

JUNIOR MERCURY

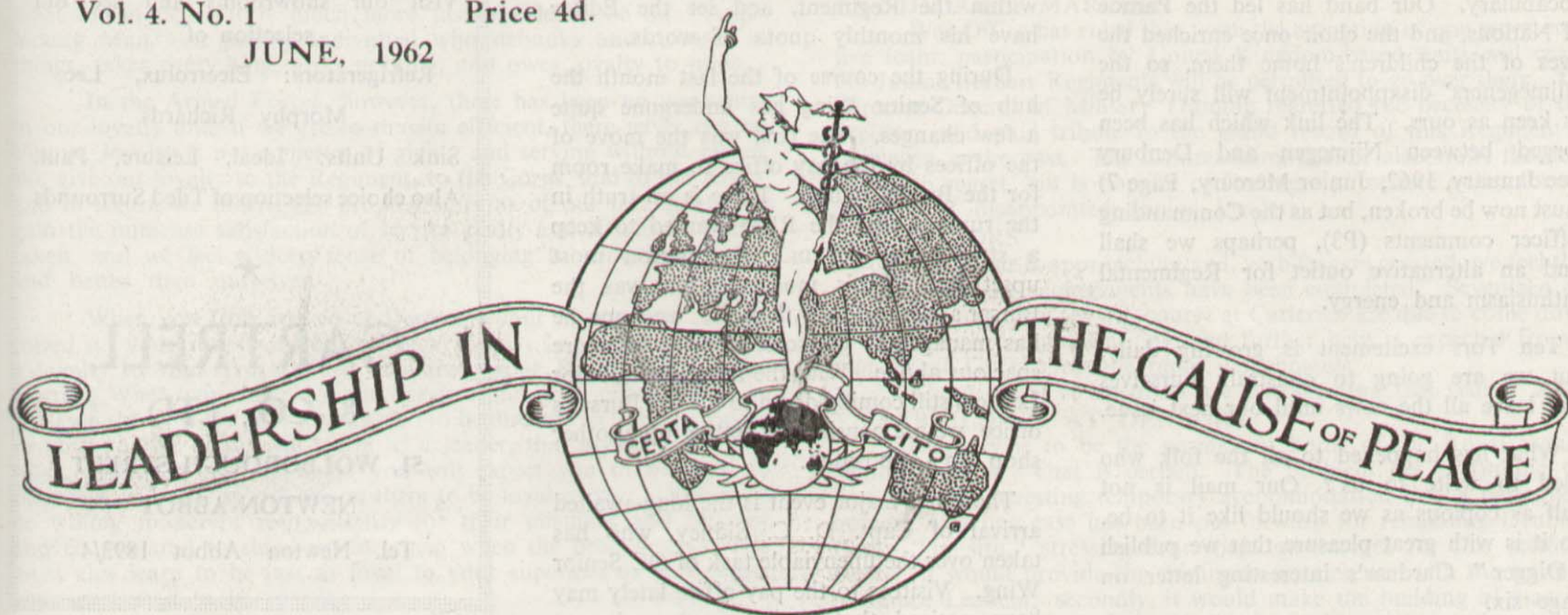
Vol. 4. No. 1

Price 4d.

JUNE, 1962



NO
NIJMEGEN



WEDDING AT DENBURY



THE HAPPY COUPLE

The ever-decreasing ranks of "confirmed" Denbury bachelors suffered another cruel loss on Saturday, May 26, at 12.30 p.m., when Sergeant Bob Peake became a married man.

Sgt. Peake is one of the best-known and popular senior NCOs in the Regiment. He began four years ago as Kukri Troop Sergeant, went on to Bruno (now Romulus) Troop and for the last couple of years has been a sergeant-instructor in Junior Wing.

He devoted a lot of his spare time and energy to nursing and encouraging the soccer team along, and in the 1960-61 season they went all the way to the final of the Army (Junior) Association Football Cup.

Bob, who is 26 years old, is a native of Slimbridge, in Gloucestershire. He has been a sergeant for seven of his nine years service. He met his bride three years ago at a Sergeants Mess party, and they became engaged on November 5, 1961.

Pauline Iris is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dunford, of 24, Woodland-avenue, Kingskerswell. Mr. Dunford was a Newton Abbot shop-keeper for 24 years. He is remembered by everyone as the proprietor of the sweet shop just by the Clock Tower. Pauline herself, whose presence brightened so many regimental and mess functions, was a hair stylist at Bobby's, of Torquay.

THE WEDDING SERVICE

The wedding ceremony was held in the parish church in Denbury village. It was conducted by the Regimental padre, the Rev. R. O. R. Wood, MA, CF, who was afterwards congratulated all round on a truly delightful service.

Drum-Major Yates and his fanfare trumpeters, resplendent in their scarlet, heralded the arrival of the 'groom at the church. Among the guests were the bride's parents, some members of Sgt. Peake's family, the Commanding Officer and the Second-in-Command, some local friends, and the Sergeants Mess in strength. The best man was Sgt. Angell, who was fully in command of the situation, aided by Sgt. Maher as usher-in-chief.

A second fanfare marked the arrival of the bride, and the admiring looks of the sergeants clustered around the door bore tribute to her radiance and daintiness. She was wearing a gown of white brocade with a flowered motif. The neckline was boat-shaped, the sleeves wrist-length. Her shoulder-length veil was held in place by a round coronet which had pearls hanging from the points.

The "Bridal March" from Wagner's opera "Lohengrin" led into the first hymn, "Lead Us, Heavenly Father, Lead Us." After the marriage, Padre Wood gave a short address and presented the pair with a Holy Bible. Then the 23rd Psalm was sung. The Lord's Prayer followed, and the Blessing, and the choir of Junior Leaders and congregation sang the hymn "Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven."

Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" brought the service to a close, and man and wife left the church, to be photographed in the doorway under an arch of swords raised in salute by the guard of honour of members of the Sergeants Mess.

THE RECEPTION

The reception was held in the Mess where the, best man, after informing everyone that he thought "the 'groom looked beautiful," read telegrams from friends and well-wishers. These included Lieut. Wagstaff (RAEC), who hoped the

couple would enjoy the PEAK of happiness; and ex-WO I. "Pop" Taylor, with his Scotch "Lang may ye're lum reek."

Sgt. Peake paid tribute to Pauline's mother and father, who had put up with him so long, and kicked him out of the house at so many midnights; and to Mrs. Warrender, who had given him the hospitality of her house in Denbury so that he could attain the requisite "Devon nationality" to be married in the church there.



. . . AND AFTER

After the huge buffet, the bride and 'groom departed for a week's honeymoon in Scotland. Confetti was mixed liberally with the contents of the suitcase in the boot, some old shoes hung decoratively from the rear bumper, and an ancient herring had found its way on to the exhaust manifold.

But, as Capt. Beaden (P 8), who has been Sgt. Peake's OC for so long, knowingly remarked: "Whatever they do to him will never repay him for all the tricks he's played on us."

EDITORIAL

We enter our fourth year of publication with the news that the word "Nijmegen" will no longer be a part of the Denbury vocabulary. Our band has led the Parade of Nations, and the choir once enriched the lives of the children's home there, so the Nijmegeners' disappointment will surely be as keen as ours. The link which has been forged between Nijmegen and Denbury (see January, 1962, Junior Mercury, Page 7) must now be broken, but as the Commanding Officer comments (P3), perhaps we shall find an alternative outlet for Regimental enthusiasm and energy.

Ten Tors excitement is growing daily, but we are going to constrain ourselves and leave all the news until our next issue.

What has happened to all the folk who used to write to us? Our mail is not half as copious as we should like it to be. So it is with great pleasure that we publish "Digger" Gardner's interesting letter on page six.

The photograph of the Banners (P10) was taken by members of the thriving Camera Club. The club has already been co-opted to provide the 'Mercury' with its best efforts, and this should provide Sgt. Martin with a little more time to himself.

And, talking of the staff, last term saw the departure into "Civvy Street" of Sgt. Donald, who kept the 'Junior Mercury' accounts with the same meticulous care and attention to detail that he applied to everything he undertook. His filing system (unlike that of the Editor's) was infallible. His successor, Mr. Fletcher, is entering into the same spirit, and the new team is settling down with a will.

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2. The views expressed herein are not necessarily official War Office or Army policy.
3. All communications should be addressed to The Editor, "Junior Mercury," Denbury Camp, Near Newton Abbot, Devon.

STAFF SCRAPBOOK

Once more well into the term, we must interrupt the hectic race to keep on top of the many changes that are taking place within the Regiment, and let the Editor have his monthly quota of words.

During the course of the last month the hub of Senior Wing has undergone quite a few changes. The first was the move of the offices by the pay office to make room for the Bursar's Shop. There is no truth in the rumour that the RSM wanted to keep a stricter eye on us. The person most upset by all this modernization was the Bursar's clerk, Mr. Atherton; we hope he has managed to get sorted out in his more spacious abode. With the number of Junior Leaders still coming down to the old Bursar's office, we are considering setting up another shop in opposition.

The other major event is the long-awaited arrival of Capt. D. C. Sidney, who has taken over the unenviable task of OC Senior Wing. Visitors to the pay office lately may have noticed that the atmosphere is not quite as hectic now that Capt. Rockett no longer has to change hats every five minutes. We bid our new OC welcome, and hope, despite all the frustrations of his work, that he will enjoy his stay at Denbury.

During the last month there have been quite a number of new arrivals in Senior Wing; I hope they will not be offended if the welcome we extend to them is not done by individual names, but our space is very restricted. There are a set of new faces at present to be seen in the QM's compound, to whom we would like to make special reference in these notes. Due to the shortage of labour at Denbury, 30 Signal Regiment has helped us out with six volunteers (?) who are now being initiated into the mysterious thing called Ten Tors.

Ten Tors (which, I am sure, will get its full report in our next set of notes) is rapidly looming up. Looking at the present plans, apart from the actual competitors, our own strength of drivers and vehicles is going to rise to an unheard-of figure. Pity they cannot be kept to help us during the rest of the term.

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THE COMMANDING OFFICER COMMENTS . . .

LOYALTY

In civilian life today loyalty, as a virtue, has become somewhat out-moded. It is much more fashionable to be an "Angry Young Man"—a prickly individual who debunks and debases all things, takes everything, gives nothing, and owes loyalty to none.

In the Armed Forces, however, there has been no weakening in our loyalty and, if we are to remain efficient, there never can be. For us, loyalty is not a matter of giving and serving without return. We give our loyalty to the Regiment, to the Corps, and to the Army; and in return we inherit the proud traditions of our forefathers, we gain the immense satisfaction of service gladly and efficiently undertaken, and we feel a deep sense of belonging to something bigger and better than ourselves.

When you first arrived at Denbury, your loyalty was concentrated on your squad or your barrack room. Later you developed a loyalty to your Troop, your Squadron, your Regiment and your Corps. When you enter Colour Service, and gain promotion, you will find the need for your loyalty also to be directed to those entrusted to your charge. You will learn, as a leader, that loyalty flows two ways, and those serving under you will expect you to be loyal to them just as much as you expect them to be loyal to you. You must be willing to accept responsibility for their mistakes and failures, and be prepared to stand up for them when the need arises. You must also learn to be just as loyal to your superiors as you expect your own men to be to you.

You will find, on many occasions, that you will be torn by conflicting loyalties, and it will not be easy to select the right course. On such occasions the solution will always be to choose the higher loyalty. If you have to choose between your comrade and your Troop, it must be your Troop. If you remember always that your ultimate loyalty must be to your Queen and your country, you will not find it difficult to resolve any conflict of loyalties.

Alan Holifield

TWO HONOURS

Ashburton, May 3.—130 officers, NCOs and Junior Leaders, and the Corps of Drums, represented the Regiment when the chairman of Ashburton Council presented a pipe banner.

The Regiment formed up in hollow square formation on the Recreation Ground at 1900 hours, and on his arrival the chairman was greeted with a general salute.

After the banner had been attached to the pipes of Pipe-Major Bowie (Francisca Troop), the chairman gave an address, followed by Lt.-Col. Holifield, MC, presenting a plaque on behalf of the Regiment.

Another general salute and a march-past ended the parade. The band then Beat "Retreat," and the Scottish dancers gave a display.

Chudleigh, May 13.—Two hundred of the Regiment and the Corps of Drums paraded on the Recreation Ground at 1000 hours. The parade commander was Major Scott.

The chairman of Newton Abbot Rural Council met Lt.-Col. Holifield, MC, and affixed a banner, on behalf of the people of Chudleigh, to Pipe-Major Bowie's pipes.

The Commanding Officer presented a plaque from the Regiment to the chairman, and the parade ended when the Regiment marched through Chudleigh and past the saluting dais at the junction of the old Exeter road.

In an interview with the 'Junior Mercury,' the Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. A. Holifield, MC, discussed and commented on many aspects of Regimental life:

1.—NIJMEGEN MARCHES

War Office has ruled that, with the exception of one representative team, participation by United Kingdom-based units will cease. No Junior Leaders Regiments will be permitted to go over there. The Director-General of Military Training regretted the necessity of this decision, and paid tribute to the grand record of this Regiment at Nijmegen in the past. The Commanding Officer also views the decision with regret, but is hopeful of finding a substitute outlet for the energies of disappointed Junior Leaders.

2.—TEN TORS

Zero hour is approaching and, with fingers crossed, we feel that all the necessary arrangements have been completed. Seventeen ex-Junior Leaders from the Tg. course at Catterick are due to come down to assist with communications, and further help is expected from a number of Gurkha mobile radio detachments.

About 1,500 competitors are participating this year.

3.—REBUILDING AT DENBURY

Denbury is to be the permanent home of the Royal Signals Junior Leaders. That is certain. The problem lies in finding the best way of converting temporary accommodation into a permanent home. A strong case has been put forward for rebuilding Denbury Camp "in situ," stressing four main advantages for this method. Firstly, it would provide the minimum interference with the training of Junior Leaders; secondly, it would make the building of married quarters a possible priority; thirdly, it would guarantee the civilian staff working in camp more permanence in their jobs; fourthly, it would ensure us retaining the friendly relations which have been built up with the local inhabitants of South Devon.

4.—D.G.M.T.

Lt.-Gen. A. Richardson, CB, CBE, DSO, the Director-General of Military Training, paid a recent visit to Denbury. He landed on the drill square in an helicopter, had a look round the Regiment and saw Junior Leaders on trade training. He was pleased with the guard of honour, which was "smart, and a credit to the Regiment." He commented especially on the happy atmosphere in the camp, and on the fact that all whom he saw looked fit and well.

5.—TRUMPETS

Fanfare trumpeters represent the Regiment at the Exeter Assize Courts. Drum-Major Yates is hoping to persuade the Commanding Officer to buy some fanfare trumpets for these occasions, and the Colonel has promised to view this request sympathetically.

6.—QUEEN'S VISIT

Totnes Town Council has officially asked the Regiment to supply a Guard of Honour on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Totnes on July 27. The Commanding Officer has requested permission from War Office. It is anticipated that, providing permission is given, the Guard of Honour will be 100-strong, and that the Regiment's Corps of Drums will be assisted by the Royal Corps of Signals Military Band. Has any other Junior Leaders Regiment ever provided a Guard of Honour for a reigning British monarch?

7.—BETTER EQUIPMENT

There is a good prospect that in the near future the Regiment will be in receipt of a large supply of signals technical equipment to help with trade training.

8.—ENTERTAINMENT

(a) There is to be a concert at the end of term, probably with a two-night stand, for the Regiment and for parents. Already plans and rehearsals are under way, under the expert guidance of Mr. Grant. Rumour has it that the Sergeants Mess (see picture P4) are once more to put on an act.

(b) It is hoped to raise a skiffle group from the Regiment, and the Bursar is at present negotiating for a set of drums.

9.—SPORTS SUBSCRIPTIONS

There is a probability that sports subscriptions will soon cease. Junior Leaders would then buy their own football boots on arrival in the Regiment, and a system of exchange evolved for the time when they outgrow their boots.

10.—FIRE COMPENSATION

It is anticipated that a decision will shortly be reached on the question of compensation for the damage caused by the fire.

11.—NEW ESTABLISHMENT

A draft has been sent up to War Office for their approval or otherwise, of a completely new establishment for the Regiment. The suggested establishment is thinking in terms of four Squadrons, each of which would consist of only three Troops.

"X"-PIRED

It was, thought "X," not only unjust, but downright criminal, that he had been given the honour. Honour! Even "X's" limited mentality recognized the tone of irony in his troop sergeant's voice when he had joyfully announced the news that "X" had been selected (after careful deliberation) to represent the troop in the mile.

A mile! "X" had severe misgivings on his chances of walking that distance, let alone running it. Rumour already had it that Mr. Irvine was laying 25-1 on his chance of completing the course, and 10-1 on his completing half the distance!

As he lay on the grass, having his last drag before zero hour, "X's" thoughts flashed back to last year's athletics.

Why they would not let him throw the javelin again was inconceivable. The fact that certain spectators had found themselves in danger of being impaled when standing behind and a little to the left of this Olympian would surely never have influenced their judgment.

The discus was another problem. Could he help it if Capt. Joyner dug himself a slit trench every time he approached, discus in hand, for more "tuition."

But the mile! "X" endeavoured to calculate the number of laps, but his maths. just were not up to it. In desperation he took to the bottle (Cydrax), but this potent liquor left him unaffected except for a slight knocking of the knees. The sound of: "All competitors report for the something something mile" aroused "X" from his reverie.

The athletes and "X" lined up for the start (or, rather, "X" was propped up by "Daisy" and "Butch," determined that their hero should not miss his moment of glory). The starting pistol exploded like a thunderclap in "X's" ear, and, "X" being "X," fell flat on his face, emitted high-pitched screams of animal terror, and neatly tripped up half the competitors. None too gently "X" was pulled to his feet by "Butch" and the remainder of the troop muttering something about, "I thought you always saw the flash when the bomb went off." Eventually, however, "X" was persuaded that Denbury was not undergoing nuclear attack (although it was hinted that a certain member of the community might suffer the equivalent if he failed to run), and so he began his arduous trek around the track. No one could have been more surprised than "X" (except, perhaps, the readers) when his fellow-runners were not only easily caught up, but passed. After one lap "X" was striding in the lead, whilst the rest of the competitors seemed quite happy to jog quietly after him . . .

"X," having got over the profound shock of being in the lead, was quite pleased with himself. Of course, he always knew that he had a bit of the greyhound in him. His critics say its more of a

Is The CRAZY GANG Finished?



by Sgt. Martin

The Sergeants' Mess "GOONS," as they appeared at the End of Term Concert. Left to right—Sgt. Angell, W.O.s II Hopson and Wheatley, S/Sgt. Hammerton, Sgt. Meekings, and WO II Palmer.

dachshund, but then, they are unkind! Come to think of it, that's probably why close-order drill is beyond his capabilities. "All that slow marchin' and that for a speed-king like me," thought "X" contentedly as he commenced his third lap, with the Regimental cross-country champion apparently unashamed of his performance, plodding along happily at third.

Perhaps "X" would have been a little perturbed, however, if he overheard the conversation between his troop commander and the OC.

"I say; well, really! If I wasn't seeing it myself in the sober light of day, I wouldn't have believed it. Look at that, sir. I put 'X' in for

the mile and, not content with that, he is doing the three miles as well!"

The OC looked singularly unimpressed. "About time the fellah did something else besides decorate my office in that horrible, unprescribed SD of his; anyway, he's probably not running at all. It's just that the other chaps are chasing him! Ha, ha! ha! Dutifully the troop officer laughed as well and, because he was a very junior lieutenant, he laughed a little longer than the OC.

Signalling imperiously with his hand that it was time for the merriment to cease, pulling his

Continued on Page 11, Column 2



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REMINISCENCE

by WO. II. M. IRVINE (Royal Army Educational Corps)

"I'm desperate for an article." These were the words with which I was greeted as I entered the office of the editor of the 'Junior Mercury.' "Got any ideas?"

I was a little startled, because I'd wandered across from Academic Wing in a pleasantly reminiscent mood. Only a short while before I had been browsing through 'Junior Mercury's' big brother, 'The Wire,' and had come across a photograph of Princess Alexandra inspecting a guard of honour in Hong Kong. The Princess was being escorted by a Royal Signals officer. It was he who had caused the reverie into which I had fallen.

His name was Lt. Tay Ah Tee, and I remembered him as a young boy several years ago.

"Lots of them," I replied, still in the past. "I've just seen . . ."

"Good; I want about 1,400 words of them," and he forthwith disappeared from my ken.

"But . . ." I was lumbered, and so perhaps, readers, are you.

So back to the photograph which had brought about a flood of pleasant memories of the happy years I had spent—hold it—yes, at a Boys Unit in far-off, sunny Singapore.

The Army Boys Trade School at Nee Soon, Singapore, was part of the Malayan Basic Training Centre, and was an army boys unit for local Malay, Chinese and Indian boys. It was, of course, based on and, indeed, run on, the same lines as its counterparts in the United Kingdom. The aim was to train boys for future service as fit members of the Army, with a good background of educational and trade training. That the school was a success was proved by the photograph produced by "Big Brother." An ordinary boy, after being taught in, and living in, the Army Boys Trade School, had "come good," as the saying goes.

I remember that I had to get up at the unearthly hour of five o'clock to dress, feed and be transported some 17 miles from the hotel where I lived in order to be at the school in time for parade, which was at 0715 hours. I was, in actual fact, given a class of non-English speaking boys and was told that it was my job to teach them to speak, read and write this difficult tongue of ours. I remember the trepidation of my first approach to these boys. I remember even more the wonderful fun, amusing phrases and hard work both the boys and I put in.

I remember the pride I felt when, two and a half years later, I watched those boys graduate and leave for man service armed with a minimum of an Intermediate Certificate of Education and a B3 trade. Several, of course, had better qualifications and, indeed, as proof in the photograph showed, were destined for "horizons unlimited."

Names come back to me of boys like Tay Ah Tee, Ong Choo Chuan and Louis Lee, who were commissioned; Lam Peng Sum, who was going to the RAMC to study radiography; Lye Siong Fong, who is now a sergeant in the Royal Signals; and Ahmed Badawi, who was transferred to the REME. The school provided training for these and for many other trades.

The staff were a happy band of warriors, and among them were members of the RASC, REME, Royal Signals and Royal Engineers. Thus, apart from tuition in academic subjects, the boys had the opportunity to study for the Royal Society of Arts (clerical) and for technical subjects of the other corps from which the instructional staff were drawn.

I remember that, originally, the aim of the school was to provide the boys with the minimum requirements already stated, but the tremendous enthusiasm shown by the boys in their eagerness to learn brought about great changes in the school. The system of squadrons disappeared, and was replaced by houses, and so the keenness of healthy competition appeared. This keenness and urgency made itself felt in everything the school undertook.

On the soccer field I remember that in my first year there the school, with tongue in cheek, had entered the third division of the Army Soccer League and, after one season, had been promoted to division two. This promotion brought about even greater keenness, and after the division two championship had been won, there were the really big guns just waiting to be spiked. The success enjoyed in this sphere of competition was limited, but the same amount of vigour and skill went into each game. On the athletics track, evens for the 100 is just begging to be broken, and a boy named Mohammed Thani did just that and, representing the Regiment against the Achilles Athletic Club, he won the 100 yards dash in 9.9 seconds. The boxing was just as successful, and there were several finalists from among the youngsters of the Army Boys Trade School.

I remember, too, the magnificent displays of co-ordinated movement as the boys paraded in their immaculate white No. 3 dress, and the pride in their Corps of Drums, which had been founded by one young National Service sergeant, whose only experience in this field had been with his local Boys Brigade. There had been no traditions to uphold when I had first arrived for service with these boys, but here were traditions being made for the boys who were to follow.

I remember, too, the members of the staff who, although they were capable of teaching English to the boys . . . "An adjective is a word describing a noun," so said one instructor to his class. "Now what colour is the old grey mare?"

The answers were many and varied from red to purple and back again.

He patiently explained that the word "grey" was the adjective describing the mare, which was a kind of horse. At a later date he asked the same class: "What colour is the big black horse?" To a man—or, rather, to a boy—they answered, "Grey."

They had the same sort of difficulties with Malay as I recall.

One evening, after a show in town, two of the instructors and their wives emerged from the theatre, and one of them, who had been studying the language, decided it was about time he aired his knowledge of Malay. He called the doorman and, in his best Malay, asked him to obtain a taxi for four people. The doorman disappeared, and returned a little later followed, not by one taxi for four people, but four taxis! During the heated argument that followed between the drivers of the cabs as to who should have the fare, my friends quietly opened the door of another cab which had appeared and drove away, no doubt thinking that discretion is the better part of valour.

I remember also that Singapore was a wonderful place to live in, and the many friends I made there and the promises I made to return if possible; promises which I may still be able to keep. I think of Christmas under the tropical sun, dressed in a swimsuit, eating Christmas pudding and doing the other things that people tend to do at such times, except that there it is pleasantly warm and, deep down, I recall that I never really did like snow and ice. Yes, I hope one day to return to many happy memories of a wonderful little island some 20 miles long and 17 miles wide.

It is pleasant to be able to reminisce about a place where one has been happy and to think about a job well done; to be able to pick up a photograph such as I did and say to oneself: "He's a fine fellow now," and recall that you had a fair part in the moulding of a career that has prospered. With a will to succeed in the Army, if that is your chosen profession, the best time to tackle it is when you are young enough to throw all the energy and spirit of youth into the shaping of your future.

On reflection, I might pass on a message I got from the close association with these Malay boys: a boys unit is not the place where young men become "dodgy" old soldiers before they are really serving, but a place where a boy can be happy doing the things healthy youngsters should—making friends, starting on a career, on a sound, well-guided basis, and securing a footing on a ladder that can lead to dizzy heights.

Thank you, 'Junior Mercury's' "big brother," for helping me to remember. Come to think of it, I like to remember . . .

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READERS' CORNER

"REGARDS TO OLD FRIENDS"

DEAR EDITOR,—I have been meaning to write since leaving Denbury at Christmas, 1960, but have only now got round to it. After finishing my Tg. Op. training, "Ron" Butcher," "Gaz" Garrehy and myself were posted to 201 Signal Squadron in Salisbury, where we remained until February this year.

When the Georgetown riots broke out in British Guiana, Ron was on an up-grading course, Gaz was attached to another Regiment, but I was lucky enough to be flown out here via Canada and America.

I stayed a month in Georgetown before going up-country with an Infantry Sergeant and Infantry Wireless Operator, to an American bauxite mine, where I've been ever since, working a link back to town. We are visited about once in every three weeks.

I would like to convey my regards to all who knew me, especially Capt. Rogers, Sgt. Maher, and S.S.M. Hopson (who not only knew me, but put up with me), and I hope to meet them all again some day.

Please give my regards to Kukri Troop, and tell them to keep up the good work. Well done, "Joe Smith"—J/Sgt. in about ONE year.—Yours, etc.,

A. J. GARDNER (L/Cpl. "Digger").
633 Signal Troop, BFPO 9.

(P.S.—201 Signal Sqn was disbanded while we were out here).

DENBURY ASSOCIATIONS

DEAR EDITOR,—I enjoy reading your enterprising paper, which is brought to my door by two very persuasive "Junior Merks" with charming expressions (probably two of the worst QHBs if only I knew it?) So I thought I'd write you a friendly letter from another "firm" that has associations with Denbury.

On the first Saturday in every October we use Denbury Green for the start, the lunch-check and the finish of the National West of England Reliability Trial for motorcycles, one of the top half a dozen of its kind in the country, used by the bike manufacturers as a testing-ground, and as keenly supported by them as by the private riders. We use Denbury because it is handy to a large town (Newton Abbot) with all facilities, yet is out of town, and has a spacious village green and a lot of different roads in and out.

We also start in, or near, or pass through Denbury several other times a year with bike trials or car rallies.

When I and the lads are putting out the route-marking signs before such an event, we always meet, and exchange greetings with, parties of "Junior Merks" exploring their way through the deserts of Woodland, the rank jungles of Pulsford, etc. Psst! Sometimes they are lost and wish to be told where they are! There are an awful lot of lanes around Denbury, aren't there? (Once while planning the route, I passed through Landscope three times within two hours, heading the same way each time, without having turned round anywhere!)

You've seen our markings: "L", "S.O.", "R" and various-coloured patches of powder. This has to be dead accurate because different stages of the route may be travelling along roads that are quite close together.

But it seems that there are other, and less desirable, people in Denbury; people to whom a bit of Army discipline would do good. Every time a few signs vanish or move around between being put up and the last-minute check-up. We've tried to fix these signs immovably, but . . . In October, 1960, the signpost on Orley Common was revolved completely through 90 degrees with our sign on it. In October, 1961, the identical thing happened to the signpost at Yett Cross, which is a square one deeply bedded in, and someone with considerable labour dug it up and left it propped in the hole.

Surprisingly, nothing happened in January and March, 1962, but those were shorter routes. There were fewer signs, and they were not out so long beforehand.

The next will be in October, 1962, and it struck us that Junior Leaders could help. When the time draws nearer, we thought of asking your Commanding Officer officially if Junior Leaders could keep an eye on the trouble spots and report if there has been any tampering.

Sincere sympathy over your two comrades who died at their post of duty.—Yours, etc.,
R. P. WALFORD.

Hon. Secretary, West of England Motor Club, Bovey Tracey, Devon.

EDITOR'S NOTE. The Commanding Officer and the Second-in-Command are both sympathetic to this idea, and hope to work on the details at a later date.

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COMPETITION

TWO'S COMPANY....



Here are portraits of six popular film stars. The idea of this month's contest is to place them into three separate pairs; that is, couples who have just recently appeared together in a film. So first you must identify each star, and then pair them off into the appropriate recent film. Recent and forthcoming attractions at the Odeon, Newton Abbot, should be of some assistance.

Let us have entries, to the Editor, 'Junior Mercury,' Denbury, South Devon, before June 30.

Six fortunate winners are invited, together with a friend, as guests of the 'Junior Mercury,' to see any of July's films (except on Saturdays, Sundays, or Bank Holidays), at the Odeon, Newton Abbot.

We thank Mr. Thomas Tighe, the manager of the Odeon, for his kind co-operation in setting this competition, and for the magnificence of its prizes.

APRIL WINNER

Congratulations to Mr. L. Bickley on sending in the correct answer to our Crossword in the April, 1962, edition of the 'Junior Mercury.' The correct answers were:

ACROSS

1, Birmingham; 4, Deer; 7, Raft; 8, Roosevelt; 11, Shakespeare; 13, Iota; 14, Titov; 16, Alamo; 18, Loot; 20, Cinemascope; 22 and 19, D. Alexander Fleming; 23, Zinc; 24, Yoyo; 25, Lone Ranger.

DOWN

1, Band; 2, Refused; 3, Garments; 5, Element; 6, Retriever; 9, Exaltation; 10, California; 12, My Fair Lady; 15, Construe; 17, Alchemy; 19 (see 22A); 21, Scar.

Mr. Bickley, who works in the Regimental Orderly Room (the Brains Department) will receive a prize for his efforts.

Already answers to our May competition are streaming into our office, and extra staff have been co-opted to check them. We know how Littlewoods feel! These mathematical problems are certainly popular.

DENBURY CALENDAR June, 1962

- Sun., 3.—Commonwealth Youth Sunday.
- Fri., 8.—TEN TORS; teams assemble.
- Sat., 9.—TEN TORS; Expedition.
- Sun., 10.—TEN TORS; expedition.
- Mon., 11.—TEN TORS; jamboree.
- Wed., 27.—Army Boys Team Athletics eliminating round at Taunton.
- Fri., 29.—COMMONWEALTH TROPHY.

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ATTENTION

ROUND THE

VALE

On Saturday, May 28, we bade a sad farewell to Capt. D. R. Beadon, who joined the Regiment in the summer of 1959.

As OC Junior Wing, for almost three years, he has seen all the boys in the Regiment pass through his hands, and is known and respected by all. Capt. Beadon arrived as a single man, married soon after, and a daughter was born to his wife last year.

He has left us to go to 216 Parachute Signal Squadron, and all ranks wish him and his family the best best of luck in the future.

STRIPTease IN THE LIBRARY

WO II de Lacey, the unit librarian, was busy at his desk when an unfamiliar Junior Leader came to take out some books. Ascertaining that the lad was a recruit from Junior Wing, Mr. de Lacey began to fill out a ticket for him. His first question: "Army number?"

Imagine the surprise of the sergeant-major as J/Sig. Babb began to strip off his clothes. The answer was simple—the boy had forgotten his number, but knew that it was stamped on the tail-piece of his shirt.

INCREDIBLE!

The Adjutant was talking to the Commanding Officer when the telephone rang. B-r-r-r B-r-r-r.

"Adjutant here."

A short pause as words came from the other end of the line.

"Yes" . . . "My goodness" . . . "How amazing" . . . "Really?" . . . "How many?" . . . "Bye."

"What was all that about?" asked the Commanding Officer.

"The tom cat's had kittens!" replied the Adjutant.

NICE TIMING

The normal age limit for joining a Junior Leader Regiment is 15. J/Sig. Abraham, destined for Kukri Troop, came to the Regiment smack on his 15th birthday; as far as we know, the first one to do so.

NOT SUCH NICE TIMING

Sgt. Davis formed his Junior Wing squad up in the drill shed for their first lesson of arms drill. "Remove all watches or you'll break 'em," he said. As an expert he would know how to stop this happening—or so everyone thought. But Sgt. Davis has to ask the time now. His watch has stuck tight at 12.20.

AN EXTRA FIRE PRACTICE

Dusk was falling and members of the Regiment were pursuing their own peaceful occupations, secure in the knowledge that, with Kohima as Duty Troop, they were safe for the night.

Suddenly the noise of the armoury siren was heard blaring into the night, and then just as suddenly it ceased.

Neither S/Sgt. Hammond, the Orderly Sergeant, nor the Regiment assembled on the square looking for the smoke from a non-existent fire were really happy about the plaintive explanation of the unhappy armoury custodian: "But I wanted to put the lights on. These handles all look the same!"

ABSENT?

Capt. and Mrs. Beadon were guests at Sgt. Peake's wedding. As they walked through the church porch, the OC Junior Wing's eyes naturally flicked off towards the guard of honour, resplendent in their No. 1 dress, with swords glistening. He noted with approval that three of his four sergeants from the Junior Wing instructional staff (Sgts. Brown, Waters and Davies) were members of the guard.

But where is the fourth? Then he remembered—Sgt. Peake was engaged elsewhere as the bridegroom.

PRESSED TO STAY

Production date was nearing. The co-editors of 'Junior Mercury' were frenziedly trying to beat the Old Enemy! Printer's proofs to be returned and new script to be given in. So 29 minutes past five finds them dashing into the "Mid-Devon Advertiser" printing works. Past the office staff in a rush, and a quick dash upstairs to see the "Gaffer."

Alas, the place is deserted and the presses silent. As they walked downstairs, noises were heard as the office staff packed up, locked the outside door, thus locking our heroes up in a deserted printing plant.

An anxious ten minutes followed as they debated the possibility of telephoning the police, breaking out, or settling down for the night.

However, unexpected help was at hand as a reporter emerged from thin air with a front-door key in his hand. Thankfully the editors walked out into Newton Abbot's glamorous Queen-street, and instantly forgot thoughts of "the wee beasties and things that go bump in the night."

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CAMP

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT ?

Alexander Squadron's civilian clerk, Mr. Bill Webber, is not doing very much to aid recruiting, but he is to be congratulated, all the same. On April 27 his wife bore him a fine daughter (Rosemary Allison). Mr. Webber now has three children—all girls.

GROUP PLURALS

Two or more Troop Sergeants gathered together: a "gaggle" of Troop Sergeants.
Two or more Training Sergeants gathered together: a "repose" of Training Sergeants.
Two or more Education Instructors gathered together: a "cloud" of Schoolies.

PAIGNTON AND SOUTH-WEST OF ENGLAND FESTIVAL

In a recent cultural festival at Paignton the Scottish dancers carried all before them. Our successes were too numerous to write about, so with true modesty we will content ourselves with merely enumerating the result: Individual winner of the Highland Fling (silver medal).—J/Cpl. Pollard.

Certificates of distinction (over 85 per cent).—Swords, J/Cpl. Pollard; Fling, J/Cpl. Pollard.

Certificates of merit (80-85 per cent).—Swords, J/Sig. Wright and J/Sig. Walker; Fling, J/L/Cpl. Dewar and J/Sig. Walker. Shean Trubhais.—J/Cpl. Pollard.

Team.—Second, Highland Group dancing (certificates of merit): J/Cpl. Pollard, J/L/Cpls. Dewar and Younger, J/Sigs. Walker, Wright, Hand, Douglas, and Thompson.

Dancing with the girls from the Pamela de Waal School of Dancing, Paignton: Winners, Scottish country dance group (first class certificates)—J/L/Cpl. Dewar, J/Sigs. Douglas and Thompson.

Second, Scottish country dance group (first class certificates): J/Cpl. Pollard, J/Sigs. Walker, Wright and Hadrick.

Third, Scottish country dance group (first class certificates): J/L/Cpl. Younger, J/Sigs. Smith, Hand and Sharpe.

Well done, the Scottish dancers.

COMPLAINT

SIR,—With reference to your caption "Sportsman of the Year" over the photograph of Capt. Burke playing tiddleywinks, in your last edition. I would like it to be known that I "tiddled" eight times with only nine "winks."—Yours, etc., S. PAVEY. RSM, Denbury Camp.

DUTY BEFORE LIGHT DUTY

A certain J/Sgt. in Kohima Troop, who prefers to remain anonymous, had just distinguished himself at a sports meeting by running for the Regiment in the 880 yards. Having collected both his track suit and his breath, he made his way over to his Troop officer.

"Excuse me, sir, is the Medical Officer down here?"

Immediately, all concerned that the unfortunate boy had injured himself, the Troop officer said, in a worried tone: "Are you all right? Shall I run you up to the MI Room?"

"No; it's not that. I'm supposed to be on light duties, and I don't want him to spot me."

IT CAN BE DONE

A party consisting of the Commanding Officer, Major Nye, and Capt. Joyner have completed this year's 50-mile Ten Tors course in the required time. There was heavy rain throughout, and also a typical moor mist with visibility seldom above 50 yards. Yet, despite these difficulties, superlative map reading and precision compass work brought this small band of heroes successfully through.

Well, youngsters, the older ones can cope. What about you?

An interesting tailpiece lies in the fact that the Colonel walked the course successfully, but stiffened up so much on the drive back to camp that he was unable to straighten his legs to get out of his car!

ITS IN THE AIR . . .

The Regiment has two sets of twins at the present time, both being distinguished in their different ways.

The Castles of White Swan Troop are well up in table tennis circles, while the Nelsons of Romulus are both Regimental football stars. Both Troop officers have their own subtle methods of identification; thus we have J/Cpl. and J/Sig. Castle and J/Cpl. and J/L/Cpl. Nelson.

However, stretching coincidence even further, we now discover that both pairs hail from Northallerton, in Yorkshire. Perhaps there's something about that place that brings them out in pairs.

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NAAFI plans ahead

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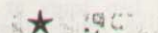
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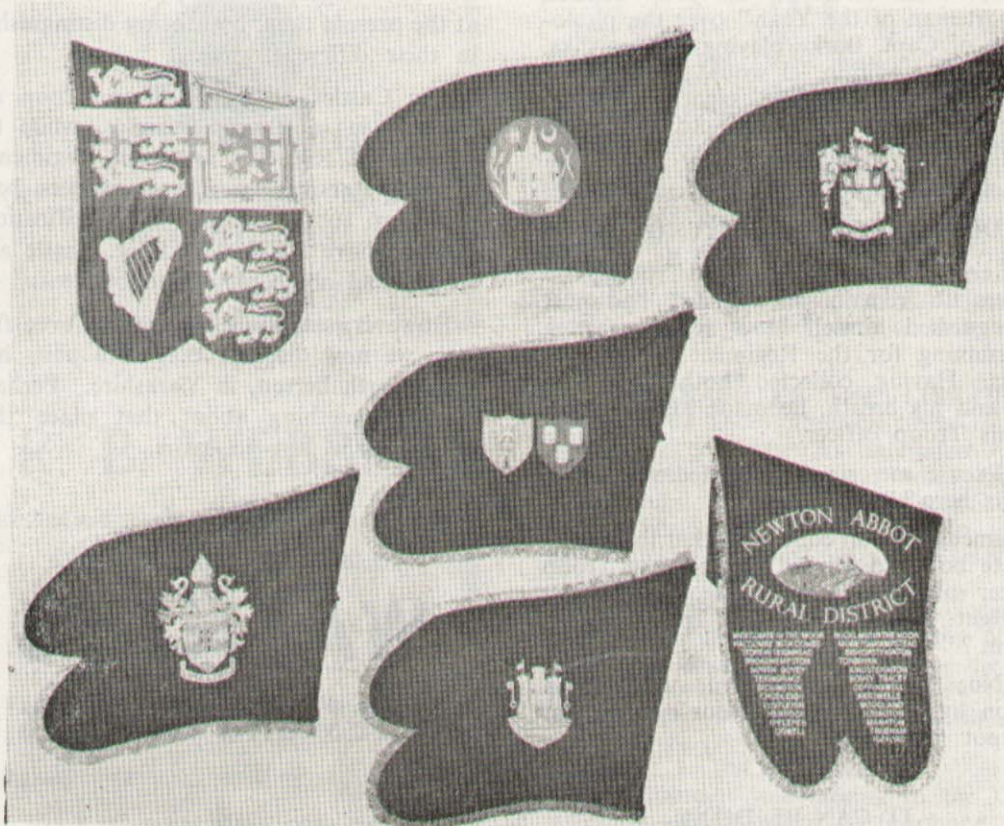
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THE CORPS OF DRUMS



by The Camera Club

THE BANNERS OF THE REGIMENT

Top—The Royal Banner, Ashburton, Torquay.

Centre—Newton Abbot Urban District Council.

Bottom—Paignton, Totnes, Newton Abbot Rural District Council.

TOWEL RAILS FOR DRUM STICKS

To say that the Band had a rather inauspicious beginning would be the understatement of the century. The Band was formed way back in the '50s, in Beverly, in Yorkshire. Equipment (due to lack of War Office recognition, which still exists) was difficult to obtain, and so the early Band improvised to the extent that drum sticks were often little more than rounded-off towel rails (this makes New Orleans jazz seem rather pale). Eventually, after a lengthy correspondence between the Director of Boys Training and the Commanding Officer, equipment, though sadly limited, was produced.

ROYAL PERFORMANCES

Under these dire conditions—a far cry from the present day—the Band continued to flourish exceedingly well. It performed at Hull and York, and before Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal on many occasions. The Band was still in khaki at this time; scarlets seemed a world away. Straps were web, not patent leather, and constant whiting-over of these was another bugbear the Band was required to tolerate. However, the future was even more black.

11 FOR A BAND

In 1955 the total strength of the Band, due to many boys passing out into Man's Service, was 11 in all. Fortunately, an invitation from the "Battle of Flowers" Committee in Jersey proved a much-needed stimulant, and caused no less than 80 boys to join the Band. As fate would have it, the Jersey engagement never materialized, but the Band now began to thrive, and, though local engagements, a close relation between towns in and, indeed, out of the local area was established.

AND SO TO DENBURY

The Regiment had by this time moved from Yorkshire to the sunny climate of Devon and, with the advent of Lt.-Col. L. H. M. Gregory, MBE, things began to move. Approximately £3,000 were spent on scarlet uniforms, drums, bagpipes, and kilts for the Scottish dancers.

THE PRESENT

Recently the Band has been honoured to appear at many grand occasions all over Europe. The Band has completed two tours at Nijmegen. In 1960 they played in the International Flag Parade, and in 1961 led the youth of Europe out of the stadium. A far cry from the eleven boys in 1955.

In the same year (1961) the Band toured Germany, visiting various Signal Regiments in BAOR to which troops of the Regiment are affiliated. The Band now numbers 142, of which it is possible to parade 84 in the full ceremonial dress of scarlet tunics and navy-blue breeches.

SCOTTISH AIR

Thanks perhaps to Col. Gregory, the Band now has something of a Scottish air about it, what with the swirl of kilts and the whine (is that the right word?) of pipes. Affiliated to the Corps of Drums are the Scottish country dancers and the bagpipes. Little more than a year old, the Scottish dancers have competed in many events, and won fame with, I might add, the girls of Stover School and a Paignton dancing academy, at Taunton last summer, under the leadership of J/Cpl. Fox, of Kohima Troop, who is now sweating over Morse at Catterick. At present, J/Cpl. Pollard (White Swan) is dancing-major, backed up by such stalwarts as J/Sigs. Thompson and J/Sig. Mandy (Romulus); and not forgetting J/Sig. Douglas (Kohima), who is also to be seen on the half-back line for the Regiment in the football season.

THE PIPES

Although at one time the Band was able to muster a full total of seven pipers, through the inevitable and constant graduation to Colour Service and the unfortunate lack of suitable instructors for the difficult instrument, the number has dwindled slightly. However, thanks to the efforts of S/Sgt. A. Yates, BEM, R. Signals, the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, and many other kind friends, the bagpipers are again regaining their wind, and may be heard every Saturday morning striving to drive the remainder of the Regiment to a peak of suicide by blowing heartily in the drill sheds. (That is not to speak of anyone unfortunate enough to stray into the drying room or another remote spot while a newcomer to this fearful device takes his first preparatory wheezes).

DRUM YATES

Much has been said and heard of the legend of Denbury Camp, Drum-Major A. Yates, BEM. As they say in the Westens, "now seems as good a time as any to separate the fact from the legend." Alan Yates enlisted in the Devons as a drummer in 1947. Later he transferred to the Corps and saw service in Hong Kong and Singapore. After his return from the Far East, he was Provost-Sergeant of the Signals Depot for five years—in those days the depot was at a place called Denbury.

In September, 1955, "Drums" was posted to 6 (Boys) Training Regiment, R. Signals, which, by a coincidence, was in the process of moving to Denbury at the time. Here he made his first contacts with his favourite "semi-spastics" or "pregnant fairies," known to us all as Junior Leaders. Recovering from the shock, he settled down and took over the Band Hobby from Capt. Easton RAEC, who had succeeded SQMS Humphries, BEM, the Band's original founder.

The rest is history! Under the "fatherly" guidance of "Staff," the Band grew in fame and prestige, became the Corps of Drums, and has now achieved an exalted status.

The proudest boast of Alan Yates lies in the fact that he is the only Drum-Major in the Royal Corps of Signals. His biggest ambition is to perform with the Corps of Drums at the Edinburgh and at the Royal Tournament. Let us hope that his dreams will soon be realized.

J/DRUM-MAJOR WELLINGTON

The J/Drum-Major, "Spud" Wellington, was born in the Forest of Dean, Glos., He left East Dean Grammar School in September, 1960, to follow in his brother's footsteps by joining the Signals Junior Leaders, and he furthered the family tradition by becoming a member of the Band.

Although previous to joining the band he had had some experience as a drummer in a local rhythm group, he nevertheless chose to enlist as a trumpeter. Unlike his brother, who was once Trumpet-Major, "Spud Junior" has been weaned back to his former love, and is now the Junior Drum-Major.

Swimming, shooting, enjoyment of modern jazz and of pipe music (in strength only) are his favourite recreations, which, together with his nightly mace-swinging practice, must leave him one of the busiest lance-corporals on the camp.

His greatest ambition is to perform at Earl's Court.



by Sgt. Martin

The Director General of Military Training talking to Members of the Corps of Drums

A TRIBUTE

To: The OC, Junior Leaders Regiment, R. Signals.

From: Torquay Branch, British Legion.

DEAR SIR,—The county chairman, county secretary and the chairman of this branch of the British Legion has asked me to convey their grateful thanks to you for allowing the Junior Leaders' Drum and Bugle Band to lead the parade to the rally area on the occasion of the Devon County Rally.

The display of Scottish dancing was "a reminder to an 'exile' the glories I have left behind me when I came south of the Border."

Beating "Retreat" was perfection, and I need say nothing more because it was indeed perfection. His Worship the Mayor of Torquay was particularly pleased to see the Brough of Torquay banner on parade with the piper.

Final figures show that 1,237 persons were on parade, and 157 standards.

Finally, the women's sections were very pleased to be able to have a band to lead them. Our thanks to Drum-Major Yates for his excellent handling of the Band.—Yours, etc.,

F. W. HAYWOOD, Organizing Secretary.
British Legion Hall, Torquay.

BASKETBALL

SEASON, 1961-62

By Capt. B. J. Burke

The first season of the Exeter and District Basketball League has been eventful for the Regiment. The Staff team had to withdraw from the First Division after several players had been posted, whereas the Junior Leaders team did admirably in the Junior Division. The Junior Leaders team, in fact, won 14 games out of 18 played, and are likely to be league runners-up. After the most unfortunate demise of J/Sig. Albiston, in the fire, the team was disrupted at the loss of one of their better players and, in fact, lost two games in a row before settling down again. However, it has been a most satisfactory season, with Locke, McLaren, Spree and Holden as the most consistent performers.

Perhaps the highlight of the season was the totally unexpected manner in which a scratch team played one of the strongest teams in the Exeter district—Exeter Basketball Club "A" team, and excelled themselves to lose only by 26-52 in the second round of the Webber Cup. The Junior Leaders were only four points down at halftime—a truly superb effort on the first Monday of term.

In the Army Cup we were beaten again by the RASC Junior Leaders Battn.; they are fortunate in having some excellent men players to coach them.

Although we have been banished from the gymnasium to a drill shed, we have hopes of doing even better next season.

CAN YOU BEAT THEM?

THE M.T. CRICKET XI.
CHALLENGE ALL OTHER
TEAMS WHO THINK HIGHLY
OF THEMSELVES TO A
MATCH ANY EVENING OF
THE WEEK

"X" PIRED—continued from P 4.

Tyrolean hat even further over his eyes in the approved James Bond fashion, and scrutinizing his shooting stick to ascertain that no diabolically-minded Junior Leader had sabotaged the thing, the OC sat down.

Meanwhile, back at the race, "X" was still in the lead. With only 200 yards to go—for "X" anyway—he began to sprint, and saw to his delight that the remainder still trotted doggedly on. In the approved fashion, "X" collapsed over the line. Helped to his feet, "X" began to clap enthusiastically, wondered vaguely why the poor, deluded fools persisted in running on.

When they told him they had to tie him to a bed and then, one fine morning, they took "X" away from Denbury for ever, to a lovely island where, they say, away from marauding sergeants, sadistic drill instructors, and power-crazed barrack room NCOs, this misunderstood youth has found peace at last.

ODEON NEWTON ABBOT

Sunday, June 3, for four days
James Cagney, Horst Bucholz
ONE TWO THREE (U)
Sun. 4.45, 8.5; Weekdays 1.50, 5.10, 8.30

THE GUNFIGHT AT DODGE CITY (U)
Sunday 3.15, 6.35; Weekdays 3.40, 7.0

Thursday, June 7, for three days
A Walt Disney Programme
Ray Bolger, Tommy Sands
BABES IN TOYLAND (U)
Technicolor 2.5, 5.15, 8.20
The Vanishing Prairie (U)
Technicolor 3.55, 7.0

Monday, June 11, for six days
A Walt Disney Programme
Tom Tryon, Dany Saval
MOON PILOT (U)
Technicolor 1.35, 5.10, 8.45
PRINCE AND THE PAUPER (U)
Technicolor 3.15, 6.50

TABLE TENNIS

VICTORY FOR THE CASTLES

On Tuesday, May 29, the Regiment played host to five other teams in a grand table tennis knockout competition. The evening started at 7.30, and the events were as follows:

Singles.—First round: Denbury bt Devon and Dorset ACF, 21-10, 21-16; St. Luke's bt Queen-street Methodists, 21-9, 26-24; Courtenay-street Methodists beat ACF 21-13, 21-15; St. Johns bt St. Lukes, 21-17, 21-8. Second round: Courtenay-street Methodists bt Denbury, 21-19, 21-9. Third round (final): Courtenay-street Methodists bt St. Johns, 21-19, 10-21, 21-12.

Doubles.—Denbury bt ACF, 21-12, 21-11; St. Lukes bt Queen-street Methodists, 21-20, 21-18; Courtenay-street Methodists bt ACF II, 21-3, 21-14; St. Johns bt St. Lukes, 21-10, 21-12. Second round: Denbury bt Courtenay-street Methodists, 21-11, 21-14; Courtenay-street Methodists bt St. Johns, 21-8, 21-18. Semi-final: St. Lukes bt Courtenay-street Methodists, 21-17, 21-16. Final—Denbury bt St. Lukes, 21-13, 21-10.

After the finals, Mr. Broadhead, the local Youth Club officer, in a short speech congratulated losers and winners alike. He presented the trophies to the respective winners.

For Denbury, the Castle twins (White Swan Troop) won a convincing victory and walked away with a well-deserved doubles cup.

THE 'JUNIOR MERCURY' SELECTS

"The Waltz of the Toreadors," latest release from the celluloid jungle, which stars Peter Sellers. He plays the part of a General ("still a boy at heart"), a pincher of shapely behinds, a squeezer of slim waists, an ogler of pretty faces. Dany Robin, slim, French and beautiful, in her first British film, plays the part of his faithful sweetheart.

"Waltz of the Toreadors" is a frolic. It is comedy in the best Sellers sense. It is colour and spectacle and action. And sex? Naughty? Yes, but nice!

Monday, June 25, for six days

Peter Sellers, Dany Robin
WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS (X)
In Colour 2.5, 5.15, 8.20

also Edgar Wallace's **BACKFIRE (U)**
3.55, 7.0



Sunday, June 17, for seven days
Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde
H.M.S. DEFIANT (A)
Technicolor Cinemascope
Sunday 4.35, 7.40; rest of week 2.5, 5.20, 8.30
DESIGN FOR LOVING (U)
Sunday 3.20, 6.25; rest of week 3.50, 7.5

Circumstances may necessitate alterations to these programmes

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J/Sgt. Hyde, Regimental Pole Vault record holder.
by Sgt. Martin

CRICKET

EMMOTT AMONG RUNS AND WICKETS

The Regimental Cricket XI. had their first match of the season against the Junior Leaders Battalion, RASC, on May 19.

On a cold and windy afternoon, the RASC opened their innings with some very brisk scoring. They batted for two and a half hours, and declared at tea with 123 for nine on the scoreboard. The wickets were shared by Emmott and Barnard, who collected four apiece.

After tea, Hunt (who topped last season's batting averages with an average of 25.3 runs per innings) opened with Raybould, but both wickets fell early in the evening. Despite some stout-hearted batting, Denbury never recovered from this poor start, and the innings closed at 62, with Emmott highest scorer with 15 not out.

JLR, R. Signals, 62; JL Battn RASC, 123 for nine (declared).

Result: RASC won by 61 runs.

TAIL-ENDERS HIT OUT

The start of the Royal Signals innings against the Royal Armoured Corps on May 26 seemed painfully familiar as the score crept to 27 for five, with Raybould, Nelson, Hunt, Barnard and Smith all back in the pavilion. Richardson then came to save the day with a gallant 24, which seemed to inspire the later batsmen into a special effort, and Wicks ended with 14, Fairhurst with 19 not out, and Mawer 18. For the first time this season, a total of 114 for nine wickets seemed respectable.

As if inspired by our batting success, Wicks and Barnard began a terrific spell of bowling, which at one time found the RAC Junior Leaders with seven wickets for three runs. Out of their total of 22 all out, Wicks had taken six wickets, Barnard four, and the Regimental XI had notched its first win of the season.

R. Signals, 114 for nine; RAC J/Leaders, 22.
Result: Signals won by 92 runs.

TOTNES BOWLING FAST AND ACCURATE

The second cricket match of the team, played on May 23, at Totnes, against King Edward Grammar School, proved disastrous for the Denbury XI.

Hunt and Nelson opened for Denbury, but both were dismissed for low scores, and the position of the Junior Leaders—10 for two—was critical. Barnard tried to put a better face on things and, with the top score of 10, proved our most successful batsman. The Totnes bowling was devastating, carrying with it pace to which our batsmen were unaccustomed, and a nagging accuracy that didn't permit the batsmen any errors, and Denbury were dismissed for a modest total of 32.

Totnes batsmen proved equally effective, and their scored closed at 122 for five. Barnard, Emmott and Hunt bowled well, but failed to find penetration, and the Signals' fielding got haphazard at times. Barnard took three wickets and Emmott two.

R. Signals, 32; Totnes GS, 122 for 5.

Result: Totnes won by 90 runs.

SWIMMING PROSPECTS

Interest in swimming throughout the unit is increasing, and the number of enthusiasts is growing. It is proposed to enter the Junior South-West District Championships at Taunton on July 13; also that a mixed team of staff and boys should compete in the Inter-Unit Water Polo Championship. If the water polo team were to be successful, they could expect to go forward to the Southern Command Water Polo Championship. In addition, it is proposed that suitable individual swimmers should enter for local swimming galas, and there are already three or four water polo friendly matches arranged against various local clubs.

Various Junior Leaders are already in training for competition swimming, and our best prospects include Emmott (F) as a crawl swimmer, Vivian (H) as a breast-stroke swimmer, and Mills (F) as a back-stroke swimmer. Promising water polo players include Campbell (A), a goalkeeper of some experience, and Waugh (K), Turner (G), Jaggard (M) and Dennis (B), all of whom show promise, which is particularly pleasing, as all of them have little or no experience of the game.

TENNIS

DEFEAT BY A NARROW MARGIN

The first tennis match of the season—in fact, the first known match for Royal Signals Junior Leaders—was played against the Junior Leaders RASC at Norton Manor Camp, Taunton.

Each pair played three matches. Our first pair, McArthur and Hamer, won two games and lost one; our second pair, Beaumont and Austin, won two and lost one. Unfortunately, our third pair, Russell and Atkinson, lost all three of their games. Thus a defeat by five games to four was recorded.

A Staff team—consisting of Capt. Davies and Mr. Grant, Capt. Walker and Lt. Knowles, also played, and drew two games all. Tribute must be paid to the enthusiasm in coaching Junior Leaders which has been shown by Capt. Davies and Mr. Grant this term. It is due largely to them that such interest is now being shown by the boys of Denbury.

ATHLETICS

23rd MAY, 1962

100 Yards (Regimental record 10.7secs.; holder, Boy Miller, 1952). Youths—1, Mawer (B), 11.0secs; 2, Lyth (H), 11.1secs; 3, Cooper (D), 11.3secs. (Mawer's time qualifies him to compete in the Army Boys Championships). Junior—1, Reed (J), 11.3; 2, Innes (G), 11.6; 3, McKenzie (K), 11.7.

220 Yards (Regimental record, 24.2secs; holder, Boy Owen, 1954). Youths—1, Mawer (B), 24.6 secs; 2, Morrill (L), 25.0; 3, Perry (G), 26.0. (Mawer's time qualifies him to compete in the Army Boys Championships). Juniors—1, Smith (G), 24.5; 2, Read (A), 25.1; 3, Douglas (M), 25.8.

440 Yards (Regimental record, 55.2secs; holder, J/Sig. Sullivan, 1961). Youths—1, Craig (H), 60.0 secs; 2, Gregory (L), 62.0; 3, Dewhurst (L), 62.5. Juniors—1, Smith (G), 57.8; 2, Stephens (K), 59.2; 3, Read (A), 59.2.

880 Yards (Regimental record 2mins 9.4secs; holder, J/L/Cpl. Jacobs, 1960). Youths—1, Richardson (G), 2mins 21.9secs; 2, Jackson (K), 2.25.1; 3, Martin (D), 2.27.5. Juniors—1, Stephens (K), 2.15.; 2, Porter (M), 2.23.6; 3, Hedges (B), 2.28.7.

1 Mile (Regimental record, 4mins 52.1secs; holder, J/L/Cpl. Garrehy, 1960). Youths—1, Gue (A), 5mins 10secs; 2, Martin (), 5.17.; 3, Benson (D), 5.18. Juniors—1, Thomson (), 5.10.8; 2, Gibb (L), 5.16.3; 3, Young (H), 5.25.7.

Three Miles (Regimental record 16mins 55.2secs; holder, J/Sig. McKay, 1960). 1, Gibb (L), 17mins 20secs; 2, Gue (A), 17.39.2; 3, Thomson (), 18.15.1; 4, Wooley (K).

110 Yards Hurdles (Regimental record 16.2secs; holder, J/L/Cpl. Moore, 1961). 1, Moore (B), 15.5secs; 2, Telford (F), 16.0; 3, Glossop (K), 16.2secs; 4, Hogarth (B), 16.3. (Moore's time is a new Regimental record. Moore, Telford, Glossop and Hogarth all qualified to compete in the Army Boys Championships).

Long Jump (Regimental record 20' 8"; holder, Boy Miller, 1953). Youths—1, Allen (F), 16' 0½"; 2, Wiseman (A), 15' 9½"; 3, Fisher (D), 15' 5½". Juniors—1, Smith (G), 18' 7½"; 2, Isherwood (L), 17' 3"; 3, Reed (J), 16' 11½".

Triple Jump (Regimental record 40' 7"; holder, J/L/Cpl. Jones, 1959). Youths—1, Mawer (B), 34' 7½"; 2, Chapman (L), 34' 0½"; 3, Nelson (B), 33' 9½". Juniors—1, Isherwood (L), 36' 1"; 2, Longstaff (D), 34' 7"; 3, Craft (B), 34' 4½".

High Jump (Regimental record 5' 3"; holder, J/Sig. Cox, 1958). Youths—1, Campbell (A), 5'; 2, Hogarth (B), 4' 9"; 3, Birchall (H), 4' 7". Juniors—1, Moore (B), 5' 1"; 2, Innes (G), 5'; 3, Foster (L), 4' 11".

Pole Vault (Regimental record 9' 2"; holder, J/Sgt. Hyde, 1961). 1, Hyde (A), 8'; 2, Maddison (G), 7' 3"; 3, Castle (K), 7'; 4, Peters (D), 6' 9".

Discus (Regimental record 142' 2"; holder, Boy Sergieson, 1956). Youths—1, Clapton (M), 119' 7½"; 2, Dean (F), 109' 2½"; 3, Longbould (H), 101' 10½". Juniors—1, Rumley (A), 89' 5"; 2, Reed (A), 88' 7½"; 3, Foster (L), 87' 8".

Javelin (Regimental record 143' 9½"; holder, J/Sig. Walker, 1959). Youths—1, Dean (G), 128' 4"; 2, Knell (M), 127' 2"; 3, Murphy (P), 121' 3". Juniors—1, Jaggard (M), 117'; 2, Dewar (H), 107' 9"; 3, Mitchell (J), 96'.

Shot (Regimental record 46' 4"; holder, J/Sig. Beere, 1960). Youths—1, Cooper (A), 37' 10"; 2, Siggs (R), 34' 2"; 3, Powell (L), 34' 1". Juniors—1, Horrell (H), 29' 8"; 2, Maddison (G), 29' 7"; 3, Riches (M), 29'.

Alexander Squadron were the winners with a total of 155 points. Slim Squadron totalled 120.

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