

VOL. 2. No. 8.

JANUARY, 1961

Price 4d.

WAR OFFICE,

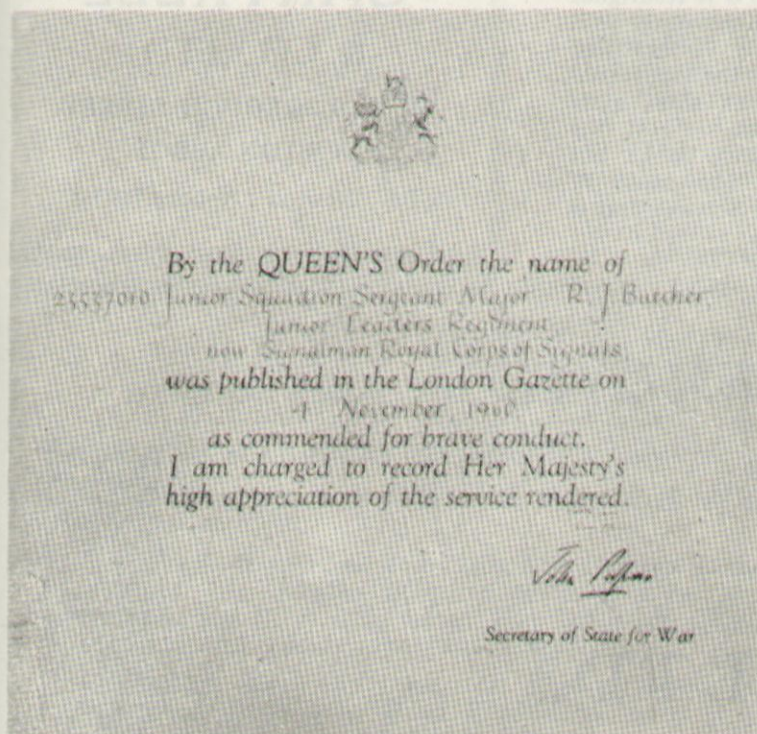
4th November, 1960

THE QUEEN has been graciously pleased to approve the undermentioned award:—

QUEEN'S COMMENDATION FOR BRAVE CONDUCT

23537010 Junior Squadron Sergeant-Major Ronald John Butcher, Junior Leaders Regiment, now Signalman, Royal Corps of Signals.

On the evening of the 28th May, 1960, Junior Squadron Sergeant-Major Butcher was one of a party of Junior Leaders in a truck which left the road, fell over a fifteen foot bank and ended partly immersed in a stream. Half of the twenty-two Junior Leaders were injured. Due to the suddenness of the accident and the darkness there was a risk of dangerous confusion but Butcher took control, maintained order and then helped to organise relief. This he did in spite of the fact that he himself had received injuries to his face which subsequently required one hundred and twenty stitches. At an age of less than eighteen years he displayed inspiring courage and fortitude.



J/RSM Butcher receives his Commendation from Maj.-Gen. A. E. Morrison, C.B.E., O.B.E.

EDITORIAL

A Happy New Year to all!

Herewith our resolutions:

New Year 1960. "Good Resolutions"

1. Never to ask reporters to produce copy by "yesterday"—it's too easy for them.
2. To cease the disgusting habit of reporting on sports fixtures on the day before they take place.
3. A time limit of 24 hours to be imposed on all reporters interviewing glamorous film stars.
4. Never to omit exclamation marks from the front page!
5. Not to upset our printers by asking them to squeeze 750 words into a 400-word column.
6. To supply reporters with pencils so that they no longer have to borrow (sometimes without returning) from the celebrity whom they are interviewing.

We have lost three members of the 'Junior Mercury' staff. Craggs, who has been with us from early days, will be sadly missed. Although not the reporter type (pencil behind his ear, interviewing Marilyn Munroe or Field-Marshal Montgomery), Craggs got through an enormous quantity of steady work in the office—pages of typing and the handling of the distribution of 3,500 'Junior Mercurys' per month. Williams ("Taff," 524) will be missed, too. He was a boy who could write far more sensibly than could the average Junior Leader of his age, and had a knack of coming up with the little story to fit a small corner where required. Finally, Newman, who joined us late in his Denbury service, but did an excellent job as a football reporter.

Lastly, we take this opportunity to thank all for your support of 'Junior Mercury' throughout 1960. Our thanks to Mr. Elsworthy and his staff at the 'Mid-Devon Advertiser' Printing Works for being so patient with our demands; to all our advertisers who so loyally support us; to our cartoonists, photographers, and reporters for their excellent work; and finally to all who make it so worth while by reading this.

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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, Nr. Newton Abbot, Devon.

STAFF SCRAPBOOK

If a sergeant-major told you to "write your own obituary," no doubt it would cause a nasty feeling in the back of your throat. Well, that's what WO II Rodriguez said to me the other day, but it wasn't a nasty feeling I experienced—it was a nostalgic one.

He was, of course, not threatening me, but suggesting how I should tackle this, my last "Staff Scrapbook." "Look back over your time at Denbury," he said. So here goes, all twenty months worth! (Tears?)

My first impression has stuck with me and, I think, always will. The general setting of the camp, with its backcloth of Hay Tor. So, too, will the first big parade I saw at the camp, for it was before H.R.H. The Princess Royal.

The Regiment was invaded by pressmen and cameramen, and later we were to see the parade on television.

Two short months brought the long summer leave (and my twenty-first birthday in the Army). It was hot in Devon, then, and by the time the rains came at the end of September all the Cadre, as we were then called, were looking forward to the following summer. But it never came!

Members of the Squadron were to see quite a few changes during the ensuing months. Cadre became Staff, and among the camp characters to reach the end of his service was "Demob." clerk Tony Hughes.

Christmas came (I got married!) and SSM Jack Cox, very popular despite his liking for discipline and immaculate turnout, left for the Med. Into the breach stepped Sgt.-Maj. Norman Shipcott. But he was to be SSM for only 45 days, for suddenly he collapsed and died. It was a shock to all of us.

About this time the Staff soccer team were beginning their run of successes in the Southern Command Minor Units Cup, and we looked forward to sunny days ahead.

During the "summer," HQ Squadron became Senior Wing, and with the start of the Christmas term yet another SSM took over the reins. Staff Yates had been A/SSM for almost two terms when WO II Rodriguez took over. This came simultaneously with the introduction of identity flashes and weekly reveille parades for the Squadron.

And during all this time a slow, quiet revolution was taking place. Not the type you read about in history books, but nevertheless a revolution. The cause of it was the end of National Service, and it

Continued on Page 6, Column 2

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ALL ENQUIRIES
TO THE EDITOR

ADVENTURE TRAINING IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

One week of the term is inevitably a week of "filling in" for some Junior Leaders. It is the examination week, and those with time to spare are Junior Leaders who are not taking formal examinations. Earlier in the term, Major Nye, the Senior Education Officer, decided that this would be a chance to tackle some Adventure Training further afield than Dartmoor. Despite the fact that the choir was rehearsing busily for its Christmas recording, a group of eight Junior Leaders set out with Major Nye for the Lake District on the evening of Sunday, 4th December.

The journey was not exactly as planned. The flooding of Exeter for the second time in a few weeks caused the party to go by bus from Exminster to Cullompton, where the railway was rejoined. A long, tedious railway journey, which included a walk across Manchester early on Monday morning, and numerous changes, ended at 2 p.m. on Monday, when the group reached Keswick. A busy hour was spent buying provisions, which we knew would not be available at our temporary home. This was the Longthwaite Youth Hostel in Borrowdale, an attractive building of red Canadian cedar, which was built for the purpose in 1939. It is sited on the banks of the River Derwent, and when we arrived there was a trace of snow on the tops of the surrounding hills. We were soon settled in, with beds made, and the smell of soup and sausages coming from the members' kitchen. This was well equipped with six gas-rings fed by calor gas. Our meals on the journey had been somewhat meagre, so no one worried if the cooking was less professional than it was by the end of the week.

Tuesday morning was so crisp and clear that it seemed a pity not to get up on to the higher fells, so instead of a day warming up on the lower slopes, we set out for Esk House. Our route was by footpath to Seathwaite and Stockley Bridge, then up the rocky track beside Grains Gill. Here we found ourselves walking on snow just deep enough to obscure the track. It proved warm work, and the smokers soon found themselves short of breath. We met several parties from the Outward Bound Schools at Ullswater and Eskdale. They were on their final exercise, which lasts three days and includes camping out at about 2,000 feet. They were well laden, but cheerful enough. Knowing that it would be dark by 4.30 p.m., we did not attempt to reach the top of Scafell Pikes, but contented ourselves with a walk towards Broad Crag before

turning our steps towards Sty Head. From there we followed the track back to Seathwaite. That night we were joined by Mr. John White, formerly S/Sgt. White of this Regiment, and well known for his knowledge of Dartmoor. Now a student at Sheffield University, he spent a year as an instructor at the Outward Bound School at Eskdale. His knowledge of the Lake District was to prove a great advantage to us during our stay.

Wednesday was spent on a map-reading exercise, but the members of White Swan Troop caused a change of plan by omitting several check points and making straight for the lunch rendezvous. Still, it was a splendid day, and if the ancient fort on High Seat was disappointing, much pleasure was obtained from the views around Watendlath and the sight of Boisse negotiating a scree on his bottom.

On Thursday we set out for Great Gable. We followed the road to Honister House, via Seatoller and the very steep climb beyond it. Then we set off up the old railway line from the slate quarry. There was snow underfoot again and the sky looked less promising than on the previous days. Before we reached the top of Brandreth the snow began to fall, and we were glad to have a fence to show us our route on to Green Gable. Mr. White was confident that it was only a shower, so we decided to continue as planned. Wind Gap lived up to its name, and the scramble up the rocky north fence of Gable provided fifteen minutes of excitement. We had hardly reached the top before the snow lifted, and we had a breath-taking view of the whole vicinity sparkling white in the fresh snow. We descended by a scree run towards Great Hall's Gate. This was exhilarating but bruising, as some of the scree was frozen and there was the odd bare patch which caused the runners to sit down. At the bottom, J/Cpl. Wraith realized that he had lost his wrist-watch on the way down, but he was lucky enough to find it again. After an uneventful descent, we caught a 'bus from Seatoller to Keswick, as Longthwaite Hostel shuts on a Thursday night. The hostel at Keswick was not quite so comfortable, and there were several other hostellers, but we enjoyed our brief stay.

Friday was our last day, so we had a short map-reading exercise to Wallow Crag, via the Bronze Age Stone Circle near Castlerigg.

Continued on Page 9, Column 3

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THE WILD "X" SHOW

At the beginning of a new term most boys return from leave with their thoughts full of concern concerning examination results, their newly-earned promotion (commonly reputed to be the prizes of a Troop raffle), their new Trade Training programme, chances of the Troop Rugby XV., and even planning for Easter leave. Alas, none of these items concerned J/Sig. "X." He was never selected to sit for an examination; education instructors in their biased way were jealous of his ability. His troop officer never put his name in the hat for a "tape." He preferred not to worry about his trade yet, and his sporting interests were not manifested on the rugby field. True, Sgt. O'Connor had forcibly mentioned the matter of five weeks growth of hair, and remained unsympathetic towards "X"'s kindness in not worrying his local barber during the festive season.

"X"'s interest at the beginning of the Easter Term, 1961, was in a new Junior Leader straight from Junior Wing who was to occupy the bed next to his. Casually strolling across to borrow a "fag" from this unsuspecting innocent, "X" was amazed to see a revolver sticking out from under his neighbour's civilian socks in the open case on his bed.

"What's that?"

"It's a German pistol which my father took off an officer during the last war."

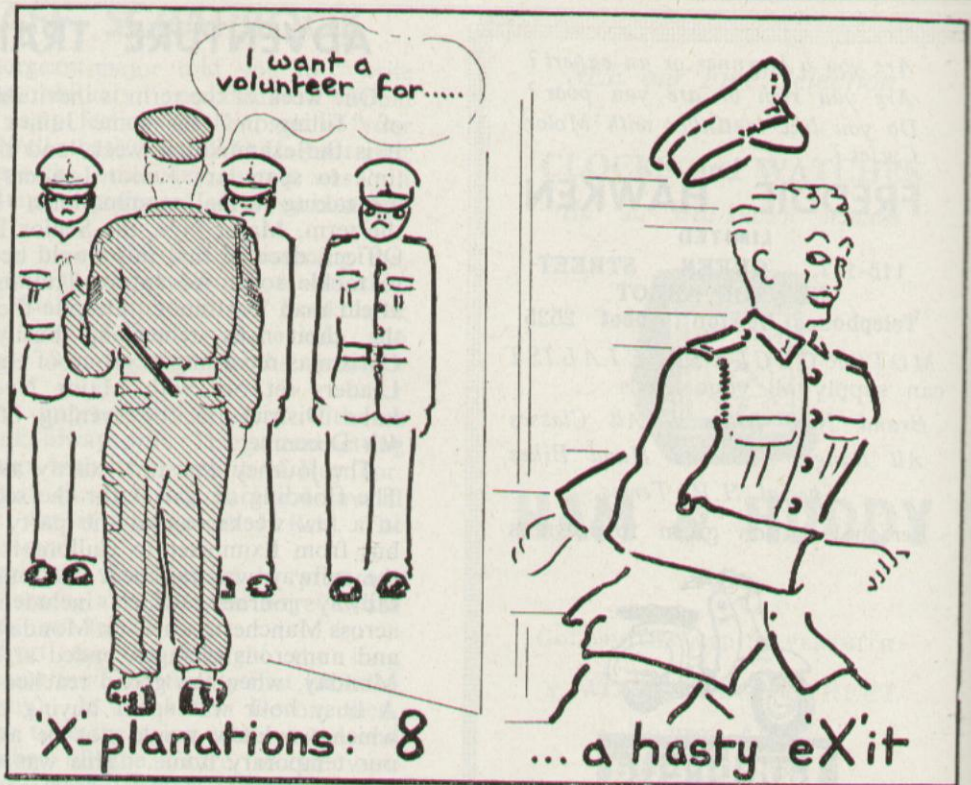
"What have you got it for?"

"Oh, I like to do the odd bit of shooting."

"Is it loaded?"

"Of course. I've got over a thousand rounds of ammunition, too."

"X" returned thoughtfully to his own bed space. This was interesting. The question was how to make use of the situation. He could shoot Sgt. O'Connor, of course; possibly Sgt.-Major Hopson, too. They weren't all that bad really—probably get hung in due course, anyway. Next he toyed with the idea of holding up the NAAFI, but the takings seemed insufficient. Then came a flash of inspiration. A shooting



club in Bradley Woods on Sunday afternoon.

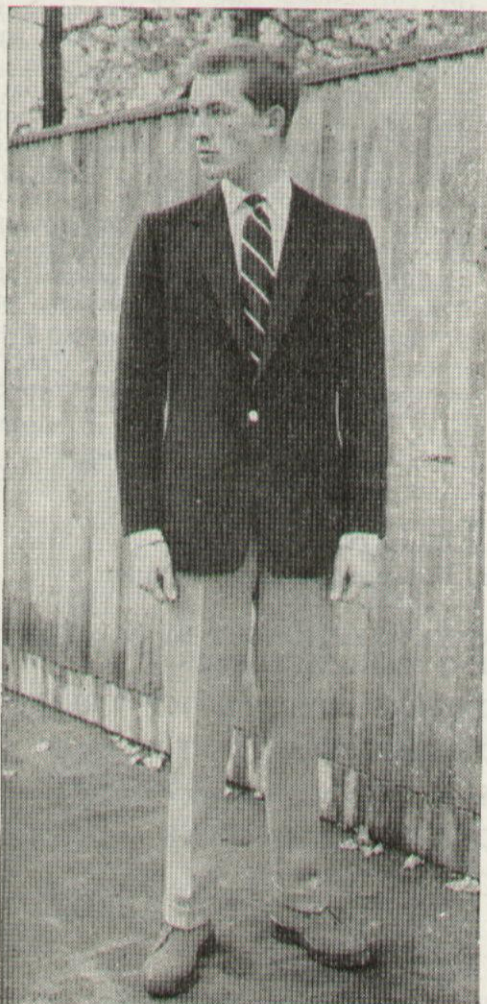
"X" spent all his pay on prizes, targets, and all the other essentials of his new money-making scheme. Quietly he publicized the idea through the unit, and all was set for the grand opening.

About thirty boys came along, all paying their 5/- entrance fee, and receiving an ill-spelt "reacet" from "X."

Then came the big moment. The first contestant positioned himself up on the target. With a flourish, J/Sig. "X" handed him the revolver which his new friend had

loaded ready. J/Sig. "X" said a few words, the first contestant took aim, and fired. Consternation reigned as, instead of a little black mark appearing in the centre of the target, a small jet of water spurted out of the toy pistol.

J/Sig. "X" looked round in horror for his new friend, but he had gone, leaving "X" all alone to face the outcries and anger of the assembled company. Money had to be refunded and apologies made, but it was a long time before "X" dared to hold up his head again.



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

8.—Princetown

Parliament is debating the future of Princetown: to retain the prison there or not? Here in 'Junior Mercury' we propose to tell you a little of the background of this grim little town.

Few people realize that Princetown is really a part of Lydford. Where is Lydford? Lydford is a small village and long-decayed borough on the north-west foothills of Dartmoor, between Okehampton and Tavistock, which takes in some 50,000 acres of moorland within its boundaries.

Princetown itself lies in the most ill-planned situation imaginable. It is 1,400 feet above sea level, averages more snow, fog, and wind than anywhere else in Devon, and has recorded an annual rainfall of over 100 inches. It stands on a col, or saddle, between the two Hessary Tors—in modern times North Hessary Tor is well known for its television aerial, which dominates miles of moorland.

The earliest foundations of a village were founded on the nearby granite quarries, and roads were constructed in order to facilitate the transporting of this granite.

The site for the prison was given by the Prince of Wales, who held the lands of the Duchy of Cornwall to which all Dartmoor belonged, hence the name Princetown, to house French prisoners during the Napoleonic wars. The prison, designed by Daniel Alexander, was built in 1806 and cost £130,000. A small town grew up near the prison, but when it was closed in 1816 the town almost collapsed.

In 1850 the prison was reopened to house criminals serving long sentences, and has been used for this purpose ever since. Throughout the years "a stretch on the Moor" has developed into a real deterrent among the criminal fraternity of this country.

Round the prison has grown a thriving community, based on the warders and their families. Tourists and sightseers come from miles around, ghoulish in their desire to see working parties of convicts being marched from place to place. Another attraction to visitors lies in the scores of half-wild ponies which roam round the streets, sometimes tame enough to put their heads through the windows of a stationary car in their search for tit-bits of food.

Now the future of the town is in the balance. Most people are agreed that the siting of the prison is inhumane. Yet, if it is closed, what of the resident population?

HISTORY OF THE SIGNALS

7.—The First World War: Final Stages

The last eighteen months on the Western Front made it necessary for communications to adjust themselves from siege warfare to semi-mobile operations. Problems raised "were concerned with security arrangements during the period of preparations; the rapid advance under semi-mobile conditions; the vulnerability of lines to large-scale movements of tanks; the resupply of cables and accumulators; security preparations in the use of wireless and power buzzers; communications in withdrawal; and, finally, the system of communications required by tanks."

What of other aspects of the war apart from the European theatre? Firstly, the Dardanelles. "The story of the Gallipoli campaign is a long chronicle of mistakes and lost opportunities . . . and in these episodes the Signal Service had with the rest of the Army its share of failure and successes." There was close association and co-operation between the Services, and "the Army undoubtedly learnt much from the Navy in the operation of wireless, in which the Senior Service at that time was more proficient. Much valuable experience was also gained from the joint handling of submarine cable communications."

In Macedonia, a subsidiary theatre of war, the Signal Service was short of men and equipment, but were also guilty of malpractices such as "the overlooking of the base system, the disregard of signal security, and the failure to develop the wireless service."

In contrast, signal communications in Egypt and Palestine were effective, yet never over-elaborate. It is interesting to note that out of the 6,000 personnel of the Signal Service in this theatre, about 24 per cent were recently-trained Indians.

In Mesopotamia, the Signals provided essential communications with slender resources. "The most notable feature in Mesopotamia was the use made of wireless, which was generally more efficient than in any other theatre."

It is clear that the First World War years were years of constant development and expansion of the Signal Service. "The growth of the Signal Service was brought about by the increasing dependance of the Army on communications resulting from the evolution of tactics, information services and administration. . . . The record of Signal units was of unremitting devotion to duty, ennobled by many acts of individual gallantry."

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'

MEMORIES

DEAR MR. WHEATLY.—I am sorry for the delay in writing, but would like you to send me copies of the 'Junior Mercury,' for which I enclose 6/-. If it is at all possible, I would like the previous issues of September, October, and November. I am most anxious to learn how the boxing progressed.

I have settled down in Scotland, but I miss many things that the Army offered me. I think most of all I miss the friendship of everyone, particularly at Denbury.

My wife and I are still hoping to return next summer and pay you all a visit, and I especially look forward to meeting you all in the Sergeants Mess once again.

Please give my regards to RSM Latimer and all in the Mess.—Yours, etc.,

STAN ROBB.

Kirkcaldy, Scotland.

Editor's Note to the uninitiated. Capt. S. Robb was the well-liked dentist up at Denbury Camp for over two years, and it is especially gratifying to hear him talk so affectionately of his days with us. Capt. Robb left at the end of last August.

KEEPING IN TOUCH

DEAR EDITOR.—I am writing to let you know how much I enjoyed listening to the Junior Leaders Regiment Choir singing Christmas carols. I heard them on the British Forces Network, and I think they were really "on the ball." I still get the 'Junior Mercury' over here, and in March will be sending you a further subscription.

Best wishes for the new term. Good luck to the Regiment, especially to Anzio troop.—Yours, etc.,

B. HIVES (Sig.).

O Troop, 1 Squadron, 1st Signal Regiment.

ALL-ROUNDERS

DEAR SIR.—There are some Junior Leaders in this Regiment who have been selected for two or three different sports teams, and yet they are not good enough to earn their colours at any one sport. Surely a Junior Leader who is good enough to represent the Regiment at two or three sports is as good, if not a better, sportsman as one who naturally excels at one particular game. I would therefore like to offer up the suggestion that a Junior Leader who represents the Regiment at three or more sports should be awarded special "All Rounder's Colours."—Yours, etc., JOE (ex J/Sgt.) NAISBITT.

The following verse is the second submitted by Mr. (ex-Sergt.) Morrall:

THESE FOOLISH THINGS

(Tune: as title)

The lovely notes of Monday morn's reveille,
The freezing cold as from our beds we sally,
Blancoing rifle slings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Sgt. Martin in his Baby Austin,
Those midnight schemes that we all get lost in,
Walking thro' bogs and springs,
These foolish things remind me of you.

We work, we slave, we're at it all day,
Bumpering along the floors, staining all
the corridors.

We have Junior Wing and all three squadrons,
High-class barrack rooms with all those
mod. cons.,

Oh, how we live like kings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Quadrant, Bruno, Anzio, Mucky Ducky,
White Spear, Jerboa, Iron, Francisca, Kukri,
Kohima, Junior Wing,
These foolish things remind me of you.

STAFF SCRAPBOOK

Continued from Page 2

was, and is, called "Civilianization." And so the Squadron's story goes . . . and so, too, do I!

BARRY FOSTER (Mr.—almost!).

Postscript to Sig. Foster's Notes

(By Senior Wing SSM)

That is our last report from Sig. Foster. It only remains for me to finish off by thanking him for producing the Staff Scrapbook every month, usually done at very short notice by the Editor coming into the office and saying: "I want the notes for the 'Junior Mercury' by yesterday." The apt reply from Foster that is always quoted by Orderly Rooms: "The impossible we do at once, miracles take a little longer." Anyway, to Foster and all the others shortly to be given the title of "Mr." we wish you all the best in civilian life, and to remind you that Senior Wing will always welcome you back if "civvy" life is too hard.

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COMPETITION

This month's competition takes a novel form. It is in the form of a story of an evening's drinking spent in the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess. Read it through very carefully, think about it, and see if you can answer the question at the end. If you can, send the answer to the Editor, The 'Junior Mercury,' Denbury Camp, South Devon.

Prizes will, as usual, consist of books and records.

"One For The Road"

In the mess one cold and cheerless January evening were six sergeants, who all belonged to different Corps.

The Signals Sergeant bought the first round of drinks, consisting of a whisky for himself, a brandy for Sgt. "Dodger" Green, a brown ale for the RAMC sergeant, and pints of bitter for the remainder.

The next round was on the REME sergeant, and all had the same except for Sgt. "Chalky" White, who only had a half-pint of bitter.

Sgt. "Topper" Brown bought the third round, but there were only five drinks, as Sgt. "Josh" Jones had been called away (he'd paid for his round anyway). Sgt. "Chippy" Wood changed from brown ale to brandy.

When the RAEC sergeant bought his round he found it expensive, as the RASC sergeant decided to join Sgt. "Smudger" Smith in a whisky, making the round's order two whiskies, two brandies (although one was his own), and a half-pint of bitter.

What was the name of the sergeant serving in the Military Police?

CHORUS, GENTLEMEN, JUST ONCE MORE!

After their performance in the Royal Albert Hall in November, the members of the Choir might have expected to rest on their laurels at least until the New Year.

Pure wishful thinking! The British Forces Network wanted to record a programme of songs, hymns, and carols before the end of term to broadcast to the forces overseas at Christmas.

Mr. Victor Webber set to and produced "out of thin air" new harmonized settings of the old favourites: "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "Holy Night," "O Come All Ye Faithful," and "The First Nowell." To introduce a little more variety, he arranged "Mary's Boy Child" for chorus and soloist.

With such a "menu" to tackle in such a short time, the choir had to "get stuck in" with a vengeance. Extra practices sprang up overnight and battle had commenced. A soloist appeared, in the person of J/Sig. (now Sig.) Elliott, and tenor wavers, bass grunts, and melody squeaks moulded themselves into harmony.

On the day, microphones stood or hung all over the auditorium of the cinema, the choir grouped themselves on and around the stage, the producer gave Paddy (the recording engineer in a van outside) five seconds, and the announcer began.

The trumpets sounded a fanfare, the choir signed on with "Begone Dull Care" and "Gaudeamus Igitur," and, with introductions by the announcer, sung their way through the special repertoire.

Perhaps this did not reach the dizzy heights of the Albert Hall; it is hard to judge. Certainly the lack of a live audience—especially one 5,000 strong, not forgetting Her Majesty and the Royal Family—contributing a lot towards the atmosphere, or lack of it. However, it is hoped that these efforts will help the overseas Christmas puddings down.

Anyway, the recording van left, but the choir could not "stand easy." Two days later they were singing hymns and carols at a Youth Service in a church in Newton Abbot and, judging by a letter of appreciation received from the organizers, together with several oral comments, all went well.

Finally, Christmas dinner and a visit by a team from Pathe News. The two coincided on the last day of term. Waited on by the Staff, the choir sang for their soup, and carolled for their Christmas "pud." while the cameraman with his moving apparatus caught them collectively and individually at their tasks of ejecting harmony and injecting food. If there was any tension at this performance, it was as evident as the Christmas fare left on the plates as they were cleared away.

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ALL ENQUIRIES TO
THE EDITOR

ROUND THE

DENBURY RECRUITS TWO SENIOR LEADERS

We welcomed to Denbury for the last week of the Christmas term two grand old soldiers from the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. They were CSM "Andy" Anderson of the 12th Lancers, aged 82, and Cpl. George Pledger, of the Royal Signals, a youngster of only 69.

They were prominent in all the activities, that went on during the week, attending the canoe race at Totnes and lending a brave splash of colour at the Graduation Parade and End of Term Dance. CSM Anderson, in his best parade ground manner, led the annual Christmas invasion of the Officers Mess by the WOs and Sergts.

They also showed the flag in our local (Harry Lark's) in Denbury, and led the resulting sing-song in great style. At the Junior Leaders Dinner they drew the tickets and presented the gifts on the Christmas draw. There were ominous rumbles of "Fiddle" when the RSM won the first three prizes.

Their visit culminated at the Sergeants Mess Christmas Social, where "Andy" entertained the company with some old Scottish melodies. A final visit for coffee with the CO and OC Senior Wing, and it was time to say farewell.

We enjoyed having them and hope to have them with us again.

Postscript.—It is not true that a Junior Leader asked CSM Anderson if Robert Bruce was his Commanding Officer in the South African War!

GALAXY OF GAMES

The Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess were in full force for their invasion of the Junior Leaders Social Club (see the November 'Junior Mercury,' Letters Page, for the original challenge). On the programme appeared darts, snooker, and table tennis, but on arrival this was scrapped and J/Sig. Hartnett arranged all challenges "off the cuff."

In the table tennis world the Castle twins, of White Swan Troop, reigned supreme, and as nobody (except S/Sgt. Nicholls) can tell the difference, they played a doubles match. Even the under-handedness of the Mess in introducing their barman, L/Cpl. Daniels, into their team could not turn the

day for the Mess. On the snooker tables, J/L/Cpl. Garrehy fought out a great rearguard action, but it was not enough. On the dart boards, Kohima Troop, in the persons of J/L/Cpl. Ashcroft and J/Sig. Kelly, were the boys' champion—surely they didn't learn their proficiency at the YMCA? Then there were chess and draughts experts flying round with boards and pieces in their hands, grabbing unsuspecting sergeants. Here Sgt. Coolley was able to show that experience is still a good answer to dashing impetuosity. Sgt. O'Connor kindly taught some boys a new card game for Monopoly money, and he'd got all the money before they realized that he hadn't really explained the rules to them.

All in all it was a grand evening for both staff and boys, and Paddy and her helpers are to be congratulated on putting on such a fine show.

KOHIMA WERE WATERPROOF

The inhabitants of Totnes were amazed on a wintry December day to be invaded by the Army in the shape of the entire Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals—water-bound, too. The inter-troop canoe race was the reason. First came the One Squadron heats. There were twelve in each troop team, in six pairs, and the course consisted of about a quarter-mile paddle upstream under the arches of the bridge and back to the starting point, where the next pair took over.

The best team in One Squadron was Francisca, with Anzio Troop second. In Two Squadron, Kohima Troop were first, having established an early lead which they steadily increased throughout. Jerboa Troop were second. There were many amusing incidents throughout the morning, particularly on the change-overs, and there were very few of the 120 competitors who remained dry throughout. However, among the more spectacular spills were the final sinking of Bruno Troop canoe, which gradually took in water at its stern until, with J/Sgt. Smeaton aboard, it finally sank; and in White Spear canoe there occurred a deep stroke by J/Sgt. Bourgoise to his starboard, a heave to port to save themselves, and there was their canoe upside down. (Note the nautical words of our correspondent).

The final was won in clear style by Kohima Troop, with Jerboa second, Francisca third, and Anzio fourth.

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CAMP

SEA BATTLE

After the main course of a big dinner comes the savoury. Following the canoe final the next item on the programme was an Officers v. Sergeants Mess Cutter Race. First came the officers team, tastefully clad in football jerseys and denim trousers; and next appeared eight well-known figures disguised as young ladies from St. Trinian's Academy, with glamorous-looking blue gym slips. Unfortunately, the race never really got under way owing to a misunderstanding about the boat, as at one time the sergeants acquired possession of both cutters. However, this was righted and the officers finally got under way but, unfortunately, without either oars or rowlocks.

By this time the sergeants' boat had reached the bridge, but here the spectators took a hand with a well-directed drop of bad fruit and other unpleasant objects. This forced the sergeants' boat back downstream, where the officers awaited them with a broadside volley of bags of flour. However, a "boarding party" assayed into the river to engage the enemy at close quarters. Some time later both teams emerged soaking wet from the water, having tactfully arranged to regard the engagement as drawn.

HOW APPROPRIATE

After the Junior Leaders Christmas dinner, traditionally served by the Officers and Sergeants of the Regiment, a draw was held, with many glittering prizes. Much joy and shouting attended a Junior Leader collecting half a dozen cans of beer, a chicken, a couple of cinema tickets, or a camera. However, the most popular win was by Capt. Rowe (RAEC), who won—you'll never guess—a dictionary!

CONCERT—"PLUMB ON"!

The Christmas Concert took place on Thursday, December 15th. It took more or less its usual form, with all the usual production ups and downs. The biggest blow was caused by the withdrawal of the gymnasts—one of the team sprained a wrist in practice.

The production was taken over by Edwards and Elliott as a farewell gesture, but they were obviously guided by the compere, Capt. Rowe.

Rehearsals were few and far between, but the standard was as good as ever, and the audience had no cause for complaint.

Nevertheless, the curtain went up more or less on time and the show was on. Old Faithful performed; Edwards with his piano selection; Francisca Troop in a sketch on the right approach to approaching; Elliott, Croy and Moore with pleasant guitar-accompanied songs, all apparently rave-worthy; Staff Foster in two spots; and those two Goons, Blakeborough and Etherton. In addition, the near-old stager, Sexton, gave a selection on his "stomach-piano."

The new blood comprised Staff West, who joined Staff Foster in his second number; Reid, who introduced a little classical sanity; and, finally, the "latest and greatest," Plumb! It is often said that the Padre gets about his work beaming profusely. Some credit for this must reflect on his driver—Plumb.

He filled two long spots with humour and song, accompanying himself with "boopadoops," a sheet of ply and a club. Novel and very successful, he made the producers regular Jack Horners. In fact, it is unlikely that 'that Kangaroo' has been 'laid down' quite like that before, and as for 'Jim' and his 'Norf-an-Sahf' it was tremendous.

All in all, a very good concert. The audience obviously shared this opinion, and it was a happy augury of future ones. Edwards and Elliott have left the company, but Plumb has COME!

TRAINING in the LAKE DISTRICT

(Continued from Page 3)

After an hour or two in Keswick, we started our return journey at 6.15 p.m. A wait on Crewe station from midnight until 2 a.m. was tiresome, but a through train from Crewe to Newton Abbot gave us a chance to sleep.

We returned to camp in time for the last week of term, having had four enjoyable days in the Lake District without getting wet!

The party consisted of Major Nye, Mr. White, J/Cpl. Wraith, J/Sigs. Bailey, Blatherwick, Boisse, Castle, Dickie, McCleod, and Stephens.

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- | | | |
|----------------|--------------|-------------------|
| M. R. Bensley | A. S. Dent | D. J. McClenaghan |
| D. M. Colliver | J. R. Hawdon | D. W. Tanguay |
| A. Schofield | | |

BRUNO TROOP (10 Signals Regiment)

- | | | |
|--------------|---------------|-----------|
| A. L. Allsop | R. J. Butcher | P. Law |
| L. W. Batram | M. J. Edwards | A. Rhodes |
| P. R. Rouget | R. Thompson | |

KUKRI TROOP (17 Gurkha Signal Regiment)

- | | | |
|----------------|----------------|---------------|
| A. C. Hartnett | G. R. Stevens | A. Buston |
| T. C. Rooney | M. T. Stratton | G. C. Dyson |
| M. R. Smith | P. Walker | A. J. Gardner |
| A. Garrehy | | |

FRANCISCA TROOP (28 Signal Regiment)

- | | | |
|-------------------|-------------|----------------|
| P. R. Gruncell | R. G. Mills | C. P. Thompson |
| W. G. McClenaghan | P. R. Read | |

ANZIO TROOP (1 Signal Regiment)

- | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| S. G. Alexander | T. A. Griffiths | P. O. Rixon |
| K. E. Bates | P. D. H. Hall | R. A. C. Sharp |
| E. Davis | D. Musson | E. A. Thomas |
| J. R. Fuller | A. C. Newman | T. M. Tracey |

IRON TROOP (3 Signal Regiment)

- | | | |
|-----------------|------------------|-------------------|
| G. Burgon | D. A. Francis | D. Williams |
| J. S. W. Barron | R. P. C. Hartley | W. M. C. Williams |
| D. H. Chick | W. Jay | K. W. Ramsey |
| E. P. W. Lewis | | |

WHITE SPEAR TROOP (7 Signal Regiment)

- D. G. Edmond

WHITE SWAN TROOP (30 Signal Regiment)

- | | | |
|-----------------|---------------|--------------|
| R. L. Chambers | M. E. Gordon | J. R. Riches |
| B. Craggs | J. A. Naisbit | J. P. Pruet |
| D. M. Coverdale | M. G. Organ | A. D. Friday |

JERBOA TROOP (1 Signal Regiment)

- | | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|----------------|
| K. J. Chambers | C. V. G. Fletcher | B. Schofield |
| D. J. Bates | K. E. Greenhalgh | E. J. Smith |
| J. A. K. Couper | A. Riding | R. A. Tai |
| S. B. Elliott | I. A. Saunders | A. J. V. Sharp |

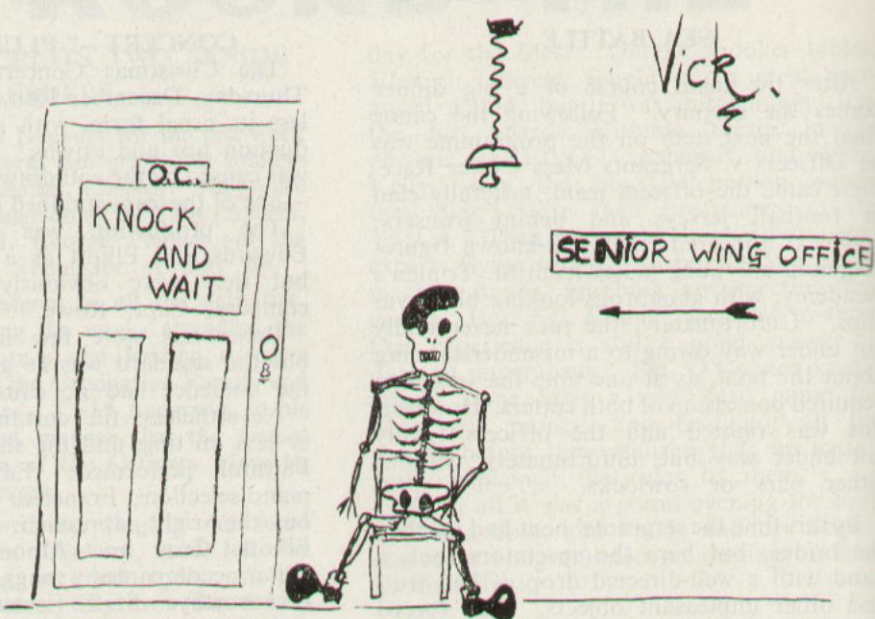
KOHIMA TROOP (2 Signal Regiment)

- | | | |
|--------------|------------------|----------------|
| B. M. Aslett | M. E. I. Digweed | R. B. Phillips |
| T. H. Coates | J. Grant | J. Kelly |
| M. Young | | |

CREDIT TO THE REGIMENT

As usual, the 'Junior Mercury' takes this opportunity to bid the "Denbury Graduates" God-speed, hoping that they will put into practice all that they have been taught and bring credit to the Regiment.

It is so easy to wax sentimental about the grand lads who have left us, but here, in a few words, we will content ourselves with mentioning a few only of those who have departed, with the understanding that these are representative of the many.



J/RSM Butcher—the front page of this issue speaks for itself of his worth. J/SSMs Tracey and Edmond were both outstanding personalities who will be remembered by all who knew them. The loss to the rugby team of Tracey, Thompson, Naisbit, Smith, and Tanguay will be great with the Rugby Cup this term. What is left of the soccer team without Butcher, Davis, Gardner, Rooney, and Schofield? Garrehy, Mills, and Sharp will all be missed on the athletics field and over the cross-country course. So the sporting roll goes on. Next year will bring new heroes, and these will be forgotten.

Everyone has made their own special contribution in their own way. Here to mention but a few: Barron as a printer, Edwards as a pianist, Greenhalgh as a farmer, Hartnett in the social club . . . and so on.

Our own loss in the 'Junior Mercury' is heavy with two such stalwarts as Craggs and "Taff" Williams gone, and also a less experienced reporter with the potential of Newman.

However, to all we say farewell. Go to your Regiments secure in the knowledge that Denbury is behind you and that, as a background, it cannot fail you.



JANUARY, 1961

6	Term begins	
9	Training begins	
10	Intake to Junior Wing	
11	Staff Hockey XI. v. 30 Signal Regiment (Army Cup)	Blandford
12	Free Film Show	
14	J/Ldrs Soccer XI. v. Teignmouth G.S.	Home
18	Brains Trust (1930 hours)	Globe Cinema
21	J/Ldrs Soccer XI. v. Brixham Villa Colts	Brixham
25	J/Ldrs Hockey XI. v. J/Ldrs RAC (Army Cup)	Bovington
25	Staff Basketball v. Mr. Braggerton's Team	Home
26	Free Film Show	
28	J/Ldrs Soccer XI. v. Newton Abbot G.S.	Newton Abbot

REVENGE IS SWEET—IF YOU CAN GET IT!

With memories of past defeats, the Officers turned out gamely at the end of term to do battle with the WO's and Sergt's on the hockey field. In their eagerness to win, they even subverted WO II Philp (who wishes to remain anonymous) to umpire for them.

Sticks were taken down off walls, unused muscles groaned, and the ball sped from end to end. All notions of the crisp, clean morning were lost in the welter of high octane perspiration which flowed on both sides.

First blood went to the Sergeants with a first-half goal by Tamlyn, who seemed to be the target of the Peake of the Hecklers "off" (stage direction).

The interval was marred by the sorry sight of all the players imbibing a most unspirited liquor—orange squash! Perhaps someone has been grinding an axe a little too hard for Mr. Marples!

Happily, the second half started, and this madlin incident was soon forgotten. Being one down, the Officers strove like furies to level the situation. One Officer indeed

remembered himself sufficiently to ignore the whistle (in the good cause of advantage) and bore down unhampered on the almost defenceless Sergeants' goal. Unfortunately, the unchivalrous 'keeper forgot himself and thwarted what looked one of the best attacks he had had to deal with.

This cowardly conduct was soon overshadowed by a thumping goal from Angell, and it looked all over "bar the shouting." Poor old Tamlyn! What it is to have friends!

Suddenly, however, the climate seemed to change and everyone witnessed a speeding ball, a classic leg-glance, and dumbfounded leg-fielders watched helplessly as the ball sped on—and went 'Bonk' ON THE BACK BOARD! Never mind, Geordie, but keep your head down in the summer! And so it happened. The Officers had scored. Perhaps it was poetic justice, retribution for a short attack of unempirical blindness which robbed the Officers of a penalty bully early in the first half.

Thus it ended—the Sergeants were returned with a reduced majority. When's the next election?

SGT. O'CONNOR

Sgt. O'Connor is not a sportsman in the general sense, but rather he is an adventurer, who has packed a great deal of action into a short time.

Following Naval Boy Service, he progressed from HMS Newcastle (Lord Mountbatten's flagship) to submarines. Leaving the Navy in 1954, he had two trips aboard a trawler before joining the Signals as a Despatch Rider. Next, as a paratrooper, he served in Cyprus and Egypt (the Suez affair).

Then came service in Malaya with the Special Air Service as a wireless operator, out in the jungles chasing terrorists for three or four 15-week periods before fighting against Oman rebels in Arabia. Is Army life dull?

"Den" O'Connor enjoys all outdoor life, and advises any boy who has the spirit of adventure to join the SAS—"it's a great opening for individualism; away from the humdrum of ordinary camp life."



by Sgt. Martin

J/SIG. DAVIS

J/Sig. Davis, centre-half and captain of the Junior Leaders Hockey XI., had never played hockey before joining the Army. He attributes all credit for his present ability to Capt. Hartnett's coaching. For a boy of his age, his stick-work and general approach to the game are outstanding, and apart from the Boy's XI. he has turned out on about half a dozen occasions with the Staff Hockey XI. and performed creditably on each occasion.

He plays football up to Troop standard, but confessed that, having learned hockey, he found all other games dull. "It's the speed and action which you get on the hockey field which appeal to me." Asked about his ambitions for the future, he replied: "I intend to play all the hockey that I can, and hope eventually to play for the Corps." After that? Who knows?



by Sgt. Martin

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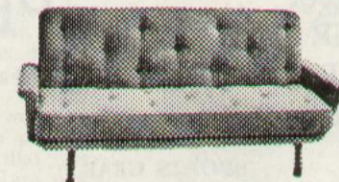
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RUGBY PROSPECTS FOR 1961

By Major P. D. PARKER

The Rugby season is halfway through, and a young, inexperienced regimental side has acquitted itself with some credit, winning six games and losing four. It started off with only three of last year's Army Cup-winning side—Tracey, Thompson, and Hills—and it faces 1961 with only one—fly-half Hills. Tracey and Thompson will be sadly missed, Tracey in particular in his capacity as captain and leader of the pack. But the old must go and the young must take their place. They are waiting in the wings, eager to play their part. So let the curtain go up on 1961!

And what of the forwards? We are lucky to possess a good hooker in Thomas. He is young and not yet of full strength, but he has skill and has been well coached at school. He will be ably supported by prop forwards Yates and Wraith. Yates is a strong, robust player of some experience who should add zest and weight to the pack. The second row positions are not yet settled: one candidate is the large and muscular Beere, of shot putt and weight-lifting fame. He has yet to acquire greater knowledge of the game and the ability to propel his bulk at greater speed around the field—but he can do it!

The stalwart of the back row will be Round, who has quite a good knowledge of the game and plays with courage and enthusiasm. The other two places are open, but there are promising candidates in Buglass and Parkinson.

The success of the threequarter line will be based on Hills at fly-half, the one really experienced player in the side. He has all the makings of a very good footballer. His other half at the base of the scrum is Fiern, who has played in this position all the season. He is coming on gradually as he gains experience, but his pass out is as yet too slow, and he has yet to learn with certainty the difficult lesson of when to pass back, and when to go it alone.

Jacobs in the centre has made very good progress. He has a deceptive swerving stride, and frequently succeeds with the outside break. The other centre, Lyons, a converted forward, is an example to the whole team for first-time rugged tackling, but he has yet to learn to take and to pass the ball at speed. Wooler, on the wing, is small and elusive, and can wriggle his way through where greater men might fear to tread. But he is apt to get a bit lost at times. The other wing threequarter position is open, but there are candidates. The full-back position is similarly placed, with Keenan a promising candidate.

There is potential and promise in the team and, six weeks before the first round of the Army Cup, the question is whether in this time fifteen young men can be welded into an efficient striking force. Rugby is essentially a team game, and no one individual can make a team. The current Springboks are a wonderful example of fifteen men playing together, with two, three,

THREE CUPS TO TRY FOR

The next term will see the Regimental basketball teams attempting to bring three cups into the unit. The Junior Leaders are entered for the Boys' Army Basketball Cup; last year we won the South-West District Cup, but were unsuccessful in the finals of the Army Basketball Tournament. The Staff team is entered for both Major Units (no chance, but useful experience) and Minor Units Basketball Cups.

Junior Leaders basketball at Denbury over the past few months has been dominated by the individual brilliance of J/Sgt. Rooney, now departed to Man Service. However, Sgt. Jamieson has been working hard to develop a team of young players for next term who will play as a team rather than relying on any individual performance by a special player. In most cases a well-working team, all competent, and understanding each other's play, can be far more effective than a team of individuals, however good they may be.

The Staff have been in a different position to the Boys, in that they have suffered under an embarrassment of so many wanting to play basketball. With only five members on the court at any one time, it has been difficult to develop any real team work, with Capt. Burke, 2/Lt. Plummer, WO II. Wheatley, Staff-Sgt. Nichols, Johnson, Hammond, Wilson, Sgts. Creek, Wickham, Meekings, Angell, Jamieson, L/Cpls. Bowman, Cook, and Sig. Muncey all waiting to play.

However, next term it is hoped to give Staff basketball a "new look." There will be a profusion of friendly matches apart from cup games and Staff-Sgt. Nichols has kindly consented to withdraw as a playing member in order to concentrate on coaching and selecting teams for all games. Thus it is hoped to encourage all interested to play plenty of basketball as well as building up a team capable of doing well in the Army competitions.

or four players always in close support of the one in possession. This is to what our team must set their sights. If they will produce the enthusiasm and determination, undoubtedly they can do it. There is another example closer to hand: namely, last term's Soccer team. It was a joy to see their determination and their will to succeed, and their closely-knit team spirit. If the Rugby team can acquire the same approach then the CUP WILL REMAIN AT DENBURY.

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