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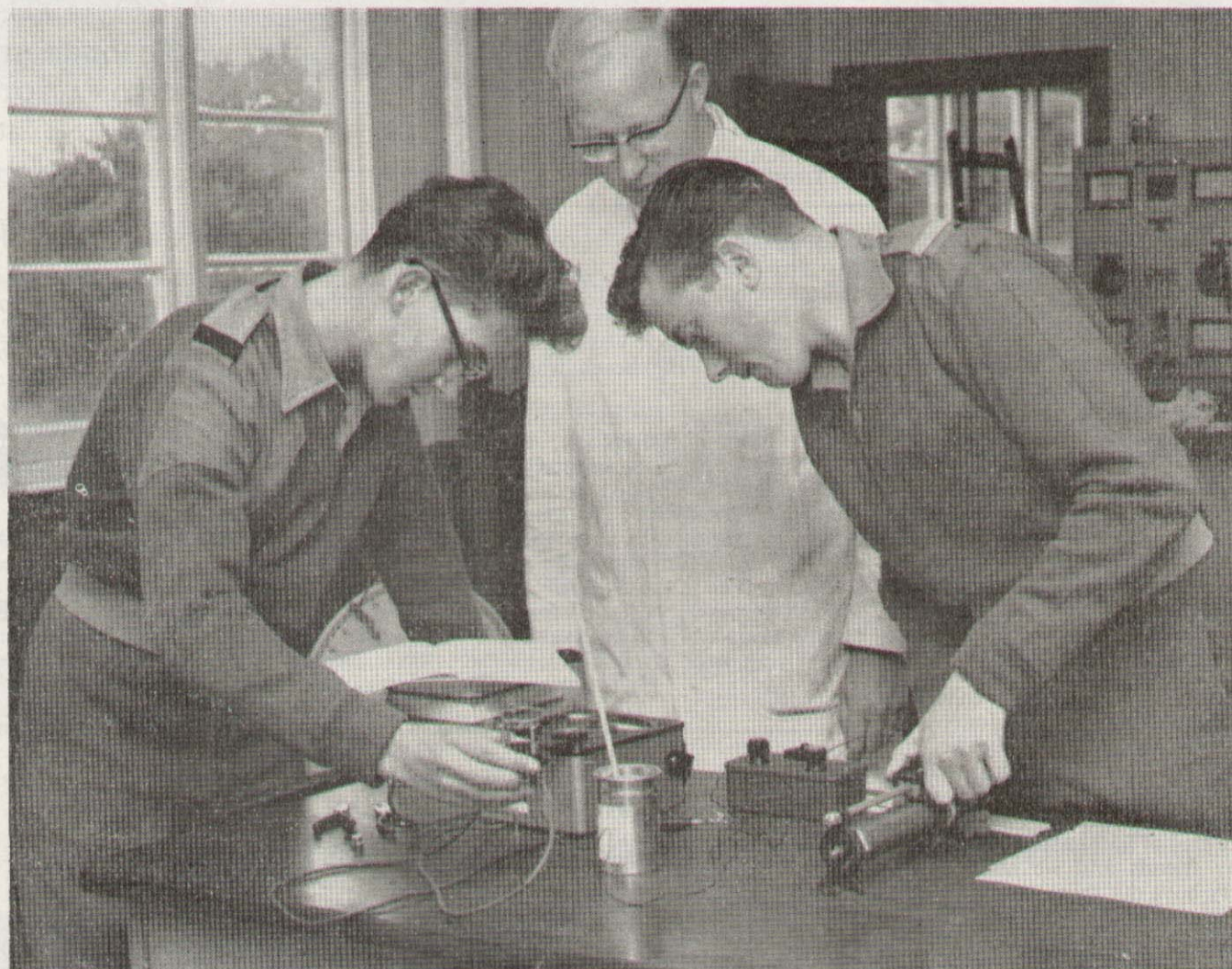
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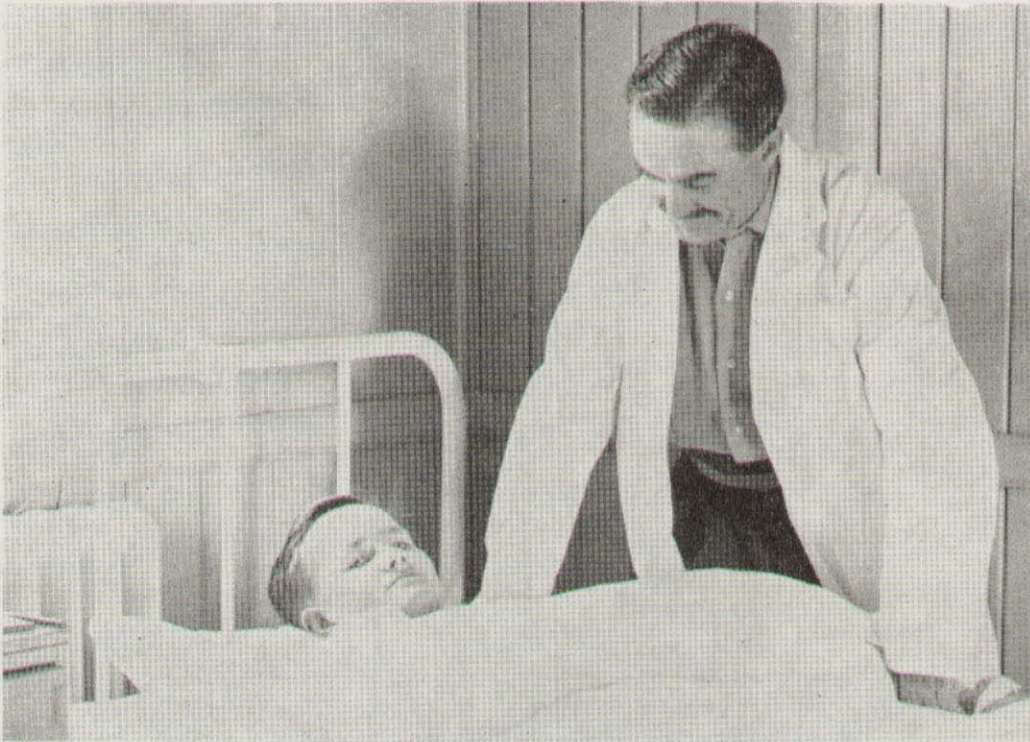
THE NEW PHYSICS LABORATORY

by Sgt. Stockham

J/Sig. SHARPE (White Swan) and J/Cpl. WOODFORD (Kohima) conducting an experiment under the watchful eye of Mr. H. R. A. PRICE, A.M.I. Mech. E., A.F.R.Ae.S., F.B.I.S.

QUADRANT—SENIOR TROOP OF THE REGIMENT

(SPORTS REPORTS—RUGGER, SOCCER, CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING—PAGES 11 AND 12)



A cheerful patient in the Sick Bay. Major E. R. Smith-Owen, R.A.M.C. ("Doctor John") chatting with J./Sig. Ron Bumstead of Lion Troop *by Sgt. Stockham*

WITH 3rd DIV IN NORTH AFRICA

We arrived back from Summer Leave to find that we, that is J/Sig. Beresford and J/L/Cpl. Saunders of Iron Troop, were both going on an exercise with Third Division, which includes our parent Regiment, to North Africa. At Denbury we had yellow fever injections and blood groups taken before we could be allowed to go. On Wednesday the eleventh of September we left Denbury camp for Bulford where we collected K.D. Kit for the hot climate. On Thursday the twelfth we were told that we were flying in the early hours of the following morning. The next day we boarded an R.A.F. Britannia at Lyneham and soon we were in the air.

After five and a half hours flying we landed at an R.A.F. base near Tobruk called El Adem. On looking out of the window we saw a hot, dry, dusty plain that stretched for miles and the only life was a few stupid looking camels wandering aimlessly across the desert. But at night the desert turns very cold and we were glad of four or five blankets. We made many friends and we also met some ex-Denbury boys out there.

During the first couple of days we helped to put up the Communications Centre and

soon we were working inside as orderlies. We also had flights in light army aircraft and a tour of the old battle fields of Tobruk. In the afternoons we went swimming in the Mediterranean which was crystal clear and very warm and the beach was pure white sand.

In the Comcen the men worked in four shifts: morning, afternoon, evening and night. We learnt a lot about Comcen work and we saw how it tied in with our trade training at Denbury.

At night we used to have films, or if you did not like the film you could always spend a pleasant time in the N.A.A.F.I.

Soon, however, we found our four weeks coming to an end and before we knew it we were flying back to England.

J/L/Cpl. SAUNDERS

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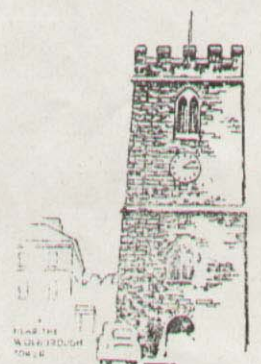
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ST. GEORGE'S, DENBURY CAMP, AT HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Photographed by Sgt. Stockham

A stained glass window in glass and concrete depicting St. George and the Dragon, the work of Mr. Peter Tysoe, will be dedicated at St. George's Church, Denbury Camp on Sunday, 17th November, 1963, at the morning service at 10 a.m. by the Assistant Chaplain General, Southern Command, the Rev. B. D. M. PRICE, O.B.E., Q.H.C., B.A., C.F.

A picture—a reproduction of "Christ in the Garden Gethsemane" by Hofman—will be dedicated at the same service. The picture is in memory of Derek John MILLER, a boy soldier in Six (Boys) Training Regiment, Royal Signals, who was an outstanding athlete, and who died as a result of an accident on the rugby field in 1953.

THOUGHTS ON REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

I am writing these notes early in November, a few days before Remembrance Sunday. I wonder how much this day means to young people to-day? I remember as a child, and later as a young man, the Armistice Days which were held between the two wars. They were, inevitably, very sad occasions when our thoughts were directed to the senselessness of war and to the appalling waste of human life that the 1914-18 war had brought about.

Remembrance Sunday, when we now remember the sacrifices of two world wars, is a very different occasion from the former Armistice Day although the two are always linked together and the old name is often still used. To me, Remembrance Sunday brings back memories of the war that I served in and of the men who served with me. We hated war, as our fathers had hated it, but we knew the evil we were fighting and were prepared to make any sacrifices to achieve victory. We were fighting Nazism—one of the greatest evils the world had ever seen. We were fighting against cruelty and inhumanity, against concentration camps and mass extermination, and against the suppression of human liberties and rights. Those who died in the last war did not

make a useless sacrifice. Their courage, their devotion to duty and their sacrifice led to a magnificent victory in which the evil forces of the Nazis and of the Japanese militarists were utterly destroyed.

I believe that Remembrance Sunday is not an occasion for unrelieved sadness. It is a day when we should pay homage to those who died but at the same time take pride in the victory that they achieved. We should gain strength to hold on with the same courage to the human freedoms and decencies which they fought for, and renew our efforts to make our country and our way of life worthy of their sacrifice. Finally, we should remember the orphans and widows of those who died, and all those who were maimed or lost their health in these two great wars, and resolve, not just on Remembrance Day, but on every day throughout the year, to give them our help, our sympathy and our understanding.

Alan Holmes

WITH 4th DIV. (Quadrant) IN GERMANY



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As time went by and the Army School of Driving was firmly established, it was decided to recruit civilians with at least ten years' experience into the School of Instructors. With this added knowledge the school has grown from strength to strength until today we have a team of Military and Civilian experts in the art of driver training.

The Army School of Driving is second to none in the world and if the correct procedure is carried out its students become the safest drivers on the road.

The Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, now has a complete team of highly qualified civilian instructors and each one is looking forward very much to meeting "the lads" of Denbury.

C. G. ROBINSON, Instructor.



Capt. Jack Westlake fills his out-tray. The Regiment wishes him luck in his new appointment at Colchester.



by J/Cpl. Bob Woodford

THE HALLOWE'EN DANCE

Junior Witches preparing to cast spells.

THE SPECTRE REPLIES

Dear Sir,

Just think of it 250 miles of beautiful clean concrete. What a tombstone; what a glorious memorial.

I can see it now, doubtless as Tich 'H' saw it. Gleaming and shining in the summer sun, as hordes of boys from the Junior Leaders Regiment Royal Signals, each adorned with a brightly coloured hat, skip merrily across with their buckets and maps (paint pots and brushes), bumpers and brooms, to their appointed 'Brush Up' area.

What an opportunity for an inter-troop competition. Just right for the Cobb Memorial too?

Just think of the boy hours that could be spent so happily, bulling the bogs, painting the pounds, lining up the stone rows, polishing the Tors, scrubbing out the circles, and sweeping away the mists.

What a spectacle, Dartmoor ready and waiting for C.O.'s perambulation.

Boy you've got something there, and doubtless your ex-troop will back you up.

Iron Troop get out that cement mixer and lead the way by giving a new look to Princetown.

Yours Spookily,

J.J.

CAMPING AT BRIXHAM WITH JUNIOR WING

Leaving Denbury Barracks at about 08.45 hours, we turned left at the end of the road and travelled through Newton Abbot. We passed Torquay and after about half-an-hour we arrived at Brixham. Instead of going through to the camping site we went to Brixham harbour and unloaded the rowing boat. Then we went to the camping site.

When I say "we" I mean "E" Group, Junior Squadron. "E" Group was responsible for the one hundred and eighty pound tents. We pitched the 180 pounders (there were four of them) and then we pitched our bivouacs. A few of the lads pitched theirs the wrong way round. All Junior Squadron then had dinner—compo rations. The dinner was good. We all went swimming. Canoes were brought down to the beach and launched. Everybody had a go. Throughout the afternoon everybody was ducked. Sergeant Knell got drenched from two sand-shoes full of water. Everybody had a good time. After tea everyone watched football, then went to bed early.

Throughout the night tents kept collapsing mysteriously. By morning everyone was up by 0600 hours. We had breakfast, played football, attended Church service and finally went to the beach. At 12.00 hours we all had dinner. The tents were then taken down and stowed aboard the lorries. The 180 pounder tents took about an hour to dismantle. When the time came to go everybody boarded the lorries and the lorry we were on went off to Brixham. We had to wait about half-an-hour for the rowing boat. Our lorry then set off for home. After half-an-hour we arrived back at camp.

After tea we all cleaned our equipment and by 2215 hours everyone in Junior Squadron was asleep in his Denbury billet.

J./Sig. ANTHONY HEAL.



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THE FASTNET RACE

A very important event in the international ocean racing calendar is the Fastnet Race, now held once every two years. The race is organized by the Royal Ocean Racing Club, and the start is always on the last day of the world-famous Cowes Week regatta.

Yachts start the race at Cowes, sail to the Fastnet Rock, and return to the finishing line at Plymouth. During the last race, 125 boats crossed the start line and 103 the finish. I was sailing in one of them.

The fleet is divided into three classes according to size of boat, and "Avrion" is Class 1, the largest. The three classes started at separate times, Class 1 leading, around midday on the Saturday. The wind was Force Six, sometimes gusting up to Force Seven, and these conditions are often called a "yachtsman's gale." With the wind in the west, it was to be a long, hard tacking match to the Rock, followed by an exhilarating run home to Plymouth.

The start line was a sight never to be forgotten. Over 130 yachts threw spray in all directions, and weaved their way up and down the line waiting for the gun that would let them free to begin the race.

A few seconds before 1330 hours the large yachts some up to 70 feet long, began to form up and, as the cannon from the Royal Yacht Squadron blew a mushroom of pale grey smoke, they surged across the line. By 1400 hours Class 3 had also been let loose, and the Solent was littered with a mass of sail. The wind was steadily increasing, and by now nearly all vessels had two reefs well tucked down, and the hard business of making a course to Portland Bill began. By 0500 hours "Avrion" had made the Bill.

The next mark to make was Start Point. By now the wind had eased to Force Five, and reefs were being shaken out up and down the English Channel.

"Avrion" passed the Point at 1700 hours on Sunday, and punched her way into a head sea and foul tide past the Eddystone Light by 2300 hours. Onwards to Land's End via The Lizard and Mounts Bay. By now "Avrion" could see little of the remainder of the fleet, but that is one of the thrills of ocean racing.

For days a yacht can sail in a race without sight of land or sail, and then come on maybe three or four others. Then battle begins. "Are we going faster than they?" She sailed out of the Channel, into the Irish Sea, and set a nor' westerly course to the Rock, without a sail in sight. It was to be two days later, Wednesday, that the Irish coast was sighted and then the first sails. By the time "Avrion" reached the Rock some 20 or 30 yachts had been seen, some still beating against the headwinds to the Rock, others running away from it, their spinnakers billowing in front of them like multi-coloured parachutes.

The run home was well worth all the hard work and discomfort of the previous few days. "Avrion" surged forward on the crests of the waves, often at 10-11 knots, with her tricoloured spinnaker pulling her along like an impatient dog on a leash. She rushed on to the Bishop Rock lighthouse in the Scilly Isles. This time we had the company of "Mantlet" from the Britannia Royal Naval College, and two other privately-owned vessels.

From the Bishop to Land's End the wind was fitful, but still following us. By the time we were off Penzance on Thursday afternoon it had gone altogether. By Thursday evening it reappeared and blew us rapidly home to the finish, and the comfort of Millbay Docks, Plymouth.

"Avrion" was 63rd to finish, and 95th on corrected time. Not a good placing by any means, but an experience not to be forgotten.

LT. MIKE BYGRAVE.



A young potter concentrates on his task. Many fine objects can be seen at the Crafts Centre.



Junior Wing limber up.

Readers are reminded that 'Junior Mercury' is NOT published during the vacation months of December, April and August.

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QUADRANT ("A") TROOP. A POTTED HISTORY:

In 1949, 1 Independent Selection Sqn. consisted of a Mens' Wing and a Boys' Wing and was stationed at Richmond, Yorkshire. From there the unit moved to Beverley in the spring of 1950.

Boys' Wing was renamed Boys' Sqn. and was made up of two troops, A and B Troops. Because of its ever-increasing size Boys' Sqn. was split into two Sqns., each Troop forming a Sqn. of two Troops—A Sqn., A and B Troops, B Sqn., D and E Troops. These two Sqns. were renamed 6 (Boys') Training Regiment.

The Regiment moved to Denbury in August 1955 where it was renamed The Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, in 1958.

In the winter term of 1958 Troops were affiliated to Royal Signal Units and given names. A Troop became Quadrant Troop, named after the Divisional Flash of 4th Division.

The Unit to which Quadrant Troop is affiliated is 4th Signal Regiment who are at present serving in Germany.

N.B.—O.C. Quadrant Troop would be very pleased to hear from any ex-Boy, particularly ex-A Troop, who may be able to provide information regarding dates/personalities which can be used in the writing of a detailed history of A Troop.



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Top (from left) Quadrant Troop on Commonwealth Trophy Day; J/Sig. Tojo Erskine and J/Sig. Dibs Dibble take a bearing; J/L/C Mike Fogg in the attack on Exercise PBI; J/Sig. Ozy Austin, Sgt. Arthur Wright, Lt. John Bromley preparing copies of "Junior Mercury" for despatch—the circulation and distribution is a responsibility of Quadrant Troop and the first copies are sent to the Princess Royal, Earl Alexander, Lord Montgomery and Viscount Slim.

Bottom, Quadrant on Exercise "Have-His-Carcase."

Past members of "A" Troop now serving with the Regiment: Major Heyes (O.C. Slim Sqn.) formerly O.C. "A" Troop (1954); Sgt. Mick Hall (Staff) formerly B/Sgt. "A" Troop. (1954); W.O. II. Leighton (S.S.M. Alex. Sqn.) formerly Troop Sgt. "A" Troop (1957).



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A TRIP ON "AQUILLA"

Since June this year Major Gregson the owner of the yacht "Aquila" has allowed boys from Denbury Camp to sail in her. "Aquila" was anchored in Plymouth for a while but Major Gregson decided he would like to have her in Shaldon so he could work on her. J/Cpl. Henry and J/Sig. Stevenson volunteered to help sail "Aquila" from Plymouth along with Major Gregson, Lt. Knowles, and L/Cpl. Gervin. We left Denbury on the Friday morning and boarded the yacht in time for dinner. A marvellous dinner was prepared by L/Cpl. Gervin.

We soon got the yacht ship-shape and on the Saturday morning we were ready to set sail, but due to the engine being faulty we were delayed for a few hours.

We were very lucky that the sea was so calm and the sun was shining, making the voyage a pleasant one. On reaching Shaldon

we dropped anchor between the Ness and Bundlehead.

On Sunday after a good breakfast and a primitive wash Major Gregson suggested a sail round the bay before we entered Teignmouth harbour.

On entering the river Teign we noticed a crowd of people on the beach at Shaldon watching us drop anchor in the harbour. The reason was that "Aquila" is one of the largest yachts in the Teign estuary.

J/LCl. Mike Henry (Romulus)

J/Sig Brian Stevenson (Quadrant)



KUKRI TROOP GETS A MASCOT

Recently there has been a new face about the regiment. It is of a Pyrenean Mountain Dog called Laddie belonging to Kukri Troop. The original owners of Laddie went abroad and were unable to take him with them, so they gave him to the R.S.P.C.A. who in turn presented him to Kukri Troop as a mascot.

Laddie lives and sleeps in the troop lines and is always at hand to walk up and down our freshly bumpered centres.

There is always someone about to look after him from the O.C. down to the youngest boy in the troop.

He is fed with 2 lbs. of meat per day and dog biscuits supplied from troop funds.

Laddie has been on Adventure Training and seems to like Dartmoor better than any Junior Leader in the troop. In future we hope to be able to take him with us on Regimental Parades as our mascot. (That's if the R.S.M. is in a good mood when we ask him).

At the moment we have not yet obtained a coat for him to wear but we hope to have one made. J/Sgt. Keith Hall (Kukri)



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BRITISH ARMY BOYS' EXPEDITION—NORWAY 1963

Part 1. PREPARATIONS FOR NORWAY

by J/S.S.M. Maurice Emmott.

Some time ago, it was decided that some form of expedition should be arranged which would appeal to the minds of those who take a diligent interest in mountaineering and possess a powerful urge for adventure.

Although the expedition was to be organised by the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Engineers, it was opened to all Army Apprentice Schools and Junior Leader Units throughout Britain.

However, no boy could be considered unless he was given a strong recommendation by his unit or, preferably, had earned a high grading on a previous Army Outward Bound Course. To enable the selectors to make their choice, the applicants were required to satisfy the selectors by undergoing a stiff "Selection Course" at the Army Outward Bound School which lasted for a week.

In all, there were 64 entries and by the end of the week, the figure had been reduced to 34. This was due to the time-table which included arduous and tiring work, thereby consistently affecting the boys both physically and mentally. Thirty of the nominated boys were actually going on the expedition and the remaining four were acting as reserves, I was fortunate enough to be a member of the expedition.

With the selection completed, each boy had to consider if he could afford the fee and spare the time; bearing in mind that this was to be the chance of a lifetime; an opportunity offered to so very few people.

When we had returned to our respective units, there was the inevitable business of producing Passports, Vaccination Certificates and other necessary documents which were required on such a journey as this. This was followed by a series of instructional papers which delved into the details of the

expedition. The boys soon grasped the situation regarding the layout and main functions of the expedition. The plan in hand was thus: To divide the members of the party into two main groups. Each group would consist of 15 boys and 5 staff. Both groups would travel to the Jostedalsbreen Ice Cap, incidentally, the largest ice-cap in Europe, situated in Western Norway. From here:-

"Group 1"—would traverse on the ice-cap recording readings of a Theodolite and Meteorological statistics. The figures would be used for scientific purposes at a later date.


"Group 2"—would traverse over a different region of the ice-cap, with the intention of climbing many of the high mountains in the area.

Basically, this was the outline of the expedition.

All members of the expedition were later informed that to make the occasion worthwhile, it would have to be stretched over a period of about four weeks and to avoid interrupting our military training the only suitable time would be during our Summer Leave.

On Saturday, 3rd August, everyone concerned arrived at Fenham Camp, Newcastle-upon-Tyne where we spent two days loading supplies and equipment which ranged from a tin of baked beans to the latest appliance used in weather research. There were literally no end of chores to be done. Throughout the day we would either be banging nails into boxes, stacking delicate instruments, storing dozens and dozens of crates containing food rations, repairing kit, familiarising ourselves with such items as crampons and ice-axes; nevertheless, we still found time to think about the part we were to play in attempting to defeat the forthcoming challenge set before us.

(Part 2: "The Austerdalsbrae Glacier".)



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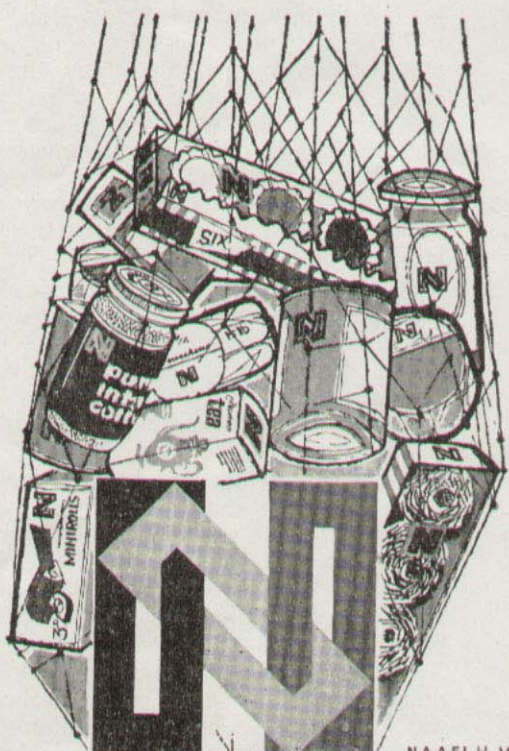
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THREE WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT

BY

J/SGT. N. M. HUMPHRIES
OF WHITE SWAN TROOP

We reached Boulogne on the evening of Monday, 12th August. Our trip this far had not been too eventful. After leaving Calais we walked to a road-side cafe about twelve kilometres' journey. Just as we left the cafe we got a lift, which was to be our first and last for two days. That night we walked until we nearly dropped, then using J/L/Cpl. Pearce's tent as a blanket, we slept behind a garage.

The second day was spent lazily. At hourly intervals we slept on the side of the road, taking it in turns to thumb a lift, consequently we only reached Abbeville that night. There we met a charming French girl of seventeen who showed us to a perfectly reasonable camping site. After watching us pitch our tent, she left, saying she would would come back to see us the following morning. When we woke up, the whole field was alive with children for we had apparently pitched the tent in the children's playing field! The French girl came back and saw us to the road.

In the early afternoon we were absolutely bored as there seemed to be no chance of getting a lift. We then decided to split up. As J/L/Cpl. Pearce owned the tent and I hadn't brought a groundsheet, there seemed to be no doubt who was going to be the most comfortable for the next few weeks! We tossed up a coin for the only map between us and J/L/Cpl. Pearce won. We then parted and I looked forward to a hopeless week.

At about 8.30 p.m. that night I arrived in Rouen after a couple of good lifts. As it was still quite early I decided to carry on and get as far as I could. This wasn't very far and I ended my day sleeping under the arch of a garage.

The rest of my time in France was spent in this way, eating and sleeping as and where I could. Eating was no problem as I spent quite a lot on reasonable meals.

Then I reached Spain! It was early afternoon of Friday when I came to San Sebastian. I had twenty new francs in cash and I decided to make this last me until I got to Gibraltar, although this, at the time seemed well nigh impossible. I had to reach Gibraltar by Monday as I had to rendezvous with J/L/Cpl. Pearce there. That night when I had just reached the other side of Vitoria, I picked a place near a river, under a tree to sleep, where I imagined I could get a reasonable night's sleep. It then started raining and how it rained! It seemed the heavens had burst open. There was no shelter around so I began to walk, hoping to find some. I walked all night.

When dawn broke I was sick to the teeth with everything. All I wanted to do was to get back home. Then I managed to get a lift in a truck which took me on to Seville, about



Noel Humphries helps on a Spanish dockside

by Lt. Mike Adams

five hundred miles on my way. I reached Seville on the Sunday night, but the two days I was on the truck are two days I shall always remember. The two men who gave me the lift were the most joyful people I met whilst in Spain.

We stopped at almost every cafe on the way for a drink and I had three regular meals each day I was with them and they paid for everything. One thing that amused me was the fact that whenever they saw the police on the road, they would push me into the bed at the back of the cab, draw the curtains so nobody could see me, and leave me there until danger had passed! This happened a few times each day and I was beginning to wonder whether I was on holiday or on the run! The reason for this caution was because only two people are allowed in the cab at any one time and the driver would be fined if more were found.

Just after we passed through Salamanca we came to a small village where a large crowd were gathering around a fenced-in field. At first I took no notice, then we heard the crowd chouting and screaming and then I realised that a bull fight was about to begin. This I had to see after hearing so much about them. There was nothing spectacular in it, just a few amateurs from the village with hopes set on a future career. Still, I came away feeling quite sick, as I had never seen anything so cruel and bloody in all my life.

On Sunday afternoon we were about fifty kilometres from Seville and stopped in a village for a shave performed by the local barber. The reason for this was that the driver and his mate wanted to look their best when they reached Seville where the girls outnumbered the boys by about five-to-one!

From here on to Gibraltar nothing of any importance occurred. It was a marvellous feeling to sleep on a bed again after a week living rough. In Gibraltar I slept in the Toth H, which is an organisation helping tourists to obtain reasonable accommodation, so I gathered. It was in Gibraltar that I met Lt. M. R. Adams, my Troop Commander on the Monday night. He had also hitch-hiked through France from England.

We had our meals in a small 'hole-in-the-wall' cafe called "Smokey Joe's". It was a

really quiet place but seemed to be always full.

On the Wednesday we set off to go to Tangier but missed the boat. We then decided to get to Tangier via Ceuta and late that night we arrived in Ceuta only to find that military personnel were not allowed into Morocco, so we spent the night at an inn in the city. The next morning we took the first boat to Algeciraes, then back to Gibraltar. Before we had left for Ceuta we had tried to obtain an indulgence passage through the R.A.F. Army Movements told us that there would be a possibility of getting one on Friday, so we waited until then only to find that we were out of luck. This meant we would have to hitch-hike back the way we came.

On the return journey I took the opposite route, proceeding via Madrid, which I reached on Sunday morning. I wanted to change some of my English money to Spanish currency and the only place in Madrid where I could do this was at the Palace Hotel where I quickly went to. Dressed in a pair of unpolished army ammunition boots, grey army socks, dirty shorts and a dirty striped yellow shirt, I entered the hotel. At the door my way was blocked by the Commissionaire, who turned me around and pushed me down the steps and showed me the back way out of Madrid! Later on I heard that the Palace Hotel is the most palatial hotel in Spain!

During my time in Spain I was shocked to find the people so backward. South of Madrid the area still seems to be in the Middle Ages, with people living in mud huts and oxen pulling the plough. I know if ever I go again it will be for the sun and for nothing else!

France is different altogether. The people are very friendly and their fields and valleys are beautiful. I would gladly go again to France. I met a young couple who live in Lille and who invited me into their home for the night. They asked me to visit them again when I returned.

One thing I did not mention in this narrative is that if I go again on a trip abroad, I will make sure I have a companion all the time, because I don't think there is anything so bad as being lonely, especially when one sees everybody else enjoying themselves and one has no one to speak to or laugh with.



SOCCER NOTES

4-2-4 SYSTEM ADOPTED

At the start of this season it was decided that the Regimental 1st. XI soccer team should play the four-two-four system, which has proved so successful in senior soccer over the last few seasons.

Sgt. Dobson, our trainer, spent several days with Torquay learning the system, and methods of training. A simple explanation of the system would be to say that all players defend, and all attack, with the main link being two players in the centre of the field as a main spring from which defence is turned into attack.

Our first fixture against Teignmouth G.S. produced a fine game. The teams were evenly matched, and play swung from end to end, but Teignmouth got the all important first goal. Turning round one down at half time the first 20 minutes was all Signals: the cross bar, and uprights were peppered with shots, but as was to prove the team's downfall in earlier games, there was no one to add that final finishing shot. At last we scrambled a goal through O'Flaherty, but almost immediately we were one down again when the Teignmouth centre forward broke away to score. The game ended with a great deal of pressure on the Grammar School goal, but the equaliser did not come.

The following Saturday we travelled to Kingsbridge Grammar School, and the new four-two-four had its first real outing: The Regiment was too strong in almost every department, and ran away victors 7-1. J/Cpl. Mackie had a good day scoring four goals. Unfortunately the opposition was not strong enough to stretch the defence, and the Nelson twins dominated the mid-field play.

Our next fixture against Watcombe Rovers produced a close game with the Regiment winning 7-5. The start of the game was disastrous, and we were soon three goals down but managed to change round four-two down. The Regiment dominated the second half and thanks to a fine hat-trick by J/R.S.M. Nelson, victory was ours.

On Wednesday 16th October the Regimental team travelled to Taunton for the Army Cup. The weather was perfect for soccer, and the atmosphere at the kick-off

was rather friendly for an Army Cup. However the match was to erupt into one of the most exciting ones we've ever had. After 10 minutes we were two down from break-away goals by their fast centre-forward, but by good football McKenzie cracked in a good one from a corner. Almost immediately we were three-one down when the R.A.S.C. inside-forward scored with an excellent header off one of the uprights. The Regiment stormed back and McKenzie scored another good goal with a hard shot from almost 15 yards. In fact we were controlling the mid-field play well through the ability of the Nelson twins, but the R.A.S.C. centre-forward again proved too fast for our full-backs to make it 4-2. Nelson scored just before half-time and we were well pleased to turn round only one goal down. The first 20 minutes was all Signals and we established a two goal lead through Nelson and Vaughan. However the last 15 minutes proved to be our downfall as the R.A.S.C. scored four goals (missing a penalty) and ran out winners 8-6. This was a little disappointing, to be knocked out in the first round, but the whole team gave of its best and any side scoring 6 goals cannot have been disgraced.

Our next Saturday fixture in the League Cup was to prove our best win 15-1 and the Regiment played its best soccer of the season. This victory confirmed Sgt. Dobson's faith in the four-two-four system, and with more match practice one feels the result at Taunton would have been reversed. C.G.

CROSS COUNTRY

Results so far:

Sat. 28 Sept: 1st. Junior Leaders Regiment, R. Sigs; 2nd. H.M.S. Figgard; 3rd. Junior Leaders Regiment, R.A.S.C. Individual: J/Sig. Drew, 1st; Lt. Prince, 3rd; Sig. Gue, 4th (now with 225 Sqn); J/Sig. Wood, 5th.

Sat. 12 Oct: Junior Leaders Regiment, R. Sigs, 1st. 34 pts.; B.R.N.C. Dartmouth, 2nd. 36 pts. Individual: Stevens, 7th; Wood, 8th; Hughes, 9th; McMaster, 10th.

Wed. 23 Oct: Denbury Stakes; B.R.N.C. Dartmouth, 1st. 85 pts; H.M.S. Figgard, 2nd. 95 pts.; Junior Leaders Regiment, R. Sigs, 3rd. 153 pts. Individual: Drew, 8th; Hughes, 12th; Docherty, 27th; Coates, 28th; Callister, 38th; Taylor, 40th.

Sat. 26 Oct: Junior Leaders Regiment, R. Sigs, 1st. 49 pts.; Torquay Athletic Club, 2nd. 56 pts. Individual: Lt. Prince, 1st; Drew, 2nd; Hughes, 5th; Coates, 7th; Callister, 9th; Humphries, 10th.

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Tony Britton, William Lucas

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RUGGER NOTES

The season began with very few members of last year's team still with the Regiment.

Nearly fifty members of the Regiment wished to play rugger and so training and practice games commenced.

Enthusiasm for the game was the most noticeable feature at this stage of training. Skills and knowledge of the game obviously had to be acquired.

The first game was against Devonport High School 3rd. XV and a Second Fifteen played them. The score was 6-3 to Devonport but the game showed that Siggs and Harvey were of 1st. team material.

The next event was a match against the Staff XV and the Staff ran up an astronomical score. However the 1st. XV did try, but they were out-gunned in all departments.

Dartmouth Schools Old Boys were the 1st. team's first outside match. Moore playing at fly half spent most of the game on the touch line having burst a blood vessel in his leg. The hooker, Hartrey, had been injured whilst boxing for his troop and Bowers was also not available for the same reason. The match was closely contested but despite a penalty goal by Siggs Dartmouth scored three late tries to win by 9-3. However it was evident from this game that we had a long way to go before the team could call themselves a rugger side.

On October 5th the 1st. XV went down 11-0 to Exeter Saracens 'A' XV at Exeter. The feature of this game being the good scrummaging of the pack in the set scrums and the packing of the three quarters in defence.

On the same day the 2nd. XV went to Plymouth Arguam Colts and they fielded an extremely efficient side.

J/LCpl. Bartlett captained this side and despite the score of 44 points to nil it was encouraging to see Arguam being tackled hard and well on their way to our line.

From this game it was evident that Peters was an extremely good player and that in the near future Enoch was going to be a great asset in the line-outs. It is pointed

out here that Enoch has been playing without boots (size 14's).

On the 12th October H.M.S. Fisgard visited us and played some excellent rugger in beating the 1st. team 39-0. In this match the pack seemed most lethargic and the three-quarters were completely out-passed. Our full back Harvey did sterling work but after the first twenty minutes he was quite exhausted. Then forwards gave him no support with a covering defence.

Success at last! The second team beat Exeter Saracens 'B' XV by 8-6. This game was played with great keenness but precious little skill.

Enoch was beginning to use his weight and is now a menace to any team when near their line.

A few experiments were tried in the game but they showed no promise. Farett showed he is a natural kicker of the ball and a useful member of any team.

Totnes Grammar School were lucky to win by 26-6 against the 1st. team on Wednesday the 16th October but inexperience let them through.

Newton Abbot Colts were held to a 0-0 draw and this match at last showed that the defence of the forwards had improved and we needed now a more positive approach outside the scrum. Peters was obviously out of position at fly half and we needed some more strength in the centre.

The 2nds. beat Junior Wing 23-3 on the same day. The significance here is that Capt. Ward is giving all the new boys a taste of rugger before they drift off to the other hobbies and sports and are lost to us for ever.

The game against Totnes 2nds was critical. On paper the team looked promising and positional changes had been made.

Peters went into the centre. Feegan came from the pack and joined him. Bowers and Orton appeared on the wings.

Charlesworth partnered our very competent scrum half, Blackman.

Naden had earned a try at hooker, so Hartrey moved back to the second row.

Peters took over as skipper and Pearce carried on as pack leader, leaving Williams free to play his normal aggressive game at wing forward.

Watson took over at No. 8. The two Robertsons and Siggs completing the scrum, with Harvey at full back.

The game began. Siggs scored a good penalty goal. The forwards worked hard and the three quarters played some promising rugger.

Feegan's rugger strength in the centre was evident by his two second half tries. Charlesworth proved an admirable link. Orton showed a good turn of speed on the left wing.

Siggs and Williams had particularly good games and Peters was a great asset in the centre.

At last the team were playing rugger.

The training continues and the Army Cup team almost picks itself now after weeks of experiments and heart aches.

A special word must be said for everyone who has played this year for helping to build a most useful XV. The Second Team is a great source of strength and we may now expect to see some really good rugger from the 1st. Team. M.A.

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB NOTES

There is no doubt that Cross Country Running has now become a major Regimental sporting activity. The tremendous increase in standard has been noticeable and augers well for the future. The hobby is now run more on "club lines", as per civilian clubs, and a welcome response has been shown. There are about 20 Junior Leaders in the Regiment in the club and a further 10 who train or run occasionally.

J/Sig. Drew of Kukri Troop has taken over the mantle from J/S.S.M. Gue as our star runner. He has run extremely well and in the inter-troop meeting only missed Gue's record time by 7 secs.

An unfortunate runner is J/Sig. Wood, also of Kukri Troop who has been in hospital with tonsillitis and consequently has missed some good matches and hard training. Both Wood and Drew attended an A.A.A. course at Braunton on 21/22 Sept. 63 with Lt. A.C.M. Prince, Royal Signals—it was very tiring but well worth while.

We are fortunate this term in having two outstanding juniors in Junior Squadron—J/Sig. McMaster and J/Sig. Foster. Both are excellent "finds" and we welcome them both into the club.

Two more runners we must mention are J/LCpl. Coates of Iron Troop and J/Sig. Hughes of Lion. Both have run for the Regiment in every meeting so far this year. Very loyal support and they should be proud of their achievement. Well done. At present they lead the unofficial race for "colours" so in all we have a young team, an excellent start to the season, a keen and happy atmosphere, and above all a successful team—probably the most successful in the history of the Regiment.



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