

# JUNIOR MERCURY

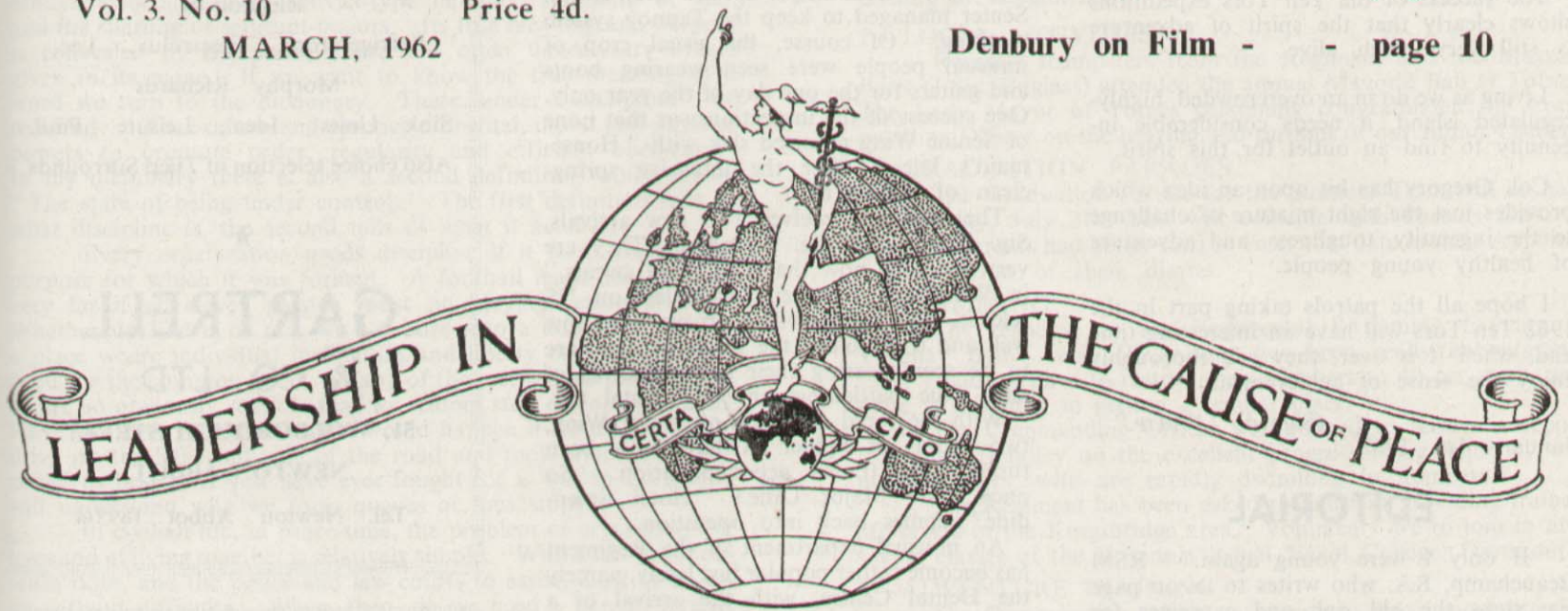
Vol. 3. No. 10

Price 4d.

MARCH, 1962



Message from Prince Philip—	page 2
“X’s” New Patrol -	page 4
In the Congo -	page 5
Denbury on Film -	page 10



## SETTING A HIGH STANDARD

History tells us that Julius Caesar invaded Britain some 2,017 years ago. Legend relates how the Roman centurions, seeing hordes of savage-looking Ancient Britons on the beaches, hesitated before committing themselves into battle. However, a Standard Bearer, bearing the proud Roman Eagle, jumped out of the ship, and started to wade towards the shore. Immediately more worried about losing their precious standard than losing their lives, the whole Army sprang out of the boats . . . Britain was successfully invaded and conquered.

What, then, is it about a standard that can overcome fear in such a way?

*"A moth-eaten rag, on a worm-eaten pole,  
It does not look likely to stir a man's soul,  
'Tis the deeds that were done 'neath the moth-eaten rag,  
When the pole was a staff and the rag was a flag."*

Sir Edward Hamley

Going back into mediaeval times we find that each Commander, were he Baron, Lord or Knight, had his own standard, bearing his own particular emblem. That served to indicate that a particular warrior was present, and to show the owner's position on the field of battle.

British Army Guards and Line Battalions normally have two Colours — the Royal Standard and the Regimental Colour — which are held as the Regiment's most sacred possessions. Colours are consecrated before being taken into use, and after service are laid up in sacred or public buildings. The Colour itself is embroidered with the Battle Honours and Badges which have been granted to the Regiment in commemoration of their famous deeds.

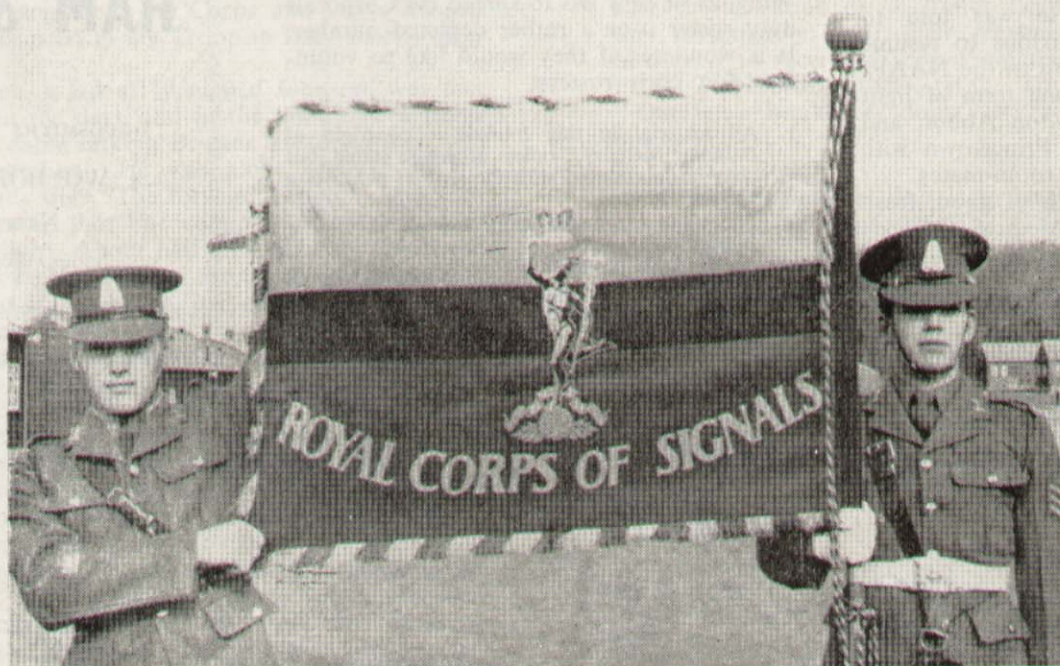
The Duke of Wellington described Standards and Colours as "a rally point and a headquarter." However, since 1882, Colours no longer go into action with a Regiment, but are retained for peace-time parades and display only.

All of us at one time or another have watched the "Trooping the Colour Ceremony," as performed by one of the Guards Regiments on the occasion of the Queen's Birthday. When you have seen this on television, have you ever wondered why the Colour is trooped throughout those on parade in that manner? It is a custom which goes back many years, and originally was devised as a simple means of letting every soldier in the Regiment see the colour close to, so that he could recognize it at any time.

What of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals? We haven't, of course, got a consecrated Colour of our own, and we certainly haven't got any battle honours either.

However, we have our own Standard, which we are all rather proud

of. Perhaps it is best regarded as being a symbol of the Regiment, and, of course, the focal point of any parade. It has no battle honours, but it bears, surely, an everlasting witness to the best traditions and aspirations of all Signals Junior — those who have already graduated to man-service, who did so much to build up our Regiment to its present height. — those who are in the Regiment now, who are so nobly upholding Denbrian traditions — those who are to follow in their footsteps, who will come into such a fine heritage.



The Regimental Standard borne by J/Sgt. Smith (Kukri Troop) and displayed by J/R.S.M. Wraith

by S/Sgt. Wilson

In olden times, when standards were very much larger than they are now, it required a strong man to act as Standard Bearer. Up until 1822 an Officer, of the special rank of Ensign, was Standard Bearer; but from then on the rank of Colour-Sergeant was created.

The honour of supplying a Regimental Standard Bearer Party at Denbury, normally a Junior Sergeant and two escorts, is given to the Champion Troop of the previous term.

## TEN TORS

### MESSAGE FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The success of the Ten Tors expeditions shows clearly that the spirit of adventure is still very much alive.

Living as we do in an overcrowded, highly-regulated island, it needs considerable ingenuity to find an outlet for this spirit.

Col. Gregory has hit upon an idea which provides just the right mixture of challenge to the ingenuity, toughness, and adventure of healthy young people.

I hope all the patrols taking part in the 1962 Ten Tors will have an interesting time and, when it is over, they will thoroughly enjoy the sense of achievement.

(Signed) "PHILIP."

January 1st, 1962.

## EDITORIAL

"If only I were young again." RSM Beauchamp, RA, who writes to us on page six, sighs the old sigh and expresses for everyone the sad feeling of never-returning youth. And once more youth will have a chance of proving itself, in the 1962 Ten Tors Expedition in June.

The golden eagle of the Romans; the colours and standards of units of the fighting services; and the patrol flags jauntily winding their way over the tors of last year—there's no difference. Our front page talks a little about flags this month and, to join the five pipe banners which the Regiment displays, we are hoping to be honoured with two more in the near future.

And now a story of courage. J/Sig. Dowling, of Francisca Troop, at present a member of Junior Wing, fell in the inter-Troop cross-country race, and finished with his knee gashed to the bone, necessitating several stitches. He was told to exercise his leg. Being anxious to resume his training, he did not limp to the NAAFI and back, hoping for a long term of light duties, but walked to Newton Abbot, and from there hitch-hiked to Princetown with J/Sig. Gallop, one of his room-mates.

This comes as a breath of good, fresh air at a time when the Medical Officer's waiting room is filled to capacity on adventure training, cross-country and parade mornings.

## STAFF SCRAPBOOK

Life in Senior Wing has once more returned to normal after the hectic period of the Administration Inspection. The inspection fever, we are told, passed off very well, with no major upsets. Even L/Cpl. Senter managed to keep the Tannoy system working. Of course, the usual crop of unusual people were seen wearing boots and gaiters for the one day of the year only. One success of the inspection was that none of Senior Wing reported sick with "Housemaid's knee" after the intensive spring-clean of Spider 61.

The MT has received two new arrivals, Sig. Foster and Sig. Taundry. They are very welcome now that two "old sweats" in Wing and Townsend have left on NS release. Our three civilian drivers have now well and truly joined the Regiment, and are to be seen wearing their new uniforms of dark blue battledress and regimental ties.

With the rapid depletion of Senior Wing, two rooms of Spider 61 have now been turned into transit accommodation. So once more Major Lane's "Hotel Splendide" comes back into operation.

An unusual department of the Regiment has become rather popular just lately, namely the Dental Centre, with the arrival of a new assistant. We are told on good authority that it is now impossible to get a dental appointment before August.

The Sports Store has now got a new temporary storeman, and we are informed that it is very temporary unless he learns how to use a washing machine correctly. Emerald-green stockings and maroon shirts don't like being mixed together, especially when they are not colour-fast. Anyone wishing to buy a multi-coloured Regimental hockey shirt should contact L/Cpl. McCann.

Our congratulations go to Sgt. Rogers and Sgt. Mathieson on their promotion. The only trouble here is that, although they are now popular with the RSM for adding two extra names to his Orderly Sergeants roster, they are most unpopular with SSM Senior Wing, as he now has to spread his Corporals duty roster over a rather depleted number. It is wondered if they would like to volunteer for both rosters.

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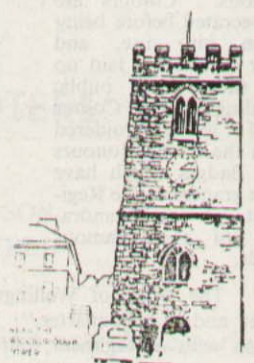
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# THE COMMANDING OFFICER COMMENTS . . .

## DISCIPLINE

There is probably more misunderstanding over discipline than any other matter affecting Army life. To the civilian it is always associated with convict-type haircuts, stamping of feet, and the snarling of sergeant-majors. Its true meaning and purpose is concealed by the unimportant and often unnecessary orders given in its name. If we want to know the true meaning of a word we turn to the dictionary. There, under "discipline" we will find: "The exercise and practice of mental, moral and physical powers to promote order, regularity and efficient obedience." In my dictionary there is also a second definition, which reads: "The state of being under control." The first definition tells us what discipline is, the second tells us what it achieves.

Every organization needs discipline if it is to achieve the purpose for which it was formed. A football team does not get very far if all eleven players insist on playing centre-forward! Whether we like it or not, we are born into a disciplined world, a place where individual inclination and liberty have to be sacrificed for the common good. Many of the restrictions placed upon us are so obviously sensible that we seldom stop to consider them. Have you ever thought of what would happen if we all refused to drive on the left-hand side of the road and took which ever side suited us best? If you have ever fought for a 'bus in Cairo you will understand why we form queues at 'bus stops!

In civilian life, in peace-time, the problem of organizing our lives and of living together is relatively simple. With a few common-sense rules, and the police and law courts to assist, most of us get by without difficulty. When, then, do we need a harder, stricter discipline in the Army? The answer lies, of course, in the magnitude of the task which we soldiers are called on to achieve. We must be ready, if the need arises, to face dangers and difficulties which are out of all proportion to those that are normally met in civilian life. We must be prepared to carry on efficiently when our endurance is at breaking point, when our nerves and sinews cry out for rest, and when our life itself is in danger. Under these conditions, only a high level of discipline will sustain us.

When we enter the Army most of us feel that discipline is something forced on us by others. It is only later we appreciate that true discipline stems from self-discipline, which is something that can only come from within us.

In Royal Signals, we are so often required to operate as individuals or in small detachments and, as a consequence, we have to rely, more than most, on self-discipline. It is much more difficult to obey orders and to do our duty when we have no seniors to lean on, and when we have no comrades alongside to give us their encouragement and support. I could give many examples from the last war of self-discipline in our Corps, and I have selected one such incident that occurred in my Troop in Italy shortly after the Salerno landing.

One of my linemen, a lad of 18 named Johnson, was sent out at midnight alone, in the dark and in the middle of a fierce battle, to repair a field cable linking Brigade Headquarters with the forward infantry battalion. He was alone because all the other linemen were already out. The forward battalion was hard pressed, and it was essential that line communication should be restored as soon as possible. About half an hour after he left he called me up to say that he had located the trouble. Very heavy enemy shelling, which was still going on, had caused several breaks in the line. He asked, in view of the intensity of the shelling, that he might be given authority to wait until it eased up before attempting to clear the faults. I checked with the Brigade Commander, who insisted, quite correctly, that the line must be repaired without delay. I passed this order on to Johnson, and he went on alone in the darkness and the shelling to complete the task. Two hours later the line came through and remained through for the rest of the night, contributing materially to the successful outcome of the battle. Five minutes later, while moving out of the area, Johnson was hit by a shell and wounded. Fortunately, he was not badly hurt and was soon back with us again, fully recovered. He was an unassuming sort of chap and would be surprised if he knew that I have recounted his exploits as an example to a later generation. He would hasten to point out that he was not a hero, but merely a soldier who did what he was ordered. Despite the personal danger and the lack of anyone to lead, encourage, or even accompany him, his discipline held firm and he did his job.

I would like to end these short notes with an extract from a speech given a few years ago by Field-Marshal Slim:

*"Self-discipline is the old Christian virtue of unselfishness, standing by your neighbour. It is the sacrifice of a man's inclination, comfort, safety and even life, for others, for something greater than himself. It is the refusal to be the weak link that snaps under the strain."*

## ROUND-UP

In an interview with the 'Junior Mercury,' the Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. A. Holifield, M.C., discussed many topics concerning the Regiment:

### 1.—LOCAL ACTIVITIES

Recently trumpeters from the Regiment and the Mayor's Piper (J/Sig. Buglass) attended the annual Mayoral Ball at Totnes. The Lady Mayor of Totnes personally congratulated the Commanding Officer on the bearing and turnout of our Junior Leaders.

### 2.—GRADUATION PARADES

The Graduation Parade for the Summer Term will be held on Tuesday, July 31. This will coincide with Parents Day, as usual, so parents had better start to enter that date in their Appointments section of their diaries.

### 3.—SWIMMING

The response to the Regimental Swimming Evening at Torquay Baths every Wednesday has been really encouraging. Each squadron have to restrict their numbers to 40 per week, and there is difficulty in getting a regular place.

The Commanding Officer was pleased to receive a report from Sgt. Hendley on the excellent progress being made by our non-swimmers, who are rapidly dwindling in numbers.

The Regiment has been asked to assist in providing trained life-savers in the Kingsbridge area. Volunteers are to join in life-saving classes at the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

### 4.—ADVENTURE TRAINING

The Commanding Officer is hoping to inject more interest into the Outward Bound training at present being carried out on Dartmoor—"too often it becomes just a soul-destroying bash."

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme is to be given greater prominence within the Regiment, and hobbies are to be adjusted in order to dovetail with this.

### 5.—CANOEING

Major Rothwell, S/Sgt. Hammond, J/L/Cpl. Dewar, and J/Sig. Vivian went to Bristol to try out a newly-designed kayak. This proved a great success, and they are now going on to build one for themselves for rough-water canoeing.

### 6.—INS AND OUTS

The Commanding Officer is impressed with the new Intake, and is pleased to feel they are settling down so well. He mentioned particularly the courage of J/Sig. Dowling on the Regimental Cross-Country.

Lt.-Col. Holifield is to pay a visit to Catterick to see the ex-Junior Leaders from the Regiment. He hopes to be able to ease the transition of all Junior Leaders into Colour Service by this investigation into their treatment and training. He was heartened to receive a very complimentary letter from Brigadier P. M. P. Hobson, D.S.O. (H.Q., Training Brigade), which says: "Our latest intake are doing very well, and we like them very much."

### 7.—TRANSPORT

The Regimental 'Bus is to be sold, and it is hoped that a new one can be acquired. The C.O. is also trying to get two Army 'buses on to establishment.

### 8.—NIJMEGEN

Already 220 Junior Leaders have volunteered to march at Nijmegen, which includes 71 out of the 72 at present in Junior Wing. It is expected that a 60-strong Band will accompany them.

### 9.—NEW UNIFORMS

Number Two Dress, the smart new uniform, has now been issued throughout the Regiment, and we can take pride in that we are the first Junior Leaders Regiment to have had a complete issue.

### 10.—TRIBUTE

Thank you, Padre Alban, Garrison Padre in Plymouth, for kindly coming up to Denbury at 0830 hours on some mornings to take our Padre's Hours, during Padre Wood's regrettable absence whilst in hospital.

### 11.—VISITORS

Three of Lt.-Col. Holifield's former African NCOs from 1 Signal Squadron, King's African Rifles, are going to Mons (Officer Cadet Training Unit) as cadets. They have been invited to Denbury for a visit.

Three Junior Leaders (RAC) have recently been down here on a visit. It is hoped to start a Social Club at Bovington, on similar lines to our own, and they had come down to learn how it should be run.

# "X" PANSION

It has seemed desirable for some time to introduce to those unfortunate enough to glance over this feature regularly, those luckless few so ill-blessed by the gods, who constitute the remainder of "X's" patrol.

**J/L/Cpl. Hardhead:** A solid, hard-working, pompous youth. Grossly unsympathetic to "X's" somewhat anarchist views.

**Taff:** A loquacious Welshman of the Church and Chapel regime, although he does not like to admit the latter. He talks familiarly of the "Tiger Bay" district, although he does in fact come from some 50 miles away from Cardiff!

**Butch:** A dour Scotsman who delights in all physical exercises, but has little time or ability for what he likes to term "undue mental strain." His chief hobby is applying a rather crude form of plastic surgery on certain long-haired youths in Newton Abbot.

**Daisy:** Tall and ungainly, lazy of mind and body, a plague to all NCO's and a firm believer in what he likes to call his "rights." These "rights" vary from not working from 0630 hours to 2200 hours, to failing to have sufficient marmalade at breakfast!

**Nig:** A peculiar brand of first-termer, full of the inspired horrors of Junior Wing and the outrageous cruelties of Sergt.-Major Hopson. He still "bulls" his boots\* and, on one memorable occasion, was caught using an iron to press S.D. trousers. Altogether a revolting character.

## AND "X"

"X," Taff and Daisy returned to the barrack room punctual to the minute, after their usual quadruple breakfast. That is, punctual to their time-table, which for some peculiar reason, lagged somewhat behind that accepted by the rest of their fellows.

"Oh, mark you, man," said Taff, "our esteemed corporal looks a little disagreeable this morning."

True enough, the portly NCO was standing, arms akimbo, glaring at "X" and his confederates with what he liked to imagine was a baleful eye.

"What's up?" said "X," with a tantalizing air of innocence.

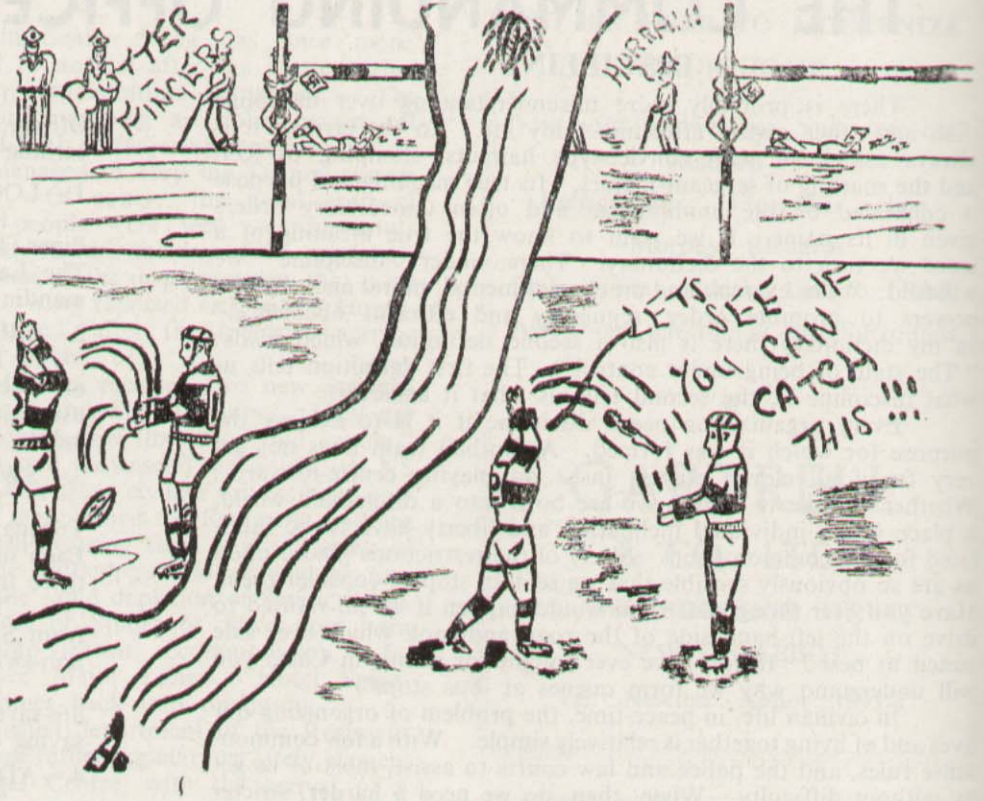
"There's dust under your radiator, your bed looks like you just got out of it."

"I have," contributed "X."

The last statement rather confused the harassed NCO, but once he was on a subject he clung on with all the tenacity of a bulldog (to which animal he bore a definite resemblance). "And, what's more, you have singularly failed in your duty of lining the beds off with the third crack in the floorboards."

"X" stood stricken with awe at this terrible harangue. Why, this constituted no more or less

\*Together with everybody else's



than a personal attack on his integrity as patrol cook!

Honour was saved, however, by Daisy's, "What-cher expect for two quid a week?", and a playful shove from Butch which sent our esteemed corporal into orbit for a few seconds and deposited him in a neat heap against the fire-doors.

If honour was saved, however, the scales were in the balance. Perhaps J/L/Cpl. Hardhead would not have worn so smug a smile throughout the remainder of the morning if he had but seen the conspiratorial group clustered around the juke-box during lunch break.

The following morning commenced in a startling fashion. No sooner had the strains of that unearthly

barrage of sound that passes for Reveille died, as the trumpeter returned once more to the land of Nod, than "X" and his confederates leapt out of bed and transformed the dormant room into a hive of industry.

On closer inspection one might wonder at the furtive expeditions to the Junior NCO's bed-space after the completion of sweeping bed mats or dusting locker tops.

L/Cpl. Hardhead was not there to wonder, anyway. Encouraged by a sudden birth of friendship with Butch, the innocent lance-jack had easily been persuaded that a spot of early morning training was

(Continued on page 5)



## 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

By Capt. M. R. C. WEINER, R. Signals  
PART I.

At the time the Congo crisis arose I was serving on a secondment to the Ghana Army. At the time the troubles in the Congo seemed remote, and many people had to look at the map to see where it was. So, very shortly, I will recapitulate how it all began.

The Congo is a vast country, ten times the size of Great Britain. On July 1, 1960, it was granted independence by the Belgians. However, within a fortnight the country was in a chaotic condition, with cases of atrocities against Europeans occurring in many parts of the country, committed mainly by a leaderless Congolese Army. In fear of their lives, many Belgians, mostly technicians helping with essential services, fled the country.

It is in this situation that the United Nations were called in to assist in restoring law and order and in providing civilians to help operate essential services.

At this time I was the Brigade Signal Officer to the Ghana Infantry Brigade. We soon realized we were going to be involved in this operation, and preparations for moving were put under way. I was to take sufficient of my troop to operate up to six wireless detachments and to lay some line. Those few days before leaving were chaotic. First, we packed all our wireless sets up in hessian, then it was decided to move them in vehicles; then back in hessian. Every piece of equipment had to be accurately weighed, as space in the aircraft was limited. Generators and batteries had to be taken, as we did not know if there would be any power available.

And so, on Sunday, July 17, the day came to leave. We were fortunate in having an RAF Transport Command Comet to fly in. As we took off from Accra we could see at the sides of the runways many hundreds of Moroccan troops waiting to follow us.

The operation had begun. We arrived at Leopoldville, the capital of the Congo,

just after dark. The airfield, one of the largest in Africa, was crowded with aircraft, all taking Belgian families out of the country. Also there were many Belgian paratroopers who had returned to protect their own nationals and property. They were not in a mood to argue.

Having unloaded the aircraft ourselves, we were then told that trucks were waiting to take us to the military camp in Leopoldville, some 17 miles away. Being in charge of the convoy, I mounted into the front of the leading vehicle and, rather apprehensively, I said, "Let's go." Then I realized what sort of problems we were to face. My driver, being a Congolese soldier, knew only his native tongue, French, and so, with fear of saying the wrong thing, I taxed my brain to take me back twelve years to my schoolboy French. With a few words and more gesticulations we were now on our way.

All along the route into the city there were road blocks set up by Belgian paratroopers and, being at night, it was fortunate they did not mistake my Ghanaian soldiers for Congolese otherwise unpleasant scenes might have occurred. Having driven for over an hour, we suddenly came to a stop. No lights were to be seen in the houses as the city was like a ghost-town. I then realized we were in a cul-de-sac, and my first thoughts were of an ambush.

Applying my empty magazine to my Sterling, I jumped out to find the remaining drivers shouting at my driver in what I gathered was uncomplimentary language. We were lost!

Eventually we did reach the military camp, where I was to establish a link back to Ghana. We arrived at what was obviously the HQ of the Force Publique, the Congolese Army. We had expected to be met, but there was no one to be seen. The place seemed deserted. The building was of two storeys, surrounding a large courtyard. With the Brigade G.III and Intelligence Officer we decided to investigate upstairs.

Most of the rooms were empty until we came to a door that, although it was unlocked, would not open. We pushed and barged on the door but to no avail, although by now we could hear a babble of voices inside. With more manpower, we finally pushed our way in and found inside some dozen Congolese soldiers all cowering in the corner.

They had assumed that we were Belgian paratroopers hunting them down, and it took considerable time to persuade them we were United Nations troops, and here to help them. Having established ourselves, we then set about unpacking our wireless, C.IIs, and testing our equipment. In true Signals fashion it was not long before we were through to Accra, some 1,500 miles away.

(To be continued)

## "X" PANSION

(continued from page 2)

just what he needed to increase his prestige with the patrol.

The sequel materialized later in the day, when the Troop Sergeant summoned Hardhead to his presence.

"You had the best barrack room this morning, Corporal." Hardhead positively expanded with pride—and paled a little with the shock of it.

"In fact," continued the sergeant, "every Junior Leader was immaculate in his dusting and sweeping, with the exception of one insufferably lazy oaf!" Here he paused, both for breath and to allow the full drama of this statement to take effect.

"Aye, it'll be 'X' again, Sarge, but I'll get to grips with yon idle s——."

"No, Corporal, it wasn't 'X.' I think he's a reformed character, all that rebelling! Simply a slight neurotic reaction by a sensitive, intelligent boy!"

Unbelieving, Hardhead surveyed the room, searching for the inevitable empty bottle that must stimulate such a statement. "Surely this couldn't be the old Sarge, whom legend had it, had once offered to buy 'X' out himself."

"No," repeated the Sergeant, "it wasn't 'X,' it was you!"

There is only one way out for a Junior Lance-Corporal when confronted with the enormity of having dust under his radiator. Slowly and, let it be said, not without dignity Hardhead pulled off his chevrons.

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# READERS' CORNER

## WHO'S BILL BURNAM ?

DEAR EDITOR,—We, the ex-Boys of Denbury, are now settling down in our new life. We would like to thank all our instructors, Troop sergeants, etc., for preparing us to be bigger and better "skivers" than we would have been otherwise.

Seriously, though, we have just started our training, and find it a great asset to have been Junior Leaders.

We would especially like to thank Sgt. Greaves and Sgt. Donald for their excellent tuition, and also all members of the staff.

Our advice to the boys is: "Take it all in, lads; it's worth it."—We remain Junior Leaders at heart. Yours, etc.,

Sigs. Andy Keenan, Ted Fendley, Pete Lindsay, Prof. Boisse, Terry Baker, Ginge Jerram, Popeye Pope, Johnny Watkins, Tich Swift, Jimmy Sneddon, Onion Unwin, Johnny Smart, Tibbles Tibbs, Bill Burnam.

Com. Centre, 7 Troop, 2 Sqn., 24 Sigs, Gaza Lines, Catterick Camp, Yorks. January 26.

## WELL DONE THE CHOIR

We thank the Commanding Officer for permission to reprint the following letter:

DEAR SIR,—On behalf of the officers and members of the Women's Section, British Legion, Kingsteignton, I am writing to say how very much we enjoyed your wonderful choir when they so kindly entertained us on the occasion of our Teign Group Conference on January 25. There were nearly 230 ladies present at the conference, and they were greatly impressed by the young gentlemen, for indeed they were certainly such.

Their general appearance was immaculate, and one could not fail to notice the pride which they felt in their bearing and uniform.

We do thank you, sir, for the privilege you permitted us in allowing them to entertain us. I assure you they did a grand job, with their able choir master, Mr. Griffiths, and the other gentleman who assisted him. Our thanks, also, to the officer who was in charge of them.

Please accept this small cheque for the Junior Leaders' funds.

Once again our grateful thanks to you all, and we hope that we may have the pleasure of their company again some time.—Yours, etc.,

DAAPHNE LEY (Mrs.).  
Hon. Secretary, BLWS, Kingsteignton.

## MORE EX-BOYS

Dear Sgt.-Majs. WHEATLEY and HOPSON,—We are writing, as we said we would.

Well, all the TG Ops. who came from Denbury are all together, and we're well in advance of our course and getting further all the time.

The camp is nothing like it is down there. Discipline is very lax, and so is turn-out. They call the first works parade the "morning giggle" and, believe you me, it really is a giggle.

On the whole, ex-Junior Leaders are treated well in this Regiment, and are thought a lot of—but we're still hard-worked. There are quite a few Denbury boys here, including up-gradings such as Ron Butcher.

As of yet I have not played rugby for the Regiment, but I was asked in the first week if I would. But playing means missing training.

By the way, give my best wishes and luck to the Regimental XV.; I want to see the cup back at Denbury again.

How are things there? The 'Junior Mercury' still a headache?

Well, I must close now. Please give our regards to Mr. Taylor, and Sgts. Angell and O'Connor, and thank them for trying with us.

Well, sirs, we're hoping to hear from you if you have got time. All the best.

"SQUARE" ROUND and "CHRIS" SPEARMAN.  
TG5, 2 Sqn., 24 Signal Regiment,  
Catterick Camp, Yorks.

## PRAISE INDEED

DEAR SIR,—Firstly, I wish to congratulate you on the very high standard of your magazine (which, I might add, improves with each subsequent edition).

Secondly, I wish to heap my praises on the Band and Choir, who are seemingly making a name for themselves in a big way. They richly deserve the admiration and high praise which have been showered upon them by the people of the Westcountry, by Signal units over here in BAOR, not forgetting the people of the Nijmegen area.

I was very sorry to hear of the departure of Col. Gregory. His deep love for the Regiment will be sorely missed, but under your new Commanding Officer the Regiment will go from strength to strength. Of that I am sure.

I am looking forward to coming to Denbury in June just to see for myself once again the Regiment at work and play.—Yours, etc.,

P. HEMSLEY.  
13 Signal Regiment, BAOR.

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**KINDNESS APPRECIATED**

The following is a letter received by the President of the Sergeants Mess from the Paignton Junior Training Centre.

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Crowe, the supervisor of the above centre, informs me that your Sergeants Mess and their wives very kindly presented cakes, sweets, and fruit for distribution at the children's Christmas party.

I am writing to thank you, on behalf of the Devon County Child Health Committee, for their very kind thought and gift.—Yours, etc.,

W. J. DOYLE.

County Medical Officer and Principal School Medical Officer, Medical Department, Ivybank, 45, St. David's Hill, Exeter.

**TWICE RECRUITED**

SIR,—Reference your article "Future Recruit?", in your current issue of your excellent publication.

You may be interested to know that similar correspondence took place between a young "prospect" and ourselves. The correspondence is reproduced for your interest:

"Dear Adjutant.—I have a little booklet on Welbeck College. You see, I collect badges, buttons and flashes. So could you send me any old ones you do not want. I like collecting badges, etc., because you can learn a lot about them.

I will be very grateful if you can send me some. (Many thanks)

Yours sincerely

(age 13)."

The Adjutant who, by strange coincidence, is also an officer of the Royal Signals (Capt. T. H. Wheawell) replied, enclosing badge, collar badge, flash, etc., and a current prospectus of the College, and asked that the lad should not tell his young friends that we had sent them as, these items being in short supply, we do not make a habit of sending to collectors. The reply duly came as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Thank you very much for the items you sent me. I am also pleased with the booklet, it is very interesting. I will not tell my friends."

The signature in each case (as if you hadn't guessed!) JOHN GERRARD, of 2, Lynton Avenue, St. Albans.

He had, of course, written to us before he lost his pen!

Whilst we do not appear to come into the category of trusty friend and thoughtful soldier, we feel that, like you, we have probably enrolled a future recruit—probably into the Royal Signals, via Welbeck!

(Continued on page 11)

**GOOD SECURITY?**

A letter from a parent, complaining that her 'Junior Mercury' was not reaching her, ends:

"... I would be obliged if you could get things going for me, so that I can get in touch with camp life. George's letters convey precisely nothing."

What are you trying to hide, Chimp? ?

**COMPETITION**

Many thanks to all those readers (quite a lot) who had a crack at our January competition. Surprisingly enough, nobody got all 20 answers correct, although many got between 14 and 18 correct.

The best set of answers was submitted by Mr. C. Lewis, of Broadlands-avenue, Newton Abbot, who had 19 correct. He will receive a prize.

The correct answers were: 1, Amy Johnson; 2, Black Bess; 3, Pattricoux; 4, Korea; 5, Marconi; 6, Canberra; 7, Ararat; 8, Cheetah; 9, Caernarvon; 10, A quarter; 11, Peas; 12, Harry James; 13, Jeremiah Clarke; 14, The Chequers; 15, Agra; 16, the Mongoose; 17, Patricide; 18, Rolls-Royce; 19, Joe Louis; 20, Speliologist.

**DEFENCE**

At one time or another we have all admired the ease and plausibility of lawyers when explaining queer happenings. Most people admire Perry Mason on television. How often have you imagined yourself in similar circumstances?

All you are required to do this month is to put yourself in ONE of the following circumstances, and say in not more than 150 words how you would explain your position away:

- either** Having told the Customs official that you had nothing to declare, explain why you were wearing six watches on each arm;
- or** Explain to the Orderly Officer why you were busily engaged in climbing through a hole in the camp wire dressed in pyjamas, at two o'clock in the morning;
- or** Tell a police constable why you had just thrown a brick through a jeweller's window, and what you were doing putting articles of jewellery, etc., into a large sack.

Prizes will be awarded to those submitting the most original explanations, remembering that they should be amusing, yet convincing.

Address your entries to the Editor, 'Junior Mercury,' Denbury Camp, Newton Abbot, Devon.

Closing date: April 1, 1962.

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THE  
FRIDAY  
CLUB

This design, drawn for us by Lt. Tysoe before he left Denbury, is the sign by which the Friday Club recognizes itself.

A flourishing organization, founded last term by Sgts. Angell, O'Connor, and Maher, it is the gentlemen's answer to the ladies 21 Club. While the ladies get together in their meeting place, the gentlemen get together in theirs and talk and enjoy themselves until it is time to take their wives home.

On Friday, February 9, the two clubs got together, when the ladies entertained the members of the Friday Club to a social evening in the Sergeants Mess.

The design above was suggested by the huge wine glass in the Regimental colours presented to the club by Lt.-Col. Gregory on the night of his Farewell Dinner in the Sergeants Mess. It stands upon a base, bearing an engraved plate with the legend:

*Oftime hae we, ma trusted friens,  
Together ta'en wine,  
Sae fill this tass whin a'm awa'  
For the saeke o' Auld Lang Syne.*

from which the words on the scroll were taken.

A rule of the club is the wearing of a maroon bow-tie on club nights, and this finishes off the picture.

**SMOKERS SNONYMOUS**

Are you a nicotine addict? Do you crave for a cigarette at all odd times? Are your fingers stained yellow? And does your heart start beating more quickly when you are required to take exercise?

RSM Pavey was a heavy smoker. But he's given it up completely! Now he's running a one-man campaign advising others to stop. The 'Junior Mercury' thinks that this is very laudable; half of our editorial staff doesn't smoke, anyway. Therefore, thinking of the methods used by the Alcoholics Anonymous Association, we have decided to crib a little . . .

Next time the craving for a cigarette comes over you, just pick up a telephone, dial RSM, and doubtless he will pour cooling words into your ears, which will help you to resist this urge.

# ROUND THE

## THE TWENTY-ONE CLUB

The Christening Party of the 21 Club was held in the WOs and Sergeants Mess on February 19. Mrs. Beadon is to be especially thanked for baking a special cake, as are all the other wives for providing such a wonderful buffet. Husbands came, supporting the party and the bar very well. Future meetings will be held on February 23, March 9, and March 23, and there is plenty of room for new members. If transport is your worry, please contact Mrs. Pavey or tell your husband to see S/Sgt. Robertson.

## RECENTLY OVERHEARD

### Shorten It

A dispirited cross-country runner to an official at the halfway check point: "They should have put this halfway mark nearer to the start."

### No Ceremony

S/Sgt. Smith: "It's my wife's wedding anniversary next Sunday."

### "T'was Brillig . . ."

A certain staff-sergeant dispensed information to the effect that no one was "to get me wrong," although the party was definitely "convivial," he was feeling "gibberish."

### Promotion

J/Sig. Hedges: "If I'd joined the REME Junior Leaders, I'd be J/RSM by now."

### Wet Debts

D/M Yates: "This is the first time I've seen swimming on hire-purchase."

### LOP-SIDED

Classes in ballroom dancing have now started on Tuesday evenings between 8 p.m. and 9 p.m. in No. 1 Gymnasium. Expert instruction is provided by Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie ("Geronimo" and his "Squaw") and Mr. and Mrs. Meekings.

We are informed that good progress has already been made with the waltz. For the first week there were 60 boys and no ladies; but the following week saw 30 boys and six Junior Ladies.

## DENBURY CALENDAR

There doesn't seem to be a lot of space left for a full calendar in this issue, but for those who are interested, the hockey, soccer and basketball fixture lists are full, and there's at least one home game of one or all of these every Saturday. In addition, the table tennis teams are going to be very busy, and the highlight of the month will be the canoe races at Totnes on Saturday, March 31.

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# CAMP

## LUMBERS I HAVE HAD

Rfn. Plum has had a succession of cars. This is his explanation:

It all started one summer, when I became the proud owner of a rather ancient Morris 10. For 10 days it ran smoothly, and drank at least five gallons of oil, and so the conclusion was reached that it was not very economical to run. With no more ado, it was sold to a very enthusiastic lad who just loved Morris 10's.

Then into my life came a little Austin Seven. Really some car but, alas, too small for my growing son to enjoy the view. It was only a two-seater and he was always shoved under the dicky-boot at the back. After some argument she had to go, and go she did.

Now comes the tale of the Ford van. A very unsuccessful Venture, for during operations to decoke the engine, to my horror I found I had hardly any piston rings where good piston rings ought to be. This was not all, however. My family took an instant dislike to the draught that howled through a rather large hole in the floor, through which we could observe the road rushing past underneath us.

After three or four weeks, a rather scruffy individual approached me and said: "I will give you a Morris 8 for your old Ford van, mate, and it runs?"

Who was I to pass up such a bargain? And so now I have a Morris 8 which quite refuses to operate its lights, after a rather violent stop in an effort to avoid a pedestrian.

Now, after creeping through the Devon lanes in the dead of night for nearly 30 miles in second gear, it won't go at all.

Anyone want to buy a slightly-used car?

## IS IT COLD UP THERE?

S/Sgt. Hammerton sent J/L/Cpl. Stubbings' measurements to the tailor so that a special suit of No. 2 dress could be made for him.

"That's why I sent them," replied S/Sgt. Hammerton in answer to the tailor's horror-stricken letter to the effect that: "This is impossible—the boy's abnormal."

## HOWLERS

Once again we publish a few of the highlights of the Junior Test:

**Smiles and Smiles.**—We jest kept walking.

**Rough Weather!**—I was socked to the skin.

**RSM's Delight.**—All we could see was marchland.

**Don't Talk Rubbish.**—He sank to his waste.

**Rum Behaviour.**—There were frequent stops for staggers.

**Well Prepared.**—We set out in trunks.

**Spirit of Adventure Perhaps?**—Dartmoor is very bogey.

**We Disagree.**—The microphone is a peace of equipment.

**So That's Who It Was!**—Television was invented by John Yogi Bear.

**The Truth Will Out.**—Dear Sir, I wish to apply for passionate leave.

**Oh, That's All Right.**—Dear Sir, I am sorry to trouble you with my promble.

**Why, What's Wrong With Her?**—Dear Sir, my aunt wants to visit the Regiment. May I be absent?

## GOING SOMEWHERE

RSM Dean, whom most people saw recently piloting his helicopter around the area and taking a part in the film-making that was going on, was chatting to one of the Editors over a pint, and discussing Denbury and the Junior Leaders.

"The thing that never fails to impress me," he said, "is the air and bearing of the boys I see walking around the camp. They all seem to be 'going somewhere,' and to know where they are going. To me they look confident and determined."

## DENBURY STAFF SOCIAL CLUB

The club held its monthly social in the Denbury Arms on January 26. The social was well patronized. The club welcomed for the first time the new colonel of the Regiment, Lt.-Col. Holifield, and Mrs. Holifield. Other guests included Major and Mrs. Scott, the 2 i/c, and the local TA unit from Newton Abbot.

During the evening Mrs. Holifield was presented with a bouquet by Mrs. Warrender, one of the committee members.

## CAN YOU HELP?

Jerboa Troop heard, through their driving instructor, of a boy who lives in Ivybridge who has gone blind. In order to help this poor boy, the Troop have launched out on a full-scale drive to collect silver paper in order to purchase a trained dog for this youth.

The 'Junior Mercury' would like to congratulate the Troop on their enterprize in such a kindly and useful manner. Anybody got any silver paper? Jerboa Troop's the place for it?

## ADAMS AND EVE

There were three patients in the MRS who asked Eve Davidson to purchase a few items for them. Eve returned very shortly, stepped in smiling, to be greeted by "three bare bottoms"—arrayed in penicillin order.

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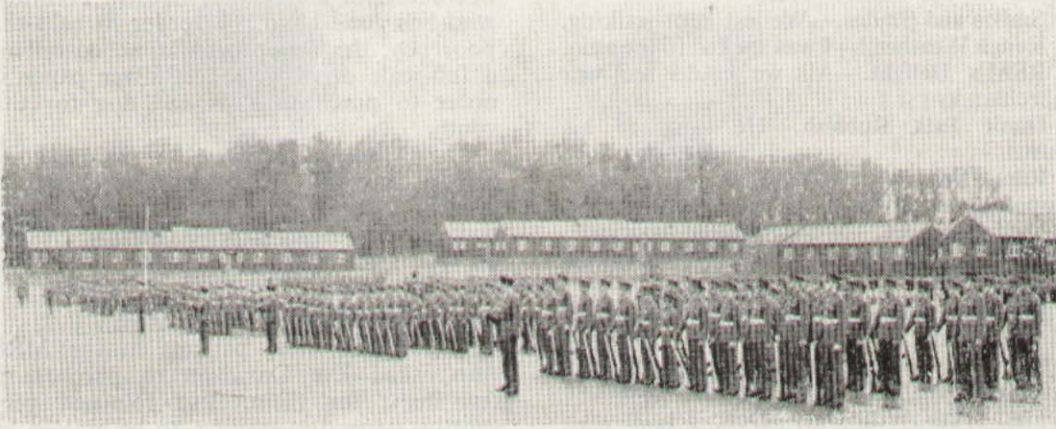
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# WORK . . . . AND . . . . PLAY



"The Regiment on Parade"

## THE ANNUAL ADMINISTRATION PARADE

We are no longer entitled to Greg's weather, but it may be that Lt.-Col. Holfield has power in that direction because, in spite of extremely gloomy weather forecasts and lowering skies, the rain held off, and the Regiment was able to parade for Brig. H. W. le Patourel, VC, as part of the annual admin. inspection.

Markers were called at 0945 and, for the first time in a very long while, the boys had the pleasure of sharing their parade square with the veterans of Senior Wing, and all the instructors, both military and academic. Junior Wing were also on show for the first time of their Denbury lives, and are to be congratulated on standing still and uncom-

plaining for over an hour without a chance to move.

The form of parade was exactly the same as for the end of term parades but, as the Inspecting Officer said in his address to the Regiment, this was not an end in itself, but only a part of a thorough inspection of the working and running of the whole unit. Brig. le Patourel went on to say, though, that it was a very important part, as it gave him a chance to see and judge the drill and steadiness on parade of what was the first Junior Leaders Regiment he had ever inspected. He said he was impressed by what he had seen, and advised the boys, especially the newest ones, to take every advantage of what he was convinced was a flying start for any lad who had decided on the Army for a career.

After the parade, the Brigadier began his tour of the Regiment which, after a short break for "SWAG" (sweet water and goodies), had resumed its normal way of life with academic and military and trade training classes in full swing. At about one o'clock he went into the Sergeants Mess to meet the senior NCOs and then crossed over to the Officers Mess for lunch.

In the afternoon most of the Regiment turned out to see Alexander Squadron beat Slim Squadron 6-3 in the inter-squadron rugby match, but by now the rain-gods had had enough waiting around and sent a great, black cloud over Denbury Hill which drove all but the most ardent supporters back to their cosy billets, with the Commanding Officer's promise of a Saturday morning off if the parade went well, in their minds and confident in their hearts that it had gone well.



"Brigadier le Patourel, V.C. talking to J/L/Cpl. Cameron of Romulus Troop"

## SHOT ON LOCATION

A shot rang out. Captain Rogers clapped his hands to his stomach, rolled his eyes, and dropped, mortally wounded. Although there were plenty of witnesses, no one will be court-martialled, because this bandit was brought down by one of J/RSM Wraith's security forces patrol in the interests of recruiting. On a film, of course.

The story of the film, in which the J/RSM played the leading role, is of a corporal in Malaya who has been ordered to dig out a band of terrorists who are known to be hiding up in a certain area. The patrol goes a certain distance by helicopter, and then prepares to set off through the jungle (Denbury Wood). As the corporal sets his map, his mind goes back to the time when he was a Junior Leader out on a map-reading exercise. The leader of his patrol argued and was undecided, so he took over the responsibility of "getting there" as he was doing today.

These thoughts are shown as flashbacks, and by means of these the life of the corporal as a Junior Leader is portrayed as the story unfolds.



"J/Sgt. SHARMAN with his 'Blue Pencil' RADIO"

The patrol finds the terrorists, and after a series of setbacks and uncomfortable moments, it manages to account for a few of them itself and then the corporal, in order to recall the helicopters to finish the job, has to trek back to camp with one of his patrol.

As he climbs a mountain on his way back, he recalls his Outward Bound course in Wales and, to shoot this and other scenes, J/RSM Wraith was sent to the Army Outward Bound School at Tonfanau for a couple of weeks.

The parts of the rest of the security force patrol were played by J/Sgt. Sharman (who had to carry a radio as well as all his kit, and couldn't keep the aerial from becoming entwined around branches and brambles); J/L/Cpl. Greenwood, in place of J/Sig. Vivien, who had damaged his foot somehow; J/Sgt. Locke; and J/Cpl. Kynaston. The "baddies" were Capt. Rogers, Lt. Rowntree, J/L/Cpl. Farr (a "natural"), and J/Sig. Brumfield.

The whole cast had a great time, going up and down in helicopters and messing

about in the woods, and will be unlikely to forget Ernie, the lighting man, who, while helping a rather watery sun with the aid of reflectors, was under a constant barrage of ejected cartridges, which elicited from him a no less constant stream of spicy invective and impolite witticisms.

The film, made by Anvil Films, is a documentary in colour, meant to be shown chiefly in schools to boys who are in their last term and about to decide on a career.

The following letter from the film's producer throws a little more light on the proceedings.

To: J/RSM J. Wraith, Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, Denbury Camp, Newton Abbot, Devon.

DEAR JOHN,—A rough cut of the film will be ready tomorrow (February 13), and everyone seems to think it has worked out pretty well. I should like to thank you very much indeed for the part you played in it, and to tell you how much we enjoyed working with you. Please remember me to the "Section," and pass on my thanks to them; not forgetting Johnny Sharman and that blue-pencil radio set.

I hope you eventually see the film. For your information, the man to get in touch with about it is John Bourne, Films Division, Central Office of Information, Hercules Road, Westminster Bridge Road, London, SE1. Once you are established at Catterick I should imagine it would be possible to get hold of a copy through the Adjutant, or who ever deals with these things. By the way, if and when you do see it, you must be prepared for someone else's voice coming out of your mouth. This "voice" is now being cast and will be recorded on Friday.

Yours sincerely, GERARD BRYANT.

All Photographs by S/Sgt. Wilson



"Mr. Gerard Bryant explaining the Script to his Cast"

# HOCKEY

## SEMI-FINAL ENDURANCE TEST

For the semi-final of the Junior Hockey Cup our XI travelled up to Oswestry to play the Infantry Junior Leaders. A general impression of the teams and, indeed, of the game, showed them as a bigger, stronger team, but we knew more of the finer points of the game.

Straight from the bully-off, the Regiment broke through, and Cunningham nearly scored. Then, for about ten minutes, we were the slightly better side, but the tide turned and Infantry began to gain control. Our defence held well until their right-wing scored from a short corner with goalkeeper Thompson unsighted. We attacked for the remainder of the first half, but to no avail.

In the early stages of the second half the defences were under pressure as the play swung speedily from end to end. A neat pass to Heard, who very coolly beat the goalkeeper and pushed it into the net. Now both teams applied pressure but the defences remained firm, with Thompson rising to every challenge. Full-time whistle—a draw.

Ten minutes each way, with Infantry pressing throughout, but still a draw.

A second period of ten minutes each way, with Signals on top.

Yet a third period, with Infantry predominant in the first half and Signals in the second; but defences triumphed. Thus, after four distinct periods of play a 1-1 draw was agreed upon. The replay at Denbury should be a real thriller.

All our team played well, but special credit to Thompson, Stanger, Reid, and Raybould in defence. The most dangerous forward was Hunt.

## STEPHENSON'S HAT-TRICK

Playing on a grass pitch, which Signals aren't so used to, HMS Figgard opened the scoring after 15 minutes. Just before half-time Hunt equalized after a good run in from his wing.

In the second half Signals settled down. Hunt put us in the lead with a "blinder" which their goalkeeper never saw. Heard made it 3-1; Stephenson then rubbed it in with three well-taken goals to give us a 6-1 victory.

Sharpe foraged well, and Reid was first-class in defence.

## SEALE-HAYNE COMPLETE DOUBLE

In view of the strength of Seale-Hayne hockey this season, and the early season defeat by the odd goal of a full-strength Staff XI, it was hardly surprising that a sorely-depleted Staff XI lost.

What was surprising was the fight which the Staff put up in the face of such opposition. In the circumstances, the 5-0 defeat was quite honourable although, in terms of "what-might have been," regrettable.

## MORE TROUBLES FOR STAFF HOCKEY

On February 21, the Staff XI had a somewhat eventful fixture with Exeter University at Exeter. The depleted side set off in cars and then discovered that it sometimes helps to know the way.

Much later the game started. The Staff were three men short, including the goalkeeper, who arrived after about 20 minutes, just in time to see the University's second goal trickling in.

The Staff managed to field ten men for most of what was left of the game, and scored twice while giving two goals away.

The final straw was laid when Mr. Grant was struck on the head by a wild stick, and the Staff were back with eight men.

# BOXING

## FINALISTS: SIX OUT OF SIX

Only six out of our twelve fancied entrants were able to box in the Southern Command Army Boys Boxing Championships; ill-effects from smallpox injections were still taking their toll.

Tucker (Kukri) and Burman (White Swan) got byes straight through to the final.

Tofield (Kohima) boxed well to out-point a less aggressive opponent. Black (Quadrant) won convincingly, the fight being stopped in the first round. Porter (Kohima) was warned in the first round for using his shoulder, but went on to win. Dulston (Iron) won his fight, despite being warned for slapping.

Thus, in the finals, we had six boxers from the six we had entered.

Tucker and Tofield won, to give us two Southern Command champions in the Regiment. Our four losing finalists all did well.

## SEVEN KNOCKOUTS

From our point of view, half of the fights in the recent Army Championships can be described in one word—CRUNCH!

Black and Dulston were knocked out in their first fight; and Trenchard, Fogg and Witherington still don't know what hit them. Cook fought strongly and won his first fight by a knockout, but went into his final too fast and was himself "put to sleep."

Watson's bout was stopped in his opponent's favour. Burman had a hard fight, but was beaten on points. Powell, who gave as good as he got in his usual manner, also lost on points. Tofield and Porter both gave excellent accounts of themselves, but the judges' decisions were two to one against them.

Tucker, unfortunately, was not fit to box, due to a recent vaccination, but we still had Young.

Young won his semi-final by a knockout, but was beaten in the final on points. The boy who beat him, however, could not be spared by his Regiment to go on to the ISBA Championships, so Young would get his chance—so it was rumoured. Unhappily for the Regiment, the lad afterwards got permission to fight, so we must wait until next year to see what the team's chances will be like then.

# CROSS COUNTRY

## QUADRANT WIN

Some of our busiest people this term have been the cross-country runners. On Thursday, February 1, the inter-Troop race took place. Some of the runners would not have been there had they had the choice. Nevertheless, if you've got to go, you've got to go, and everyone did his best to put his Troop at the top.

The final results, after Capt. Joyner had burned the midnight oil to sort them out and check them, were: Quadrant first, followed by Jerboa, White Swan, Javelin, Kukri, Iron, Kohima, Junior Wing, Romulus, Francisca, and White Spear.

Individual result: 1, Kemp (A), time 23mins. 32secs.; then Gibb (L), Gue (A), Martin (L), Stephens (K), Glossop (K), Thomson (B), Robertson (L), Crudge (JW), Wooley (K), Prior (M).

## WESSEX BRIGADE BAND BOYS

This contest, run on February 7, gave the Regimental team a win by 78 points to 142. Again the first three were Kemp, Gue, and Gibb.

## SOUTH-WEST COUNTIES CHAMPIONSHIPS

The three-miles Youth Race took place on February 3. The Regiment gained third place, being narrowly beaten by HMS Figgard 'B' and 'A' teams. This was a good result, as they defeated RAF (Cocking) Apprentices, Swindon AC, Barnstaple AAC Junior Leaders Bn. RASC, and Salisbury and District AAC.

Placings: Gibb, 12, time 16mins. 38secs.; Kemp, 13, 16mins. 40secs.; and Gue, 15, 16mins. 43secs. The winner's time was 15mins. 13secs.

## WESSEX BRIGADE BAND BOYS

The result of this match, on February 21, was another good win for the Signals by 38 points to 124. The first seven home were all Signals runners: Kemp Gibb, Gue, Wooley, Young, Stephens, and Glossop in that order.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH GRAMMAR SCHOOL' CREDITON

The result of this contest was: QEGS, 41 pts; R. Signals 'A,' 48 pts; R. Signals 'B,' 92 pts. A change between the 'A' and 'B' teams would have given us a victory here, as the first six Signals runners home totalled 39 points. Kemp was second, Gibb third, and Stephens seventh.

## TWICE RECRUITED

(continued from page 7)

In case you are wondering how the copies of 'Junior Mercury' come into my possession, I would like to say that, as a Gunner, I am always interested in how the other half of the world exists, and being closely associated with the inhabitants of Denbury in the course of several visits annually for holidays, I also come in contact with members of your staff. The magazine comes to me via "Lark's Union," and usually circulates here.

Incidentally, my wife was there before you, chum, having been forced into several weeks "square bashing" when Denbury was an ATS training camp. Apart from the change of sex, the camp does not appear to have altered!

Good luck to your efforts and to your next Ten Tors. If only I were young again!

Please give my kind regards to Capt. Hewson and "Mac." We shall be around again at Easter, and hope to see another of your graduation parades. We thoroughly enjoyed the last one.—Yours, etc.

R.S.M. A. G. BEAUCHAMP (RA).

Welbeck College, Worksop, Notts.

P.S.—Have you considered the possibility of a ring of collectors centred on St. Albans; quite a central HQ for operations?

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## RUGBY



"An Exciting Moment in the Inter Squadron Rugby Match"

by S/Sgt. Wilson

## TRIUMPH OF OPEN RUGBY

Our first game in this year's Army Junior Leaders rugby competition took us to Arborfield to play the REME Junior Leaders. After 12 minutes of attacking play by the Signals XV., Parkinson went over for our first try, which he converted himself. Next to score was Cooper, who "sold" a perfect dummy which left the REME centre wide open. Brister converted. Brister scored our third himself by nipping smartly around the blind side of the scrum before the opponents realized that the ball was even out. Just before halftime Younger made the score 16-0 following the successful exploitation of a cross-kick.

Lyth opened the second half with an exciting run, which took him at least 70 yards, before stumbling, having successfully jumped out of a tackle only five yards short of the line. A full threequarter movement sent winger Perry over, and Parkinson converted. Finally, after two or three unsuccessful attempts, we achieved a push-over try from a five-yard scrum with Younger actually touching down. Brister converted to make it a 26-0 victory to Signals.

Although not a strong side, REME are to be congratulated on their stamina, and "guts."

Brister, team captain, was the master tactician, and varied his game delightfully from the fly-half and varied his game delightfully from the fly-half position. Thomas, as hooker, gave him plenty of the ball. Outstanding in a fine all-round pack was the intelligent lock-forward play of Parkinson, the terrific tackling of Hobson, and the fire of Greenwood. All the threequarters showed they could run with the ball, and make openings, too.

Some suggestions for improvements (there are no criticisms). The pack needs more positive leadership; Wraith must get his hard-working eight welded into one positive striking force. The pack must stop opposing forwards from breaking through in the line-out. Scrum-half Barnett, as game as they come, took a terrific beating. Handling amongst the threequarters must improve.

## ALEXANDER AT LAST

For the fourth season in succession, Alexander Squadron started as strong favourites for the Inter-Squadron Rugby Cup, and for the first time actually won the cup back from Slim Squadron.

In fact, the teams were well balanced, with Alexander supreme in the back division and in the line-out, and Slim superior in both the tight and loose scrummages. The first try was scored by Wooler, on the wing, after a fine passing movement. Then Cooper scored from an inside break down the centre of the field.

The halftime score was 6-0 to Alexander Squadron.

Slim Squadron narrowed the gap with a try by scrum-half Barnett following a short penalty, and that ended the scoring at 6-3.

Both teams played well, but special mention must be made of Parkinson's fine tackling in the loose scrums, Thomas's fine hooking in the tight, and the brilliant spoiling play of Hobson as Slim's opening forward.

## SPLENDID KICKING

Exeter Saracens met a nearly full-strength Regimental XV., which got away to a 10-point lead in the first quarter of an hour. At halftime the scores were level as Signals started to slacken off. Then the Denbury XV. began to offer variety to their game, and Cooper scored an excellent try after following up his own short punt. Then tries came fast, Signals running out to a 33-10 victory.

Other scorers were Wooler, Perry and Smith. Brister, in the absence of Parkinson, converted all six tries and kicked a penalty.

## VERY SIMPLE

The Wednesday XV.—the Junior Leaders basically, with Capt. Walker, 2/Lt. Rowntree, WO II Wheatley, Sgt. Waters, and L/Cpl. Greening—defeated the Wessex Brigade XV. by 32-0 in an enjoyable friendly at Denbury. Sgt. Waters converted four of our tries; Hobson again delighted with the ferocity of his tackling; and Cooper found Capt. Walker's passing better than Lyth's.

## SOCCER

## WINGERS PREDOMINATE

In a league game at Torquay on February 3 against Coombe Pafford, the Regimental XI. started off making very heavy weather against an obviously weaker side. It was boring to watch for most of the first half.

However, gradually the wingers took control, and after halftime three goals from Prior and two from Forrester made it a 5-1 victory for us.

## INJURIES EVEN OUT

Played, unusually, on a Saturday morning, the match against Newton Abbot Grammar School on February 10 proved exciting. The Regimental team took their "parade break" opportunity and played fast and hard. Wicks scored first, and then G. Nelson added another one. Shortly after, the Grammar School narrowed the margin, and a bitter defensive struggle developed. Collison, the goalkeeper, was carried off, and G. Nelson proved an able stand-in. To square the situation, the School left-half received an ankle injury which prevented him from participating further.

After these two incidents both teams pressed extra hard, but the Regiment held on to win a first-class match 2-1.

## AREA WINNERS

The Devon Junior Cup area final on February 24 was played in the teeth of a bitterly cold east wind, against Coombe Pafford. Hollander opened the score for Signals with a terrific 35-yard drive which rocketed into the roof of the net. In contrast, Hollander's second goal hit the crossbar and rebounded off the goalkeeper's back into the net. Forrester made it 3-0 just before halftime.

Nelson scored our fourth; Coombe Pafford hit back with a goal—a just reward for some hard work in defence; and then Nelson scored again. Forrester completed a fine personal triumph by scoring goal number six.

Final score: 6-1.

Ward, Fawcus and Chisholm were outstanding in the Signals defence.

## A HARD FIGHT

The 2nd XI. fulfilled a league fixture against a much-improved Rover Colts team on February 24. Playing on a bad pitch in windy conditions, the "wee ones" found themselves two goals down in five minutes. However, they pulled back with a goal through Walters.

A good goal by Jenkins in the opening minutes of the second half put us momentarily level. However, Rovers immediately scored to go one ahead, at which their centre-half put the ball past his own goalkeeper to level things up again.

Play fluctuated from end to end, and Rovers made it 4-3 after a defensive slip by Douglas. Jenkins scored an equalizer in the dying minutes of the game, and the 2nd XI. had achieved an honourable draw.

## SCRAPPY GAME

The Regimental Staff Football XI. kicked off against Devon General, and several promising attacks were beaten off by them. The game then became very scrappy and some desperate kicking by defences were the exciting parts to the first half-hour. After a goalmouth scramble, Signals scored through Fagg, and although the game came alive in the later stages, it was a match perhaps best forgotten.

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