

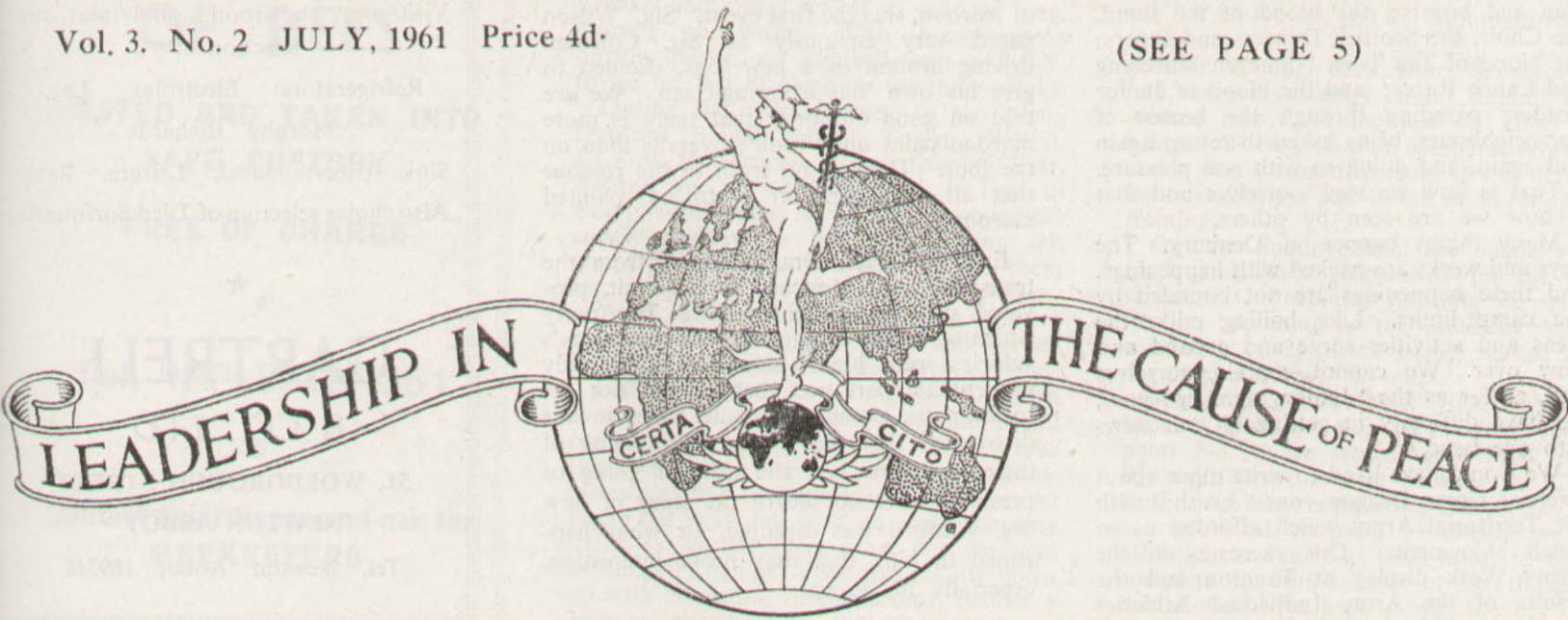
# JUNIOR MERCURY



# SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN NEW SERIES

Vol. 3. No. 2 JULY, 1961 Price 4d.

(SEE PAGE 5)



## BEGONE DULL CARE



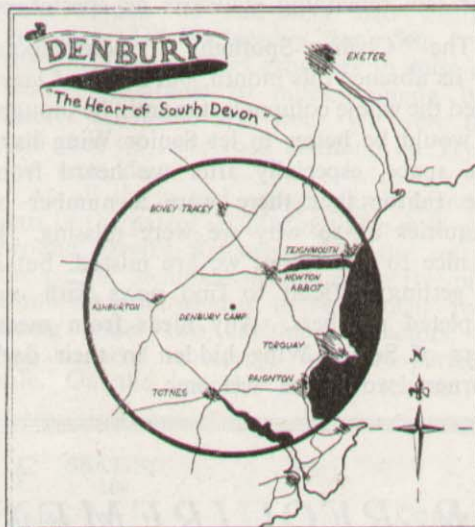
Begone dull care!  
I prithee begone from me  
Begone dull care,  
You and I can never agree.  
Long time has thou been tarrying here  
And fain thou would'st me kill;  
But I'faith full care,  
Thou never shall have thy will.

(March of the Royal Corps of Signals)

Begone dull care! And so it must be with the dawn of July and the long-awaited Operation Enterprise. Three hundred Junior Leaders and Staff will set out from Denbury on July 22nd to participate in the International 100-mile March at Nijmegen. The band and pipers, included in this party, will take part in the flag parade at the Central Stadium during the evening of July 24th, the day before the march begins. The choir, most of whom will be marching, have a concert arranged for July 29th at a children's hospital near Nijmegen, but will undoubtedly sing on many other occasions during their stay in Holland. Thereafter, the choir will proceed to Germany and France to fulfil engagements at Dusseldorf, Paris, and Fontainebleu before returning to Denbury on August 5th by boat and

coach from Calais. The band is scheduled to join the choir at Calais after a tour of Royal Signals Regiments in Germany.

With a successful Continental adventure behind the Regiment, the end-of-term parade and Parents Day on August 9th should be one of the best, if not the best, ever held at Denbury, and it is a happy coincidence that Maj-Gen. A. M. W. Whistler, C.B.E. (Signal-Officer-in-Chief) is to be the Inspecting Officer, and the parade and prize-giving will be witnessed by mayors and chairmen of councils of all the towns surrounding Denbury. For the first time their banners will be assembled together on the same parade along with a Royal Banner, and Denbury, the young heart of South Devon, will be happy on that day.



Prince Charles of Edinburgh (as a special tribute to the young Prince of Wales), and Gregory's Frolic.

So we continue to exercise ourselves in the quest of leadership in the cause of Peace, emphasizing all those things we value most in Peace, and which of themselves contribute most towards preserving it. So long as young leaders of the future, whether boys or girls, will sing a merry song, make music or dance a reel, war itself will recede before them. But should a conflict come, then these very pursuits breed a high morale and inspire men to great feats of bravery. Piper Laidlaw headed the assault and played his pipes until he was wounded at Hill 70 near Loos on September 25th, 1915, and won the Victoria Cross; Drummer Bent won his Victoria Cross for conspicuous gallantry near Le Gheer on November 2nd, 1914; and Bugler Sutton won his Victoria Cross before Delhi on September 13th, 1857.

And have not warriors danced their war dances before doing battle through the ages—even if only to attend a ball at the Dorchester the night before D-Day? And how many of them, one wonders, were singled out for the greatest award—FOR VALOUR!

The end of term marks the end and, we may claim, the successful conclusion of many projects, culminating with the formation of a Scottish dancing section in the Regiment. Thanks to the imaginative and enthusiastic co-operation of Miss Dence, the Headmistress of Stover, and the School's Governors, girls from Stover joined with a selected group of Junior Leaders to dance at the army display in Taunton on June 28th, 29th, and 30th. The Junior Leaders wore kilts in the tartan of the clan Grant (approved for the Regiment by the Countess of Seafield), and the Stover girls were dressed in white pleated skirts and blouses with sashes in the Royal Stewart tartan. The performance of the Scottish dancing team was limited to ten minutes, and could therefore include only the Royal Signals Reel,





## EDITORIAL

The Young Heart of South Devon. A virile organism pulsating with life and spreading and sharing its fresh blood—the blood of the athletes and gymnasts, sportsmen and boxers; the blood of the Band, the Choir, the Scottish Dancers and Pipers; the blood of Ten Tors, Nijmegen Marching and Canoe Races; and the blood of Junior Leaders parading through the homes of our neighbours, being asked to return again and again, and doing so with real pleasure.

That is how we view ourselves and that is how we are seen by others.

Many things happen at Denbury. The days and weeks are packed with happenings, and these happenings are not bounded by the camp limits. Like boiling milk, the ideas and activities surge and expand and flow over. We cannot contain ourselves and, as far as the 'Junior Mercury' goes, we have difficulty in getting all our news into one issue.

We would have liked to write more about Exercise Green Dragon—our "brush" with the Territorial Army which afforded us so much enjoyment. Our successes in the Army Week display at Taunton and the results of the Army Individual Athletics meeting at Aldershot will have to wait until next month's issue to be recorded. We have a great many letters, too, to publish, including some from ex-Denbrians, both junior and senior, to whom we are very grateful. We like nothing better than receiving envelopes postmarked Germany, Aden, Malaya, and other outposts, and addressed to the Editor, 'Junior Mercury.'

Nijmegen, too, must be covered in our next issue, and the experiences of the band and choir, who will have played and sung their way through Europe.

Once more may we record our heartfelt thanks to those stalwarts who have interrupted their own duties to help us plan and prepare our journal, especially Sgt. Martin, who cannot call his time his own, and who has mastered the art of being in two or more places at once, working for several bosses at the same time and still producing photographs by "yesterday."

And, finally, we welcome a new cartoonist—J/Sig. Procter, who joined Bruno Troop only this term.

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## STAFF SCRAPBOOK

This month most of the Wing activity seems to be concentrated on the M.T. Section. The arrival of the new mini-bus, painted very appropriately in the regimental colour of maroon, was the first event. Sig. Wilson gazed very enviously at Sig. Coleman driving around in a new 'bus, decided to give his own 'bus a spring-clean. We are told on good authority that there is more maroon paint on Wilson's overalls than on the 'bus. There is no truth in the rumour that all our transport is to be painted maroon.

Exercise Green Dragon, apart from the transport being stretched to the limit, provided us with a lighter side. The party which set out to acquire three of the enemy's vehicles were highly successful; the only unfortunate part was that we did not get to hear the comments made when it was discovered that they were minus some of their transport. At the time of going to press we have not heard the story of how Sig. Watford was captured, or what happened to him, that may prove interesting, especially his excuse.

Our P.T. section has now increased to two sergeant-instructors. We welcome them to swell the slowly depleting forces in the gym. It is another story whether the Junior Leaders will be quite so enthusiastic.

It may have been noticed that quite a few of our cook staff have been missing just lately. The reason for this has been a commitment to supply cooks for the Royal Tournament and the Taunton display. Cpl. Mitchem was sent to the Royal Tournament, and tells us that it was really worth seeing. It has been said that if he ever goes again he must take his own ration of tea. Perhaps next year we will be able to send our few remaining stalwarts as spectators.

The "Civilian Spotlight" is conspicuous by its absence this month, but as Mr. Cleave used the whole column last month, he thought it would be better to let Senior Wing have the space, especially after we heard from the Editor that there were a number of enquiries as to why we were missing. It is nice to know that we are missed, but it is getting difficult to find news with our depleted numbers. Any ideas from members of Senior Wing hidden in their dark corners would be welcome.

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## "A TOUGH, SATISFYING COURSE"

By J/Sig. PARKINSON (Francisca Troop)

On Monday, May 29th, 1961, four Junior Leaders and myself set off to start the long, journey to Wales. With heavy packs on our backs, we climbed into a T.C.V. to see the last of Denbury for three weeks.

During the train journey to the Army Outward Bound School, Towyn (Wales), J/L/Cpl. McCormack, J/Sigs. Rumley, Farr, Kearns, and myself had plenty of time to worry if the stories we had heard about the course were true. After completing the course I can truthfully say that some of them are, and some are exaggerated a little.

When we arrived at Morfa Camp we were split up into different patrols, and herded into tiny, crowded desolate barrack-rooms.

I was assigned to Irvine Patrol, which eventually ended up second in the patrol competition lasting all the three weeks that we were there. Under a sergeant-instructor and a boy patrol captain, we began the next day with an early morning swim, as we did every other day we were in camp. The first week was mainly taken up with education in classrooms, besides a 36-hour exercise. In the classrooms we worked from 0900 hours to 1900 hours every day (except Sunday). We had lessons on ruck-sack packing, first-aid, knots and belays, and map reading. Using some of the things we had learned we went out canoeing, rock climbing on the nursery slopes, athletics, circuit training every night, and the obstacle course, on which I set a new course record (set by Junior RSM Bourgoise on the previous course) at 1min. 33secs. (Editor's Note.—An outstanding performance).

On the Tuesday I went to Snowdon for four days. Climbing Snowdon via Crib Gock Ridge, which is about three feet wide and about 3,000 feet up, occupied most of my time on the first day. Camping out near Tryfan we had very bad weather, as usual. On Wednesday, June 5th, I had the patrol over the Carneddus in mist and storm for about 20 miles, coming back utterly exhausted and wet. We were then told that we were rock climbing on Tryfan the next day.

As all the patrol cannot climb together, part of the patrol set off for a five-mile walk around Devil's Kitchen, while the rest of the patrol, including myself, did a five-pitch climb up what seemed to be vertical rock. Being under two capable instructors, we had no need to worry; we were perfectly safe. On the last day of the scheme we

marched with full packs to the R.V. point, the P.Y.C. Hostel, and the Mountain Rescue Post.

After coming back from Snowdon we had the cross-country circuit training tests, written tests, and the test on knots and belays. These tests were comparatively easy, and it was not hard to score 14 out of 14 in knots and belays and 40 out of 40 for circuit training.

On the Sunday night we made route cards and made preparation for the final scheme. On Monday morning we set off for the beginning of the three-day march, consisting of 23 check points spread over a range of about 50 miles.

Beginning our walk at 1000 hours on Monday from the Cross Foxes Inn (check point No. 1) we set off at a brisk pace. By nightfall we arrived back at the Cross Foxes Inn after completing half of the full course. Next morning (Tuesday) we set off bright and early at 0800 hours to try to complete the full course in two-thirds of the allotted time and to win the bet of a nice cool, refreshing drink.

Compared to the first day's weather of mist, hail, and showers, we had relatively good weather. After 15 hours marching we arrived at the finish, tired and worn out, at 2315 hours Tuesday. We won the bet, and my patrol of three was the first boy's patrol to finish. All the marching on the final scheme had to be done carrying ruck-sacks containing food, spare clothing, sleeping bag, tent (optional), and other necessities.

On the last day, Thursday, we threw the instructor into the sea and had a "muck-about." Then, after breakfast, we had debriefing and talks on our grading. I found I had a B grading, with a good report.

After dinner, six chosen boys, including myself, gave a canoeing demonstration for a Major-General. I came back soaking wet to find we had to do the obstacle course.

That was the end of the course, which I felt had benefited me a great deal. It gave me a feeling of achievement, showed me that I had more in me than I thought, and I came back relatively fit.

Editor's Note.—Half a dozen Junior Leaders at a time regularly leave the regiment to attend these Outward Bound courses. J/Sig. Parkinson's course was No. 60. He was graded B (Above Average). J/RSM Bourgoise was on course No. 59. He accomplished the rare feat of obtaining an A grading—the first in the regiment and the third ever.

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# "X"-PLOSIONS

By some unexplained mystery, which can only be attributed to the will of the gods, X's trembling digits found themselves upon the trigger-guard of a loaded weapon—to be exact, an LA or, for the lesser military minded, a Sterling sub-machine gun.

His fingers curled lovingly around the magazine and trigger guard. "X" became Alan Ladd, Richard Todd, and Audie Murphy all rolled into one.

A glazed look had become apparent in his eyes, and his mouth tightened.

Sgt. Price thought about his 14 years in the Army; thought about anything, in fact, but the grisly execution he was about to order.

He clenched his fists until the knuckles shone snowy-white, tried desperately to remember the clause in Standing Orders that dealt with a situation like this, and then, finding none, in a reasonably clear voice considering the circumstances, ordered "X" to fire.

"Now remember, 'X' short, sharp b—" Sgt. Price's instructions were cut short by the sound of 9mm. bullets cutting through the atmosphere.

As one man the training class threw themselves to the ground and pondered upon the pros and cons of their immediate future.

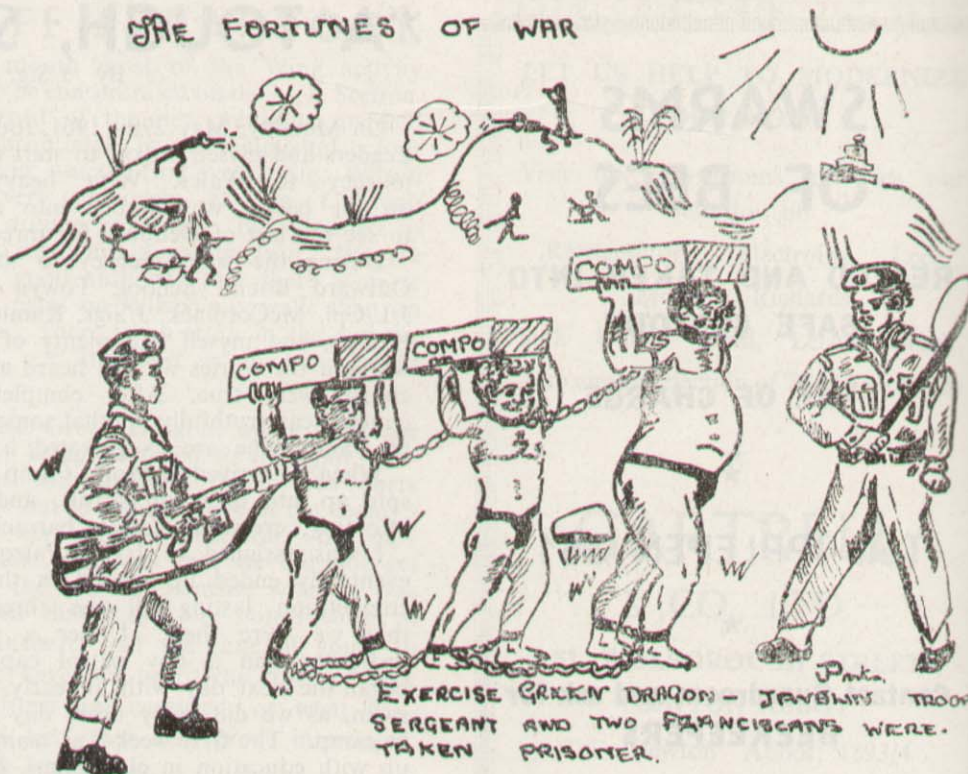
In the guard room, a harassed-looking member of the M.T. rushed in, muttered something about the IRA, and promptly disappeared again.

Disgruntled RPs, disturbed at their tea, tripped over each other in their anxiety either to investigate or flee the scene.

The C.O., heavily engaged planning the thrilling and latest Litterbug sweep, charged out of his office muttering dire threats of "Inward bound" and "Drummed out of the Regiment," and the barbaric fate he would mete out to any Sinn Feiners who were unfortunate enough to fall into his hands.

In fact, the only living beings (besides "X") to remain completely undismayed

## THE FORTUNES OF WAR



were Junior Wing, who had given themselves up for lost anyway.

Meanwhile, back at the range, oblivious to the pantomime being enacted around him, "X" stared at the smoking weapon, and stared again at the obviously undamaged target. "Shall I put another mag. in, sarge?" asked "X," his guileless blue eyes searching the surrounding terrain for his NCO and classmates.

Weakly a voice emerged from behind the targets (the safest place when all was considered), gaining in strength when it realized

that it had attained no celestial properties.

"No, 'X' Just put the thing down and fall out!"

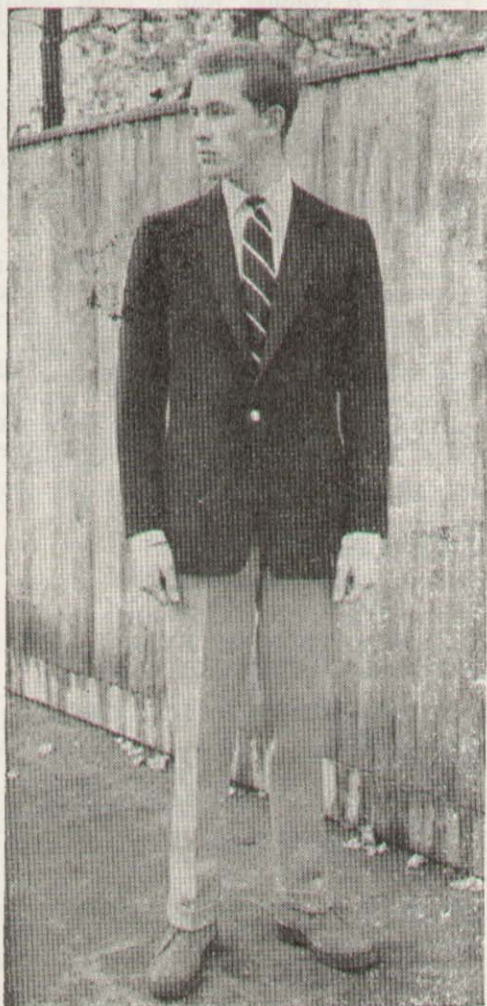
"X" did as he was commanded, puzzled, but then suddenly happy in the realization that he must have done well.

"Must be a bit of the Al Capone in me when I get a Sterling in my hands," reflected "X." "Better not mention it to the rest of the blokes, though; might get jealous."

"X" and his classmates marched away from the range. Denbury emitted a massive sigh and commenced breathing once more.

## Off-duty smartness

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



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## SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN

1.—With The Royal Signals in the Oman  
(By WO II. PALMER, SSM, Junior Wing)

Probably the hardest task undertaken by Royal Signals personnel in the years since the war was that carried out by operators serving in the Persian Gulf area who were attached to the private army of the Sultan of Muscat. These men were members of the Signal Troop attached to Land Forces, Persian Gulf, a formation smaller than an Infantry Brigade, made up of the Trucial Oman Scouts, three companies of British infantry and one or two minor Arab formations.

In late July, 1957, a large band of Arab rebels led by the exiled religious leader of the Oman, attacked elements of the Sultan's army at Firq, a village in the central Oman a mile from the large town of Nizwa. The Sultan requested aid from Great Britain and, in early August, 1957, a force of mixed British and Arab troops moved 100 miles across the desert to attack Firq. It was the hottest part of the year and temperatures reached 140 in the shade.

After 16 hours of travel the force reached the outskirts of Firq and settled for a night's rest. Ferret armoured cars of the column immediately set out to "brew up" camel trains and Land Rovers that left the village. Two Land Rovers were destroyed during the night, and next day a full-scale attack on foot was put in on the village. The rebels fell back to the town of Nizwa, where they moved into a round fort built by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century.

When patrols attempted to move into the town they found large white flags flying from the building. It was quickly discovered that this did not mean that the rebels wished to surrender, but that they used a white flag as their own. After bombing and rocket attacks the fort was taken, but the enemy left during the night to escape up the 600 ft.-high hills known as the Jebel Akhdar.

The British force restored order in the area, but all attempts to climb the Jebel were frustrated by the rebels, who were joined by the tribesmen of Sheik Suliman, the leader of all the tribes in the Jebel Akhdar area. The British force then withdrew, with the exception of eight Ferret armoured cars and the Royal Signals element, who were left to assist the Sultan's army.

Life from then on became very hard and very interesting. The Royal Signals personnel left behind were made up of a detachment at Nizwa of approximately 15 men,

(Continued on Page 10)

## HISTORY OF THE SIGNALS

### 12.—The Future

After the ending of the war in the European theatre came increasing effort out East. The first problem to be faced was that of the liberation of Burma. "In the early stages of the pursuit the fighting assumed the character of mopping-up operations against stiff resistance. The appalling weather restricted the use of transport, and there was a degree of improvisation in signal communications. A practice adopted at this time by Corps was to build four D8 twisted cable pairs along their arteries on bamboo poles, giving four speech circuits up to about 12 miles."

Following the Burma campaign, plans were being laid for similar operations in Malaya, but on August 14th, 1945, Japan surrendered unconditionally, though the formal surrender of the Japanese Army in Burma did not take place until October 24th.

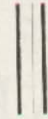
"The conditions in Burma bore little resemblance to those in the other theatres of war, and the signal technique which evolved therein had several individual features . . . the predominance of undeveloped jungle terrain, the dearth of roads, and the high degree of humidity . . . aggravated by critical shortage of supplies of all kinds and also of personnel of the higher technical trades, resulting from the low priority accorded to Burma until late in the war." By adaptation and flexibility the Signals triumphed over all these obstacles, and the great partnership of British and Indian ranks prevailed. Then the "cold war."

Occupational forces had to be found for Germany, Austria, and Trieste, besides garrisons in the Middle East and Far East, which were much larger than in pre-war days. To these were soon to be added the contingent for Korea and security forces for Malaya, Kenya, the Suez Canal, and Cyprus. "The formation of regional pacts within the framework of the United Nations—most important being the North Atlantic Treaty Organization—affected soldiers and armies of all nations."

"Thus the eras in which signal despatch and the telegraph were supreme have passed, and so also has visual signalling made way for landlines and landlines for wireless. There remains one modern invention which has so far not been applied to army tele-communications, namely television. Uses were proposed as far back as 1938, but were not then practicable. It remains to future generations to discover its application."

(All quotations from "The Royal Corps of Signals," by Maj.-Gen. R. F. H. Nalder, CB, OBE).

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### CYPRUS IS PLEASANT

This letter from Sig. McGookin (ex Iron Troop) has been kindly passed on to us by J/S/Sgt. Donaldson.

DEAR KEVIN.—I guess it is about time one of us dropped the other a line, and since you don't know my address, it must be me.

Since leaving Denbury I have spent eight months at Loughborough on my course, but I didn't like it there. Incidentally, I was made up to the honourable position of Local/L/Cpl. Then I spent a week at Catterick (a week too long), and was subsequently flown out to Cyprus for a three-year tour.

This is a good place, but lacks presentable females, but has the blue Mediterranean to bathe in every day as compensation. Sun all the year round and cheap cigarettes. The bars are open all day, and most of the night, and are in bounds.

Rumour has it that you are now a S/Sgt. Congratulations, though Heaven knows how you managed it. How is Johnny Gallon? Still as good as ever. Are Ted Fendley and Fred Howley still there?

Write and let me know how things are going at Denbury.—Yours, etc.,

MAC (Sig. McGookin).

9th Signal Regiment, BFPO 53.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Gallon and Howley are still doing training at Catterick; J/Cpl. Fendley is still with us.

### A "RAT" REMEMBERS

By J/Sig. MAPLETHORPE (Jerboa Troop)

A young man strolled down North Street,  
A voice said, "Come inside.  
For if you join OUR Service  
You'll be your family's pride.

And so a few days later,  
He came to Denbury  
With Sergeants Peake and Waters,  
And the Junior Wing OC.

He was posted next to L Troop,  
Best Troop in the regiment, of course,  
For who can compare with Jerboa!  
Not all the Troops in the force.

Sgt. Avon had a farmyard,  
Running as farmyards should,  
But since I started helping  
The livestock's not so good.

Dear old Sgt. Lockyer,  
His manner might be rough,  
But we like the food he gives us,  
And we always get enough.

# READER'S

Sergt.-Maj. Wombwell,  
I must get him if I can,  
But I daren't forget a movement,  
Or I'll be a Dozey Man!

Staff Yates and all his Band boys,  
Will make you stop and stare,  
But although he keeps them at it,  
They really do not care.

Major Wood our Padre,  
Is a very considerate man,  
He will do anything for you  
Any time he can.

And of course there's Col. Gregory,  
And all his merry men,  
But I think that they've been soldiers  
Since they were only ten.

And now I'm finally going,  
But not complete you see,  
For although my body's moving,  
My heart's in Denbury.

"OH, TO BE BACK!"

DEAR SIR.—Thank you very much for your letter which I was very pleased to receive. I enclose a 6/- postal order for twelve copies. I used to be in Francisca Troop, and left the Regiment in Easter, 1960, getting posted to 25th Signal Regiment to learn to be an Electrician-Driver. On amalgamation, I moved to 24th Signal Regiment and was the O.C.'s driver. Then came a posting out here to Aden. What a place! 110 degrees in the shade. There is another ex-Boy here, "Sid" Harvey, who was an ex J/Cpl. who acted as J/Troop Sergeant of Francisca Troop.

I joined Boy Service in November, 1957, and was first in 'A' Troop. I enjoyed my time at Denbury—in the Canoe Club, then in the band (much to Staff Yates' displeasure); then I joined the Cookery Club until a suspicious Capt. Rogers discovered that it didn't exist and was never likely to.

I made many friends down in Denbury, two of whom I still stay with on leave—"Mick" and "Andy" Keenan (the latter is still with you). For the last three days I have been with Capt. Hunt (ex Lt. Hunt, O.C. of 'M' Troop).

As I sit here at work I wish I was back with you (not that you would want me). There is no other place on earth that comes up to the standard of Denbury in sport, pleasure, and all-round co-operation between staff and men. Oh, to be back there!—

Yours, etc., G. ADAMS.

255 Signal Squadron, BFPO 63.

## CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

### THE PICTURE

It was just after the war, and I had been in the Middle East for some months. I had seen little else but endless wastes of sand for all that time and I was getting used to it. I'd almost forgotten what green, rolling countryside looked like. One day out in the desert I came across an old copy of a magazine, now unfortunately out of print, called 'Picture Post.' It was probably dropped by some soldier and blown over the desert by the wind, and now it was faded by the sun.

Out of curiosity I picked it up, and turned over the pages idly until I came to a picture in full colour, which was undamaged by the

sun. It was one of a series the magazine ran at the time, called "In England Now," and was probably meant for homesick soldiers like myself.

It was a picture of a typical English village, peaceful and serene, set among orchards and meadows, and backed by quiet, wooded hills. The village itself was a collection of neat houses, thatched and modern, blended together, in pleasant harmony. There was the pub, the shops, the school and, in the centre, standing guard like a mother hen with her chickens, stood the village church.

I stood there in the middle of that hot and dusty wilderness, captured by that picture; by the simple, familiar beauty of

that scene of summer glory. I was very homesick, hungry for that kind of beauty. But as I looked I began to see something more than mere visible beauty that changed with the seasons. There was a suggestion there of something powerful and permanent. The village itself was the creation and the home of its people. It had been for hundreds of years and, very like, would continue to be so for generations to come.

Then I realized that the symbol of this endearing quality was the church. It had stood there for perhaps 700 years or more. It had seen new buildings built, grow old, and fall down, to be replaced by newer ones. It had seen generations born and live out

(Continued on Page 10)



# CORNER

## TRIBUTE TO SGT. TEARSE AND LT. WHITEHEAD

**Troop Sergeant and Troop Officer Commanding White Spear Troop**

White Spear Troop has been champion Troop for three successive terms now, never having come lower than second place since it was formed two years ago. The cry goes up throughout the Regiment, "White Spear again..."

But what is White Spear Troop? What makes it tick? Who is responsible for their remarkable success?

The answer is easily found. Their team spirit and enthusiasm was instilled by two people—Sgt. Tearse and Lt. Whitehead. Without them there would never have been a White Spear Troop. I would like, on behalf of the Troop, to pay this tribute to them before we finally leave to our respective duties.

Lt. Whitehead, a young officer, full of active, energetic enthusiasm, has mothered and doctored his Troop, placing it above all else in life. He always listened to any troubles, no matter how minor, and made each boy's personal welfare his responsibility. He never pushed a boy into anything, but encouraged him. He wasn't a strict disciplinarian, yet he had something in him which made boys discipline themselves. During the last two years he has sacrificed his own time and enjoyment to make sure each boy in the Troop was happy. A great believer in self-leadership, he gave everyone the chance to prove his capabilities, from the underdogs to the better lads. He never once lost his patience or temper, but accepted each situation no matter how serious, with coolness and precise efficiency. A truly loyal and sincere officer who was for ever sacrificial so that the Troop could benefit. Each boy in the Troop understands and respects him, and wish him best wishes in his future commands.

Sgt. Tearse, a name admired and respected throughout the entire Regiment. Words cannot easily illustrate the feeling the Troop has for Sgt. Tearse. A man who can put such feeling into a Troop so that the Troop feels they must succeed because Sgt. Tearse wishes it. He never said a thing would be done—he advised us as a father to his children. This instilled a feeling of pride throughout the Troop. We used to hate drill, yet Sgt. Tearse taught it so unlike a

Drill Sergeant that we enjoyed it. On and off the square always quiet, unperturbed, and his wonderful rare virtue of patience with boys gained him unequalled admiration from the Troop. A terrific sense of humour; a sense of discipline, quiet yet firm. He always took a keen interest in each boy's activities and always got what he wanted for the Troop. The Troop knows he is proud of them, but the Troop is also proud of a wonderful Troop Sergeant.

To Mr. Whitehead and Sgt. Tearse—thanks for everything. You've earned the respect and love of 42 lads who will never forget you.

J/RSM BOURGOISE.

## COMPETITION

### Results and Prizewinners

Our May competition proved a popular one, for which we had 23 entries—a record number. A draw among the correct entries revealed S/Sgt. Vallack (RAEC) and Mr. Sanders (Kingsteignton) as the winners. They will receive the books, "The Guns of Navarone" by Alastair McLean, and "Lady Behave" by Peter Cheyney, as their prizes.

The correct answers were: 1st Junior Leader, 3 x 3d. pieces; 2nd Junior Leader, 1/- plus 6d. plus 3d.; Third Junior Leader, 2/- plus 6d. plus 3d.; Fourth Junior Leader, 2/6d. plus 1/- plus 3d.

### Substitution

You have all seen this type of competition before. It merely requires a little logical thought or a great deal of "chancing your arm." We give you a simple addition sum—only there are letters instead of numbers.

All you are required to do is to find out which figure each letter represents.

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{B L E S S} \\ \text{TH I S} \quad + \quad \text{S} = 6 \\ \text{H O U S E} \quad \quad \quad \text{T} = 3 \end{array}$$

When you have found out the numbers of the remainder of the letters, send your answers to the Editor, 'Junior Mercury,' Denbury Camp, Newton Abbot, Devon, before July 31st, 1961. Prizes will be books or records.

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### BEAU CONNOR

What does the well-dressed soldier wear these days? We all know about the gaily-coloured balaclavas of Denbury; we have heard of the troop flashes worn on the shoulders, a different colour for each troop (full sets being irreverently called "Christmas Trees" and "Zebra Crossings"). Now we have the Regimental cravat.

It all started when the Colonel was in the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess (many things start there). Sgt. O'Connor, who prefers to remain anonymous, admired the Colonel's cravat. The Colonel sent him to the Bursar, and the Bursar pointed out that it would be uneconomic to order one cravat, so Sgt. O'Connor started to collect a list of names, finally ordering 30 cravats. Now the people are surprised to see 30 "Woes and Joes" walking round with cravats on. Many of the wearers are surprised, too, as Sgt. O'Connor forgot to tell them what he was making a list for.

### FITNESS COUNTS

On Tuesday, June 20th, about half the Regiment left Denbury to play the part of the enemy in the 43 (Wessex) Division/District Territorial Army exercise "Green Dragon." Our main task was to let ourselves be harried and driven from one tor to the next, fighting all the way.

Everyone was carrying his own equipment, plus rations, radios and batteries, and some had as much as a 60lb. load to cope with, but in spite of this we, the Freedom Fighters, showed the Terriers a very clean pair of heels on two occasions and fought some very lively battles as well. Katanga Force, under Capt. Joyner, harassed the enemy continually and travelled miles across country in doing so.

Several prisoners were taken on both sides, notably Sgt. Batten and his small band of two, and Sgt. Simmons, who eventually escaped and made his way six hours across the moor to rejoin his comrades-in-arms.

The exercise ended for us when we were ordered to make a last stand on Fur Tor and die where we stood. This we did, and our bodies returned to Denbury on Thursday looking surprisingly tanned and fit.

### CLOSE TIES

It was a pleasant surprise for the Editor when L/Cpl. "Jim" Taylor walked into the 'Junior Mercury' office the other day. L/Cpl. Taylor (ex Francisca Troop) left the Regiment with the Christmas, 1959, output, and is now with 28 Signal Regiment (which has adopted Francisca Troop) in Germany.

In an interview he said: "I think the system works extremely well, except for Wireless Operators and Radio Relay Operators, for whom the Regiment has few vacancies." There are now about 30 ex-Junior Leaders from Francisca Troop with the Regiment, and they have made their mark in many ways; for instance, there are no less than six playing with the Regimental Rugby XV (Armstrong, Coope, Mackie, Lindsay, Pickens and Taylor himself). The latter three also represent the Regiment on the athletics field.

L/Cpl. Taylor said: "28 Signal Regiment are very interested in Francisca Troop, and want more Junior Leaders to come straight through."

Another old friend with 28 Signal Regiment is S/Sgt. "Tich" Osborne, who was on the staff here for a tour. Needless to say, he hasn't changed, and continues to train the Regimental Football XI, as enthusiastically as ever.

### NEW INTAKE

Junior Wing have already received well over 100 recruits this term, but still Capt. Beadon, the O.C., didn't appear to be satisfied. For, on June 6th, at Bovey Tracey Hospital, Mrs. Beadon proudly presented him with twins—a son (Richard) and a daughter (Sarah), who weighed-in at 5lbs. 15ozs. and 4lbs. 13ozs. respectively.

Lt. Tysoe, like a good "Secundo," rapidly followed suit on June 12th, when Mrs. Tysoe was delivered of a son (Andrew Richard), 6lbs. 12ozs. at Torbay Hospital. Well done, Junior Wing!

Belated congratulations, too, to Capt. Plant, O.C. Javelin Troop, whose wife bore a daughter (Stephanie Ann), 9lbs. 12ozs. at Broomborough Hospital, Totnes, on April 20th.

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# CAMP

## TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP ALONG THE HIGHWAY

Denbury, before she moves to Nijmegen in July, is preparing for her visit by twining herself through the veins and arteries of the Devon lanes and dropping in by squadrons on Dawlish, Teignmouth, Bovey, Totnes, Torquay, Paignton, and anywhere, in fact, within a 25-mile radius of the camp.

Travellers around Denbury often turn a corner and find in front of them a group of marchers, with their distinguishing balaclavas, taking the hills and valleys in their stride and winding in and out between the fields and woods, the sunshine and shade. Routes are planned and recce'd carefully beforehand, and journey's end is usually at the seaside, but things can go wrong.

On one march to Hay Tor and back, the map-reading for Alexander Squadron was entrusted to J/Sig. Keenan, of Francisca Troop, who, ably assisted by J/Sig. Spree, got the Squadron so confused that the Tor was finally approached from no less than three directions at once (including some cross-country work by Javelin Troop), and the Squadron was scattered all over South Devon. Keenan and Spree now march in the middle.

... Heard halfway up a long, steep hill: "Do you come here often?" "Only in the Nijmegen season."

### JUNIOR MERCURY; PART 0003 ORDER Confidential/Restricted/Personal

0002/1/PR/IV.

S/Sgt/Provost Marshal/Drum Major/Senior Denbrian/Fire Chief A. Yates, B.E.M., is hereby officially adopted by Francisca Troop. This entails:

- 1.—Wearing of a yellow flash and balaclava.
- 2.—Attendance at all social and sporting functions.
- 3.—Constant favouritism for all members of the Troop.
- 4.—Strict obedience to all orders issued by Sgt. Angell or J/Sgt. Brister.

## NIJMEGEN FUND RAFFLE WINNERS

Prize	Winner	Sold by
£100	J/Sig. Maloney Junior Wing J.L.R.	Sgt. Davies
Record Player	Mrs. E. Baxter 86, Tolson Cres. Huddersfield	Kohima Troop
Radio Transistor	Mrs. Fothergill 102, S. Margarets Rd. Newcastle-on-Tyne	Kukri Troop
Radio Transistor	Miss M. Sturbridge 10, Hill Pk. Estate Brixham Devon	Officers Mess
Electric Toaster	B. Priddle 76, Nuthatch Drive Bristol	Kohima Troop
Hair Dryer	N. Widdowfield 13, Devon St. Helton-le-Hole	S/Sgt. Wilson
Electric Iron	Lt. Wagstaff, RAEC J.L.R.	Bruno Troop
Electric Razor	Miss M. Baker 12, Mount Pleasant Chudleigh	Jerboa Troop
Electric Razor	Sgt. Simmonds J.L.R.	Sergeants Mess

## HAPPY DREAMS

Very Junior Signalman Maloney, who is still in Junior Wing, was rudely awakened from deep slumber on Friday, 30th June, just around midnight, and told to get out of bed by his Group Sergeant.

Whispers of "It's him" and "He's won it" ran round the (supposedly) sleeping room—and the whispers were correct.

J/Sig. Moloney's name had been drawn out of the hat on the winning ticket at the grand raffle in aid of the Nijmegen Fund run by the Regiment.

And the prize: One hundred pounds.

Moloney was handed the cheque, and for probably the first time in his life all he could say was . . . nothing!

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## BEGONE DULL CARE



## SEE HOW THEY RUN

This time it was a frustrated spinster, without any carving knife, chasing vicars—not blind mice. Philip King's comedy, "See How They Run," proved a worthy successor to "One Wild Oat" and "The White Sheep of the Family," the two previous productions by the Denbury Players. It proved to be a riot of laughter from the moment the curtain rose until it finally fell.

S/Sgt. West, as an Army corporal-cum-parson, contrived his double role admirably, especially on the many occasions when he was able to give voice to jokes particularly suitable to Army audiences. The other two main characters, in husband and wife roles, were played by Sgt. Lisle and Mrs. Rothwell, as the Rev. Lionel Toop and his ex-chorus girl wife. Sgt. Lisle, who spent a considerable part of his on-stage time wandering around in his under-garments, is to be congratulated on taking over the part at very short notice. Mrs. Rothwell, acting as a foil between five clerics, was admirable, contriving to retain much of her normal charm behind the rather fluffy character she was portraying.

Mrs. Gurden played the part of the maid-servant delightfully, and S/Sgt. West's stage whistle was echoed by many Junior Leaders in the audience. A real-life husband and wife team provided endless mirth, with Cpt. Joyner playing the part of a Bishop very convincingly, even contriving to look episcopal in a dressing gown; and Mrs. Joyner playing the frustrated spinster to perfection, particularly in the "drunk" scene. Capt. Walker made the transition from Army dentist to shy clergyman seem delightfully simple, and could well be given a larger part in the next performance by the Denbury Players. Sgt. Dickinson had a small part as Sgt. Towers which he played well.

Left until last is Lt. Wagstaff, as the escaped German prisoner. He had little to say, but he stole the heart of the audience with the venom he put into the more violent scenes. In fact, in terms of pure audience laughter rating, he can be said to have stolen the show.

Capt. Rowe produced the play admirably. He will be sorely missed on his departure, and his successor has a high dramatic standard to maintain.

Finally, a few words of praise to the many backstage who ensured that the production went with a swing. Decor was by Capt. Bowyer, stage management by S/Sgt. Massey, assisted by Mesdames Worsley and Fordham, Sig. Holder and Mr. Maddicks. Prompter was Mrs. Martin, and Capt. Fordham was the business manager. They all performed their functions to perfection.



Left to Right.—Capt. Joyner, Mrs. Rothwell, Lt. Wagstaff, Sgt. Dickinson, Capt. Walker, Sgt. Lisle, Staff Sgt. West

## SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN

(Continued from Page 5)

two wireless stations No. 52 trailer mounted, one wireless station No. 19, and three wireless stations No. 62, which were man pack and later converted to donkey pack station.

It was quickly found that the 300-watt charging engines issued had a very short life and could not stand up to the heat. But then 3½KVA water-cooled generators were brought in and the unending cycle of battery charging for wireless stations working non-stop and for the vehicles, continued.

The men lived on compo rations for months on end, with no means of getting additional food other than dates. After about six months on compo rations and biscuits the men were lean and very fit, although every meal other than those in the A-packs was hard to get down. Mutton (Scotch style) in a temperature where sweat could be brushed off as a white powder didn't go down at all. For 18 months these soldiers did an excellent job in spite of being fired on every day and knowing that if they travelled down the track towards the coast they had a 50-50 chance of being blown up by mines that were sown nightly by Arabs who came down from the Jebel with donkeys loaded with American mines. It was a common thing to hear a bang in the night and next day to see vultures hovering over the body of a dead rebel donkey.

Almost all the Muscat army vehicles were damaged by mines, and strangers flying in in light aircraft of the RAF were often picked up by a three-tonner with half the cab blown off. These trucks could blow up a mine under their front wheels and still drive on; an explosion under the rear wheels had little effect at all. Ferret armoured cars were less lucky; generally the wheel flew off at the ball and socket joint on the axle. Land Rovers were always a complete write-off. If the front wheels blew a mine it generally meant the death of the driver, although a lot of lives were saved by loading the vehicle down with sandbags.

The country itself was desert, with the occasional water-hole, with date palms growing around it. Life was that of the Middle Ages in England; nothing had changed since the seventeenth century, when

the Portuguese had left. All the local civilians carried rifles. Most of them were six feet long: flint-locks that had been handed down from father to son over the years. The only civilian means of transport was the camel. There were no horses left, although local history stated that in the sixteenth century there had been over 40,000 horsemen in the Nizwa valley. The money in use in the country was the Marie Theresa dollar, introduced 200 years before. This coin was made of pure silver, and could be melted down to make trinkets for the Arab women. All the coins had dates round about 1750.

The Sultan had a very tight rule over his people, and justice was very swift and harsh.

The Army was made up of Arabs, most of whom had no uniform but were given a rifle and bandolier, and that was it. In the early days there was very little training; the soldiers lived on dates and salted fish. The officers were soldiers of fortune, employed by the Sultan. They were mainly ex-British Army officers, although one or two were of other nationalities.

## CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

(Continued from Page 6)

their lives and pass on, and new generations rise up to take their place.

Only the church remained the centre of the village; the focal point of its life. Its ministers had baptized, taught, married, and buried succeeding generations; prepared them for life and for death; always praying for, and ministering to, the needs of the people; the centre of their hopes, the guardian and justification of their faith. So the church had marked the march of man's progress towards civilization; so led him onward and upward towards the greater glory of God.

So I mused, and at that moment realized that that picture would have had little beauty or meaning without the solid reassuring presence of the Norman church at its centre. I also realized just there, in the middle of the Sinai Desert, that where men make the Christian Church and all it stands for the centre of their lives, that picture has beauty and permanence.



# BASKETBALL

## BUILDING UP A TEAM

Normally summer-time is regarded as a "close" season for basketball, but if the Regiment is to stand any chance of doing well in the 1962 Army championships, it is essential to start team-building now. With this in view, an early return was played against the Teignmouth Venturers Youth Club. Last term we had beaten them by only one point—incidentally, we met them again on their way round Ten Tors.

This time the team played well enough to ensure victory. J/Cpl. Locke, J/Sig. Harber and McLaren proved the most successful in attack. J/Sigs. Nash and Lyth played well

in defence and handled the ball coolly, being particularly accurate with their passing. Others to appear on the court included J/Sigs. Heard and Spree, who looked very promising, and should do well in future games.

Sgt. Roy Hendley (APTC) has recently arrived in the Unit, and it is hoped he will be helping to train the basketball team. He has been playing basketball since 1953, and has played for Combined Services (Aden) against American naval teams. This will help to take the strain off Sgt. Jamieson who has done so much with the Junior Leaders team in the past.

## L/CPL. HINDLEY

Devon and the British Army are both recognized as strongholds of Rugby Union, but National Service men have broadened this outlook by introducing the "other" code into Army life. L/Cpl. Hindley, a Denbury National Service man—"only 87 days left"—is a Rugby League professional for Watersheddings R.L. Club. A stand-off half, he was "spotted" playing Rugby Union in Oldham at the age of 17.

In the summer time he puts the shot, and has thrown a 12-pounder 40 feet. "Actually I am a member of a very sporting family. One cousin is Ken Jackson, the English and Oldham Rugby League international, and another is S/Sgt. Guest (RAMC), the English Olympic shot-putter.

L/Cpl. Hindley also enjoys swimming—"but more as a social exercise than a matter of life and death." His other love—tinkering about with cars.



by Sgt. Martin

## SGT. HALL

In the Regimental Museum is a photograph of a boxing team (1954), featuring the Army champion—Boy/Sgt. Hall, now of course, "our" Sgt. Hall.

Born in the Channel Islands, football was "Mick" Hall's first love, and since joining the Army has collected five cup winners medals ("I have yet to have a good game for this Regiment.").

He started to box at the age of eight, totalling 22 fights in the Army, winning 21 of them (19 on knockouts). However, marriage put paid to his boxing aspirations ("My wife won on a K.O. in the first round.").

Other sporting loves include long-distance swimming, table tennis, badminton, shooting, hockey (six cup winners medals), athletics (the mile in 4mins. 16secs.). Ambition? To compete in the Modern Pentathlon. Motto: "There is no sport I can't do; just those I haven't yet tried."



by Sgt. Martin

## HARD-FOUGHT DRAW

On Wednesday, June 7th, the Royal Signals Regiment Cricket XI. visited King Edward VI. Grammar School, Totnes.

On a dead wicket, Signals won the toss, and Stanger and Hunt went out to open the innings. The score rose steadily, with both batsmen playing some lovely strokes, but then Hunt was out for 17. J/L/Cpl. Palmer replaced him and saw the 50 go up before being out for 15. Stanger was next out for a good 21, and this left J/RSM Bourgoise and J/Sig. Hill still at the wicket. Hill was soon out, but the former made 39 before being bowled trying to hit a six. Dixon and White each made 12, White being not out when Signals declared at 128 for 8.

Totnes started slowly but soon the runs began to come, and it looked as if the game was in the balance. In the end Totnes scored 103 for five wickets (Dixon 2-22).

## ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES WANTED.

On Saturday, June 17th, the Signals entertained Newton Abbot Grammar School.

Signals batted first, and J/Sigs. Hunt and Stanger put on 48 for the first wicket before Hunt was out for 10. J/L/Cpl. Palmer followed, but only six runs were added before Stanger was caught. Palmer was back in the pavilion soon afterwards for five, and the score was at 54 for three. Hill and Dixon were the only other batsmen to score. At 132, Signals were all out.

After an excellent tea supplied by the catering staff, Newton Abbot opened their innings and made 38 for their first wicket. The score improved slowly but Dixon, bowling with speed and accuracy, took 5-14 and at the close the Grammar School were 104 for nine.

## HEAVY DEFEAT

Wednesday, June 21st, saw the J/Leaders Regiment, RAC, visit Denbury to play the Signals 1st Cricket XI.

RAC won the toss and decided to bat against the bowling of Chisholm and Wicks. After ten overs Dixon was brought on to bowl and successfully removed five batsmen for 36 runs. They declared at tea with the score at 173 for nine wickets, and Signals were in the worst position.

As usual, Stanger and Hunt opened the batting for Signals, and were doing well until Stanger was out for nine, the first wicket supplying 29 runs. Palmer then went in, but with the score at 40 Hunt was out for a good knock of 25. Palmer was then out for 13 with the score at 49 for three. Smith (13), Hill (4), and Barnard (8) all helped to take the score to 74 before Signals were all out, losing the match by 98 runs.

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J/Sig. Gourley in Action

by Sgt. Martin

## ATHLETICS

### ALDERSHOT PROSPECTS

This season's athletics season is now in full cry. The preliminaries are over, and already we have participated in two events. Although we were last in both the P.R. Junior Leaders inter-unit athletics championships and in the local triangular meeting, it is noticeable that the general all-round standard is much higher. At Taunton, both our 440 yard and 880 yard teams set up new regimental team records despite the fact that the latter were third in their event. The hurdle team's disqualification was also very unfortunate as we had won that event.

At Denbury, during our local meeting, no less than 14 new meeting records (and the javelin events) were established out of only 22 events, and although the schools produced faster track times, J/L/Cpl. Sharman and J/Sigs. Booker and Kemp distinguishing themselves in the shot, the hop, step and jump, and the discus respectively.

Next we look forward to the Army Boys Individual Athletics Championships on June 30th and July 1st, at Aldershot. We are sending a team of 13 individuals, although J/L/Cpl. Stallard, the team captain, confessed that the six entrants in the junior events had little chance as they would be competing against much older boys. His main tips for success were Stephens in the 880 yards, Kemp in the discus, Sharman in the shot, and Moore in the hurdles. The remainder of the team consists of Booker

(hop, step and jump, last year's gold medallist but now a junior), Lees (440 yards, junior), Read (440 yards, youth), Wheatley (javelin, junior), Gourley (100 and 220 yards, youth), Mason (high jump, junior), Hyde (pole vault, youth). Moore is also entered for the high jump (youth).

We wish all the competitors the best of luck.

### JUNIOR LEADERS INTER-UNIT ATHLETICS CHAMPIONSHIP

NORTON MANOR CAMP, TAUNTON, JUNE 14

Points totals: 1, Junior Leaders Regiment RAC, 41 points; 2, Junior Leaders Battalion RASC, 33; 3, Junior Leaders Regiment R. Signals, 28.

Individual results: Four x 110 yards (Gourley, White, Capon, Kaye), 3 (50secs.).

Four x 220 yards (Gourley, White, Morrill, Read), 1 (1.42.2).

Four x 440 Yards (Fendley, Reid, Sullivan, Lees), 1 (3.50.2\*).

Four x 880 Yards (Shiell, Stallard, Kemp, Stephens), 3 (9.5.0\*).

Mile Team—3rd. McKay 4.56.0 (2) Gibb (8), Gue (11), Young (12).

Four x 110 Yards Hurdles (Wooler, Sullivan, Booker, Moore), disq. (1.10.8).

Pole Vault—3 Hyde (8' 6"), Chisholm (7' 8").

High Jump—2, Mason (5'), Moore (5').

Long Jump—3, Reed (17' 10½"), Capon (17' 5½").

Discus—2, Kemp (134' 4"x), Lyons (109').

Javelin—2, Wheatley (131' 10"), Dixon (128').

Shot—2, Sharman (41' 7"), Bagnall (41' 4½").

\*New regimental team record

xIndividual meeting winner

### TRIANGULAR ATHLETICS MEETING

DENBURY CAMP, JUNE 7th

Final result.—1, Totnes Grammar School, 100 points; 2, Newton Abbot Grammar School, 142; 3, Junior Leaders Regiment, R. Signals, 141.

Individual results: 100 Yards: Youth—1, Wykes (NA), 11.6secs.; 2, Thompson (T), 11.7; 3, Walters (T), 11.7. Junior—1, Tucker (NA), 10.6\*; 2, Wilkinson (T), 11.1; 3, Robertson (RS), 11.6. (Meeting records: Youth, 10.8, NA, 1958; Junior, 11.9, Totnes, 1959).

220 Yards: Youth—1, Wykes (NA), 23.9\*; 2, Thompson (T), 23.9; 3, Patch (NA), 24.6. Junior—1, Tucker (NA), 23.2\*; 2, Wilkinson (T), 23.6; 3, Ramsden (T), 24.8. (MR Youth, 24.0, NA 1958; Junior, 24.5, RS, 1959).

440 Yards: Youth—1, Walters (T), 54.8\*; 2, Patch (NA), 55.0; 3, Wyatt (T), 55.5. Junior—1, Kellaway (T), 55.5\*; 2, Lees (RS), 57.0; 3, Sullivan (RS), 57.4. (MR—Youth, 58.2, Totnes 1960; Junior, 57.0, NA 1960).

880 Yards: Youth—1, Fursdon (T), 2.10.2\*; 2, Stephens (RS), 2.15.1; 3, Aggett (NA), 2.16.8. Junior—1, Mitchell-Harris (T), 2.15.2; 2, Price (T), 2.16.4; 3, Stallard (RS), 2.20.7. (MR—Youth, 2.19.9, Totnes 1960; Junior, 2.5.1, Totnes 1959).

Mile: 1, Evans (T), 4.55.2\*; 2, Westlake (T), 5.1.0; 3, Lezni (NA), 5.12.0. (MR—4.57.0, Totnes 1960).

Four x 110 Yards: Youth—1, NA, 48.2\*; 2, Totnes, 48.8; 3, RS, 50.3. Junior—1, NA, 48.1\*; 2, Totnes, 49.2; 3, RS, 49.6. (MR—Youth, 48.8, NA 1960; Junior, 49.8, RS 1960).

High Jump: Youth—1, Coleman (T), 5' 4"; 2, Moore (RS), 5'; 3, Henderson (T), 4' 11". Junior—1, Wilkinson (T), 5' 3"; 2, Mason (RS), 5'; 3, Squires (NA), 4' 10". (MR—Youth, 5' 3", NA 1957; Junior, 5' 4", NA 1958).

Long Jump: Youth—1, Coleman (T), 17' 11"; 2, Reed (RS), 17' 8½"; 3, Henderson (T), 17' 8". Junior—1, Tucker (NA), 19' 8"; 2, Capon (RS), 17' 9"; 3, Boddy (T), 17'. (MR—Youth, 18' 10", NA 1958; Junior, 17' 0½", NA 1960).

Hop, Step and Jump: Youth—1, McKenzie (RS), 37' 5"; 2, Legg (NA), 37' 1"; 3, Longstaff (RS), 35' 9". Junior—1, Booker (RS), 37' 11½"; 2, Webber (NA), 36' 7½"; 3, Read (NA), 36' 6". (MR—Youth, 38' 4", RS 1960; Junior, 37' 4", RS 1960).

Shot Putt: Youth—1, Sharman (RS), 40' 9"; 2, Wormleighton (NA), 37' 1"; 3, Davies (NA), 35' 3". Junior—1, Bagnall (RS), 35' 5"; 2, Moore (T), 32' 9"; 3, Jones (T), 30' 7". (MR—Youth, 39' 2½", RS 1960; Junior, 36' 9", NA 1960).

Javelin: Youth—1, Powell (RS), 110' 5"x; 2, Dean (RS), 108' 1"; 3, Thompson (T), 104' 2". Junior—1, Kellaway (T), 132' 2"x; 2, Wheatley (RS), 113' 2"; 3, Squires (NA), 107' 2". (MR—Youth, 142', RS 1959; Junior, 134' 4", NA 1959).

Discus: 1, Kemp (RS), 133' 6"; 2, Wormleighton (NA), 113' 11"; 3, Hill (NA), 111' 2". (MR—116' 4", Totnes 1958).

\*New meeting record

xTo count as new meeting records, as heavier javelin was used

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