnett

Before the second round Junior Army Cup match against the Sappers, our boys gave me cause for concern. In their previous two games this term they had faded badly in the second half after holding their own in the first. These matches, I would point out, were against local men's XIs.

However, with this in view, a 1-all interval score in this vital match against the cup-holders was to me most unsatisfactory. A spirited team fought hard and to some purpose, testing the Sapper defence to the limit throughout the second half. The inevitable winner came, although so late in the game that many vocal cords and much shoe leather were worn on the touchline.

It is this kind of spirit which wins matches, and I am confident of the capabilities of this term's Junior Leaders XI. There are two important factors which are necessary to bring the cup to Denbury. Firstly, the team has proved its fitness and must keep in tip-top condition. Secondly, they must continue to learn by mistakes and correct them in ensuing friendly matches.

A few comments could be profitably digested by the boys team, and are designed to help rather than criticize. Chances are lost when the ball has to be teed-up in the circle. Quicker shooting, including the odd mis-hit, will reap its just reward. Defenders should accept a tackle firmly on two feet and well balanced; do not push into an opponent in possession, as that is just what he wants. The strength of a wing-half lies in his willpower; do not be drawn out of position by a dribbling inside-forward. If he neglects this, the whole defence is thrown out of position and leaves large gaps.

I have great confidence in the present team, but we are very thin in reserve strength. To mention a few personalities, first must come Sharpe, who is a much-improved player, and naturally positions himself in the midfield gap. Thompson, in goal, has performed very well, moving out quickly and intelligently. The two backs, Austin and Read, are hitting firmly, with Read particularly improved on his reserve stick play.

Stanger works extremely hard at centre-half, passes intelligently, and has a good eye. He is inclined to rush into a tackle which on occasion leaves him out of position. Our wing-halves have

improved since September, and are now only lacking in experience. With Sharpe, Cunningham and Heard complete a well-balanced inside trio who approach well and can hit hard when shooting, but could do with being a little quicker in the latter.

The wings have changed a little during the season, but Hunt, Wooler and Stevenson have all shown considerable enthusiasm, and their all-out efforts make them always a danger if given any rope.

I would conclude by wishing the team all the best of good fortune in the forthcoming rounds of the cup, and see no reason why the trophy should not spend a year or two in Denbury.

### HAVE THE STAFF GOT A GRASS PITCH COMPLEX?

By Capt. M. A. T. Hartnett

This year's side would appear to be more balanced than last year's, which reached the Command final in both the major and minor units tournaments. Although already dismissed from the major units on January 22 by 5th Regiment, RA, by a narrow margin, my hopes of success in the minor units competition run high. Our first match is against our RASC counterparts.

For some unaccountable reason we have a grass pitch complex. In fact, there is no doubt in my mind—the defence plays a long game, suited better to grass than hard grounds.

Due to neglecting basic principles, we are not improving, and our weaknesses are exposed against good sides. It might be advantageous to all to mention a few of our general mistakes.

Bunching among the forwards concentrates the opposing defence and makes penetration more difficult. Quick taking of free hits and roll-ins secures the advantage a team is offered by the rules. A tendency to rush into the tackle makes life easy for the man in possession. These are elementary mistakes, but we make them.

The defence is based on a sound trio, with Foster in goal, Pavey and Meekings in front of him. The forward line includes the experience of Rothwell, Swindells, Hall, and Worsley. Angell and I are the utility men and fit in the gaps as required.

I have every hope of us gaining some minor units honours this year, but for success we must not be beyond correcting basic mistakes and playing straightforward, conventional hockey.

### HEARD SCORES TWICE

In the second round of the Junior Army Cup match we beat the RE Junior Leaders 2-1.

J/L/Cpl. Heard opened the scoring for us from a short corner, but the Sappers soon equalized. For the remainder of the first half play was end to end, with the Engineers looking the more dangerous. It was during this period that J/Sig. Thompson really distinguished himself in goal with some fine saves. The defence, with J/L/Cpl. Stanger looking rather unfamiliar with a hockey stick in his hand (he is better known on the soccer fields) and J/L/Cpl. Reed and J/Sig. Austin played very steadily, but got through a great deal of work.

In the second half Signals were on the attack all the time, with J/Sgt. Wooler on the right wing showing tremendous speed, and J/Sig. Hunt performing well on the other flank. The true hero of the match was J/L/Cpl. Sharpe, at inside, who was continually foraging for the loose ball, and initiating attacks which were of no avail. It seemed that a replay was inevitable until the dying minutes of the game, when J/L/Cpl. Heard scored the winning goal with a finely-angled shot that caught their goalkeeper on the wrong foot.

Next on to the semi-final, and the best of luck to our lads!

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