

### CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF VISITS DENBURY



1. The C.I.G.S. with the S.-O.-in-C. and the Commanding Officer.
2. The C.I.G.S. inspects Quadrant Troop.
3. The C.I.G.S. hands J/R.S.M. Wraith his plaque.
4. The C.I.G.S. being interviewed for 'Junior Mercury' by J/Sig. Smith.  
The R.S.M. sees fair play.
5. The C.I.G.S. inspects the Corps of Drums.
6. The S.-O.-inC. talks with Mr. and Mrs. Barker.
7. Mrs. Whistler hands the Troop Hockey Cup to J/L/Cpl. Heard.
8. Mrs. Whistler receiving a bouquet of flowers from J/Sig. Dawson.
9. Mrs. Whistler presents the Squadron Rugby Cup to J/S.S.M. Brister.

## EDITORIAL

This edition of 'Junior Mercury' brings us to an end of our third year in print. We wonder how many of our readers have got all 36 editions? We have five advertizers who have been with us in each edition: The Grange Restaurant, Babbacombe; The Western Garage, Newton Abbot; Wards for records; Percy Hodge for sporting equipment; and Tower Cycles for cycles. We thank these firms very much for such loyal support.

When reporter Colin Smith sallied forth to interview General Sir Richard Hull, we charged him with the mission to get a statement out of the ordinary, and even suggested that he should ask questions which could be deemed controversial and exclusive. How well he did this is shown only too amply on the next page. When bringing back his "copy," he seemed puzzled: "Who exactly is General Hull, sir? I mean, he's not Signals, is he?"

We explained that the Chief of the Imperial General Staff was the highest appointment to which it was possible to attain in the British Army. "You mean he hasn't got a boss?" We mentioned his general responsibilities to Parliament, the War Office, and to the people of the country as a whole. "Blimey, if I'd known that he was that big, I couldn't have interviewed him."

We expect you will all have a good laugh at our cartoon, which appears on page four. We all enjoy it when the joke is on the Quartermaster's department. The drawing is by Mr. Tysoe, but the design, the naming and characterizing of the figures, as well as the entire script which appears beneath it, all came from the fertile brain of RQMS P. Chilvers himself. Isn't it grand to find somebody with a sufficient sense of sportsmanship to have a laugh against himself. Well done, RQ!

The Staff Scrapbook, which appears in the adjoining column, was delivered to the editors by a secret messenger in a sealed envelope, on Easter Day itself. Apparently our correspondent is scared of his Trade Union finding out that this was written during a leave period.

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

## STAFF SCRAPBOOK

Once more the camp is deserted, with the exception of the few stalwarts of Senior Wing who remain to keep a lonely watch on the barracks. Time, possibly, to sit down and look back on the events of the Easter term and to look forward to the next hectic term.

The Easter term for the staff was reasonably quiet, apart from the large numbers of National Service men who left us, to return to their respective jobs. Even though they vowed before they left never to return to Denbury, it is surprising the number who have returned to see how we are all getting on. Among those, to mention a few, have been Mr. Mayall, Summers, Brown, and ex-Dvr. Wheeler.

Parents Day passed off very well without a major disaster, apart from the R.P. who is now to be given instructions in the correct way to fly the Regimental flag. One of the major activities required for Parents Day which is little realized by many people, is the organization of meals. To increase suddenly the number of meals from 600 to over 800 takes a lot of extra work by the boys in the background. Sgts. Hendly, Jordan, and newly-promoted Sgt. Hill are to be congratulated, as well as their respective staffs, on an excellent job. S.I. Hendly declined to comment when asked what he thought of another Parents Day to be held at the end of Summer term. However, one plea is issued to all Junior Leaders who intend having their parents visit us. How about some instructions to Mums and Dads on the help-yourself system which the Army operates to enable you to get your full share of food? Maybe we put on too many choices and this confused them. The cooks have come a long way from the old take-it-or-leave-it days.

To look forward to next term and what looms ahead. Of course, the big event is the annual Ten Tors Expedition. The full burden is not yet known but, as usual, we expect to be well involved.

Our unofficial Part II. orders this month must consist mainly of the use of our crystal ball (Mark IV.) and a sly peep at Regimental Posting Orders. From somewhere we are going to get four new GD men posted in at the end of Easter leave. More about them later. The other new arrival expected soon is a new OC Senior Wing. The date of arrival is well marked in certain diaries.

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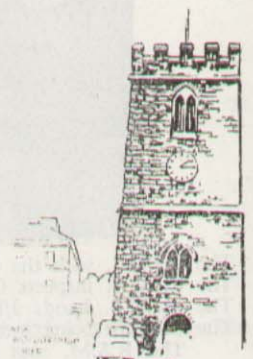
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# THE COMMANDING OFFICER COMMENTS . . .

No review of last term would be complete without mention of the fire. The event was fully dealt with in the last edition of 'Junior Mercury,' but I would like to congratulate all ranks on the splendid recovery the Regiment made from this tragic blow, and to thank, on behalf of all the boys who lost their belongings in the fire, the generous and kind friends who have contributed over £500 to our Fire Relief Fund.

Our Graduation Parade and Parents Day on April 7 was a great success, despite the weather. Many parents have written to me expressing their appreciation for our hospitality, and congratulating the Regiment on the high standard of the parade. We owe a very great debt to the Quartermaster (Capt. Worsley) and his staff for obtaining and issuing the No. 2 Dress so quickly; and to Mrs. MacKenzie and her staff for the work they put in during the term in tailoring the 550 uniforms involved. I would also like to mention the hard work put in by Junior Wing in erecting the tentage and the stands for the parade. Despite two gales, and gusts of 80 miles an hour, Junior Wing never gave up, and on the day of the parade the tentage stood battered, but triumphant. Many visitors told me how much they appreciated the protection the tentage provided from the wind and rain.

The number of Junior Leaders who took the Army Intermediate and Senior Certificates of Education last term was a record, and totalled 221. The results of the Intermediate Examination reveal the issue of 76 complete certificates from 155 candidates, with a mass of single and double subject passes. These are excellent results, and are particularly pleasing in that a large proportion of the passes were achieved by boys in their third term at Denbury. All these should have ample time to go on and pass their Senior Certificate before they graduate to Colour Service.

One of our greatest successes last term was in Junior Wing. I am proud to record that the entire intake of 72 recruits came through their first term with flying colours. Every boy achieved his Preliminary Certificate of Education, and his Drill Pass Off; not one boy appeared before me for a breach of discipline, and not one boy has asked to leave or been discharged. Well done, the Alamein Intake!

The Commonwealth Trophy competition on March 23 was a hard slog, but both from the control side and from the standard achieved by the patrols competing, it was a great success. My congratulations to Quadrant Troop on winning the Commonwealth Trophy, and to Capt. Joyner for devising an exercise which called for initiative and endurance, and which finished within five minutes of the predicted time.

During the past term, Maj. Scott and I have spent a great deal of time reviewing the training syllabus and timetables. Our aim has been to streamline the instruction, so that every Junior Leader has the opportunity of obtaining a Senior Certificate of Education, an Intermediate Military Proficiency Certificate, a Trade Rating, and, possibly, a W.D. Driving Licence, before he leaves Denbury. Naturally, the revised timetables will call for a greater effort from you all, but I am sure you will appreciate the opportunity to get even further ahead before you reach Colour Service, and will feel that the extra effort is well worth while. It will, of course, take several terms before the new time tables and syllabus produce the full results that I hope for, but our standards of attainment should improve steadily as from next term. I would like to make it clear that the new time tables will not appreciably reduce the time spent on sport and Adventure Training.

During the past term I have also reviewed the Affiliation Scheme, whereby Troops of the Regiment are affiliated to Regiments of the Corps, and the rules for deciding on the Champion Troop. I shall be making a statement on both these matters during the coming term. I also propose to look once again into the question of full-scale barrack room inspections to see if they can be made a little less frequent.

Next term is, by general agreement, going to be one of the busiest ever. The highlights will be the Ten Tors Expedition and the Nijmegen Marches, but every week there will be some major event. Early in May the Regiment will be visiting Ashburton, with the Band, the Highland Dancers, and the Choir, to receive a Pipe Banner, presented by Ashburton Urban District Council. In June the Highland Dancers will be taking part in the Taunton Army Week, and in July a detachment of 15 of our Junior Leaders will be taking part in a Physical Training Display at the Royal Tournament in London.

*Alan Holmes*

## GENERAL SIR RICHARD HULL, G.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.

CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF

(The C.I.G.S. was interviewed exclusively for 'Junior Mercury' by J/Sig. Smith)

When the Visiting Officer (General Sir Richard Hull) was eventually cornered in the ante-room of the Sergeants Mess, he was asked certain questions . . .

"There has been some adverse comment in the papers recently, criticizing the fact that Boy Soldiers are sometimes required to sign away as much as nine years of their life when they are only 15 years of age. Your comment, please, sir?"

Sir Richard replied that boys of today mature earlier than the boys of his generation, and therefore are far more capable of making an important decision. General Hull said that, if a boy today decided to make soldiering his profession, then, providing that he made "a go" of it, he had every chance of living a successful and useful life. Besides, he added, "If one marries a woman who doesn't want to follow the drum then, at 24, you aren't such an 'old square,' anyway."

The second question: "What chance is there of Junior Leaders leaving the Regiment as fully-qualified tradesmen and being posted abroad immediately?"

General Hull said it was his wish that all ex-Junior Leaders should get abroad as soon as possible but that, in the case of the Signals, it was such a highly technical corps that this meant time must be spent in perfecting trade techniques before a tradesman could be posted abroad. However, he felt a lot could be done to intensify trade training.

Finally, the inevitable question (with tongue in cheek): "Do you think there is too much 'bull' in a Junior Leaders Regiment?"

There was something approaching a twinkle in Sir Richard's eye when he replied that, in his day, "bull" was painting the coal white and scrubbing it black again the following day, just to give soldiers something to do. (An old soldier's tale, perhaps?) He felt it would be a great pity if the turnout and bearing of Junior Leaders units were to fall. If the meaning of the word "bull" was to have a crease in your trousers and a clean pair of boots when you went out with your girl, then he approved of "bull." However, if the meaning of the word is painting coal white, then he disapproves of it. (Let's hope the RSM agrees).

Before there was a chance of further questions, General Hull had been whisked away to the Officers Mess, and our reporter was left standing, still wondering just how many years service the General had got! That was to have been his next question.

The Junior Leaders who graduated on Saturday, April 7, were:

### 8 Signal Regiment

TECHNICIANS: Smith, Hollander, Parkinson, Hinton, Short, Collison, Cameron, Dowdle.

LINEMEN: Stephenson, Gourley.

### 24 Signal Regiment

ELECTRICIAN DRIVERS: Manning, Edwards.

T.G. OPERATORS: McLaren, Tucker, Wraith, Sharman, Kay, Spencer, Bryant, Gauld, Beresford, Stubbings, Rayson.

COMCEN OPERATORS: Heard, Gable, Buglass, Black, Cavanagh, Lock, Stanger, McCormack, Claypole, Ward, Smith, Walters.

RADIO OPERATORS: Toye, Brister, Blatherwick.

### 224 Signal Squadron

SPECIAL OPERATORS: Leach, Kynaston, Harbird, Ferris, Webster.

Yet another good crowd of chaps are progressing forward. "Things will never be the same again . . ." But they will.

As usual, we lose our senior boys. J/RSM Wraith, capable in an emergency (as he demonstrated at the time of the fire), liked and respected by all, will be sorely missed. J/SSM Brister, a natural leader (as displayed on the rugby field), will be a loss to Alexander Squadron; as will be J/SSM Hollander, more mature than most Junior Leaders, from Slim Squadron.

There are four Troops needing new Junior Sergeants; with the loss of Smith (Kukri), an individual who always knew exactly what he wanted from life; Sharman (Romulus), strong in muscle, yet a gentle, likeable individual; Rayson (White Spear), the last of the "mob"; and Lock (Quadrant), who was the Regimental basketball captain.

Other sportsmen who have left include Parkinson and Buglass (rugby players), Black and Tucker (boxers); Stanger, Ward, Gourley, Collison (footballers). They will be missed; they will be remembered.

What of the others? They will all be remembered in one way or another: Blatherwick by the Drum-Major; Heard, made his mark on the hockey field; Smith (007), once the smallest in the Regiment; McLaren, as a basketball player, and so on . . .

To every member of the April, 1962, output, we wish every success, and look forward to hearing from you all. Remember Denbury, and what you learned here; you won't go wrong!

## "X" CUSE

"X" sucked another liquorice allsort, clenched his fist, and cursed the "weed." Agonizingly he watched the unenlightened "Nig" inhale deeply and blow the smoke absently around the lamp-shade. Stopping smoking was the hardest task "X" had attempted. He had even hurled his last "nub-end" through the window.

What was needed, "X" meditated, was a CAUSE—an original cause, like Daisy. He watched that intrepid veteran of the East End gleefully whittling away half his bed-space with a modified eating-iron. Yes; a cause must be found, thought "X."

Then, as a well-aimed egg, deviously smuggled from "Tush" Aven's farm, struck him; he had it! First he threw a chair at Daisy, removed assorted yoke and egg-shell from his Tony Curtis, then he knew what must be done. Preserve the farm.

The following night strange sounds were emitting from one of the Intermediate classrooms. A member of the guard was justly alarmed by these strange noises. Perhaps some luckless instructor of Intermediate 3b was being garrotted?

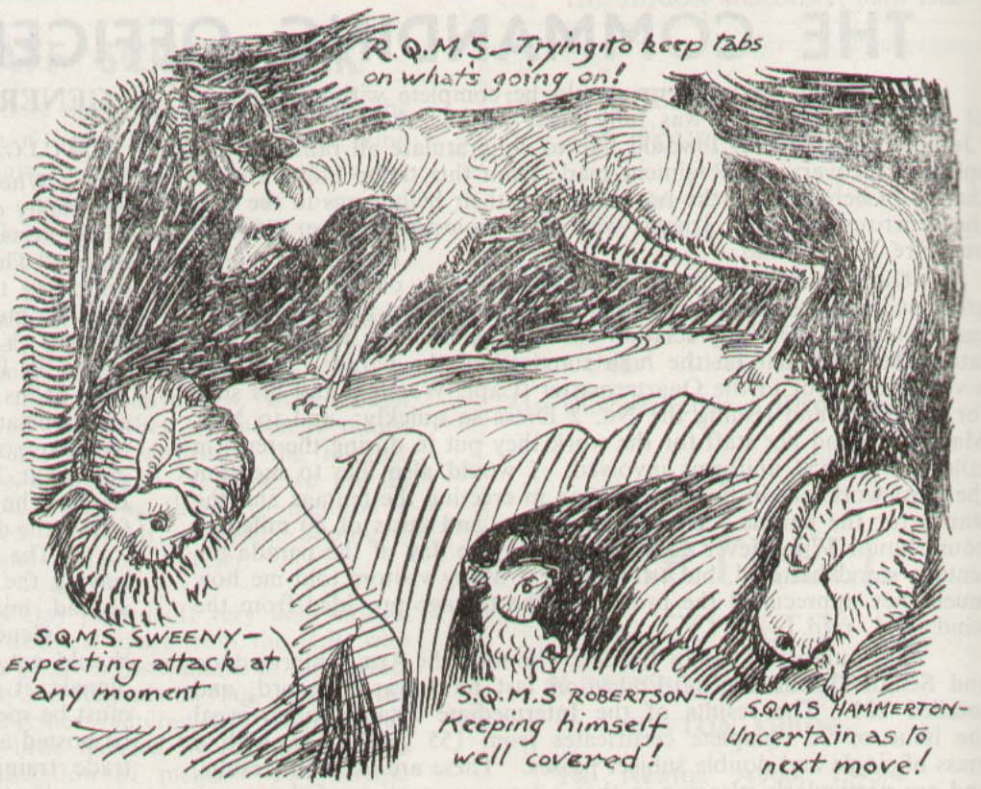
Being a fully-trained Junior Leader, the guard made haste to put as much distance between himself and the "noises." In blind panic he ran into the assault course, fell into a slit trench, became enmeshed in a scramble net, and eventually arrived at the guard-room, cap-less, button-less, trousers torn, and generally looking as though he had been pulled through a hedge backwards. In fact, he had been; several times that night.

The guard, being one of the bravest crews ever to guard Denbury from . . . (who do they guard Denbury from, anyway?); well, they took cover straight away. Twenty minutes later the guard commander persuaded them to return.

With a roar, their bayonets flashing in the moonlight, the "trustworthy crew" leaped into the offending classroom. The humiliation; the shame. There, surrounded by a brace of terrified pigs, was "X," holding aloft a large placard bearing the legend:

THE FARM GOES APIDEMIC!  
 APIDEMIC GOES THE FARM!

"X" had truly found his cause.



R.Q.M.S.—Trying to keep tabs on what's going on!

S.Q.M.S. SWEENEY—Expecting attack at any moment

S.Q.M.S. ROBERTSON—Keeping himself well covered!

S.Q.M.S. HAMMERTON—Uncertain as to next move!

### CARNIVOROUS OMNIVOROUS RAPACIOUS

(Wily Old Fox, Mark 4)

- Antecedents: Direct ancestor of the modern RQMS.
- Habitat: Holes in the ground, cunningly disguised and luxuriously furnished, with exits for use in any foreseeable emergency.
- General description: Displays a bitter, twisted smile habitually, combined with an air of cynical expectancy.
- Diet: Small fry, hunted relentlessly, together with larger prey if caught at a disadvantage.
- Natural enemies: All living creatures except his own kind.
- Circa: Denbury, 1962.



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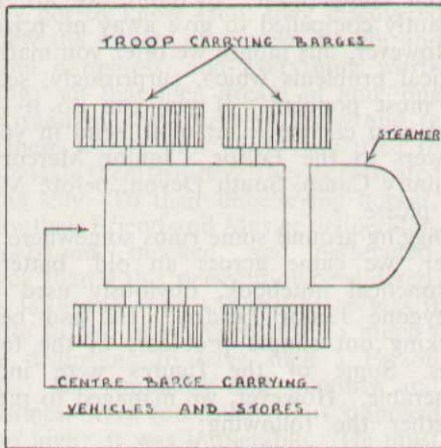
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# CONGO STORY

Part (3) by Capt. M. R. C. WEINER, R. Signals

In mid-October we were warned to move our Brigade from Leopoldville to Luluaborg, capital of Kasai Province. This was a particularly troublesome area, in view of the continuous inter-tribal fighting, and the Tunisians had had a trying three months there. I went down by air on the advance party, as the problems, as far as Signals were concerned, were immense. We had an area the size of France in which to maintain law and order. Road and rail communications were almost non-existent. Most supplies went to outlying areas by air. In such a situation, where no telephones existed, wireless communications were vital. As such I had to evolve an intricate wireless diagram, many sets being duplicated by a smaller-powered infantry set. Distances were up to 200 miles from our HQ.

To move some 2,000 troops to our new area was a complicated problem. Two-thirds were to travel by river convoy and the remainder by air. I regretted not being able to travel on the river convoy, as it was a novel experience for those who did. The shipping available was ancient and dilapidated. Most of it was fit only for animal transport, and yet our troops had to spend ten days in it sailing up the Congo. The whole convoy moved as a complete piece.



The completed barge was then pushed by a steamer. I had a wireless set installed on the centre barge, probably the first time Royal Signals have been involved in communications from a Congo river boat. It was thanks to this link that we heard that, ten hours out of port, the steamer sprang a leak and ran aground. The cool, inviting river tempted no more; perhaps the crocodiles were a deterrent.

By the end of the month we were firmly established in Kasai. I began to find this a far more difficult commitment than Leopoldville, due to our wide dispersal. It meant frequent air trips to outlying units to check my detachments or replace equipment. In this way I was able to see some of the fearful atrocities that had taken place.

One of the first places I visited was a village called Murene-Ditu, in which we had a Liberian battalion and our recce squadron of armoured cars. This was our closest position to the Katanga frontier, and the tribal fighting was bitter. The army of the self-styled Kasai leader, Kalongi, had driven out the villagers and massacred everyone they caught. I saw, and managed to acquire, some of their ancient weapons. These consisted mainly of bows and poisoned arrows, sawn-off and home-made shot-guns. The most horrible thing I saw was one of their stock trades—the selling of human flesh. I was shown match-boxes containing this flesh, which was considered a delicacy.

I went out in a jeep on a narrow country lane. From the town along the road were many shot-up cars which had been caught by the Kalongists. All the villages were deserted, apart from odd goats left behind. Most of the huts had been burnt to the ground by the soldiers.

Collecting mail from the aircraft at Luluaborg was a far more tricky operation here than in Leopoldville. This was because the local Congolese soldiers were as much in command of the airfield as ourselves. They had about a company strength to our platoon. One particular incident that nearly sparked off a shooting battle was due solely to the misunderstanding of English. At the time the aircraft coming from Ghana were on loan from RAF Transport Command. On evening as I went to get the mailbags I found the Congolese had set up four Bren gun positions around the aircraft. Our own small body of troops gave us little protection. The whole position was because the Congolese saw the word "Command" on the aircraft, and immediately assumed this meant "Commandos," of whom there was a constant fear. They insisted on searching the aircraft, and no amount of persuasion would dissuade them. To avoid an incident we had to give in.

Another place I had to visit was Bakurarga. It was here, that when the Congo crisis first flared up, that the worst massacres took place. They were between the two major tribes in the area, and many hundreds were massacred. Behind the missionary building one could see the bodies stinking and rotten in a large, open pit. Most of the villages around had been razed to the ground, and the area was overrun with homeless and starving villagers.

It was here that the Belgians were openly supporting the Karonjists with military advisers, arms, ammunition, etc. The day I was there a Belgian colonel arrived in his Air Katanga aircraft, where he was met by a guard of honour of Kalongi soldiers.

Prior to my handing over before I left, I was sent on a mission, with a relief wireless set, to a small village called Sercecy. The village was some 200 miles east of any of our detachments. A message was received to the effect that the village had been attacked by another tribe, and bodies were strewn over 200 yards.

The relief column, which went by road, took three days to reach Sercecy, and entered the village with some apprehension, expecting to see yet another gruesome example of Congolese tribal savagery. It was then that they found how exaggerated a report can be, and the unnecessary trouble it caused us. On inspecting the area a few bodies were found, and some 200 yards further one, a few more bodies, i.e. strewn over 200 yards.

My arrival was the most hazardous I had yet encountered. We were in a twin-engined aircraft and, on leaving Luluaborg, we were forbidden to land at Sercecy because of the nature of the landing strip. However, because of the urgency, we pressed on, and not until we flew over the town did we realize how true this was. It was no more than a cart track, with open ground on either side, and it was in some trepidation that we came in to land. To say it was a bumpy landing is putting it mildly and, due to its short length, we pulled up just short of the village school. Within seconds the whole village (several thousand) had turned out and were all around the aircraft. However, they were friendly and, not unnaturally, surprised to see so large an aeroplane.

This proved to be my last trip into the bush as, shortly after, my relief arrived, and I was busy handing over. I had the added incentive of it being Christmas to get back to Ghana before the 25th.

So it was on the 23rd that I finally said goodbye to my friends, of many nations, and left the Congo behind me. My feelings were very mixed, especially when we landed at Leopoldville to refuel, and I was not even allowed to get off the aircraft. The attitude of the Congolese authorities was very different now compared to the day we arrived. It seemed an ungrateful way of showing appreciation for what I and many thousands of other ordinary soldiers had done in coming to help their country in time of difficulty.

(Concluded)

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# READERS' CORNER

## HOSPITALITY APPRECIATED

The Commanding Officer received many letters from parents who had been to Denbury for the Graduation Parade, and we are grateful for the opportunity of reprinting two which typify the feelings of them all.

DEAR SIR,—My wife and I would like to express our appreciation for the amount of preparation and hard work put in by you and your staff to make last weekend so very enjoyable.

We were greatly impressed by the high standard of the parade, the friendliness of the staff and recruits, and the smooth running of events. WHAT A HEALTHY, HANDSOME GROUP OF LADS YOU HAVE THERE! (Our capitals).

Although, regretfully, we will not be able to attend the July parade, as it is in the week, we sincerely hope that we will be able to attend more of these interesting and enjoyable weekends in the future.

J. H. STONE, Bristol.

DEAR SIR,—I should like to take this early opportunity of expressing, on behalf of Mrs. Hall and myself, our grateful thanks for the hospitality extended to us this past weekend. We greatly enjoyed our first visit to Denbury, and have been impressed and greatly encouraged by all that we have seen. We are greatly appreciative of all the trouble that was taken for our entertainment, which clearly entailed a great deal of extra work for everyone. This being our son's first term, we were very appreciative of the opportunity of talking to officers and NCOs about studies and other activities.

While everything was done so well, I would not wish to pick out any one item, but I feel that everyone is to be congratulated on the excellence of the Graduation Parade, with which I was greatly impressed and, indeed, moved. One can but say "Thank you very much, well done, and good luck in the future."

W. G. HALL, Northwood, Middlesex.

## PUBLIC SERVICE

This letter was received from Mr. Baines, in reply to one from the Second-in-Command, explaining that public service would be discontinued during the Easter break.

DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your letter dated March 22, contents of which I have noted.

The behaviour of your boys, I cannot speak too highly of them, and it gives me

the greatest pleasure to say it reflects the greatest joy that such a result is attained under your command, and I look forward to May 5, as stated in your letter.

C. BAINES, Cadewell Park-road, Torquay.

## ADD TO THE LIST

DEAR EDITOR.—Thanks for the April number of 'Junior Mercury,' and congratulations on maintaining such a high standard.

I was very interested in the Commanding Officer's comments on smoking, and in the list of officers and WOs shown as non-smokers. I gave up smoking before the first world war, when I was appointed District Scoutmaster over all the Boy Scout troops in Upper Burma. Have never felt the need for it since.—Yours, etc.,

A. J. DANCEY, Maj. (retd.).

Shiphay Park-road, Torquay. Hon. ASR.

## COMPETITION

No answers have been received for our March competition; therefore we are reluctantly compelled to give away no prizes.

However, this month we offer you mathematical problems which, surprisingly, seem the most popular. If you can do it—or think you can do a bit of it, send in your answers to the Editor, 'Junior Mercury,' Denbury Camp, South Devon, before May 31, please.

Digging around some ruins somewhere or other, we came across an old, battered arithmetical notebook, obviously used by a bygone Junior Leader. He had been working out simple problems in the four rules. Some of the figures were indecipherable. However, we managed to piece together the following:

### ADDITION

$$\begin{array}{r} -412 \\ 2337 \\ 6-16 \\ 133- \\ \hline 2---2 \end{array}$$

### SUBTRACTION

$$\begin{array}{r} 41-3 \\ 2-76 \\ \hline -58- \end{array}$$

### MULTIPLICATION

$$\begin{array}{r} 42-7 \\ \quad -2 \\ \hline 8-14 \\ 2-85- \\ \hline -2-3- \end{array}$$

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# CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

## STRANGER ON THE SHORE

Fact is often stranger and more exciting than fiction, but when it comes to the test, sadly, fiction has no serious rival today. When a couple of despondent fishermen meet a stranger on the shore, in the grey dawn of an early morning, they could be forgiven for saying "So what?" when he asked them about their work and their future prospects. Especially when the stranger's clothes smelt of sawdust instead of fish; but they didn't. It is even more strange that when He suggested they join Him, they left their boat and equipment and went with Him. This stranger had something about Him that inspired trust and instant confidence.

They weren't then to know the joy and sorrow that lay ahead, nor the experience of discovery, but life is like that. They took the plunge and trusted themselves to the stranger of the seashore. Soon the stranger became a friend and infinitely more wonderful than they had ever dreamed of. As they got to know Him, they discovered He knew the secrets of success, of life and love and happiness, and everything worth knowing; all that men dream of and long for. Gradually they came to know and to share these secrets. But when they tried to communicate them to others, they were treated as being silly. To their unbelieving horror, they saw their Friend and Master deliberately misunderstood, mocked, and persecuted, and they shared this persecution bewildered.

Was faith and trust too much, or was it too little to ask in exchange for so much? It was disturbing to have such a Person around. His simplicity and humility and unselfishness were too much; His standard was too high; it was intolerable. He must be kept out of the way. So the stranger from the shore became a stranger in the city. To hear Him was to be influenced by Him; it was so embarrassing, because you couldn't help being impressed. There was only one thing to be done, and they did—crucify Him!

"Still stands His Cross from that dread hour to this . . ."

. . . and now we can't forget! Or wash our hands of Him! We are still embarrassed by the stranger in our midst. Why can't we, in our enlightened twentieth century, free ourselves of His disturbing presence? Because we can't escape from ourselves; there is something of each one of us in Him. It calls out to us, and we cannot hear, even with a deaf ear.

Now it is Easter time again, and the centuries roll back. Holy Week . . . Good Friday . . . denial, betrayal, and execution looms up to remind us of the quiet stranger among us. It can be, and is, most embarrassing. We should do something about it, but there is the question of time. We will some time! We do not ask for whom the church bell tolls. We know; and it is disquieting when the BBC, in a pre-Easter survey, asked many people how they would be observing Easter.

It was astonishing how uncomfortable many people were made by this question, like children caught playing truant from school, with no story ready, only a feeble excuse, and a guilty feeling of being caught out.

We do not like embarrassing questions, nor do we like being reminded of our failures and omissions, especially when we know that we have the remedy within easy reach. Is this the time to reach for the radio or TV switch? Let's have music and noise, any diversion; perish and drown all disquieting thoughts. We'll be all right, Jack!

Let's ignore Him. Its easier when you keep Him out. Maybe He'll go away, back to the deserted shore. Sometime, maybe, if we ever need Him we'll look Him up, but not now; there are far too many exciting things to do just now.

He stooped to bless,  
And stooping, raised us, and the tenderness  
Which looked in pity on a world of sin

Long years ago,  
Still waits in love to call the nations in,  
Till all shall know

How men may rise to Him in holiness,  
Because He stooped so low.

## FIRE RELIEF FUND

Further to our list of subscribers to the Fire Relief Fund, as published in the April 'Junior Mercury,' we would like to thank the following for their kind donations: Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, Newton Abbot All Whites, Newton Abbot Round Table, 13 Signal Regiment, E. Redman, N. Ehrhardt, the Coroner's Jury (a subscription taken at the inquest held on the two dead Junior Leaders), Rugby Match, Mrs. Stone, General Moberley, J. S. Brook, Misses Hocken, Miss M. Rowe, Devon British Legion, Post Office, Mrs. Preston, the Royal Signals Association (Croydon Branch), Capt. and Mrs. D. T. Huneyball, 1st Signal Regiment, Torbay Amateur Boxing Club, and numerous further subscriptions from within the Regiment. The total now exceeds £500.

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# ROUND THE

## BACHELOR WINS BRIDE DOLL



Photograph by Capt. Rogers

The picture above shows the doll, with her various changes of raiment, which was so kindly presented to the Regiment by Mrs. Dagnell for the Fire Relief Fund. She will be pleased to hear that the doll fetched a sum total for the fund of £48 5s.

The doll was won by S/Sgt. Pilling, RAEC, who, alas, has no daughter to present it to. Once again our thanks to Mrs. Dagnell for her kindness.

## MUMS AND DADS

Sitting on the train the parents of J/Sig. Bloggs, of Blank Troop, must have wondered what on earth they were coming to. Dear 'Enery had been two years in that place now; tomorrow was his last day before he "passed out"—an unfortunate phrase!

Arriving at the station they were greeted by a smart, but aggressive sergeant, who demanded to know by what train they were returning. An auspicious beginning.

Here, sat at a table, was a sergeant-major; He allocated them each a bed-space, in **different blocks**—"but me and Dad have slept together for 29 years now").

Both tested their respective mattresses. Dad said: "Better than the biscuits and straw we got in '39." Mum said: "Not like my divan, with foam mattress, at home."

Then came the parade. "Look; there's 'Enery in that third group over there. Smartest boy on parade!" They were proud parents. They could see their son graduating from boy service to man service. Better still, they could feel that he was a man at last. The fact that 'Enery was in the front squad, and not the third one, didn't matter. Mum and Dad were happy.

## THREE-STRIPED GOONERY

To relax frayed nerves, those of Troop sergeants in particular, a concert was held on the final Thursday evening of last term. Perhaps it lacked the polish of the London Palladium, but it made up for this with bags of flour and enthusiasm.

Javelin Troop excelled "Emergency, Ward 10" with a gory sketch on a major operation, which left the more sensitive members of the audience with the conviction that the real talents of the nimble-fingered "surgeon" and his crew lay in the knacker's yard.

Iron Troop's misinterpretation of "Swan Lake" would certainly have baffled even Tchaikovsky himself, and left everybody breathless with the beauty of Dick Richardson and his long, sandy locks. (RSM, please note).

The rumour that Kohima have a long standing contract with a Newton barber is completely untrue. Gero . . . Sorry! Mr. McKenzie, the regimental barber, lent Kohima Troop the props for the sketch that was so unlike his own brand of service?

However, it was the Sergeants Mess act which stole the evening. S/Sgt. Foster acted as though he had a built-in gramophone, and after half an hour's solid chanting, was still just as melodious. While he sang "Uncle Tom Cobley" and "Abdul Bulbul de Beer," his unappreciative comrades gave him a very rough passage. The return of "Uncle Tom" and his relatives was depicted by Messrs. Wheatley, Palmer, Hopson, Meekings, Angel, and Hammerton, tastefully arrayed only in nappies as they covered themselves with flour and water.

Throughout all this the doughty man of song proceeded unperturbed, singing from his Roll, with the delightful chorus "Government Property" between each verse. Even genuine fertilizer from the farm, delivered personally by that honest son of the soil, "Farmer" Philp, couldn't budge the happy songster. Sgt. Price's missing teeth, the RSM hanging himself, and Staff Avon shooting down pigeons failed to stop him, as did WO II Hopson's attempt to drown him by pouring buckets of water him.

Then Mr. Hopson gave the officers a fright as he threw a bucket in their direction. To the relief of the officers, and the disappointment of the remainder of the audience, this turned out to be only paper.

Finally, the conspirators resorted to foul means and, with the aid of ropes, transported Staff Foster bodily from the stage—still singing!

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# Junior Leaders 1962 Visit To Norway

On Monday, March 19, a group of seven boys were selected to go to Norway on an exchange visit. They were J/L/Cpl. Parkinson, J/L/Cpl. Waugh, J/L/Cpl. Wathen, J/L/Cpl. Stephens, J/Sigs. Thompson, Hadrick and Cooper. Preparations for the visit which, it was understood, would consist mainly of ski-ing, began at once. It is essential that if one is going for a ski-ing holiday, some preliminary muscle-strengthening is done. Under the supervision of the PT staff some circuit training was held twice a day.

On Monday, March 26, we left Denbury Camp and travelled to London by train. As on the previous occasion, we were kindly accommodated at the barracks of 41 Signal Regiment, TA.

An early start was made, and we eventually left King's Cross at nine o'clock and travelled straight through to Newcastle. We were to travel by the Fred Olsen Norwegian Line, and after embarking we were soon at sea. Nor was this fact lost on most of us and, owing to the heavy sea running, most of the party felt some effects. We were looked after extremely well by the crew of the ship, named "M.S. Blenheim." The party at this stage first met the Norwegian food. The diet of Norwegians differs from ours considerably. They drink more coffee than tea, and a lot of milk. They usually have only one hot meal daily, and meat is considerably more scarce than in England. However, there is always sufficient to eat, and there are a delicious selection of cheeses to be had in Norway.

However, to continue the diary. The crossing is almost 30 hours, and we first sighted the coast of Norway at 1800 hours on Wednesday. We disembarked at 0700 hours on Thursday and were met by Capt. Magna Spilde. Capt. Spilde has had previous experience of Junior Leaders, having been the course officer for the last two courses, and having been the conducting officer of a party of Norwegian boys when they visited Denbury in 1959.

The final part of our journey consisted of a three-hour train journey to Lillhammer, and then by car to Joerstadmoen, which is the Catterick of the Norwegian Army. At Joerstadmoen we were taken under the wing of the "Haeren Yrkeskole for Samband," which is the Apprentices Signals Training School.

After being issued with a complete outfit of Norwegian Army kit, which included everything you could wish for, we were left to start fitting skis to the boots and to settle into our quarters. The school had been most thoughtful, and two or three corporals attached themselves to the party and were really most helpful in showing us how to put the equipment together.

What we had really come to Norway to do started in earnest the following morning, Friday, March 30. The first thing learnt was to walk and move about on skis without falling over. With this a modicum of success was achieved. Capt. Spilde, determined that we should learn correct balance, forbade the use of ski-sticks. However, by the end of the day we had achieved a certain

degree of proficiency, even if the clothing worn was rather wet.

The following day we started to learn how to go downhill, and quickly learned that there are various ways, most ably demonstrated by J/Sig. Hadrick, but a fundamental law was learned in that whatever goes down also has to come up, and this was the taxing part of the instruction. We learned to "herring-bone," "side-step," "tack"; but none of them made a hill any shorter! Of course, we all found out that, before "coming up," one usually had to "get up." Though J/Sig. Cooper took quickly to the art of "snowplough" and the "snowplough turn," hardly less proficient was J/L/Cpl. Parkinson, who coloured his falls with spectacular displays of how skis, sticks, and body can be contorted.

Saturday afternoon we all went into Lillhammer to have a look at the shops and other attractions. Most of us went to a restaurant, and a dance which was as difficult as the Twist had not apparently reached Norway yet.

However, Sunday was to be no day of rest, and we took a coach trip to a local ski resort, Skeikampen. This was our first day of really hot sun, and in this single aspect we were to be very fortunate, as for the rest of our visit we had the most terrific weather. Indeed, there was more danger from sunburn and snow-blindness than from frostbite, a lecture about which we had been given by Capt. Nausdal, of the Norwegian Army.

Under the excellent tuition of Capt. Spilde, and by our own perseverance, by the time the following Thursday had arrived we were fairly competent at standing up and going up and down hill on skis. This, indeed, was just as well, as we now set out to join the rest of the apprentices school at their annual winter camp at Kittlbu, which is up in the mountains.

The weather here was even more hot, though the nights were correspondingly colder, and minus 20 degrees Centigrade was the order some nights. Of course, we were living under canvas!

However, perhaps one should be honest and admit that there was a fire in the tents. The Swedish M39 tent has as its tent-pole a metal tube, which serves as the chimney for the fire, which is made in a metal container hung on to the chimney. Fuel is provided by wood, and the fire is kept lit all night by one man, who is relieved hourly.

We split up among the Norwegians, and quickly learned the tent drill, once again receiving that tremendous co-operation from the Norwegians, who are only too anxious to help whenever possible, and who constantly seek to improve their English. It is even rumoured that we learned a few useful phrases in Norwegian.

One of the most enjoyable training sessions while in the mountains was towing behind a "Weasel." The "Weasel" is a light snow tractor with a track by which, like a tank, it steers. It is capable of pulling quite heavy loads at a speed at times of

30 m.p.h. (unladen). One of the ways of moving large quantities of troops across the snow is by "Weasel" not, one must add, inside but by towing. Two ropes are passed out at the back, and up to 24 soldiers simply hang on, and this exhilarating method of travel soon became quite a sport. As J/Sig. Thompson found, when the "Weasel" turns sharp left, you have to do something about it! And, as J/L/Cpls. Stephens and Wathen found, going downhill is the most difficult. It was much to Capt. Spilde's credit that he saw the funny side of the numerous falls and piles-up which resulted from various members "hunting for snow-snakes," as we euphemistically called a fall.

Other activities were pursued in the mountains. Some long treks over 12 and 14 kilometres were done, carrying a rucksack, snow shelters were built, and the small "inn" visited at night, where Coca-Cola and music were to be had.

We spent a week in the mountains, and by the end of it we were all well and truly sunburnt. In fact, sunburnt so badly that it was with mischievous delight that washing was kept to a strict minimum and shaving with an ordinary razor absolutely out. Dare we admit the camp had electricity?

We returned to Joerstadmoen on Wednesday, April 11, by which time we had missed the Budget and the results of certain football matches. However, undaunted, our conducting officer, Capt. J. W. Swindells managed to extract them from Norwegian newspapers, and so our links with civilization were gathered up, and most of the party went into town that night. The next day, Thursday, was our last day of ski-ing, and for it we went up to another ski resort called Nordsetter. From here we did a 12-kilometre march across to Joerstamon and back. It was a measure of our skill that, in the whole 12 kilometres, there was only one fall (seen by our correspondent at the back!), and he fell down a slope backwards!

However, all things come to an end, and on Friday we handed in all our kit, and attended a farewell coffee party in the morning. At this the officer commanding the Apprentices School, Major Langdalen, spoke kind words about our ability, and the commandant of the Signal Training Centre, Col. Langaas, presented each boy with a diploma to mark his achievement, and to bear witness to the fact that he had undergone a fortnight's ski course. In addition, we each received a small souvenir made by the apprentices at the school, which depicted a figure ski-ing in the way we had all started.

In a few words, Col. Langaas said he had been pleased to see us there, and it was always a pleasure to have the British Army there. He hoped it would be possible to send a party to Denbury again in the not-too-distant future. He assured us that a welcome would always await any of us who returned to Norway.

On Saturday the return journey began, and it ended at Newcastle, where we dispersed to our own trains.



