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THE STORY OF THE FROG

Once upon a time there lived a frog. He was a handsome young frog and his name was High Endeavour. He was the son of a famous old bull-frog called Mighty Endeavour, who, like his father before him, the Great Endeavour, had earned an imperishable reputation for courage, goodwill, and determination. Generation of Endeavours had lived in the same valley—beside the lake of Many Endeavours—and although young High basked in the reflected glory of direct descent from the famous line of Endeavours, there were others of the Endeavour tribe, twice and more times removed, who were a constant source of embarrassment and annoyance to "the" Endeavour family.

For instance, there were the two cousins Why Endeavour and No Endeavour, and the infamous uncles Cant Endeavour and Shant Endeavour, not to mention that ageless spinster aunt Never Endeavour—and there were many more besides.



Despite the shadow cast over his life by these painful reflections, High Endeavour worked to the utmost of his capacity to fulfil the hopes of his parents and to honour the memory of his ancestors.

Now it happened that quite close to the Endeavour household, there was a rock. It was a large, ugly, formidable looking rock, and while he was still little more than a tadpole, High realized that it was possessed of a magic, and held a strange power over the Endeavour family. Certainly, father and grandfather treated it with much respect. The rock, he discovered on questioning his father, had overshadowed the Endeavour home since the time of the very first Endeavour—and that was a long time ago. It had always been a source of much pain to the Endeavours that the rock had not been conquered by a single Endeavour, and it was father Endeavour's cherished hope that High would be the first to ascend to its summit.

Once the matter had been mentioned, talk about the rock became frequent, and it was even advanced by grandfather Great Endeavour that it had grown bigger—a little every day—from as far back as his memory could reach. This was a disturbing thought, but High was by now quite resolved on one point: he would climb to the summit, cost what it may, and in that way prove himself a worthy Endeavour!

Days passed into weeks, and weeks into months, while High nursed his ambition and spiced his determination. Had Why or No, Cant, Shant or Never, or any of the others the slightest inclination

of his intention, they would have done all in their power to frustrate him. But High kept his peace and said nothing. He was by now a strong young frog with a rich green coat and bright red eyes. Every day he spent long hours gazing at the rock and dreaming of success. He was not afraid of the rock but of failure, and the disgrace that it would bring.

He was impatient to try and in his dreams every night he conquered and reconquered the rock. He was a frog with a crusade and a frog of destiny.

Now this struggle raged in his breast for a long time until quite unexpectedly, decision came and with it the relief that only decision can bring. He would make the attempt—alone. He would challenge the rock tomorrow—unobserved. He alone would wear the laurels of success or suffer the ashes of defeat.

In the early hours of the morning he bathed in the lake and rested for a while on its banks enjoying the richness of the early dawn.

He approached the rock cautiously and sat for a while considering its vastness and measuring its height in his mind's eye. It was difficult for him to calculate the risk he faced because he had never tested himself before.

Enough that he was unafraid and confident, and when he eventually hurled himself at the rock and felt his body soaring through the air, a smile of half victory lit up his face, but, alas, only for a second before disaster struck and he crashed with great force into the face of the rock.



ground on his back, writhing in agony.

Pain brought tears; self-pity brought more tears and humiliation filled them with bitterness. Had he but sought the councils of Why, No and Shant or Cant—or even aunt Never, this would not have happened.

Such thoughts were unworthy of him but altogether understandable, and they lasted for no longer than a fleeting moment. They were quickly displaced by the inherent influence of Great Endeavour and Mighty Endeavour. He had been hurt but not defeated. He would not accept defeat, and this new resolve was manifest in the final tear

that soon disappeared from his eye. He entertained a new respect for the rock but also a certain contempt for its size. Was the rock laughing at him? Did it think he was broken and defeated? A cold, calculating determination filled his mind. He swelled with a growing fury as it dawned upon him that courage alone was not enough.

Once again he approached the rock. He scrutinized it from every angle and in doing so discovered a small ledge on its reverse slope. The possibilities of this discovery were at once enormous. The very size of the ledge seemed to grow larger as its potential value impressed itself upon him. Here was the answer at last, no need to delay any longer. He drew a great breath and filled his lungs. He braced his muscles and planted his feet firmly on the ground.

"Croak! Croak! Croak!" and up.

In a flash he had landed on the ledge, balancing himself gracefully on one foot. The wine of success rose to his head and fired his spirit. This was no time for hesitation. He clawed at the neck of the rock and hurled himself high, high, higher and over its ledge and deposited himself firmly on the summit.

Victory at last! Frog triumphant! Would his father now call him the Best Endeavour?

These speculations were arrested by an extraordinary occurrence. Something he could not and never would be able to explain.

His own stature swelled to giant proportions while the stone shrank to little more than a pebble. Was this yet another Endeavour from some other world trying to persuade him that problems are never so big as they appear at first sight?

Had he been dreaming? No, it couldn't be that! But he was convinced of one thing: "No magic or power could be greater than the will to succeed."

He would go home now and recount his adventure to father and grandfather. What a story he would relate: "Once upon a time there lived a frog and his name was High Endeavour . . ."



EDITORIAL

The front page? The Story of a Frog? What's this? Is it just a Fairy Tale? Has it an inner meaning? What can this High Endeavour refer to? What's going to happen? Maybe it refers to the forthcoming Ten Tors expedition; the second, which it is anticipated will eclipse the glory of the first . . . or perhaps it could have to do with the Choir's projected European tour . . . or, again, to the prospect of the whole Regiment marching at Nijmegen in 1961 . . . or could it be the advent of something altogether different? Future editions of the 'Junior Mercury' will tell you. For the time being we can only ask you to think carefully about "The Frog."

For the second month in succession we bring you the story of an expedition in the Lake District. Last month we told of a group of boys, under proper supervision, up there near the end of the Christmas term. Now we bring the adventures of two members of the Staff who chose to spend part of their Christmas leave there.

We hope, too, that you will like our new-styled sports pages, neatly labelled and divided into sections, covering every aspect of Unit sport. We aim in the 'Junior Mercury' to give readers a really interesting picture of life at Denbury, and it is our proud claim that in the space of twelve pages we include articles and coverage which will appeal to everyone who is interested in the life of the Regiment. We like to feel that the 'Junior Mercury' is a window on the life of the Regiment, reflecting the glory of Denbury to the outside world.

Our thanks, as usual, to our cartoonists; "X," as usual, by Capt. Bowyer; the new cartoon on page 10 by L/Cpl. Brown, of the Regimental Police (a new cartoonist to our ranks); and the excellent frogs on the front page by Lt. Tysoe. All photographs in the journal are, as usual, provided by Sgt. Martin.

We welcome to the ranks of the staff five new reporters: Smith (227) and Leach, of Kohima Troop; Parker, of White Swan Troop; Hollowell and Bowker, both of White Spear Troop. Of the "old stagers," we still have with us Zimmer, Jaggard, Sullivan, Tibbs, Kaye, and Cartland.

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STAFF SCRAPBOOK

On departure, Sig. Foster's parting words to the SSM of Senior Wing were: "Now that I'm leaving for the bliss of Civvy Street, you write your ——— 'Junior Mercury' notes yourself!" So, unable to find a learned and experienced reporter of Sig. Foster's worth, that is how the situation remains. The most urgent matter talked of in Senior Wing is the prospects of early release for many of our National Service men. The cry now echoing among the obscure corners of the camp is: "Days to do? Very few!"

By the time these notes go into print we will have lost a familiar figure, in the person of 2/Lt. Millar, of the Army Catering Corps. One consolation lies in the thought that the camp roads will feel safer without the fear of a large black Jaguar bearing down on any foolish enough to walk in the centre of the road. Interviewed prior to his departure, with his football coupon in his hand, he expressed sorrow at leaving, but promised to take with him happy memories of Denbury. He wished to thank all his staff, for without their help and co-operation he could not have carried out his duties. In his place we welcome 2/Lt. Stacey, of the ACC.

Reverting to the leave days when Senior Wing are left in sole command to guard a deserted camp, how many Junior Leaders realize what Denbury Camp feels like without them? Silent and hollow, devoid of the sounds of marching feet.

Fifteen Senior Wing stalwarts sat down to a Christmas Day dinner, kindly arranged by Major Lane to console them for their absence from home. The menu was excellent, and the beer and wine well received. Anyone who left the table hungry can only blame themselves, as the OC and the Adjutant were pressing all to eat more. One additional point. Was practice carried out secretly during the Field Officer's tour of duty? The turkey was carved so expertly!

What do the words "Annual Administrative Inspection" conjure up to a Junior Leader? We in Senior Wing are just starting to feel and hear the initial movements of this ogre.

Has the RSM any suspicion as to who it was who scuttled off so quickly across the square on a certain dark night? Could it have been a prowler afraid to challenge the RSM? Or isn't the RSM a recognizable figure?

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LAKE IDYLL

Being a short account of a long weekend spent close to Nature in Cumberland by Sergt.-Maj. Hopson and Sergt. O'Connor

As prearranged, we met at Newton Abbot on the evening of December 28th, changed into tramp order, collected together a few necessities, and boarded the 9.18 for the North.

On arrival at Keswick we made straight for the Lion's Den to leave the message that, should anyone ask for us, we would be down again on New Year's Eve. Then we headed for the hills.

We had no tents with us, just one poncho and our sleeping bags, as we intended carrying all our kit everywhere with us, and our packs were already weighty enough. Besides, it does not rain in the Lake District in mid-winter.

After an hour or so on the road (without a watch either), we had a "brew up" then set off across country for Buttermere. It had been dark for some time now, and when the mist came down as well we found that we had been slightly out in our reckoning and had to double back a short way before refinding the road.

We walked more and talked less until, between one bit of coughing and the next, we saw the lights of the village down in the valley. We were tortured for the next mile by the thought that the place might be closed for the winter, but it wasn't, and we arrived with a quarter of an hour to spare.

We camped out that night in a nearby copse. Buttermere was hit by what must have been an off-course monsoon and we spent the next morning drying out.

Late in the afternoon, with the promise of a fine night and a full moon, we clambered up Whiteless Peak, 2,000 feet above sea level. It was bitter up there, with snow and sleet driving against us, but we were well dressed and provided against the cold. The rocks were slippery with frost and slush, and it was too dangerous for any rope-work, but we spent a very interesting couple of hours on the steep face, stopping at one stage to "brew up" with snow-water and eat some Christmas cake.

We descended to the valley again where, having safely traversed the rocks and ridges above, one of us slipped and fell on the kerb-side and the other, coming to his aid, did the very same. We passed through the village in easy stages and camped beside Crummock Water, and the following morning, having dried out, we headed across the hills to Braithwaite by way of Force Crag.

On this trip, one of us, in an attempt to go upwards on his stomach, slid solemnly downwards on his stomach, accompanied by some hillside, and watched by an astonished sheep. The other, later, tried to jump instead of crawl, but the petrol container he was wearing on his pack struck a rock and nearly halved the party.

We reached Braithwaite in the evening, set up camp under a hedge, "brewed up," spruced up, and proceeded to Keswick, a couple of miles distant, to see the New Year in. We called at a hotel, there to collect a Turkish chap whom we had met on the train and, in the company of a large troupe of foreign students, we joined the population under the town clock as midnight struck and saw the New Year in.

We tramped back to our "bivvy" in the pouring rain, surfaced early in the morning, and walked several miles to a place where there was plenty of wood to dry out.

We stayed there all day and cooked some rice and curry, then went to bed to get out of the rain. Next morning we were prevented from drying out by the rain, so we went to Keswick and caught the night train for the South.

Jock, for those who care, was not invited to go for, as many who have shared a vehicle with him, will know he can't "travel."

CONGRATULATIONS

It is always pleasant to learn that those we know have done well, and particularly gratifying for the 'Junior Mercury' to record the achievements of ex-members of the Regiment.

1.—CAPT. J. A. G. STOKOE has been awarded the Meritorious Service Medal in Army Order 95/60. Capt. Stokoe, himself an ex-Boy, was Quartermaster of this Regiment for many years. He held that appointment when the Regiment moved from Beverly to Denbury, and all the older members of the Regiment will recall his helpful manner.

2.—"JOHNNY" PRESCOTT, an ex-J/Sgt. of "G" Troop, who left in 1956, recently boxed for England as the light-heavyweight representative in an amateur international match against West Germany. He won his bout, which was televised. In his day he was Regimental welter-weight champion of the Regiment.

3.—"KEN" SAXBY, ex-RAEC national service sergeant recently represented Cambridge University Association Football XI. against the Southern Amateur League. He played at left-back (he captained the Denbury Staff XI. from centre-half in 1958-59, and 'The Times' noted that he played with credit.

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"X" BOUND

"X" picked up a brush and began to expel a term's accumulation of mud, Dartmoor, tapioca pudding, and "fag-ash" off his vaguely "bulled" boots. The chipped toe-caps and mud-bespattered uppers bemoaned the fact that they last received their fair issue of polish at a passing-out parade in X's Junior Wing days, and as "X" unfailingly remarked to any first-termer, who had the misfortune to come within arm's length, in his day they called it "R" Troop.

Well, times had changed, and "X" determined to change with them. Ever since he heard the undeniable truth that in every Junior Leader's small pack, hidden somewhere between the "fags" and "booze," rested a Field-Marshal's baton, "X" had grown ambitious. Unfortunately for "X," in his case the baton was very well concealed. In fact, with dreams of a tape ahead, "X" began to sweat.

Trousers were pressed, a duster rubbed over his chin-strap. No polish? How was "X" to know that it was not "stay bright."

"X's" mate, a regular Dr. Arnold, still grappling with the problems of "Inter." with four terms of hard "grappling" on this phantom behind him, surveyed "X" dismally.

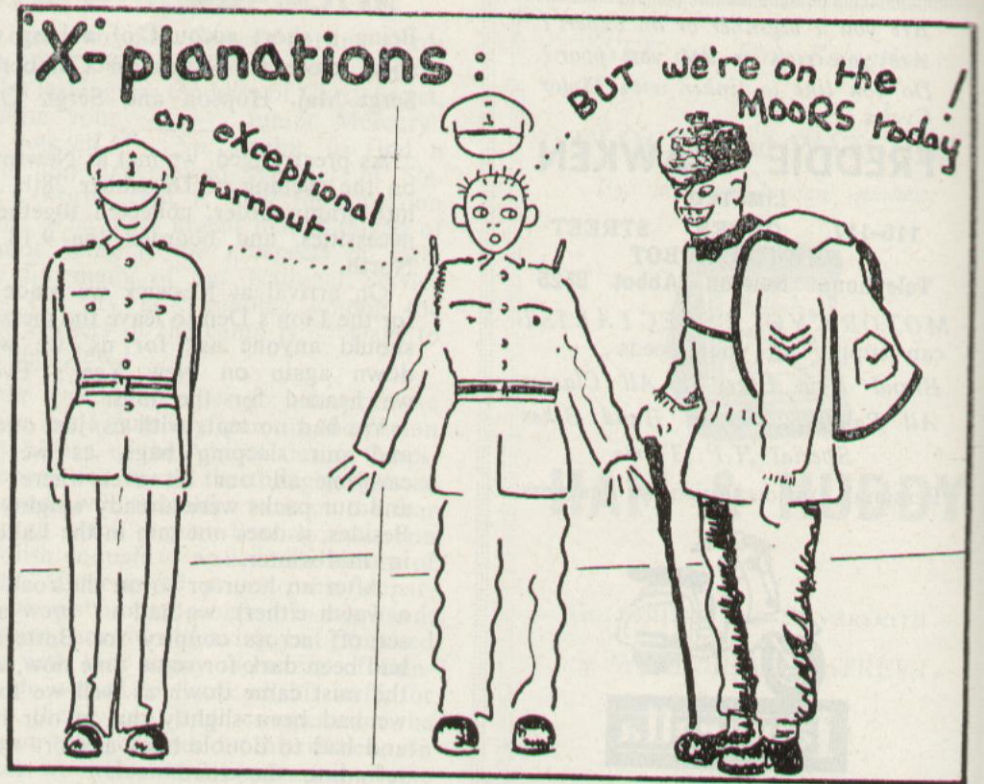
"You feeling all right, mate?" he queried. "X's" forehead creased harder as he continued with the mammoth task of "bulling" his boots.

"Want a two's up?"

"X" waved away the proffered Woodbine with a disdainful hand, whilst his mate, offended by such ingratitude, fished in his pocket for a pin and extracted the last few draws.

"What's all the sweat for, then?"

"Some of us work!" barked "X" in his best imitation of the RSM's parade-ground voice. Completely rejected now, his mate lay back on his bed and retreated once more into the world of "Dennis the Menace."



The following morning "X" arose just in time to go to breakfast. It was rather a long time since "X" last honoured the breakfast table with his presence, and the Troop gathered round to watch the spectacle.

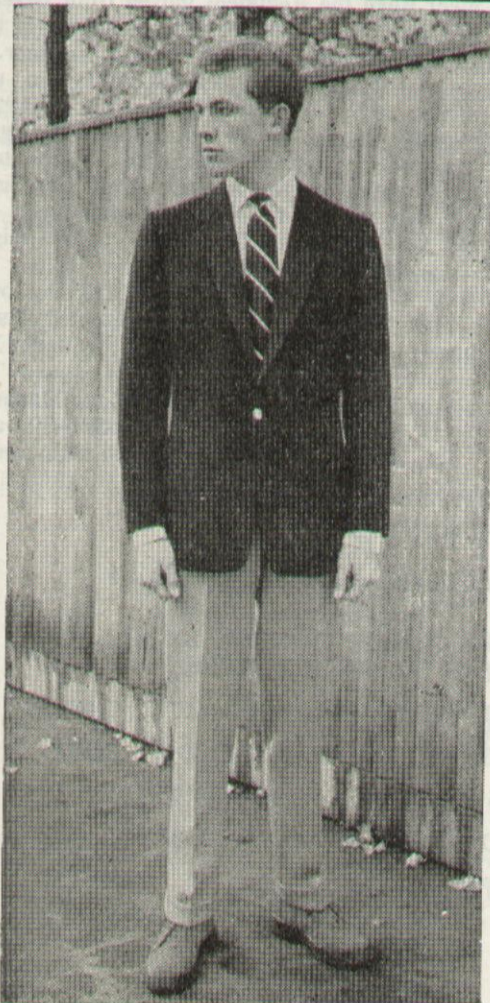
"X" noted contemptuously the rough and ready attire of his comrades, the baggy trousers and unshined boots, making a mental note that he would certainly "get a grip" of that shower when he got his tape.

After returning from the cookhouse, where his appearance shattered the calm of

early morning, caused a minor riot amongst the cooks, and almost resulted in the loss of their pools coupons in the porridge, he joined his Troop for roll call.

Then the savage truth gripped the prostrate "X" and tore him by the throat. He gasped with dismay when he saw the thick pullovers, balaclavas, small packs, and peculiar grins of his mates.

For once "X" had a legitimate excuse to "skive" Outward Bound. He had fainted, knocking himself out on his mate's Outward Bound boots!



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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DARTMOOR

9.—THE TORS

The word "Tor" is not, as many people think, another word for a hill-top. It indicates that at the summit of a hill there is a rock-pile, or tower, which is frequently balanced precariously, and even perilously. However, this gives no picture of the remarkable beauty of Dartmoor's tors. Altogether there are about 170 tors on Dartmoor, each with its own individual shape and characteristics.

Yes Tor is noted as the highest tor on Dartmoor (2,029 feet), although it is not Dartmoor's highest point. The highest point on Dartmoor is adjacent to Yes Tor, and is known simply as High Willhayes (2,039 feet). Yes Tor is visible over a wide area, and has served for a long time as a landmark for Devonians.

Near Manaton is another curious formation of rocks, over 20 feet high, and shaped like a sub-human profile. This is known as Bowerman's Nose, named after a hermit of that name who lived many years ago at nearby Hound Tor.

The distinctive rocks of Haytor, visible from the Denbury area and used by all as a general guide to local weather conditions, are well-beloved by climbers and walkers. They provide an easy ascent to the top as well as another face on which ropes are required. Other popular tors used by climbers include Hound Tor and, on the southern half of the moors, Sheeps Tor and the Dewerstone Rocks. The two latter spots are regularly used for the Marine Commando training courses.

One of Dartmoor's finest tors is Great Mis Tor, just north of Princetown, which is noteworthy both as a geological feature and historical record. It is surmounted by a rock basin about three feet in diameter and six inches in depth, which has remained virtually unchanged for years. It is recorded as a landmark in a charter of Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Albemarle and Devon in the year 1291. To the north again lies Fur Tor, with its attractive distribution of large rocks and stones.

In modern times, North Hessary Tor, with its towering television mast, has become Dartmoor's landmark, and from this point at least 60 other tors are visible.

It is now generally accepted that the rock formation on the tor tops have been formed by persistent weathering, but how more romantic to regard them as the artificial creations of the Druids of long ago.

HISTORY OF THE SIGNALS

8.—BETWEEN THE WARS

The years of peace from 1918 to 1939 were years of momentous change. Army tactics and organization as a whole changed radically as the "Horse" became outdated, and the Signal Service separated from the Royal Engineers.

On July 2nd, 1920, the Secretary of State for War, the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, issued the Army Order "giving the Sovereign's approval to the formation of the Corps of Signals and the appropriate rates of pay. . . . On August 5th, 1920, His Majesty the King conferred on the new corps the high honour of the title 'Royal.' In October, the Royal Corps of Signals was accorded Army precedence next below the Corps of Royal Engineers."

The Signal Training Centre and the Army Signal School were first domiciled in a hutted camp at Maresfield, in Sussex. "The move to Catterick was made in the autumn of 1925, before the accommodation was ready and before the building of the Headquarters Mess was completed.

"There were three major wartime developments which influenced post-war military doctrine. These were the great advance in the technique of artillery; the invention of the tank; and the use of the air arm in reconnaissance."

Therefore great changes were evolving in the Army's outlook. The Army undoubtedly gained much in tactical efficiency, but the loss of old associations and customs occasioned by the passing of the horse was a very sad landmark in its history."

From a Signals viewpoint, overseas service included Rhine Army, Egypt, Palestine, and India as well as companies in many smaller places. Battalion organization was adopted in major signal units. At the same time the number of trades was drastically reduced, sometimes by telescoping two or more trades into one. "There then remained three workshops trades (instrument mechanic, electrician fitter, and carpenter and joiner); one operating trade (the operator wireless and line); the lineman; the despatch rider; and the miscellaneous trades of draughtsman, farrier and saddler."

Thus during the inter-war years the Royal Corps of Signals became completely mechanical and revised many of its techniques. On September 6th, 1935, His Majesty King George V. appointed Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal, C.I., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., as Colonel-in-Chief.

(All quotations are from "The Royal Corps of Signals," by Maj.-Gen. R. F. H. Nalder, C.B., O.B.E.

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READERS'

A FELLOW "SCRIBE"

DEAR EDITOR.—In December I saw some of your Junior Leaders in Torquay, so stopped my car to have a word with them. One promptly asked me to buy a copy of your journal. I have passed it on so cannot quote correct title. As a fellow "scribe," I offer you congratulations on an excellent number.

You may, or may not, be interested in the "Old Soldiers" article in attached journal. This has been lent out. Unfortunately, readers have not been kind to it. As it is my only copy, kindly post back to me later. Stamps enclosed.

I congratulate the Regiment on the smart appearance of the Junior Leaders referred to above. They were a credit to the Royal Signals.

I am reminded of an experience of a fellow Corporal of my old British Regiment, the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, now the 1st Greenjackets. He was on leave in Dublin in the Gay Nineties, when he was stopped by a gentleman in "Civvies," who asked him what he was doing in Dublin. The corporal explained. After a short conversation the gentleman asked if the corporal would show him his pass. The corporal was getting the "wind up," especially as he noticed some details from the pass being copied. Anyway, he was soon relieved when he was congratulated on his general appearance. The gentleman in question was General Roberts, then C.-in-C. the Forces in Ireland and later Lord Roberts, C.-in-C. South African Field Force, 1900, known to all ranks as "Bobs." General Roberts wrote to our Commanding Officer along these lines:

"Dear Colonel.—I recently met Corpl. Mason, of your Regiment, on leave in Dublin. I want to congratulate you and him on his smart, soldier-like bearing, on the cleanliness of his equipment and uniform, and on the fact that the latter was worn as issued from the stores, and in accordance with the sealed pattern."

"Bobs" apparently knew all about "sewn-in tops" of field service caps, "V's" in bottoms of trousers, and other dodges used then by soldiers away from their units. I may add that Corpl. Mason received a commission in the First Great War but did not live long to enjoy it.

I was privileged to meet "Bobs" on two occasions, one of which is recorded on Page 53 of the Journal for November, 1958, enclosed with November, 1960, Journal.

(EDITOR'S NOTE. This reads as follows: "Field Days and Reviews on The Curragh were full of interest. The different arms of the service, with their bright and varied colours, made a pleasant picture. Crowds came to see the church parades and to listen to the regimental bands. Gen. Roberts was then the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland. As he and his daughters rode around on field days, Tommy Atkins was quite sure that the charge and other exciting movements were repeated in order to please the ladies. I doubt it. Excuse another diversion, but I remember an interesting re-echo of The Curragh days. Early in 1900 in the South African War the new C.-in-C. was Lord Roberts. He came to inspect the 43rd in billets at Enslin, near Modder River. As Corporal of the Guard that day, I stood behind the Guard Commander, 'Sapper' Olney. As 'Bobs' rode up, he asked: 'What regiment is this?' Of course he knew, but inspecting officers appear to like some expression that will easily get them in touch with officers or men. When Sergt. Olney replied: 'The Oxfordshire Light Infantry, sir,' 'Bobs,' with his usual tact, said: 'Ah, my old friends from The Curragh Camp.' How our chests expanded then. When I got off guard and told my chums what 'Bob' had said, they replied: 'We'll be all right for the next push.' We were, as the Relief of Kimberley and Paardeberg emblazoned on the regimental colour shows.

A Happy New Year to all ranks.—Yours,
ARTHUR JAMES DANCEY (Maj., retd.),
Hon. Army Scripture Reader for
Denbury Camp.
Burma, Shiphay Park Road, Torquay.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

DEAR SIR.—We would like to thank you for our 'Junior Mercury,' which we are always pleased to receive. By now the yearly cycle will have changed again, but we would like to take this opportunity of wishing all of our friends and yourself a very prosperous New Year. Also, we were wondering if it was time for us to renew our subscriptions? Could you please advise us on this point?

We are both hoping to get up to see everybody at Denbury this year. Until then, this is "Streaky" Hird and "Elvis" Cook (Black Diamonds) wishing you all the very best.—Yours, etc.,

J. W. HIRD, C. R. COOK.
2 Regular Squadron, 224 Signal Squadron.

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CORNER

DEEP APPRECIATION

DEAR SGT. YOUNG.—I write on behalf of the Management Committee of the Totnes Old People's Housing Association to express our deep appreciation of the great kindness of your boys in bringing the Christmas gifts to the old people resident in the Home. It is indeed refreshing in these days of materialism to find young people taking the trouble to remember those who are now in the twilight of their lives and who are not so fortunate as some of us.

I spoke to some of the residents on Friday evening, and in addition to their gratitude for the gifts you left them, they were most appreciative of the visit your boys made. When old folk are together all day, the sight of some young faces does them good.

Would you kindly bring this letter to the notice of your boys on their return from leave, and ask them all to accept the grateful thanks not only of the old people, but of myself and all the members of my committee.—Yours, E. J. MADDOCK, Secretary.

COMPETITION

Unfortunately there were no correct entries submitted to the Grand Christmas Competition from the December 'Junior Mercury.' The correct answers were as follows:

Section A

1.—(a) R.A.Ch.D.; (b) A.P.T.C.; (c) The Gloucesters; (d) R.W.F.; (e) The Royal Scots.

2.—(a) Military Provost Staff Corps; (b) Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry; (c) Long Service and Good Conduct; (d) Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers; (e) Order of the British Empire.

Section B

1.—(a) Person who stuffs dead animals; (b) an archer; (c) a person who studies the stars; (d) a stamp collector; (e) a person who looks on the black side of things.

2.—(a) deer; (b) sow; (c) filly; (d) witch; (e) spinster.

Section C

1.—(a) basketball; (b) boxing; (c) rugby; (d) tennis; (e) boxing.

2.—(a) swimming; (b) athletics; (c) ice hockey; (d) cricket; (e) athletics.

Section D

1.—(a) Moscow; (b) Pisa; (c) Agra; (d) Venice; (e) London.

2.—(a) pirate's flag; (b) butterfly; (c) hen; (d) drink; (e) life jacket.

Section E

1.—(a) Indonesia; (b) Formosa; (c)

Thailand; (d) Ghana; (e) U.S.S.R.

2.—(a) Rio de Janeiro; (b) Lisbon; (c) Reykjavik; (d) Canberra; (e) Katmandu.

Section F

1.—(a) American negro haters; (b) Cromwell's soldiers; (c) French Protestants; (d) Italian criminals; (e) Desert Force.

2.—(a) Genoa; (b) Corsica; (c) Italy; (d) Italy; (e) Scotland.

Section G

1.—(1) Juliet; (2) Leander; (3) Remus; (4) Allen; (5) Hardy.

2.—(a) William Tell; (b) King Alfred; (c) Cleopatra; (d) Gilpin; (e) Oliver Twist.

BOOKS OR RECORDS

This month we have two more problems in logical thinking (the January competition proved popular). Think over these problems carefully, and send your answers to the Editor, 'Junior Mercury,' Denbury Camp, Newton Abbot, Devon, before 27th February, 1961. Prizes will be books or records

1.—Profitable Postings

On joining a regiment, Sgt. Jones and Sgt. Green both purchased a second-hand car for £100. In both cases it was a Popular. After eight months, Sgt. Jones sold his Popular for £150, buying a second-hand Triumph for £160. However, only four months later he sold the Triumph for £120, then buying an Anglia for £170. On completion of two years both sergeants were posted. Sgt. Green sold his Popular for £200. Sgt. Jones sold his Anglia for £310. Which had made the most profit during their tour?

2.—Troop Tattle

One-third of the boys in a certain troop came from London, the rest from the provinces. One-quarter have fair hair. One-third of the boys had been taught to play rugby at school. Three-quarters of the boys preferred playing soccer to rugby. One-fifth of the boys are over 5' 6" tall. Which of the following statements are certainly true?

(a) All the fair-haired boys played rugby at school.

(b) All the boys over 5' 6" tall have fair hair.

(c) A quarter of the boys in the troop combine fair hair with a preference for playing soccer.

(d) All the boys under 5' 6" tall prefer playing soccer.

(e) Some of the Londoners prefer playing soccer.

(f) All those from the provinces are over 5' 6" tall.

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ROUND THE

DIOR AT DENBURY

Time .. 0800 hours
Place .. No. 1 Gymnasium
Occasion .. The Commanding Officer's
opening address

The first "mannequin" appeared dressed in a very chic woollen head-gear purchasable in any Jaegar establishment. Beneath this lay a charming Anorak jerkin with more style than the ordinary Army issue. A coloured cravat beneath the heavy Army-issue pullover added a touch of Edmund Hillary to the general effect.

Next to sweep the field were a dashing pair of tight blue "jeans," heavy fawn pullover, and blue shirt, described by the compere as "Casual Dress," suitable for the Social Club, the NAAFI, or Church Army.

Next to appear before the tense and expectant audience was the very latest in Regimental Undress, complete from chukka boots, cavalry twill trousers (Italian style optional), Junior Leaders regimental tie, and blazer with corps badge.

Finally, a young-man-about-town swaggered on to the "stage" attired in a grey suit, which gave the impression of having been cut in Saville Row.

Dramatis Personae

Compere Lt.-Col. L. H. M.
Gregory, M.B.E.
Trainee Adventurer .. J/Sig. McKay
Casual Dress J/L/Cpl. Davis
Regimental Undress .. J/Sig. Salter
Man-about-Town .. J/Sig. Etherton

The "mannequins" appeared by kind permission of Lt. Whitehead, under the auspices of White Spear Troop.

SAD BEREAVEMENT

Mr. A. E. Osborn, who was head gardener at Denbury Camp for many years, has recently died. His widow and family wish to thank all the officers and personnel of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, for their beautiful floral tribute. Both Mrs. Osborn and Miss Osborn are employed by the NAAFI, and the 'Junior Mercury' takes this opportunity to offer them sincere condolences on their sad loss, on behalf of the whole Regiment.

NO WINE; NO WOMEN

Our sympathy is extended to members of the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess who recently set off in two taxis to enjoy a party at Kingsteignton. Alas! There was no such party!

SLICE OF THE LOAF

The following notice was found by WO1 J. Latimer, BEM, on White Spear Troop notice board: "The u/m numbers are your new rifle butt numbers for parade tomorrow. Remember them or the RSM will do his crust on parade!"—Signed, P. LIVINGSTON, J/Sgt.

THE ROUND TRUTH

Sgt. Maher was indeed confused to receive a telephone call from a well-known medical firm in Newton Abbot, concerning a corset purported to have been ordered by him. There was some doubt as to the size required. Sgt. Maher, however, made it perfectly clear that he had never ordered such a garment, that he did not want it, nor was he ever likely to want one.

THE DARTMOOR MODEL

The Dartmoor Model suffered severe structural repercussions last term, when the cardboard base and the buckrum moulding splintered.

However, undismayed, the dauntless modellers, under the inspiring leadership of S/Sgt. Massey, returned to work with a wealth of experience behind them to enliven their new effort.

The model is 12 feet square, and the modellers have the mammoth task of taking a cross-section of the countryside every few miles. From this cross-section is produced the cardboard base, and on to this is placed chicken-wire and, later, buckrum or papier mache. The exact material is yet to be decided.

S/Sgt. Massey pointed out that the main reasons for last term's failure were the dampness of the modelling room, which prevented the model drying out thoroughly, and the fact that the model had no solid base.

The 'Junior Mercury' salutes the modelers, and extend their condolences to all whose mountain has cracked.

S.W.A.G.

Sweet Water And Goodies henceforth replaces the traditional NAAFI break in Denbury Camp. Instead of the traditional NAAFI "char and wad," Junior Leaders are being provided with a hot drink and slice of Denbury cake during their training interval at mid-morning. The whole proceeding is now known as "Swag."

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CAMP

DENBURY CHURCH CAKE: SEQUEL

This famous cake was won at the end of last term by Mr. Bond, of Paignton. He generously handed it over to the Mentally Handicapped Children's Centre in Torquay for their Christmas party. On the same day the Chaplain handed over a cheque for £100, the proceeds of the draw.

A couple of days later a letter of surprised thanks was received from the Chairman of the Mencap Society. He had heard about a cake and a raffle that was being run at Denbury for their appeal fund, but he said he was staggered by the size of the cake and even more so by the amount of the cheque. He asked that his, and the society's, thanks be passed on to all who helped to raise this gift.

It is, of course, always encouraging to learn that our efforts are appreciated, and it spurs us on to do whatever we can for those who need and value help. It is also an invaluable tonic for those who are blessed with sound, good health to realize and recognize the needs of those less fortunate. The mentally handicapped children here in the Torbay area—and, indeed, everywhere else—do not want our pity. They need our help. The kind of help that gives them the opportunity of developing and using their limited capabilities. Indeed, it would seem that the Denbury Cake has produced just such a practical help, as the accompanying letter from the chairman shows.

It is also clear from this letter that a concrete link between Denbury Camp and the Torbay Centre for the Mentally Handicapped is now established. It would be a great pity not to maintain it. There must be many here in Denbury, both Staff and Junior Leaders, who, counting their blessings and recognizing their duty as Christians, would welcome the opportunity of doing something to help those whose need is matched only by their appreciation of, and response to, our little offering.



The Padre hands over the cheque
The cake itself is in the foreground
by Sgt. Martin

"Connection to be Maintained"

DEAR MR. WOOD.—Thank you very much for your letter. We shall, of course, be delighted if the connection can be kept up and, if it can be arranged, we would be very glad if you could bring over a small party (we suggest about six—for lack of space) to come and see the work going on, meet the boys and girls, and stop for a cup of tea.

At our committee meeting on Wednesday it was decided to use £50 of the money you raised to buy an electric sewing machine for the use of the girls. They make very nice toy animals, as I expect you saw, and an electric machine will help to speed up production. We intend to have a small plaque fixed to the machine to say that it was the gift of Denbury. The other £50 we shall probably spend later on equipment for the boys. In this way you will be able to see the actual products turned out as a result of your help. We can also have photos taken for the excellent magazine you produce. (My wife was very impressed by the smartness of the "salesman" who came round here a short time ago).

I look forward to a meeting before long.
—Yours, etc.,

G. TUDOR.

Torbay Society for Mentally Handicapped Children.

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STARLIGHT

I think after Christmas the pantomime season is all over bar the shouting. It has, I think, become a "back-wash," where up-and-coming stars, together with old favourites, retire to make a turnover to finance them until the opening of the summer season.

"Cinderella," at Torquay's Pavilion, was no better and no worse than a hundred other pantos. It opens with the usual colour spectacle, imported from the States years ago, which is beginning to become just a little "corny."

There were, of course, highlights in the show, the extremely polished performance of Bernard Buegers, playing the traditional role of the Fairy Godmother—complete with Irish brogue!

Derek Roy extracted several rounds of applause for a few quick "gags" (some, I suspect, "ad lib"), whilst Ruby Murray sang her way gaily through Cinderella, in her first-ever character role in panto.

In all, the fair sex was amply represented by Doriam Chapple, blonde, French, and vivacious, who played the Prince's squire, and, to complete the picture, Astra Blair, who portrayed the charming Prince. They picked the right girl.

Catching Ruby Murray just before she departed for her South Africa tour, our reporter managed to persuade her to divulge her success story.

She was, apparently, reared on the stage. Her singing career commencing at the ripe old age of four. A professional at eleven, she left Ireland when she was eighteen and joined an Irish show touring England. Three weeks later she was "doing it solo" at the Metropolitan, Edgware-road, where she was spotted by band leader Ray Mentice, who offered her a record-test on Columbia records. The rest of the story is written in wax.

In 1955 she stood with five records in the Top Twenty simultaneously, and her

own show on BBC TV, "Quite Contrary." Quite a feat!

Success followed success, with Palladium and Prince of Wales shows, and taking part in two CSE tours through North Africa, Malta, and Cyprus.

Plans for the future? Well, a South African tour complete with husband Berny, baby daughter, and all other "mod. cons." is in the foreground.

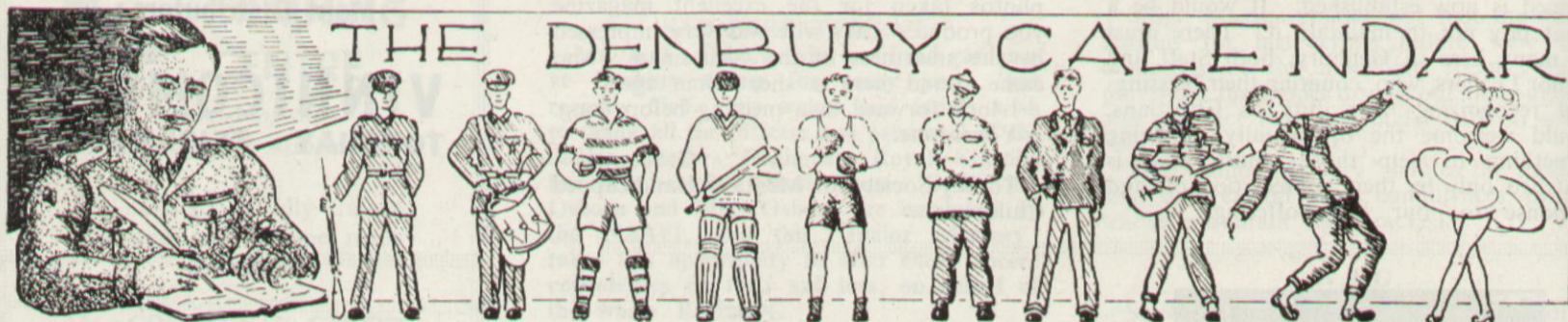
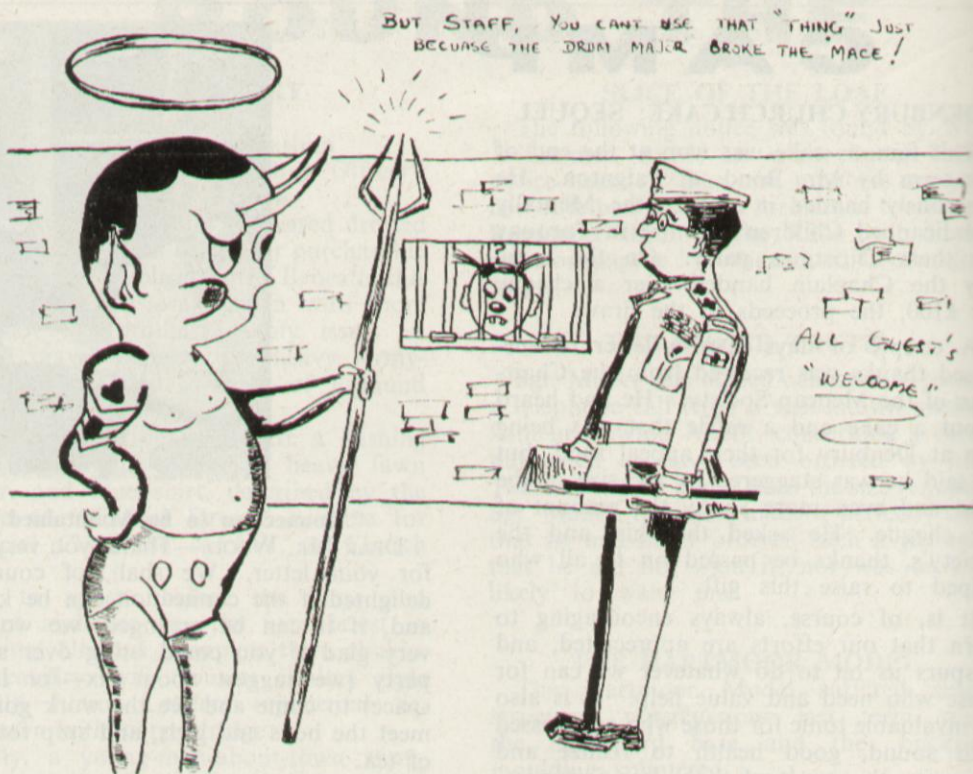
"Politics?"

Ruby's inbred tactfulness forbade dis-

cussion. And on her return from the land of Rubies (I hope Miss Murray will forgive me that one) to the isle of fog, she has plans.

What? Well, it seems British Railways will have some work on their hands when the Irish girl descends on Crewe for a week in April.

A few TV shows are also on the way, hints the singing Colleen from the Emerald Isle. I hope you will all join me in wishing her the very best of luck in the Union. See you next April, Ruby!



FEBRUARY, 1961

Wed.,	1	Staff Hockey XI. v. REME Workshops (Ashchurch): Semi-Final, S.W. District Minor Units	Away
Thurs.,	2	Visit by an Army Mobile Health Team Thursday Night Theatre: Concert Party Basketball: Staff v. Exeter B.B. Club	Away
Sat.,	4	J/Ldrs Soccer XI. v. Tiverton Youth League	Denbury
Wed.,	8	Invitation Cross-Country Team Race Staff Hockey XI. v. Seale-Hayne	Away
			J/Ldrs Hockey XI. v. Plympton G.S. 2nd XI.	Away
			Staff Basketball Team in Final of S.W. District Minor Units	Yeovil
Sat.,	11	J/Ldrs Soccer XI. v. Milber United	Denbury
Tues.,	14	Parachute Brigade Demonstration	Denbury
Wed.,	15	Staff Basketball v. 1 D.L.I. Staff Hockey XI. v. 1 D.L.I.	Away
			J/Ldrs Hockey XI. v. Dartmouth B.R.N.C. 2nd XI.	Denbury
Thurs.,	16	Visit by Brig. Hobson (Commander, Training Brigade) Brains Trust	
			Staff Basketball v. St. Luke's "B"	Away
Fri.,	17	Staff Basketball v. Exeter University "B"	Away
Sat.,	18	Junior Wing Pass Off J/Ldrs Soccer XI. v. Kingsbridge G.S.	Denbury
Mon.,	20	Staff Basketball v. Teignmouth G.S.	Away
Tues.,	21	ANNUAL ADMINISTRATIVE INSPECTION Junior Wing Intake Day	
Wed.,	22	Staff Hockey XI. v. Dartmouth B.R.N.C. 1st XI. J/Ldrs Hockey XI. v. Plymouth College 2nd XI.	Away
Thurs.,	23	Staff Basketball v. 1 Bn. Lancs.	Denbury
Sat.,	25	J/Ldrs Soccer XI. v. Newton Abbot G.S.	Denbury

FOOTBALL

COOK NETS FIVE

The Staff Soccer XI. travelled to Ferndown to play 1 P.R.D. in the semi-final of the South-West District Minor Units Cup. Winning the toss they set the P.R.D. facing into a very strong wind. From the kick-off, P.R.D. flashed straight into attack and put the ball into the Signals net, but this goal was disallowed owing to an offside infringement.

The Signals wing-halves, Cpl. Penny and Sig. James, well backed up by L/Cpl. Hine, then took a firm grip on the game, and from their service Sig. Scott and L/Cpl. Cook combined well for Cook to score the first goal. The Signals wingers were obviously faster than the P.R.D. defence, and from a cross from Cpl. Sykes, L/Cpl. Stapenell added a second. From one of the P.R.D. sporadic attacks, Cpl. Summers made a brilliant diving save, taking the ball from the toes of the opposing centre-forward. Just before half-time a clever combined movement, involving the whole Signals forward line, finished with L/Cpl. Cook brushing past the P.R.D. centre-half and beating their goalkeeper all ends up.

At the beginning of the second half, with the Signals against the wind, the P.R.D. set up some strong attacks which were rebutted by a sterling defence in which Sgt. Angell and Sig. Murray featured prominently. Two more good goals were scored by Cook before P.R.D. opened their account with the best goal of the match—a brilliant 30-yard

drive from their inside-right which left Summers groping. Further goals were added by Sykes and Cook before P.R.D. brought the score to 7-2.

It was a clean, hard-fought game which brought great credit to both sides.

POOR START

The first Junior Leaders' football match was against Teignmouth, and remembering last year's triumphant season, great things were expected. At halftime, with only two of last term's cup team playing the score was 3-2 against us. Then in the second half came a complete collapse as we were outplayed and lacking in the moral fibre to keep battling on. The final score was 8-3, our goal-scorers being Wilson (2) and Stanger.

BOURGEOISE RETURNS TO FORM

It may have been the return to form of J/SSM Bourgoise, or it may have been that the lessons of the Teignmouth defeat had been taken to heart. But here was football in the old vein. Despite the fact that Brixham Juniors were, on the average, a couple of inches taller than our lads, the Denbury XI settled down to play football. Halftime saw us 4-0 ahead, and at the end it was 6-2 to Signals, with both teams emerging from a "mud-bath" exhausted. The goal-scorers were Wilson (3), Bourgoise (2), and Hunt.

J/SIG. TERRAS

J/Sig. Terras seems to be able to play most sports proficiently, being best known in the Regiment for his soccer and his boxing. Before joining the Regiment he captained Stirling Army Cadet Football XI. He played at left-back for our successful soccer XI. which so narrowly lost the final last December.

He represented the Regimental boxing team for the 1958-59 season, when we won the Army Cup, boxing at light-welterweight.

Guy Terras has also been awarded his cross-country colours for the Regiment, and ran in both the Southern Command and Army Championships.

Asked about his future sporting ambitions he laughed and said: "For this term I think I'll have a crack at rugby. It'll make quite a change." He mentioned casually, too, that he enjoys basketball, and has also represented the Regiment at table tennis.



by Sgt. Martin

CPL. PENNY

Cpl. Penny, shortly to be demobilized on completion of National Service, is a keen footballer. Whilst playing for Hampshire Schoolboys, he was spotted by officials of the Southampton club, and played for one of their teams as a semi-professional at the age of 16. Since joining the Army he has played regularly for the Regimental Staff XI. at right-half, and played a major part in their successful cup run, 1959-60, when they won the South-West District Minor Units Cup, and were knocked out in the Southern Command final.

His summer sport is water polo, and he plays regularly for Lymington S.C.

On being demobilized, Cpl. Penny hopes to get a job with N.A.B.C., an organization training boys for different sports. He hopes to specialize in boxing training. Doubtless the present generation of Regimental boxers will testify as to his qualifications for this work!



by Sgt. Martin

MEMORIES

DEAR MR. WHEATLEY.—This year's first edition of 'Junior Mercury' arrived this morning and, as usual, I thought, "I ought to drop a line to Denbury." So, New Year resolutions and all that jazz, here goes!

First, I'd like to say how much I've enjoyed reading your own *bete noir* (?), THE PAPER, though I coughed up my six bob somewhat reticently. This month's front page story, Junior RSM Butcher's commendation, was very pleasing news, and, of course, the general news and comments about camp activities are always interesting.

Since leaving Denbury I've done the puzzle in the 'Junior Mercury' every month. This month I made a list of the names and got my wife to stick a pin in—the name of the sergeant serving in the Military Police turned out to be Sgt. "Topper" Brown. (She said she'd rather have a book than a record!)

I've managed to keep in touch with both (ex-Sgt.) McDowell and (ex-S/Sgt.) Thwaites. Both of them seem to be coming through the gruelling months of Mons and Beaconsfield O.K. From the same sources I hear that Mr. Braithwaite isn't finding his course at St. Luke's too difficult. Many of the people's addresses seem to have disappeared since coming to Manchester; no doubt they all buy the 'Junior Mercury' regularly. Could you dig out the address of Foulds, Segal, Soutar, and Cavey.

Best wishes to all the RAEC staff, and all my other friends at Denbury. All the best.—Yours, etc.,

G. LANCASTER (ex-RAEC).
Manchester.

WHERE ?

It has been Regimental custom for years that the Commanding Officer is back on time, but that a few boys contrive to arrive back late from leave. This time the proceedings were reversed, as the CO arrived back a week late.

Rumours have been flying round the Regiment. A ski-ing holiday? Top secret interview with M.I.5? A common dose of the 'flu? What do YOU think?

HOCKEY. *Cont. from P. 12*

RIOT AT EXETER

The Staff XI., without some of its stars, met Exeter University on January 18th on a pitch which was considerably sub-standard. Its texture and quality proved as much master of the Staff as their opponents, who played at times quite attractive hockey.

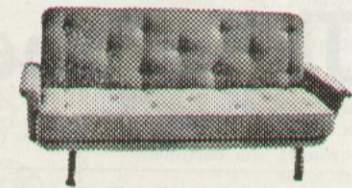
Persistent attacks often produce results, and this game proved no exception. Sturdy defensive play kept the score down, but the Staff had to be content to leave with a 5-1 defeat.

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Staff Hockey Match Scene

by Sgt. Martin

RUGBY

JACOBS OUTSTANDING

As the Rugby Cup first round is approaching, the doings of the Rugby XV. become increasingly important. In the first match of the season the XV. defeated Teignmouth Colts 25-5 in a match in which J/L/Cpl. Jacobs was outstanding both by his clever moves and in his skilful kicking. In the scrum, J/L/Cpl. Yates and J/Sig. Round were prominent, and J/Sig. Thomas played a steady game as hooker.

TACKLING INEFFECTIVE

Plymouth College 'A' XV., including six Devon County Juniors, proved too strong for the Denbury XV., winning 33-3. Our only score came from a centre break through fly-half J/Sig. Hill, who played a sound tactical game throughout. The pack seemed lifeless and unable to tackle low in the first half, though there was an encouraging improvement in the second half.

Another encouraging feature in the scrum lay in the debut of J/Sig. Robertson, who played a very solid game, never giving up for a moment. The noticeable weakness which was exposed by this superior XV. from Plymouth lay in the inability of our team to tackle hard, low, and first time.

TACKLING IMPROVED

Following our defeat by Plymouth College, extensive tackling practice was undertaken in our XV. which bore instant fruit in our defeat of Kingsbridge Colts by 25-3. J/L/Cpl. Jacobs again had a good game, as did J/Sigs. Round and Hill. J/L/Cpl. Yates played hard, but in spasms, as he has not yet reached the state of fitness required by a rugby forward. J/Sig. Parkinson is another player showing a welcome improvement.

HARD STRUGGLE

Against Torquay Grammar School our team played well, with the forwards getting "stuck in" against a heavier pack. When our threequarters had the ball they looked dangerous, and J/Sig. Buglass scored the only try of the match to give us a 3-0 victory. J/Sig. Booker had a promising debut, showing speed on the wing, but lack of experience was obvious in his faulty judgment of when to go through on his own or when to pass. J/Sgt. Fiern at the base of the scrum seemed too slow to allow our backs to fulfil their promise.

HOCKEY

GRASS—A HANDICAP

On Wednesday, January 25th, the Junior Leaders Hockey XI. was entertained royally at Bovington by their Armoured Corps counterparts—the second round of the Junior Army Hockey Cup.

After training and practising on the Square at Denbury, the Signals boys found the ball running too slowly for them. However, they stuck to their task with enthusiasm and dash, and after twice being behind, levelled the scores at 2-all at the change-over. Goals were scored by Hird (Francisca) and Dixon (White Spear), the latter being a very accomplished solo effort, beating three opponents.

The second half continued to produce good hockey but the RAC boys found the net twice during this half without reply. Mention must be made of Davies (White Spear), who held the team together as skipper and played a captain's "innings" at centre-half. Sharpe (Kukri), on the left wing, and Willoughby (White Spear), at centre-forward, show a good deal of promise.

FIRST HOCKEY CUP DRAW

The Staff travelled to Blandford on January 11th to meet 30 Signal Regiment in the second round of the Major Units Cup.

The whole game was played at a furious pace from the bully-off, and no spectator could have been disappointed. Territorially, the Staff won the match easily, and this was emphasized by the number of corners conceded by the opposition (14 short and four long), replying with only one of each. However, only goals count, and they were hard to come by. Indeed, the first was scored (by 30 Sigs.) only in the first half of extra time. Capt. Hartnett levelled the scores from a penalty bully in the second half and earned a replay.

MAJOR UNITS CUP REPLAY

Friday the 13th proved lucky for the Staff Hockey XI. in their replay with 30 Signal Regiment. The forwards found the goal and Maj. Parker scored two and Capt. Worsley a third while the defence held firm.

MORE CUP NEWS

The Staff Hockey XI. met H.Q. S.W. District at Taunton in the first round of the Minor Units Cup on January 19th.

The Staff set off in fine style, and Capt. Hartnett scored from a beautiful cross from Sgt. Angell early in the first half. This was soon followed by a glorious goal from Sgt. Hall, and all in the garden

CROSS COUNTRY

YOUNG RUNS WELL

Congratulations to J/Sig. Young, of Iron Troop, on his victory in the Regimental Cross-Country Championship. Young took an early lead which he maintained throughout, winning in 25mins. 55secs.

The final placing of Troops were:

- | | | |
|----------------|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. Kukri | 5. White Swan | 9. Anzio |
| 2. Jerboa | 6. Bruno | 10. Junior Wing |
| 3. White Spear | 7. Kohima | 11. Iron |
| 4. Quadrant | 8. Francisca | |

Individual placings for the first 20 were:

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Young (Iron) | 11. Beaumont (Kukri) |
| 2. Wooley (W. Swan) | 12. Wraith (Anzio) |
| 3. Jacobs (Quadrant) | 13. White (Jerboa) |
| 4. Robertson (Jerboa) | 14. Kearns (Bruno) |
| 5. Gibb (Jerboa) | 15. Stallard (Jerboa) |
| 6. Gue (Quadrant) | 16. Tucker (Kukri) |
| 7. Zimmer (Kukri) | 17. Shiell (Bruno) |
| 8. Hobson (W. Swan) | 18. Etherton (W. Spear) |
| 9. Richardson (J. Wing) | 19. Hill (W. Spear) |
| 10. Lees (Jerboa) | 20. Porter (Kohima) |

BASKETBALL

FIRST-ROUND DEFEAT

The Staff basketball team was defeated in the first round of the Army Cup (Major Units) by the 1st Lancashire Regiment, 51-35. Despite the margin of this defeat our team settled down in the second half to play their best basketball of this season.

The team got off to a poor start with the score of 20-8 at the end of the first quarter. The second quarter was worse, closing at 38-10 against us.

In the second half all our team began to play together, shown both by the second half score of 25-13 to us and the final distribution of points amongst our players: S/Sgt. Johnson 10, Sgt. Creek 8, Sgt. Meekings 7, WO II Wheatley 6, and Sgt. Angell 4. In contrast, 31 points out of the Lancashire's total of 51 were scored by one man.

SEMI-FINAL VICTORY

The Staff basketball team beat 18 Company, RASC, in the semi-final of the Minor Units Basketball Cup by 56-30. They will play in the South-West District final at Yeovil on 8th February.

Despite the clear-cut victory, the standard of play was not as high as in their defeat by the 1st Lancashire Regiment, probably due to the lower standard of opposition. The scoring was again well shared amongst our players: Sgt. Creek 19, Sgt. Meekings 14, S/Sgt. Johnson 14, WO II Wheatley 4, Capt. Burke 3, and Sgt. Angell 2. The opposition again relied on one scorer, who scored 24 of their 30 points.

looked lovely.

District reduced their arrears with a goal just before halftime, but no one expected the drastic change which arose after the interval. Sad to relate, the Staff went to pieces, the scores were soon level, Capt. Hartnett scored again and once again the scores were level with a scorcher from a short corner.

ANOTHER REPLAY WIN

The Staff Hockey XI. recovered completely to take on H.Q. S.W. District on January 26th, and the game was a real battle. The ball swung from end to end, and no one had any notion of the cold.

The Staff opened the scoring; Maj. Rothwell slammed home after some tremendous approach work by Capt. Worsley. This precious lead was held until near the end of full-time, when a questionable goal was scored.

Extra time ensued on a five minutes each way or first goal basis, but only lasted a couple of minutes. Sgt. Angell settled the issue with a good opportunist goal which left the goalkeeper helpless.

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