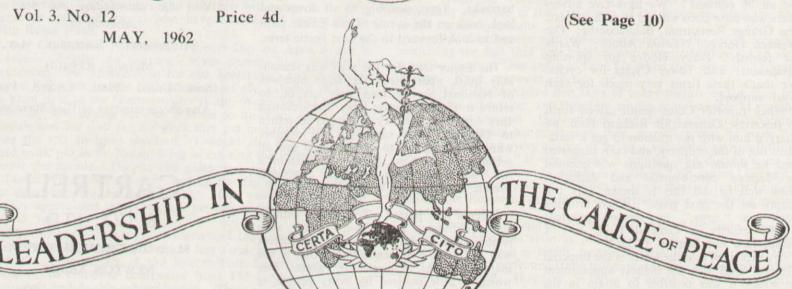
JUNIOR MERCURY



THIRD NORWAY VISIT



CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF VISITS DENBURY



- The C.I.G.S. with the S.-O.-in-C. and the Commanding Officer. The C.I.G.S. inspects Quadrant Troop.
 The C.I.G.S. hands J/R.S.M. Wraith his plaque.
 The C.I.G.S. being interviewed for 'Junior Mercury' by J/Sig. Smith.
 The R.S.M. sees fair play.

- The C.I.G.S. inspects the Corps of Drums.
 The S.-O.-inC. talks with Mr. and Mrs. Barker.
 Mrs. Whistler hands the Troop Hockey Cup to J/L/Cpl. Heard.
 Mrs. Whistler receiving a bouquet of flowers from J/Sig. Dawson.
 Mrs. Whistler presents the Squadron Rugby Cup to J/S.S.M. Brister.

(All photographs by Sgt. Martin)

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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- 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. Hendley 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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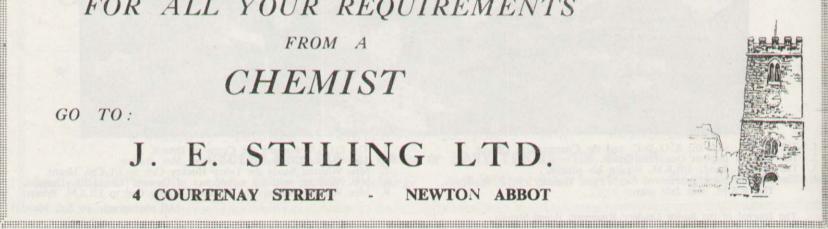
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COMMANDING OFFICER COMMENTS

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. 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 devizing 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 revized 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 fullscale 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 Asuques

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 to. (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 Den-

bury, and what you learned here; you won't go wrong!

"X" CUSE

Page 4

"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

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?

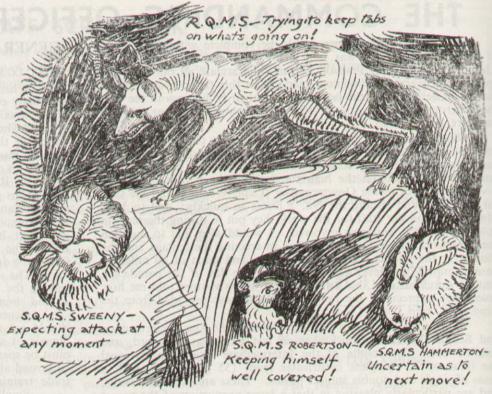
Being a fully-trained Junior Leader, the guard made haste to put as much distance between himself and the "noises." In blind panic he ran into the assault course, fell into a slit trench, became enmeshed in a scramble net, and eventually arrived at the guardroom, cap-less, button-less, trousers torn, 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 moon-light, the "trusty 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:

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THE FARM GOES APIDEMIC! APIDEMIC GOES THE FARM! "X" had truly found his cause.



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General description: Displays a bitter, twisted smile habitually, combined with

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Diet: Small fry, hunted relentlessly, together with larger prey if

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Natural enemies: All living creatures except his own kind.

Circa: Denbury, 1962.



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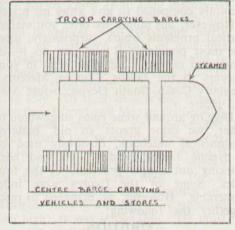
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CONGO STORY

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.

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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 shotguns. 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 Sertecy. 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 Sertecy, 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 Sertecy 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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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

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

CORNER

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
-412
2337
6-16
1332--2
SUBTRACTION
41-3
2-76
-58MULTIPLICATION

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

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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 hare 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 anselfishness 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 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 bour to this . . .

. and now we can't forget! Or wash our hands of Him! We are still embar-rassed by the stranger in our midst. Why can't we, in our enlightened twentieth century, free ourselves of His disturbing Because we can't escape from surselves; 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 em-barrassing. 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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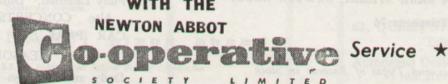
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ROUND THE

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.

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 Trossergeants in particular, a concert was had on the final Thursday evening of last term. Perhaps it lacked the polish of the Lordon Palladium, but it made up for this with had of flour and enthusiasm.

Javelin Troop excelled "Emergency, War 10" with a gory sketch on a major operation, which left the more sensitive member 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 "Same

Lake" would certainly have baffled communication of Salake would certainly have baffled communication of Salake would certainly have baffled communication of Salake would be salake would certainly have baffled communication of Salake would be salake woul

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

However, it was the Sergeants Mess are which stole the evening. S/Sgt. Foster acted as though he had a built-in gramphone, and after half an hour's solid chanting was still just as melodious. While he same "Uncle Tom Cobley" and "Abdu Bulbul de Beer," his unappreciative comrade 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 the 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 happsongster. 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 four means and, with the aid of ropes, transported Staff Foster bodily from the stage—still singing!

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CAMP

NELL AND THE SAILING CLUB

The Sailing Club of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, has finally been aunched. The club now possesses three Enterprise sailing dinghies, two Redwing sailing dinghies, and has the use of a 20-ton tetch, "Nell," of Shaldon, together with a 32-foot converted RNLI life-boat.

32-foot converted RNLI life-boat.
The ketch "Nell" has been offered for Regimental use by Major Gregson, of Shaldon, on condition that members of the sailing club help maintain and crew her. Work has already commenced on fitting-out for the season, and parties of volunteers have been busy scraping and preparing the hull for its final top coat of white paint. Others have been deepening the berth alongside "Skipper" Gregson's pier so that "Nell" will float at high-water neaps.



"Nell" has an interesting history. She was built in the style of a Scottish fishing vessel, but fitted out for the padre of the Scottish fishing fleet. Though 75 years old, her hull is sound and her lines are true. She was acquired by Major Gregson while he was stationed at Sheerness. He sailed her to Shaldon on his retirement.

Major Gregson has high hopes of training an efficient crew by August, and with them enter a Passage Race for cadet crews.

If you have any experience either in sailing or constructing boats, then set your course for the boat shed and join the sailing club next term.

KUKRI AGAIN

The last day of March saw the fourth Denbury Inter-Troop Canoe Race held once again at Totnes. The pattern is falling into shape. The first winners, way back in December, 1960, were Kohima Troop, which success they repeated in Easter, 1961. Now Christmas, 1961, and Easter, 1962, have revealed Kukri Troop as winners.

In winning the event, with Iron Troop second once again, Quadrant third, Kohima fourth, Kukri Troop set up a new record time of 22mins. 23.2secs. for the course.

The fastest time of the day was recorded by J/Cpl. Chisholm and J/Sig. Vivian (Iron Troop) in 3mins. 27secs., but in the final of the pairs race they were beaten by J/Sigs. Benson and Murphy (Kukri Troop), who recorded 3mins. 30.9secs. to win by 8.1secs.

White Spear Troop won the Junior Wing pairs with a time of 4mins. 27.5secs.

The Officers avenged themselves on the Sergeants, and once again regain possession of the delightful ornamental African paddle.

A MYSTERY

Just before the end of term, Junior Wing went off on a canoeing expedition. Everybody except Sgt.-Major Hopson went to Dittisham. Perhaps he just likes Totnes best—but that's a different story! They set off in a three-tonner with the canoe trailer loaded with six canoes.

The mystery is: how on earth did they manage to get the six canoes back to camp that evening and yet leave the trailer in Totnes?

Nobody missed the trailer for a week, anyway!

THEY DON'T FIT

Just previous to the Canoe Race, ten new paddles arrived in the Regiment, which pleased S/Sgt. Vallack very much, as they could be used for that occasion. A couple of days before the race he went to unpack them. As usual, there were 20 half-paddles.

Imagine his horror, however, when he discovered there were 18 female ferrules and only two male ferrules. Total number of paddles—two.

Anybody got 16 half-paddles with male ferrules?

DENBURY DANCE BAND

At the end of last term it was suggested that it might be a good idea to form a Regimental dance band. In any group as large as ours there must be half a dozen people keen enough and talented enough to get together and play together.

If you haven't got an instrument here, don't despair. If you reckon you're good enough, or would like to have a "bash," just send your name along to the Editor.

TELEVISION MEDALLIST

How many of our readers saw the ITV "Rendezvous" programme (shown over a nation-wide network) at 1700 hours on Tuesday. April 17?

Tuesday, April 17?

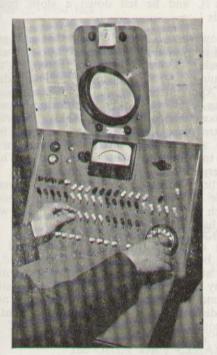
There, Sig. (ex-J/RSM) Wraith, looking very smart in his No. 2 dress, received the "Award of the Month" for his conduct on the night of the fire at Denbury.

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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 Nor-wegian 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 there 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 Lillihammer, 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 Yrkesskole 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," "sidestep," "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 Lillihammer 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 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 nottoo-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.

SOCCER REPORT

1961-62 SEASON

By Sgt. R. A. PEAKE, R. Signals

P. W. D. L. F. A.
30 23 1 6 143 69

The season just ended has been both successful
and disappointing. Our record needs only a glance show that we've given opponents a hard run for beir money. Unfortunately, we were beaten in first round of the Army Cup. After cup glory, common league matches are ty tame, and this feeling often creeps into players'

reformances. It is a pity that the Army Cup is a pity during the Christmas term, the first round ring a fortnight after term starts. This makes am selection very difficult, and obviously no team play together at this stage.

To illustrate my point, in the cup match neither de played good soccer, and the RA won purely having a better run of the ball. However, they more each match after, and eventually reached

mproved each match after, and eventually reached be final; while we picked up gradually and, on sunday, November 12, playing Plymouth Boys Club, roduced the best soccer ever seen in the Regiment. Let us hope that it will soon be realized that, by awing the Army Cup in the Easter term, it will mprove boys' soccer tremendously.

For the first time we entered the Devon Youth cup and reached the semi-final. Unfortunately, the dates for this and the final fell during Easter

Once again we won the South Devon Youth League ut so great was the number of fixtures that we ad to surrender the last four matches to our opponents. The league policy of teams playing each other twice, home and away, made things very afficult for us at times, and many Saturdays we had to produce two teams and, on a couple of coasions, even three ccasions, even three.

The success story of the season was Chisholm's and Ward's selection for Devon, and 15 boys passing the referees examination. Chisholm, the Regimental aptain, will once again next season be the foundaon of the team, so let us hope he does as well again. The boys who are now referees must stick to it and forget it is the most unpopular job next to the

and forget it is the most unpopular job next to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Remember: many of England's top referees are serving soldiers.

I say a sincere "thank you" to Messrs. Deane, Beere and Matthews for their help with pitches and equipment. My deepest personal thanks to Sgt. ("Doc") Taylor who, despite supporting spurs and Burnley, gave me unfailing help every saturday even through the 'flu epidemic. Although the managed to lose himself every away trip, his efforts were invaluable and truly unselfish.

For myself, I now become the thirtieth manager to lose his job this season. I am due to be posted at the start of next season, and am handing over the reins to Capt. Weiner, R. Signals. I know the players will work as hard for him as they did for me, and I am sure the Army Cup will soon come to Denbury.

Denbury.

Cheerio; good luck!

AN EXCITING GAME

The semi-final of the South Devon Cup was contested at Plainmoor (Torquay United's ground) between the Staff XI., Junior Leaders, Royal Signals, and St. Marychurch Rovers.

The game began in a desultory, scrappy fashion, but slowly began to warm up as the Denbury wing-lalves, Sigs. Milton and Harvey, took midfield control. Then began a steady bombardment of

the St. Marychurch goal, but the Signals forwards were shooting weakly, and generally off-target. However, the goalkeeper was lucky to ward off one hard drive from Sig. Oliver, but had no chance with Sig. Foster's shot from the rebound. Thus it was only justice, though a trifle fortuitous, when Oliver scored the second, catching the goalkeeper on the wrong foot with a sliced shot. L/Cpl. Fagg, following some neat midfield play by Milton and Sgt. Hall, notched goal No. 2.

The whistle blew for half-time as the ball was in

the air on the way to the St. Marychurch net for a

Signals went straight on to the attack in the second half, but goals just would not come, despite some excellent shots from Oliver, Fagg, and Sig. Stanger, the most dangerous forward on the field.

excellent shots from Oliver, Fagg, and Sig. Stanger, the most dangerous forward on the field.

On one of their rather infrequent jaunts downfield, St. Marychurch forced a corner, which was followed by a general mix-up between Hammond, Henderson and Cpl. Grey, which resulted in a scrambled goal for the opposition.

However, as if this were just a passing interlude, Signals went straight up-field again, Oliver and Hall both being unlucky not to score. At this stage of the game St. Marychurch were employing the offside trap, which our forwards were regretfully falling into. However, Fagg showed the way it could be beaten by taking the ball clear just inside his own half, dribbling goalwards fast, passing an advancing goalkeeper and crashing home a terrific shot. Back to a three-goal lead!

Unfortunately, a second mix-up in our goalmouth, with Grey taking the ball out of Hammond's hands, but failing to clear properly, led to a St. Marychurch goal, which lessened our lead. This gave St. Marychurch confidence, and the dying minutes of the game saw them attacking; but Henderson remained firm, and one dying save by Hammond will be remembered for some time to come. Then came tragedy. An indirect free kick at the edge of the penalty area, given for paces by Hammond, led to a third goal for St. Marychurch.

Then came the final whistle to give Denbury a 4-3 victory, when on the run of play it could have been 7-1, and saved considerable anxiety among their supporters.

Since the game both sides have been disqualified for playing senior players in a junior game. What

Since the game both sides have been disqualified for playing senior players in a junior game. What a stupid ending to a game of sport!

THE PENTATHLON

The Pentathlon is divided into five parts. Firstly, RUNNING, where an entrant must race two and a half miles over a rigorous cross-country course; secondly, SWIMMING, 320 yards free-style; thirdly, FENCING, all epee, where a contestant must fight all entrants, the first hit to count; fourthly, SHOOT-ING with a pistol, all snap-shooting, four groups of five shots each at three-second exposures, with 10-second intervals; and, finally, RIDING, beginning with dressage, designed to show control of the horse, with poise and balance, and then on to five jumps at 3'6". All events are fiercely competitive. We in Denbury have an entry for this unusual, frightening programme, Sgt. M. A. Hall, Royal Signals. "Mick" Hall is an ex-Boy RSM, who plays most sports, and is still a tower of strength on the soccer and hockey fields, and a voice of authority to the boxers. RUNNING, where an entrant must race two and a

authority to the boxers.

In mid-July he is hoping to enter the Northern Command championships—Pentathlon, of course—and then on to the Army Championships in September. A good showing in the Army Championships normally leads to Olympic representation.

On behalf of all at Denbury, the 'Junior Mercury' wishes you well, Mick.

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PIRATES OF TORTUGA (U) Colour by De Luxe. Cinemascope

Rodger's and Hammerstein's FLOWER DRUM SONG (U) Nancy Kwan Colour, Panavision

Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld Celeste Holm BACHELOR FLAT (U) Colour by De Luxe. Cinemascope

Robert Young, Maureen O'Hara, Clifton Webb SITTING PRETTY (U)

Michael Craig, Mary Peach James Robertson Justice A PAIR OF BRIEFS (A)

Hardy Kruger TAXI TO TOBRUK (U) In Scope

A MODERN D'ARTAGNAN

Sgt. T. P. Tyler (APTC) is known around Denbury as a normal "Muscles Mechanic," but how many people realize that he is also a fencer of some

April 10 found him at Aldershot competing in the Southern Command Foil Fencing Champion-ships (APTC Instructors), which is actually Phase III. of the Royal Tournament Fencing Championships. "I felt reasonably sure of my ability to put up a good fight, notwithstanding the presence of two Army fencers," he told our reporter.

There were seven entries, but only the first four were to count. Sgt. Tyler had six fights, but won only two, being beaten on aggregate by 30 hits to "This is probably due to severe lack of training and practice," he said. "There is only one boy in the camp fast enough to work with."

However, Sgt. Tyler assures us that he will be back there again next year, and that he intends to enter for the Epee and the Sabre, as well as for the Foil.

We wish him luck.

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SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR?



Capt. Burke and S/Sgt. Wilson Tiddley-Winking

by Sgt. Martin

OFFICERS v. SERGEANTS

At intervals the Officers and the Sergeants compete for the dubious honour of "Custodian of the Clanger"—loser takes all. The competitions consist of a series of Outdoor Sports, and also a series of Indoor Sports. Here we tell you briefly of the Outdoor Sports.

TENNIS. The officers team of Maj. Rothwell and Capt. Worsley, Capts. Constable and Davies, and Capt. Weiner and Lt. Lang, proved overwhelmingly strong for WO II Wheatley and Sgt. Angell, Sgts. Hall and Meekings, and S/Sgt. Hammond and Sgt. Davis respectively. In fact, the sergeants were unable to capture even a consolation set.

set.

SOCCER.—Here the Sergeants Mess made real "pigs" of themselves to defeat the officers 14-0. Played on a wet, muddy pitch, in pouring rain, with J/L/Cpl. Ward (Regimental Football Captain and newly-qualified referee) in control of the game, it was too one-sided to be exciting. The defence had little to do for the sergeants, but credit must go to the constructive wing-half play of Sgt. Creek the fire of Sgt. Davis on the wing, and the Creek, the fire of Sgt. Davis on the wing, and the cool finishing of Sgt. Peake as inside-forward. For the officers the speed of Capt. Walker made him dangerous in attack, and the persistence of Capt. Constable was encouraging.

SHOOTING.—This was expected to be a close contest, but in fact proved an easy victory for the officers. Capt. Weiner and Sgt. Price had arranged an interesting programme of Grouping.

an interesting programme of Grouping, Application, Kneeling Application and Snap Shooting, and each side had eight selected experts to represent them. The officers amassed a total of 500 points, to which the sergeants could only reply with a mere 468. The best scorer of the day was Lt. Rowntree (77), followed by Capt. Rogers (75), WO II Philp and Sgt. Livermore (70 each).

BASKETBALL.—With the sergeants fielding virtually the Regimental team, this match was expected to be a foregone conclusion. In fact, they duly won, but the final score of 32-16 was a great deal closer than had been expected. The sergeants relied on WO II Wheatley and Sgts. Creek, Meekings, Angell, Jamieson and Hendley, but the officers

varied their team among Capts. Burke, Joyner and Weiner, Lts. Lang and Pickup, and 2/Lts. Rowntree and Stacey. Capt. Burke especially played well, and was ably supported by Lt. Lang and 2/Lt. Stacey. Main point-scorers for the sergeants were Sgts. Creek and Meekings and WO II Wheatley. RUGBY.—With Mr. Wapham as referee, the officers and sergeants took the field in, as all guessed, would be the hardest match of all. The officers, as expected, proved the better side, but the sergeants kept them at it throughout. The final score was 14-3. The game as a whole was a hard, dour struggle

The game as a whole was a hard, dour struggle with no quarter given or asked for, yet there was no suggestion of dirty play on either side. In the tight scrummages, S/Sgt. Vallack, without such a closely-knit scrum behind, found himself out-hooked closely-knit scrum behind, found himself out-hooked by Capt. Constable. In the lines-out, Capts. Burke and Hewson were able to out-jump WO II Wheatley and Sgt. Meekings. This meant that the officers' threequarters saw plenty of the ball. Capts. Walker and Hartnett and 2/Lt. Rowntree made sure that it wasn't wasted. Much fine defensive play was put in by Sgts. Angell and Rogers, and fine covering by WO II Hopson.

HOCKEY.—The final game. The sergeants fought hard and true to win 2-0. This made the series three games apiece. In hockey the two messes have always been level, and produce a high standard when they meet. It was sad to realize that here was Capt. Hartnett, probably the finest

standard when they meet. It was sad to realize that here was Capt. Hartnett, probably the finest player of them all, playing his last game on the Denbury square, and yet exciting to watch the final stages of his traditional duel with Sgt. Angell, champion of the sergeants' team. Other quick impressions include the clever stick-work of Maj. Rothwell, the stolidity of RSM Pavey, and the daring of S/Sgt. Foster in goal. Yet another great

RUGBY REVIEW

FOR SEASON 1961-62

This year's Rugby XV. settled down into a first-class team, as everybody knew it would. Certainly it seemed stronger than last year's team, and might well have approached the high standard of the 1959-60 team. However, despite some con-vincing and satisfying victories over local oppo-nents, the inescapable fact remains that the Royal

Signals were knocked out of the Army (Junior)
Rugby Cup by the Royal Artillery in the semi-final.

The best rugby played by the XV. was played in the quarter-final of the cup against REME at Arborfield. Did they come to their peak too soon? Losing as they did at Nuneaton, they were playing well below the standard of which they were undoubtedly capable.

well below the standard of which they were undoubtedly capable.

The final XV. worked out with Hollander at full-back, a safe handler with an accurate kick, he improved as each game went on. Although a competent tackler, there were times when he hesitated that second too long before throwing himself forward; too late. The loss of Wooler was unfortunate, as he is always a danger on his wing, and so safe in defence. However, Prior proved an able substitute, and with a little more experience should substitute, and with a little more experience should make the grade next year. Perry, on the left wing, appeared moody; one day he would display a terrific turn of speed and great resolution, whereas on the next neither would be evident. Centres Lyth and Cooper have an unfortunate contrast between them, in that Cooper's handling is suspect and Lyth's passing poor. However, both have terrific

potential; Lyth in his deceptive speed and eye for an opening, and Cooper with one of the formal dummies seen on Denbury rugby pitch. In

Cooper may well develop as a future fly-half.

Brister, fly-half and captain, played well through out the season in this key position, controlled team well, and developed a first-class rugby tactual brain. His partner at scrum-half was Barnett, improved with every match. Still a little slow getting the ball away from the base of the scrum meant that he got caught in possession but, formately, "guts" are his strongest point, and he emergence unruffled from the roughest of mauls. Two pieces of advice, Barnett: firstly lengthen your pass without losing accuracy, and secondly don't be so eager get mixed up in loose scrummages. Remember you may be needed at the base of the scrum.

Next, to the scrum. A great disappointment individually eight promsiing and competent fewards, and that's how it remained. They were desperately in need of a pack leader to weld the together as a fighting force. Thomas, as hooker could always be relied on to get a surplus of the ball provided he was given a reasonable push at the ball, provided he was given a reasonable push at the right moment, which didn't always happen. From row of Wraith and Hobson; Wraith, last year potenrow of Wraith and Hobson; Wraith, last year pote-tially a fine forward, just never fulfilled his promise never properly fit, things seemed to happen alround him, whilst he took little part in the proceedings. Hobson at times could be a real matchwinner, a hard-tackling, energetic, bustling from row, he has a future on the rugby field. Smith and Greenwood, as second row, a good 24 stone there which never really pushed its weight. Smith, solid and dependable, but never brilliant, and Greenwood, capable of brilliance when, all too seldom he got his "paddy" up a bit.

Parkinson, as expected, was a great lock forward, but he is a selfish player who tends toward individual brilliance out in the open rather than

individual brilliance out in the open rather than solid, hard graft in the middle of the pack. Wingforwards; our weakest department? Both Keep and Younger tried hard, but both were too slow for this vital position, and neither had the flair of popping up in the right place at the right moment. Both, however, could produce some devastations

POORLY ATTENDED

Newton Abbot Rugby Football Club Junior played a special rugby match against the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, at Rackerhayen April 11. The proceeds of the collection takes were to be divided between the Denbury Fire Relief Fund and a new pavilion for the Juniors. The match was poorly attended, which was disappoint ing for both teams, who tried hard to play good

Signals had five of their regular XV, absent (Parkinson and Cooper in Norway, and Wooler, Wraith and Greenwood injured). Manadon, Manning and Riches substituted in the pack, and played well, too as did Buglass and Prior in the back division. However, there seemed a general lack of spirit in the team. The pack did not show the fire they had displayed against the REME at Arborfield, and the tackling by the threequarters was half-hearted.

Only Barnett and Brister, at half-back, remained firm, and they did all they could to prevent the fast and keen Newton boys from dominating the game. Signals were finally defeated 9-0, but the small crowd had been privileged to watch a treat of openrugby, played cleanly, with a terrific spirit on both sides.

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