

VOL. 2. No. 12.

MAY, 1961

Price 4d.

EASTER EGG



Frequently some chance remark sets in motion a whole train of thoughts that intrude upon our complacency and pluck the sting from our selfishness and pride. In an instant life becomes real: full of beauty and simplicity, and we are a little better than we were a moment before.

It was like this on Palm Sunday, when the Bishop of Plymouth came to Denbury to take the Confirmation Service for twenty-two Junior Leaders. After the service he had coffee with them in the Church Army Hut (a place rarely mentioned in this newspaper, and yet so homely and admirably run by Capt. and Mrs. Milner), and he asked them in principle a leading question—just one: "Most of you have been here for about three months. If you had your choice again would you still join?" Spontaneously (too much so to be clever or cunning) the unanimous answer came back: "Oh, yes, Sir!" How good it is to know that your friends want to stay with you and like being at Denbury.

But it was some time later, when the Bishop was sitting in the ante-room of the Officers Mess talking about a visit to Oberammergau and his impressions of the Passion Play, that the grace note was struck. Mrs. Clarke (the Bishop's wife) had taken her dog for a walk, and was last of the few guests we were having to lunch in the Officers Mess to arrive. She walked into the ante-room, this charming little lady with the girlish sparkle in her eyes, and, almost impatient with enthusiasm, said: "Oh, there is nothing so lovely as a Spring day in Devon. I have just been for a walk with my dog along the lane from the camp to Denbury village, and the bluebells are out everywhere—on the 26th of March!"

I was standing with my back to Hugh Ridge's controversial painting of Haytor, and I looked out west, as I often do, and fixed my eyes upon the clear, solid edifice of that great mass of rock and the beautiful landscape prostrate before it—fashioned in the colours of spring, blue and green, grey and purple, and as I browsed over the pages of my memory a verse by Francis Thompson emerged:

"The angels keep their ancient places:
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That mist the many-splendoured thing."

The lunch that followed this happy gathering in the ante-room was gay and lively, and everybody had something amusing and refreshing to say. Paddy had won the Beatnik fancy dress prize at the Senior Non-Commissioned Officers Mess the night before. Major Nye had

heard of two additional entries of boys and girls for Ten Tors from Sgt. Clarke, of the Exeter Police and Organizer of "Operation Dartmoor." Major Lane reported that the people of Bovey Tracey had now presented us with a plinth to go with their Maltese Cross. Lt. Plummer was full of optimism for the second replay of the Army Rugby Cup Final with the Royal Armoured Corps. The food was strictly conventional ("as becomes a Bishop" thought the chef when he prepared the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding), but he, astute man and one-time member of the Royal Navy, had already anticipated the Bishop's taste, knowing that the Bishop of Plymouth, in fact, came from Yorkshire. All this, and the sun continued to pour its benign light on a flawless countryside.

Now, just before the end of term, the mood and atmosphere of Palm Sunday is fresh in my mind, and added to it are some more recent and happy events. We won the rugby cup at Taunton (11 pts to 3), but our joy in this triumphant result is overshadowed by the thought that one side had to lose, and our feelings of great respect and admiration go out to a very gallant XV., and to Col. Jolly, his Officers and Junior Leaders who so sportingly travelled great distances to support their team and at the end to congratulate ours with such warmth and sincerity.

On Easter Sunday a representative number of residents from Bovey Tracey came to see their Maltese Cross, now firmly placed in position at Denbury Cross, associating the good people of Bovey Tracey with the Regiment and Camp.

On 27th March, the inter-troop Canoe Race (won by KOHIMA Troop for the second time) took place on the River Dart at Totnes, with the support and co-operation of the Mayor and town of Totnes, and it is thanks to the Mayor (Ald. K. Evans, J.P.) and his Council that the Canoe Race Ball, sponsored by the Officers and senior Non-Commissioned Officers of



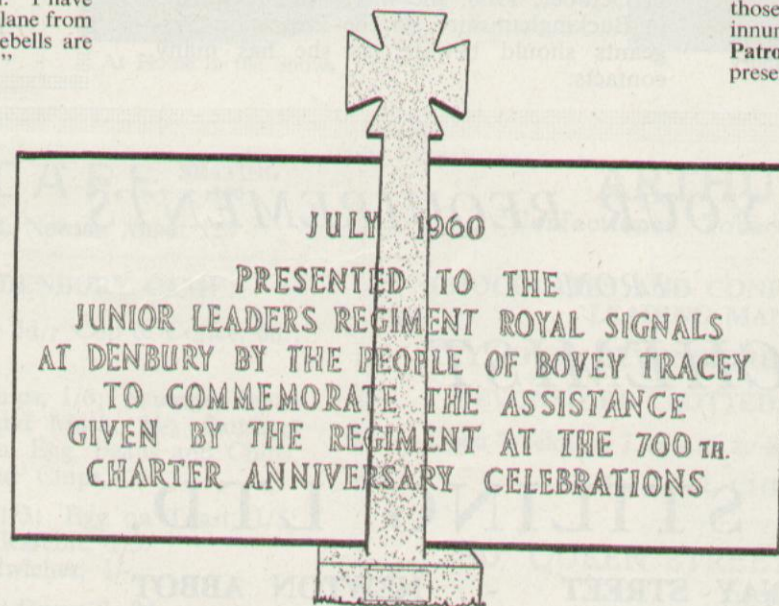
the Regiment which, on this first and most memorable occasion, proclaimed the victory of the Officers over the Sergeants in their canoe sequence, took place at the Seymour Hotel, Totnes, with a full attendance of over 200. Brig. White, the Chief Signal Officer of Southern Command, travelled the 100 miles from Salisbury to spend Canoe Race Day with the Regiment and to present the silver canoe.

It is with pleasant anticipation that I am able to report the intention of the Chairman of the Newton Abbot Urban District Council (Cllr. H. H. Gribbon) to present a Charter and Pipe Banner to the Regiment on 13th May, on behalf of the town and people of Newton Abbot at a ceremonial parade to be held in the centre of the town, and that there is also a similar presentation to be made by the Mayor and Council of Totnes on 17th May, at Totnes.

The party that recently went to Norway have just returned, bringing with them news and stories of an extraordinarily successful visit, which is reported elsewhere in this issue of 'Junior Mercury' as "The Norway Story." It is for the writer only to thank all those who were responsible for the hospitality and innumerable kindnesses meted out to the Norwegian Patrol from Denbury and to allow the story itself to present the details and tell its own tale.

When we start to think of all the good things in life that surround us, and all the special graces that have been our good fortune, the list extends almost endlessly and with it our gratitude is proportionately increased. Gen. Cubbon took the Presentation Parade on 11th April, and the weather was not only perfect; indeed, it poured fire into the veins of the Officers and Junior Leaders drawn up in ceremonial order on the square. "The sun in gold, the sky in blue, the band in scarlet," and I, let me declare, have never seen a better parade.

"Aim at the moon and hit a star," urged the General, and he added these four qualities of leadership: Courage, moral and physical, to see things through whatever the opposition or criticism; knowledge, especially in the field of technical and scientific advancement; initiative, to take the lead and act boldly and



Continued on Page 11

EDITORIAL

As Editor, one of the commonest questions addressed to us is: "But how do you find enough material to fill the 'Junior Mercury' month after month?" We laugh quietly and try to explain. There is so much going on in Denbury that it isn't a question of searching for material, but rather a problem of selection. So much happens daily at Denbury that we are convinced that it would be perfectly possible to produce a daily newspaper packed with the life of the camp.

Take Page One of this issue. It touches on the Confirmation Service, the busy Church Army Hut, thoughts of Spring and Dartmoor, a Beatnik Ball, Ten Tors, the Denbury Cross, the winning of the Army Junior Rugby Cup, Graduation Parade, Canoe Race, the Canoe Ball, Presentations to the Regiment, the Norway visit, thoughts for those departing, and a survey of the past three months. All that and a hundred other items to be brought to life in a mere twelve pages. It's ludicrous!

All that serves as an introduction to an apology. Normally we try to devote a page to the Output; just a few words about some of the personalities, and the chance to wish them all every success. However, this month it proved impossible to find space—another twelve pages and we might have managed it.

However, our thanks to all those who graduated for their loyalty to the Regiment, and for being the grand set of lads that you were. If younger boys can aim to be even better than you were—"Aim at the moon and hit a star"—then all will be well. The best of luck to you all. Remember there will always be a place for you back at Denbury.

The 'Junior Mercury' staff has suffered a heavy loss on Output with the departure of Sig. Zimmer, for so long our chief sports reporter. It was when he was convalescing from a broken leg that Vic Zimmer first joined our staff, for he is a keen all-round sportsman himself. He enjoyed the work so much that he just stayed on afterwards.

Our usual acknowledgments and thanks go to cartoonist Capt. Bowyer and photographer Sgt. Martin. They don't get much rest!

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

STAFF SCRAPBOOK

Two major events this month were the driving tests and the .22 shooting competition. These we hope in future to have as regular features of Senior Wing programme.

All the drivers competed in a series of five tests; some easy and some (as the drivers discovered) requiring a fair degree of skill. Although the O.C. found them all very easy (we forgot to tell him that the over-zealous drivers had removed all the obstacles). The competition was won by Dvr. Patterson with a clear round. We can only hope he continues this on the open road; and so do the local police!

Our Wing .22 competition certainly surprised everyone with both the enthusiasm and the results. After the annual range classification result, everyone seemed very sceptical, but let us carry on. Final result was a win by the Pay Staff (plus L/Cpl. Muncey), closely followed by the Regimental Police and the Sergeants Mess staff. Mutterings have, however, been heard among certain individuals that they had to let them win, or no credits for Easter leave.

CIVILIAN SPOTLIGHT

This month we will stay in the immediate area of Senior Wing Office and spotlight the fairly recent arrival to take over the civilian labour side of our Regiment. It took quite a fair amount of charm to get Miss Rundle to talk about herself. We asked her to jot down a few notes this evening, to receive the prompt reply: "Tonight is Amami night."

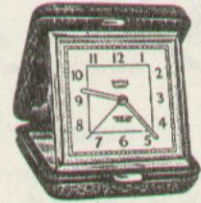
MISS D. M. RUNDLE, Civilian Staff Office. Started working life in a commercial office. Enemy action during the blitz on Plymouth reduced offices to rubble, so she then obtained a post as a Local Government Officer with Plymouth Corporation.

Then followed four years service in the Women's Royal Naval Service, where she obtained the rank of Petty Officer. Demobilization saw her back in the service of Plymouth Corporation, this time in the motor taxation department.

Joining the Civil Service in 1947, Miss Rundle was for six years with the Ministry of Food, and has since done service with the War Department in Hampshire, Cornwall, and Fife. Before joining the establishment in October, 1960, she was with the RAEC in Buckinghamshire, so the Education Sergeants should beware, as she has many contacts.

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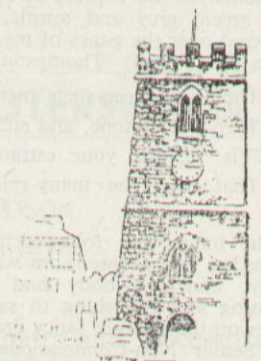
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Personal Supervision

Friday, March 3rd, 1961, saw eight members of the Regiment depart for a three-week stay in Norway. The journey to Newcastle was broken in London, where we spent an enjoyable evening with 41 Signal Regiment T.A. in Kensington. The voyage to Oslo was uneventful except perhaps for noting the calmness of the sea and the excellence of the food.

At Oslo we were met by Kapt. Spilde, of the Norwegian Army Signals, who was to be our course officer during our stay. (He is no stranger to Denbury, for it was he who brought the Norwegian boys here in 1959). Before continuing our journey we spent a few hours sightseeing in Oslo, visiting the world-famous ski-jump at Holmekollen, and the museums of the Viking ships and Kon-Tiki Expedition, as well as other notable places of interest.

The last part of our trip consisted of a five-hour train ride to Lillehammer, only a few miles from Jorstadmoen, where we were to be based during our stay.

The next day we drew a complete set of Norwegian Army kit and were welcomed to the Haeren Yrkesskole for Samband Tennisk Befal (Army Apprentice School for Signal Technician NCOs) by Major Langdalen, the OC, who told us "the main aim of such a course is not to learn to ski, but to break down the boundaries between nations and to gain better understanding of each other's way of life."

We lost no time in commencing skiing lessons. As soon as J/L/Cpl. Dixon put on his skis he fell flat on his face, but this soon became the fashion. For the first couple of days, seven members of the party spent more time in the snow than on it (Lt. Whitehead had "some" previous skiing experience). We first learned basic walking and movement on level ground

before moving on to the more hazardous slopes. On completion of the second day "our" slope resembled Pork Chop Hill after a mortar attack.

The following Sunday we journeyed to a major Norwegian skiing centre at Nordsetter. It was snowing on arrival, and after much discussion we agreed to use a ski-wax, which nobody possessed. After skiing about for a while we came to a ski-lift. After a couple of jerks, J/L/Cpl. Sharman and J/Sig. Howell found themselves parted from the lift and slipping down the hill backwards. After some practice everybody got to the top except J/Sig. Jaggard, who, trying to keep one ski straight, entangled the other with a nearby telegraph pole. Later, J/Sig. Edwards unfortunately crashed into a fir tree, sustaining a sprained ankle.

The following Tuesday we travelled to Kitelbu Mountain Camp for five days. The camp passed quietly, and was enjoyed. Meanwhile, J/Sig. O'Connel and his bagpipes were so popular that he was flown by helicopter to appear at one concert. Other parties, concerts, etc., followed, with O'Connel getting a star's reception every time.

The climax to our stay was a 55-mile ski-march, taking three days over mountains above 3,000 feet under very wintry conditions.

Before anybody had realized it, the stay in Norway was finished, and on the Saturday we regretfully departed from Lillehammer, and after a rough crossing were once again in England.

Everybody is determined to return to Jorstadmoen and renew the many friendships that we made during our visit. It was a really wonderful interlude, and we are grateful to all who made it possible. Thank you.



At Home in the Snows



Setting up Camp

by Lt. Whitehead

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"X" - PRESSIVE

"X" stared moodily out of his bedroom window and wondered if it could be true. Only two more days of leave. Only two more days of rising in time to see the evening performance at the local cinema.

Then he heard it—or rather it came up and hit him! "X" shook his head in a manner that was reminiscent of a particularly shaggy sheep dog emerging from a bath. (The length of his hair, which was fully grown to "leave length," furnished the finishing touches to this simile). It couldn't be true! Not here! "X" listened with growing horror as the strident notes of REVEILLE floated through the door.

Returning rapidly to this world, and springing into sudden action, "X" flung the door open and surveyed the picture of his younger brother, resplendent in cadet force uniform, blowing his bugle in a manner which would have made Staff Yates blister around the ears.

"Think I'll make Denbury?" asked this paragon of military virtue.

"X" thought carefully, swallowed to regain control, and then burst into flames, in the manner of RSM Latimer at his most ferocious. He pointed out quite clearly to his brother what would happen if he didn't vanish and drown himself immediately.

The potential band-boy analyzed the situation rapidly, and came to the conclusion that his musical efforts were unappreciated. He beat a hasty retreat (with the additional aid of "X's" boot).

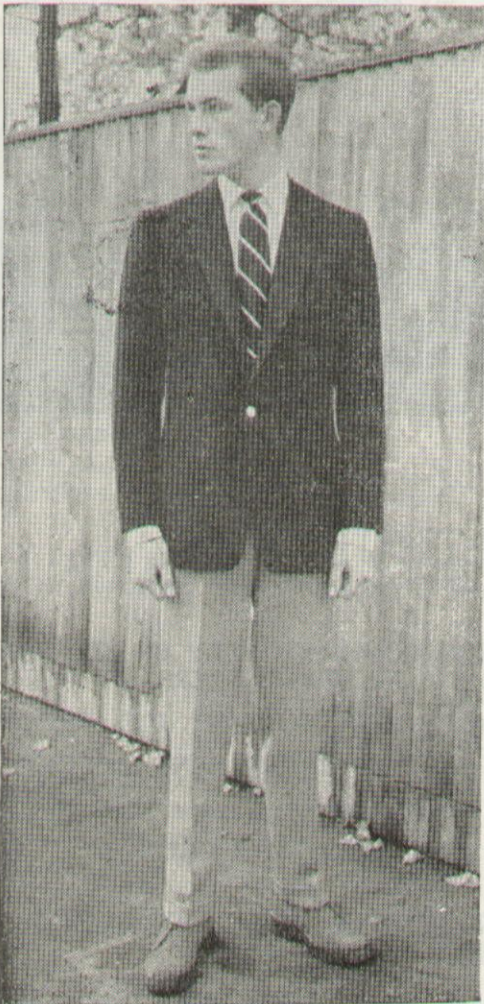
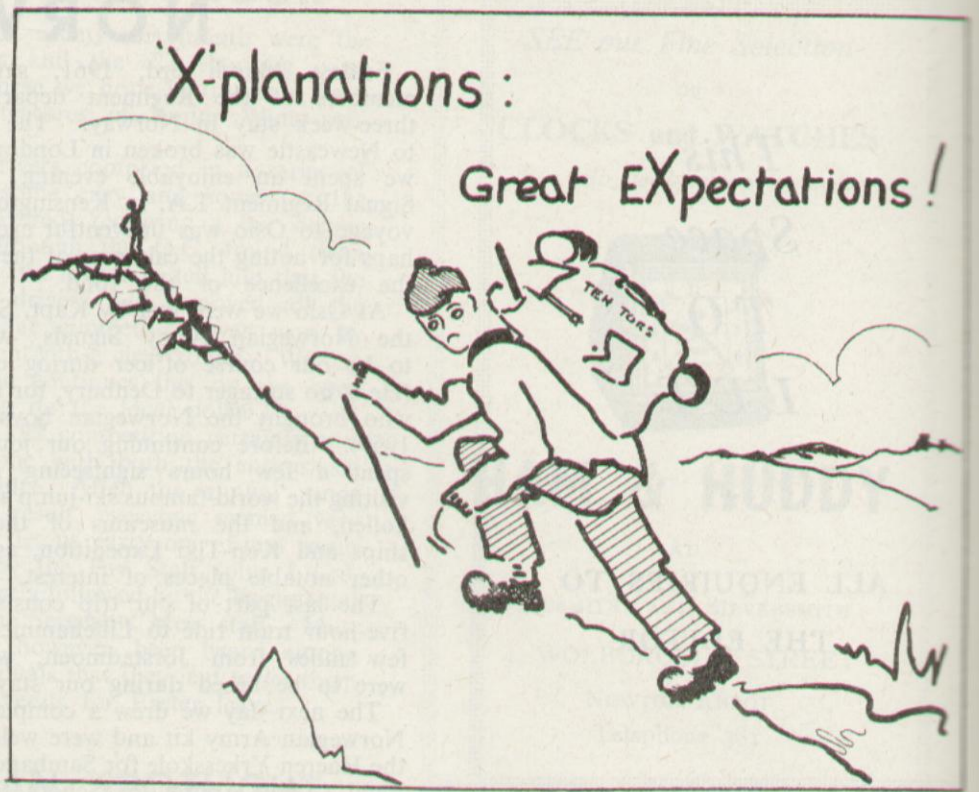
"X" retired to the sanctuary of his room. This was the last straw, the crowning glory of a series of events. Ever since Johnny (for that was the miscreant's name) had got hold of the Commanding Officer's recruiting pamphlet, "X" had been subjected to a series of assault courses, early morning P.T., extra education, "trade" training on the only radio in the house (now out of order), and extensive "Broom Drill."

After these rigours, "X" reflected that Denbury would seem rather tame. He thought enviously of getting to bed by ten, up again at 0630. He positively drooled as he pictured the cool of an early morning drill parade under Sergeant-Major Hopson, or a happy half-hour's teleprinting with Sgt. Greaves. "Oh, to be back at camp," he sighed.

"X" silently vowed to himself that as long as he had breath in his body he wouldn't

allow Johnny to destroy the tranquillity of Denbury. He wasn't a great one for loyalty, but he felt he owed Denbury a lot, which couldn't be equated with the arrival of that little pest.

"X" felt a chill of horror as he imagined a small-hearted Johnny selling Hay Tor piece by piece to some big-hearted Texan. "No! Never!" ("not until I've tried first," though "X," with an impish grin,



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DARTMOOR

12.—THE BLACK HOUND

Only one and a half miles to the south-west of Buckfastleigh lies the village of Deancombe, near to which a stream flows through narrow woods into a deep hollow known as Hound's Pool.

Many years ago there lived in Deancombe a weaver named Knowles, who was very skillful at his trade and, consequently, very rich. Whilst at work one day he died, and his funeral and burial followed in due course. The morning following the funeral the weaver's two sons were petrified to find their father working away at his loom as if he were still alive.

The village priest was called in, but had great difficulty in conversing with the dead man because of the noise made by the looms.

Priest: Knowles, Knowles, come down. This is no place for you now.

Knowles: I can't come down until I have worked out this shuttle.

Priest: That won't do. You have been long enough at your work. Come down at once.

However, Knowles—or his spirit—did not move. So the priest departed to get some consecrated soil which on his return he threw into the face of the dead weaver. As the soil touched the figure sitting at the loom the weaver's spirit changed into a spectral hound, as black as pitch and as large as a young horse.

The priest led the way through the woods, by the side of the stream, and as they walked between the trees a terrible storm sprang up which struck terror into the hearts of the villagers of Deancombe.

On their arrival at the pool, the priest told the hound to sit down, which he did. The priest then began to search around until he found a tiny nut-shell on the ground. Reaching into his pocket he produced a small knife, with which he made a hole in the nut-shell. Then he walked over to the hound and gave him the nut-shell, instructing him to start emptying the pool with it.

"When the pool is empty you may return to your loom and complete your shuttle, but not before." And as the priest said these words the black hound vanished, the storm ceased, and all was at peace in the village of Deancombe.

Legend tells us that, at noon and at midnight, the spectral hound can still be found hard at work with his holed nut-shell, trying to empty the pool.

HISTORY OF THE SIGNALS

11.—THE LESSONS OF WAR

The position of the war at the end of 1944 showed the Germans fighting on two main fronts—Russia and Italy—and at the same time trying to defend the entire Northern European coastline. "Accordingly, Allied strategy decreed that the maximum pressure should be maintained on the German forces in Italy in the expectation that their Supreme Command would thereby be compelled to reinforce Italy from Russia and France. This expectation was later realized."

Many of the forces engaged in the Italian campaign were the same as those who had been fighting in North Africa for some years, and many of the same features applied. Resources were few at any time. "Relations between commanders and staff on the one hand and signals on the other reached a very high standard. The foundations were laid in the Middle East and were thereafter carefully fostered. Signals cannot function efficiently unless commanders and staffs have sufficient confidence in their signals advisers to give them early information regarding future intentions and to take their advice into account."

Operation Overlord—the invasion of Europe by the Allies—was planned very thoroughly, with the main outline agreed ten months before D-Day (June 6th, 1944). Signals planning, too, was extensive, including problems of communication during assembly, embarkation, and assault, when the success of these events could not be taken for granted. "As the requirements of the Second Front had been given overriding priority, the expeditionary forces enjoyed a scale of provision in men and material not previously experienced in any other theatre."

Events followed each other rapidly—D-Day, Arnhem, the Ardennes counter-offensive, the crossing of the Rhine, and, finally, unconditional surrender. "The eleven months operations undertaken by the Allied Expeditionary Force were the most elaborately organized and generously equipped in history, being the outcome of nearly five years of accumulated war experience and some three years stock-piling. It was inevitable that the tactical practices as developed, which depended on the co-operation of all arms and on air support, and also the complex administration, should rely to a great extent on good signal communications and could not function to full effect without them."

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

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QUEUE TO READ J.M.

DEAR COL. GREGORY.—I receive from friends in Newton Abbot copies of the Junior Leaders' newspaper, and find it excellent reading—that is, when I can get my hands on it after my wife and two urchins have read it.

With regards to the enclosed (*Editor's Note*—Capt. Stokie enclosed a contribution for 'Junior Mercury,' which we regret we have no space for in this current edition); is it of any use? It might fill in a blank space one day.

My job out here is a good one. I look after 25 sub-units, and work closely with Garrison headquarters. I also run my own archery club, which is very popular out here.

Well, I'll close now.—Yours, etc.,

J. STOKOE (QM).

Camp Kowloon, Hong Kong.

Editor's Note. Capt. (QM) Stokoe will be remembered by many of our readers as the Quartermaster of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, both in Beverley and Denbury. He was, in fact, Capt. Worsley's predecessor.

SLIM SQUADRON SWEEP CLEAN

DEAR COL. GREGORY.—At the last meeting of the council, the chairman, Cllr. H. W. Brockway, J.P., drew attention to a press report of recent activities of the Junior Leaders Regiment of the Royal Signals in clearing litter from Dartmeet and Two Bridges as a first stage in an operation to clear Dartmoor of litter during the coming summer. I have been requested by Cllr. Brockway to convey the grateful thanks of the council to you and to all personnel of the Regiment taking part in this most praiseworthy effort to free areas of great natural beauty from this sort of disfigurement.

The satisfaction with which the council received this report from their chairman will without doubt be shared by all those who are concerned in preserving the amenities of the Dartmoor National Park.—Yours, etc.,

W. SADLER,

Clerk of the Council.

Newton Abbot Rural District Council
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READERS'

THE QUEEN'S AMBASSADOR

The following article and the cartoon on Page 10 have both been submitted by Cpl. D. S. J. Wooten, Royal Signals. Cpl. Wooten was J/RSM of the Regiment during the Easter Term, 1958.

It has often been said that the British Empire was founded by sailors and maintained by soldiers. In the days of our forefathers, British interests abroad were secured by our armies defending the territorial gains from the would-be invader by the might of the sword. Today, however, the "wind of change" has long blown past, and interests abroad are no longer secured by a nation's military power but by its political policy.

It is easy for us to determine our country's policy by reading the daily papers. However, they do not reach the main-in-the-street of foreign countries, and often our newsreels become distorted, only to be used as an instrument of propaganda against us. In many cases they can only judge us by what they see. This is where you—the soldiers of tomorrow—can play an important part in securing British interests overseas. Although not in the traditional dress of pinstriped trousers, bowler hat, and umbrella you are, in fact, the future Ambassadors of the Queen.

Your training does not include the pomp and ceremony of an English Parliament, neither do you become engaged in an all-night debate on foreign policy. Probably the only things you discuss after lights-out are the day's activities. Many an interesting subject must be debated, and anything from arms drill to football could be the topic. No doubt those who indulge in a less virtuous sport than football can also be heard voicing their opinions!

However, normal ambassadorial training would be of no use, and should be left to our more cultured friends of Eton and Harrow. It might, of course, give inspiration to the more ardent type of Junior Leader to stand on an orange-box outside "Mick's Cafe" trying to start a new political party.

It is not to be thought that you must undergo special training to fulfil the social requirements of the soldier serving abroad. Courtesy and common sense will suffice. We are no longer in foreign countries as an occupying power, making and living by our own rules. Today we stay as a guest in the countries we have helped to build, living by their hospitality, a condition

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

THE GARDEN

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the bird for mirth,
We are nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

So read the lines inscribed on two stone slabs in my friend's rose garden.

It was a lovely morning; the first Sunday of the Easter holidays. Denbury was deserted. I was on holiday, too, and on my way to morning service in a nearby parish church. The sun was warm and the air still and full of the fragrance of primroses.

I had started early, and was walking the long way round to the church. The Devon lanes were quiet, for few people were

about. I was deep in thought on the beauty of the countryside when I was greeted from his garden by a man I knew. He was tending his rose beds and sowing flower seeds. We chatted, as we often did, about the weather and gardening and things. I was looking at the stone with the inscription when suddenly the clear tones of the church bell began to ring out their call to worship. It was an unmistakable bidding. We were still talking about seeds when, abruptly and without warning, my friend began to explain why he wasn't going to church.

—He was, he said, a convinced Christian, but found he could just as easily worship God alone in his garden.

As I walked down the hill, I began wondering why he felt he had to explain why he wasn't going to church to me. Why? We hadn't been discussing religion or church-going; far from it. Did that bell's toll make him feel uneasy; that he had to justify himself? And then I began remembering all the many times and places where people had done the same thing—justifying themselves for something of which no one was accusing them—except their own consciences.

I thought again of the inscription on the stone slab, and it didn't seem so convincing. For the man who went on gardening when the bell tolled was in no way different from

Continued on Page 9

CORNER

that governs our stay. In all walks of life we live by a set of rules, some specific to our trade, others that form the normal code by which mankind lives. Despite our colour or creed, success comes from unity and co-operation, each member of the community or, in your case, the Corps, working together to achieve the same object—that of peace and goodwill among all men.

Whereas in the past we have ruled by the might of our armies, today we lead by political tact, showing by representation the way in which we live. The part you will play is clear. Your motto is "Leadership in the cause of peace." Can you live up to it? Confidence founded on security is a great asset, but without supreme confidence in oneself no real headway will be made in your career as a soldier. Can you fulfil your mission beyond the security of Denbury?

COMPETITION

HOW MUCH?

This month's competition involves money (a subject dear to all our hearts)—but not too much of it (Junior Leaders would be on unfamiliar ground).

Four Junior Leaders were walking down the town together and, by a coincidence, each had **three** coins in his pocket. The total amount of money spread between the four of them was exactly nine shillings. Each of them had a different total of money in his pocket which, by a further coincidence, was in each case increased by one shilling, i.e. J/Sig. B had one shilling more than J/Sig. A, J/Sig. C had one shilling more than J/Sig. B, and J/Sig. D had one shilling more than J/Sig. C.

What are the denominations of the various coins which are held by these four Junior Leaders (remember there are 12 coins in all).

(Note.—Only everyday coins are used).

Think out the answer carefully and send your answers to the Editor, 'Junior Mercury,' Denbury Camp, Newton Abbot, Devon, before May 31st, 1961. Prizes will be books or records.

PRIZEWINNERS

Our March competition, the writing of a poem entitled "Wings of Song," brought in some excellent entries, of which we print the best below.

Mr. A. M. Crowdon, of Lessingham, Norwich, receives the book "Stopover Tokyo," by John P. Marquand, as his prize, and J/Sigs. T. R. Baker and J. P. Watkins, of White Spear Troop, a record of their own choosing.

"Wings of Song"

by Mr. A. M. Crowdon

*When they said "A choir we'll form," it raised a blooming storm,
But it didn't make enthusiasm damp;
And when practising began, we all downed tools and ran,
From the funny noises winging through the camp.*

*But the quality improved, and some of us we moved
A little nearer, and we must admit
That it really wasn't bad, and we even cheered like mad
When we heard the choir had made a smashing hit.*

They'd been chosen from us all, to sing in ALBERT HALL,

*You should have heard us dish out good advice.
We were not the only ones, for so said Dads and Mums,
To see their sons on telly would be nice.*

*But we didn't think it fun when we learned what they had done,
They'd followed the advice they'd had from home.
And raised the roof that day. Now they've docked
our blooming pay
To mend the crack the choir made in the dome.*

*Once again they spread the wing, and to Europe they may sing;
And to crack the iron curtain they might try.
There's rumour (though not proof) that they've
strengthened every roof
In Paris, Copenhagen and Versailles.*

*But, joking put aside, we can only speak with pride
Of the very fine achievements of our choir
As they make the rafters ring, we can all join in
and sing,*

Wishing "Wings of Song" will take them even higher.

"Wings of Song"

by T. R. Baker and J. P. Watkins

*The wings of Song
Are like the wings of a bird,
Which pass through the air
For all to be heard.*

*The sound of a choir,
The roll of a drum,
Denbury's artists have just begun.*

*People stop, people listen,
They think, what have we been missing?
The voices carry far and wide,
Like the ever-ebbing tide.*

*A silent signal, a spotlight sways,
It comes to rest and there it stays.
The voices sound loud in the Albert Hall,
Five thousand people heard all in all.*

*In times to come and times to pass,
All remember that Denbury's first.*

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CHAMPIONS AGAIN

The second Canoe Regatta was held over the same course as that in December, at Totnes, with the sun shining all the afternoon.

The programme started with the Slim Squadron heat, won by White Spear Troop in 36mins. 28secs., with Kohima second. Mention must be made of Iron's misfortune. Well away in the lead, they were rammed and sunk by White Swan, who were disqualified for their part in the tragedy.

Alexander Squadron's heat was won by Bruno Troop in 38mins. 15secs., with Kukri Troop second. A fascinating memory of this race lies in the peculiar stroke of J/Sig. Sexton (Quadrant), who persistently rapped his frontal partner (J/Cpl. Wheatley) over the head with his paddle.

Next came the Junior Wing heats (not relays), won respectively by Kohima and Quadrant Troop pairs; then on to the Officers/Sergeants race. This was won in the excellent time of 3mins. 41secs. by Major Rothwell, MBE, and Capt. Hartnett, with 2/Lts. Frost and Lundie second (what did happen up at the bridge?), and WO II Curley and Sgt. Tearse third.

In the Junior Wing final the Quadrant pair were first in 4mins. 16secs., with Kukri only 18secs. behind them.

Next the Troop finals. For the second successive term, Kohima Troop emerged as the winners, in 38mins. 12secs., with White Spear nearly a minute and a half behind, closely followed by Kukri. Bruno Troop finished in the best time, but were disqualified for not going through the bridge.

Well done, Kohima Troop. Will next term give them a third successive win? Do they then keep the trophy?

ACHIEVEMENT

Congratulations to (ex-Signalman) Terry Carling on his promotion to Leeds United first-team goalkeeper. Recently he had his first game in a League Cup match and did well. It is hoped that this is the first rung of the ladder, and that in the future he will be gaining even greater honours.

Older members of the Regiment will remember the confidence we all had in the defence with Carling in goal. It was obvious then that he was a 'keeper of more than usual ability. He made it all seem so easy.

RAINED OFF

Taking the Devon weather by the average (rain all the year round), the Spring Term should provide ideal conditions for the Commonwealth Trophy over Dartmoor. However, for the second year in succession, the Spring event has been declared null and void because of the terrible weather conditions. It poured with rain all the previous night and on the day of the race, turning pleasant, meandering streams into raging torrents. There was a mist providing visibility of anything up to 20 yards and, in addition, there were times when the rain became near-blizzard.

However, full credit to those Junior Leaders who carried on to the finish, especially those who passed through the check points, too.

Heard Over Various Radio Sets

- 1. Plaintive Voice:** "Sir, we're lost."
Troop Officer: "What is your position?"
P.V.: "We don't know."
T.O.: "Walk two miles to the north, and then let me know your position."
- 2. A Check Point:** "On arrival we camped between two streams, now they are raging torrents. Please send canoe."
Control: "Do as we have. Turn your tent upside down and float."
Another Check Point: "Our visibility is 05 yards. What's yours?"
First Check Point: "Our water is very clear."
- 3. Unidentified Voice:** "Has my dog had his dinner yet?"

A mention here of the discomforts suffered by Capt. Joyner and his cheerful band of check-pointers, who enjoyed (?) both night and day on Dartmoor, and of the drivers from the Unit M.T. who cheerfully ferried wet and bedraggled parties from many obscure points of Devon well into the night.

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CAMP

SWAN SONG

A combined team of Staff and Junior Leaders are to be congratulated on winning the Royal Signals Southern Command Small-Bore Competition of 1961. The team was Capt. Chase, S/Sgts. Nichols and Rose, Sgt. Meekings, J/Sgt. Livingston, J/Cpl. Gallon, and J/L/Cpls. Barret and Harrison.

Special congratulations to Capt. Chase, who returned the highest individual score of the meeting. This seems a suitable moment for the 'Junior Mercury' to bid farewell to Capt. Chase, who has now left us on posting. During his time with the Regiment he has had many generations of Iron Troop Junior Leaders pass through his hands, and will be remembered affectionately by many ex-Boys for his cheerful smile and unflinching good humour under all conditions.

BALLOON RACE

Capt. Rogers is repeating his earlier success from last year's Balaclava Fair by running a second balloon race. The rules are simple. A balloon is filled with hydrogen and launched upwards. Tied to its neck is a label bearing the address of Denbury Camp. Anybody finding a balloon label is asked to return it to Denbury. A prize is then awarded to the person whose balloon has travelled the farthest. On the last occasion the winning label was returned from Yugoslavia.

Already 500 tickets have been sold, the majority of the balloons being sent up from Newton Abbot race course over the Easter weekend. The winner will be announced early in May.

At the time of going to press, labels have already been returned from France, Holland, and Belgium.

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

(Continued from Page 6)

the man who washed his car or shampooed his dog, or cut the lawn, or painted the gate on a Sunday morning.

The choir and the congregation were in good voice, as they usually are on a fine Sunday morning:

New every morning is the love,
Our wakening and up rising prove;
Through sleep and darkness brought,
Restored to life and power and thought,
New mercies each returning day.

Were all those who had refused or neglected to join in this act of worship really nearer to God's heart in their gardens and lawns, or did they try to think they were? Is it just possible that it wasn't the same God, but one of their own design, an easy, indulgent God? A God that smiled tolerantly on their little pride, their sense of importance and well-being; a God not too fussy about things like humility, charity, or even truth.

Suddenly I knew why Jesus wept, and why He was crucified too, and why mankind, instead of being a family at peace and enjoying the good things, the gift of God is instead palsied and poked by selfishness, envy, meanness, viciousness, and every kind of strife.

It is because men, in their tin-pot self-importance, fail to bend the knee together and acknowledge "Our Father . . ."

Stanley High, one-time Editor of the 'Reader's Digest,' said: "I go to church because there I get some perspective, often not as much as I'd like, but always some, and I can get that nowhere else. For another thing, I go because I like to be in a place once in a while where men take their hats off. The things that I get from my church are not offered anywhere else. And I have been going long enough to be sure in my own mind that I get on better with these things than without them."

"Seek not to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee."

BEST BEATNIK

At a recent Beatnik Ball, held in the Sergeants Mess, the most outstanding Beatnik was undoubtedly "Paddy," our popular WVS lady. "Paddy" is seen everywhere around the camp; she attends all parades, sporting events, church services, and social events. Yet she still has time to run table tennis teams, organize dances and games evenings in the Social Club, buys presents and cards for the birthday of J/Sig. —'s mother, and to help out another boy whose love-life has got into a mess.

Well done, Paddy! To be able to study the behaviour of female Beatniks to such perfection on top of all your other activities is quite an accomplishment.

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DISCUSSION

Although it is common knowledge that the F.B.I. use Shadows with great success, it is refreshing to find The Shadows using F.B.I. to supplement their previous fine efforts, and this they do to good effect, having climbed into the Top Ten with this number.

Elvis continues to dominate the hit parade at present with his "Wooden Heart," but for how long can an inanimate object hold his public? A reversion to his incoherent beat songs is just about due otherwise he may find his title of "The King of Rock" in jeopardy.

The score from "Exodus" continues to enthral and we can possibly look for more film theme music crashing the pop market.

Matt Munro continues to please, and this very fine singer is quickly establishing a permanent position in the higher brackets of current hit parades.

The young Allison's are still very "Sure," and although their present recording is still selling well, I, along with several thousand others, am eagerly awaiting their next effort on single play.

America's little lady of song, Connie Francis, is still wondering "Where the boys were." They have, in fact, been surrounding her in the lists where her song has come to roost.

Bobby Darin returns with another oldie, "Up a Lazy River," a first-class offering to beat lovers. This is Darin's first release since his marriage to Sandra Dee, and well worth a place in your record library.

Recently pop song and musical writer Lionel Bart was honoured in the music world, and this column would like to add its own congratulations to him for the fine entertainment he has penned for such outstanding performers as Tommy Steele and Max Bygraves. It's almost impossible to find a hit chart these days without at least one number which has emerged from this man's fertile brain. May he long continue to give pleasure to the public.

Edmund Hockridge stole the thunder

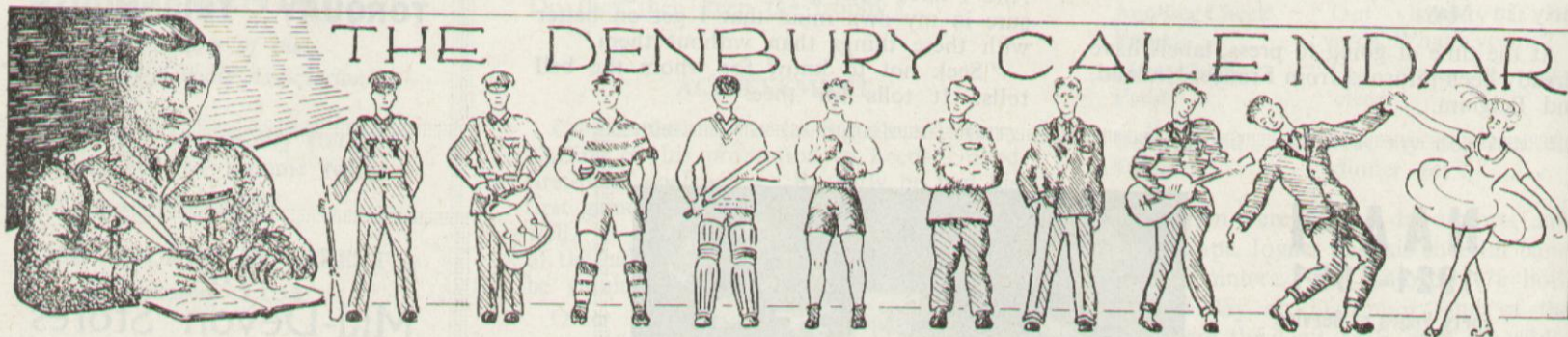
with "76 Trombones" from "The Music Man," but we hear that the star of the show, Van Johnson, is to do a Rex Harrison on us for the L.P. of the show. Readers will probably remember Rex talking his way through "My Fair Lady" with great success.

Back to "Exodus" theme. An excellent vocal of this will, I hope, shortly be coming your way. With this Pat Boone probably hopes to strengthen his ties with fans on this side of the Atlantic. In my humble

opinion he will succeed.

In our L.P. parlour we find Elvis is still supreme, whilst Lionel Bart's score of "Oliver" is doing very well.

Whilst browsing I came across a wonderful E.P. by our own Good, Harry Secombe. Four classical arias, brilliantly sung. The two, however, which really caught my ear were "Nassum Doume" ("None Shall Sleep") and "On With the Motley." This is a rare treasure and is highly recommended to all.



MAY, 1961

Thurs., 4	SUMMER TERM BEGINS Junior Leaders return from leave, and once more Denbury Camp springs into life
Sat., 13	CHARTER AND PIPE BANNER PRESENTATION PARADE By the Chairman of the Newton Abbot Urban District Council at Newton Abbot
Wed., 17	CHARTER AND PIPE BANNER PRESENTATION PARADE By His Worship the Mayor of Totnes, at Totnes

TEN TORS

Fri., 19	Patrols arrive. Over 100 entries for patrols have already been received
Sat., 20	Expedition begins. Out of all Dartmoor's Tors, which TEN have been chosen?
Sun., 21	Expedition finishes. All entrants weary, but satisfied with the knowledge that they have given of their very best
Mon., 22	Jamboree. A chance to relax and rest those weary feet
Wed., 24	INTER-SQUADRON AND INDIVIDUAL ATHLETIC MEETING
Tues., 30	BAND AND PHYSICAL TRAINING DISPLAY AT TORRE ABBEY
Wed., 31	JUNIOR LEADERS CRICKET XI. v. JUNIOR LEADERS REGIMENT RAC

BASKETBALL

ONE-POINT BASKETBALL WIN

In the first "outside" fixture of the season, the Junior Leaders basketball team secured a very narrow victory. The final score was 22-21 after leading 14-7 at half-time. The visitors, Teignmouth Venturers Youth Club, gave them a close, clean game despite the fact that they were on average a year or so younger than the Regimental team. J/Sig. Harber and J/L/Cpl. Locke played their usual good attacking game, and Harber topped the scorers for the Regiment. J/Sig. Herod and J/Sig. Mason formed a sound defence as each had 12-18 points advantage over their opponents.

Proposed return matches against the same team should provide good games in the future.



by Sgt. Martin

CPL. SUMMERS

Cpl. Summers was a baker in civilian life, and was employed in that capacity when he first came here, but his excellent sporting achievements soon found him a place on the P.T. staff.

In winter he plays mainly football, before National Service as a wing-half for Peterhead, and since joining the Regiment he has played in the Southern Command semi-final at full-back and received two S.W. District cup winners medals as a goalkeeper.

In the summer it has been mainly swimming and tennis, and he was north-east 100 yards free-style champion.

On return to civilian life, Jock Summers intends to make a career in sport—"Baking seems a bit dull"—and he hopes to play football with Dundee. "I would like to take up tennis seriously, too, but the trouble is it is so fiercely competitive," he says.

HOCKEY

KUKRI TROOP WIN EXCITING FINAL

In the final of the Inter-Troop Hockey Competition, Kukri Troop narrowly defeated Francisca Troop in a very fast game. J/Cpl. Friend and J/Sig. Blowers were the outstanding midfield players. Special credit must go to goalkeepers J/L/Cpl. Jones, of Francisca, and J/Sig. Ferguson-Bayliss, of Kukri Troop, for a fine exhibition of goal-keeping. It was only their brilliance which kept the scoring so low.

Francisca scored first through J/Sig. Harber, but Kukri replied with a goal from J/Sig. Tucker. Friend nearly made it 2-1 with a rattling drive, unfortunately from inches out of the circle. However, a few minutes later he made no mistake to put Kukri into the lead, making the final score 2-1 to Kukri Troop.

J/SIG. TUCKER

J/Sig. Tucker learned to box at school—a Devon boy from Torquay Audley Park S.M. School—and reached the quarter-finals of the Schoolboys A.B.A. Championships. On joining the Regiment he was unbeaten as a "mosquito-weight," helping the Regimental team to win the Junior Leaders Boxing Cup, 1959-60, as well as being runner-up in the Army finals.

This season he boxed at bantam weight to win the Army Championship, the Imperial Services Boxing Association Championship, and was finally defeated in the quarter-finals of the ABA Championships.

He enjoys rugby, hockey, basketball, and football at Troop level, "but I'm too small to do anything but box really well." His immediate ambitions are to win an ABA title next season and to box for the Army on graduating to man service.

HANGOVER HOCKEY

The termly battle between Officers and Sergeants was played the morning after the Canoe Race Ball. Therein lies a tale.

The opening goal went to the Sergeants, scored with a whacking thump by S/Sgt. Foster, playing in the unfamiliar position of left-wing (he had vacated his goal in order to allow for more weight in defence, in the shapes of WOs II. Philp, Chilvers, and Wheatley).

Goal number two came from the stick of Sgt. Angell, displaying all his customary power. Thus, at half-time, having dominated the first half, the Lower House seemed set for victory.

This hope was confirmed, as only a few minutes after the bully-off, Sgt. Tearse (playing in the unfamiliar position of centre-forward, owing to the absence of Sgt. Hall) scored the third goal. Three up to the Sergeants; how many more?

However, after twenty minutes play there came a short corner, and "Ye Olde Master," Capt. Hartnett, rattled the backboard very convincingly with a hard drive to make it 3-1.

Then came the transformation. The Sergeants forwards and wing-halves seemed to drop out of the game and the spotlight went on to the dangerous inside trio from the Upper House (previously strangely subdued) of Majors Parker and Rothwell and 2/Lt. Lundie. Here credit must go to magnificent defence work by WO II. Chilvers and Sgt. Meekings.

However, the score crept up. Major Rothwell scored from a long corner, and Capt. Worsley from a delightful through pass from Major Rothwell.

The game ended in a 3-3 draw.

EASTER EGG—cont. from P. 1

decisively; unselfishness, to put those whom you lead first. The greatest of all is UNSELFISHNESS. How good it would be if we all followed these principles.

The term has ended, and it is only the Commanding Officer who can fairly judge and say: "This is the best term we have had at Denbury." Great successes, exemplary behaviour, tremendous morale, and jolly good health and even if for just this once only, the whole Regiment is in unanimous agreement. Of course, the next may be better!

Let each say his private "Thank you" in the direction he judges to be most right and proper, but let us all make an Easter resolution and place it safely inside our Easter Egg, and how better may it be sealed than in the words of the Regimental prayer, modified slightly to suit the occasion:

MAY IT PLEASE THE ALMIGHTY GOD TO WATCH OVER OUR ENDEAVOURS DURING THE COMING TERM, AND MAY HE BE PLEASED TO GUIDE AND BLESS ALL OUR THOUGHTS, WORDS AND ACTIONS.



by Sgt. Martin



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RUGBY



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From the Mid-Devon Times

ARMY CUP WINNERS

The third and final meeting of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, and the Royal Armoured Corps Junior Leaders in the final of the Army Junior Rugby Cup took place at Taunton.

The game at Bovington had produced a 3-3 draw (after extra time); the game at Newton Abbot had produced a 0-0 draw (again after extra time). What would Taunton bring?

Again the game finished with no score, and off the teams went into extra time for the third time. In the first ten minutes of extra time, Signals were awarded two penalty kicks under the posts, and skipper fly-half J/Sig. Hill made no mistake to make it 6-0. However, the RAC then opened up the game for the first time with deep kicks down the centre of the field and free handling among their backs. In the second half of extra time the RAC scored. It was 6-3, and the game was wide open again. However, a few minutes later J/Sig. Parkinson touched down from the base of the scrum, Hill converted, and the game was won. The final whistle went with the score at 11-3.

Now for some thoughts about this final game. Hill was the real general in attack, and kicked intelligently throughout, as well as his three conversions (which won the game). J/Cpl. Brister was thoroughly

tested at full-back; he fielded and kicked magnificently. J/Sig. Wooler seems devoid of fear, bringing off some terrific tackles. The scrum played as a pack, producing some GREAT rugby. Well done, Denbury!

Overheard after the game: "The last 20 minutes were so exciting. It would be better to start off with extra time next time."

"AND THE CUP DID REMAIN AT DENBURY"

By Major P. D. PARKER

(The concluding lines of the rugby article in the January 'Junior Mercury' said: "Rugby is essentially a team game and no one individual can make a team. The current Springboks are a wonderful example of 15 men playing together, with two, three, or four players always in close support of the one in possession. This is to what our team must set their sights. If they will produce the enthusiasm and determination, undoubtedly they can do it. There is another example closer to hand—last term's soccer team. It was a joy to see their determination and their will to succeed, and their closely-knit team spirit. If the rugby team can acquire the same approach then THE CUP WILL REMAIN AT DENBURY.")

Prophetic words, indeed, because in a dramatic second replay of the final at Taunton on March 28th the Regiment

defeated the RAC Junior Leaders by 11-3 all scored in extra time. Hill kicked two penalty goals and converted a try by Parkinson in reply to one try by the RAC. The Regiment retained the Army Junior Rugby Cup because the team developed exactly along the lines suggested to them in the previous article. However, never was it foreseen that they would have to play the final three gruelling times before success was achieved. In so doing they exemplify the regimental motto: "Never did they will falter."

Without exception, the team has played this term above its individual capacity. Fly-half and captain, Hill, has always appeared as the potential match-winner and it was particularly fitting that he should prove this so conclusively in the final replay.

The forwards have hunted as a pack, dangerous and destructive. It is almost invidious to pick out individuals, but they all deserve praise. Perhaps the most outstanding was Yates, for his gallant ferocity, and determination. Thomas hooked with skill and gave us more than our fair share of the ball. Wraith, on the other side of him, took many hard knocks, but never succumbed. Genge and Farmer, in the second row, shoved in the tight and jumped in the lineouts with all their might, and for second-row forwards, moved about the field with surprising agility. Parkinson, in the middle of the back row, is an intelligent forward, and was always in the right place when required. A new find this term, Robertson, as blind-side wing-forward, has developed into a fast, robust forger and despoiler of opposing scrum-halves. Round, as the other wing-forward, has been the successful leader of a successful pack.

At scrum-half, Feirn has produced some very good defensive kicking, thus saving his captain from unnecessary battering. Jacobs, in the centre, has scored many tries with his hard running, and has developed an effective grub-kick. Lyons, the other centre, has more than lived up to his reputation as the hardest tackler in the side, and both wings, Wooler and Booker, have had their moments.

Perhaps the most outstanding performance came from full-back Brister, who came into that position for the first time in the semi-final. He played a very great game in the final replay. Although at times subjected to great pressure, he never put a foot wrong, handling with safety and kicking with long-range accuracy.

The team have had plenty of praise heaped on them. They have deserved it all for upholding all that in rugby.

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SPALDINGS, WISDEN, ETC.,
RACKETS; also
PRESSES - BALLS - HOLDALLS,
HEAD COVERS - SHIRTS AND
SHORTS - SHOES, ETC.

CRICKET

GRADIDGE, STUART SURRIDGE,
GUNN & MOORE, WISDEN BATS
(specially selected at factory)
BALLS, LEG GUARDS, WICKET
KEEPING AND BATTING GLOVES,
CRICKET BAGS AND HOLDALLS

ATHLETICS

TRACK SUITS, RUNNING SHOES,
ATHLETIC VESTS AND SHORTS,
AND ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

GRADUATION LIST — APRIL, 1961

Name	Training Regiment	Pre-selected Trade	Troop and Adopted Regiment
R. J. Ashcroft	24th	Tg Op	Kohima Troop
D. M. Beere	24th	Elec/Dvr	2 Signal Regt
M. K. J. Knight	8th	Radio Tech (Lt)	"
B. Lang	24th	Tg Op	"
R. E. S. Miller	24th	Tg Op	"
M. S. Sambrook	8th	Radio Tech (Lt)	"
J. P. Shepherd	24th	Radio Op	"
J. G. Terras	8th	Radio Techn (Lt)	"
M. J. Wade	24th	Tptr Op	"
F. M. Bradley	24th	Tptr Op	Bruno Troop
D. L. Brooks	24th	Tptr Op	10 Signal Regt
A. B. Constable	224 Sqn	Spec Op	"
D. R. Heyes	224 Sqn	Spec Op	"
S. J. Hubbart	24th	Tg Op	"
G. I. Jenkins	24th	Tptr Op	"
R. T. Bound	24th	Tg Op	Javelin Troop
D. T. Hancox	24th	Radio Op	22 Signal Regt
M. R. Hanlon	224 Sqn	Spec Op	"
I. T. Kirk	24th	Tptr Op	"
J. W. Laffin	224 Sqn	Spec Op	"
B. S. Nutbrown	24th	Tptr Op	"
R. Saunderson	24th	Tg Op	"
W. J. Staines	24th	Tg Op	"
H. E. Wilson	8th	Lmn	"
R. L. Genge	8th	Radio Relay Op	Quadrant Troop
R. Graves	8th	Radio Relay Op	4 Signal Regt
N. J. Holden	8th	Radio Relay Op	"
R. K. Jacobs	8th	Radio Relay Op	"
M. N. Orde	24th	Tg Op	"
R. I. Ferguson-Bayliss	24th	Radio Op	Kukri Troop
D. G. Friend	24th	Tptr Op	17 Gurkha Sig Regt
R. C. Galloway	24th	Tg Op	"
J. H. Humphries	24th	Radio Op	"
T. W. McDonald	24th	Tg Op	"
E. G. Phillips	24th	Tptr Op	"
S. W. Sharp	24th	Tptr Op	"
V. T. Zimmer	24th	Radio Op	"
E. A. Bailey	224 Sqn	Spec Op	Iron Troop
E. Birchall	24th	Tg Op	3 Signal Regt
J. W. Gallon	8th	Tg Tech	"
F. C. Howley	24th	Tg Op	"
J. I. Hutton	24th	Tg Op	White Spear Troop
P. E. Livingston	24th	Tg Op	7 Signal Regt
B. J. Bellenie	24th	Radio Op	Jerboa Troop
L. Croy	24th	Radio Op	1 Signal Regt
D. R. Day	224 Sqn	Spec Op	"
G. A. Fernie	8th	Tg Op	"
P. Fowler	224 Sqn	Spec Op	"
P. D. Harrison	224 Sqn	Spec Op	"
F. P. Hopkins	24th	Radio Op	"
G. W. Kerr	8th	Tg Tech	"
M. M. Mangan	8th	Radio Relay Op	"
M. G. Peterson	8th	Radio Tech (Lt)	"
M. J. Russell	24th	Radio Op	"
W. J. Barnes	224 Sqn	Spec Op	White Swan Troop
P. Barratt	24th	Tptr Op	30 Signal Regt
D. J. Cairn	24th	Cipher Op	"
M. Knox-Little	224 Sqn	Spec Op	"
J. J. P. Main	24th	Tptr Op	"
W. W. Mooney	224 Sqn	Spec Op	"
K. Yates	24th	Tptr Op	"