

JUNIOR MERCURY

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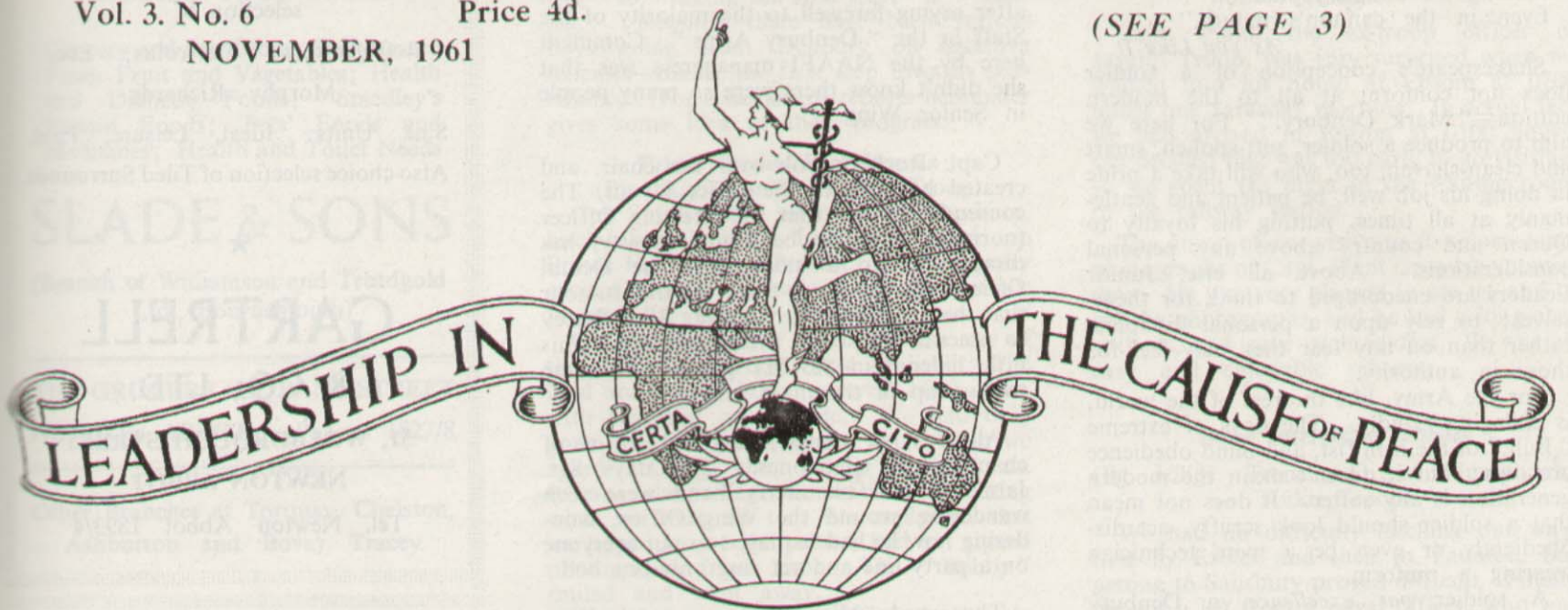


JUNIOR LEADERS

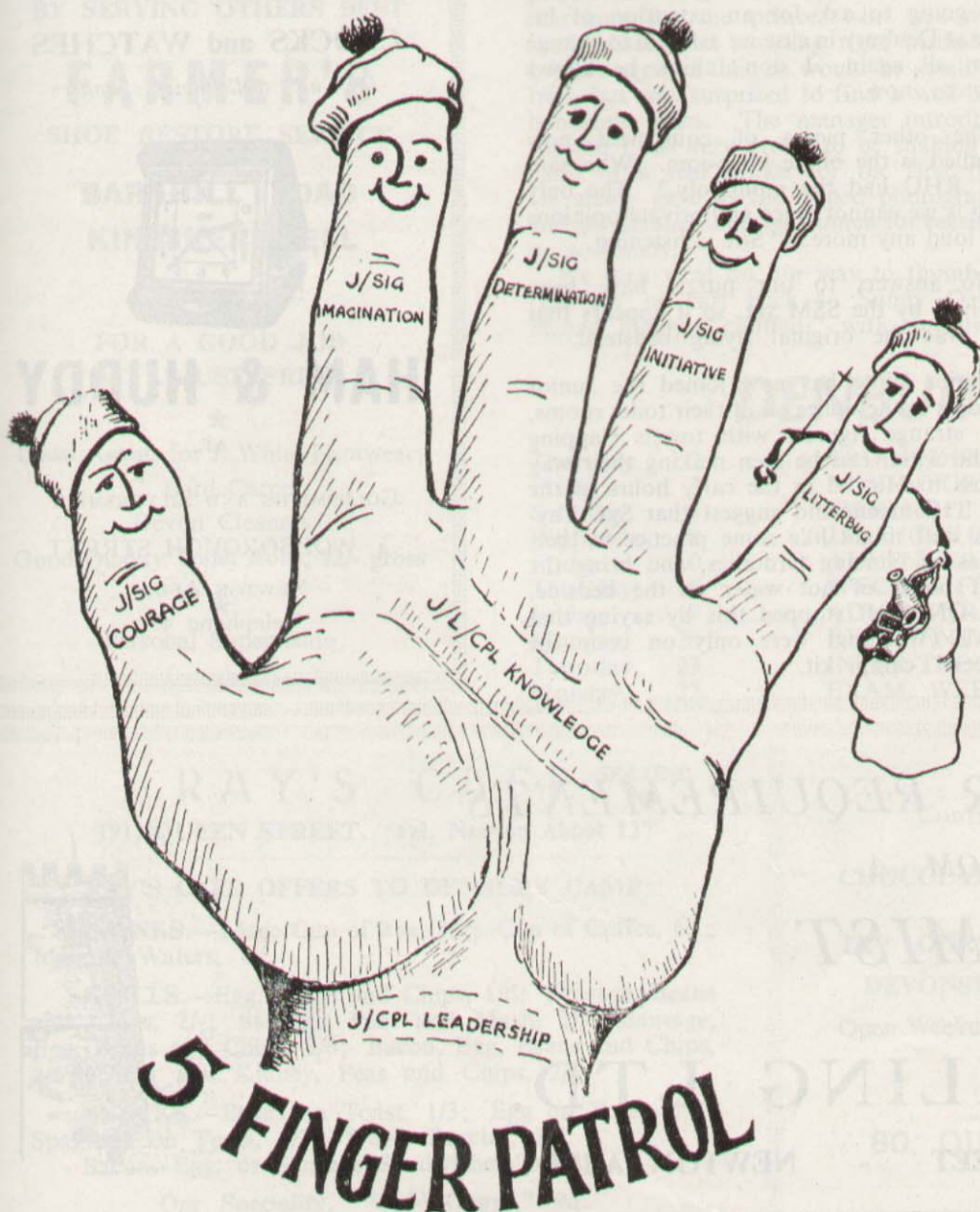
VISIT

Prince of Prussia

(SEE PAGE 3)



PULL 'EM OUT



My printer's impatient—the editor's rough
The reporters all bustle and shout:
"The JM is late, we're all in a state
Pull your finger out chum! PULL IT OUT!"
Hopson and Wheatley won't leave me in peace
The slim 'un's as bad as the stout:
"I know what they're thinking, I see their eyes blinking—
Pull your finger out chum! PULL IT OUT!"
What matter the odds—when we're up with the gods
Going up on a cloud of fall-out:
"A megaton bomb will keep us all warm—
Pull your finger out chum! PULL IT OUT!"
The future's as certain as sun after rain,
Hope flickers but never dies out:
"STAND FAST the Grant—with toories aslant—
Pull your finger out chum! PULL IT OUT!"
When Rootes go all common and K is a FLEA
And Denbury's reported in drought:
"If you can't find the wine then have some of mine—
Pull your finger out chum! PULL IT OUT!"
Michael and Harry have left us and gone
A frequent occurrence no doubt:
"What better than hockey to make leaders cocky—
Pull your finger out chum! PULL IT OUT!"
Colin holds court with a glint in his eye
So restrained you will not hear him shout:
"Just a word now you chaps 'put under your caps—
Pull your fingers out chums! PULL THEM OUT!"
The office bell rings, with Billings and things
Old Chandler is dancing about:
"Tom makes the tea for you, sir, and me—
Pull your finger out chum! PULL IT OUT!"
Malcolm confers and writes it all down
Ideas start to bristle and sprout:
"Who'll do just what and who'll stop the rot?
Pull your finger out chum! PULL IT OUT!"
Rundle's click! click! just stops in the nick
Major has bitten the Kraut
"What of Ten Tors, those ten little chores?
Pull your finger out chum! PULL IT OUT!"
Ralph looks askance and says in his glance
THE BOOKLET'S delayed us throughout
"Foreword or your word, I heard and you heard
Pull your finger out chum! PULL IT OUT!"
The doctor distressed appeals all in vain
That the geese are destructive en route:
"Their droppings would fill a hospital bill—
Pull your finger out chum! PULL IT OUT!"
The ladies have captured our Denbury Arms
Proud claims from within and without
"The 21 Club's no longer a pub—
And the last line will not catch me out."
The ALL MAROONS club the rugby team says
Is something, and better than nowt:
"But names don't win matches as rashes win scratches
Pull your fingers out chums! PULL THEM OUT!"
The Queen's Junior Leaders were shocked and appalled
When the Colonel cried: BE A GOOD SCOUT:
"For by modern usages the customary phrase is—
Pull your finger out chum! PULL IT OUT!"
In writing these verses you'll see that the curse is
To rhyme the last line with an out
Now you have a go and let's see some more
Pull your fingerses out! PULL THEM OUT!

POSTSCRIPT

Lest we forget we'll remind ourselves yet,
From mountain to hill and redoubt:
"THE FIVE FINGER PATROL will reach every goal
Pull your fingers out chums! PULL THEM OUT!"

EDITORIAL

“ . . . Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like
the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick
in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.”

As You Like It.

Shakespeare's conception of a soldier does not conform at all to the modern edition—"Mark Denbury." For here we aim to produce a soldier, soft-spoken, smart and clean-shaven, too, who will take a pride in doing his job well, be patient and gentlemanly at all times, putting his loyalty to Queen and country above any personal considerations. Above all else, Junior Leaders are encouraged to think for themselves; to rely upon a personal discipline rather than on any fear they may feel for those in authority.

For the Army, like the rest of the world, is changing rapidly. The days of extreme "Bull," of the iron fist, and blind obedience are over; but it doesn't mean the modern generation is any softer. It does not mean that a soldier should look scruffy, act disobediently or even be a mere technician wearing a uniform.

A soldier *par excellence*, a Denbury graduate, is required to be clean and tidy, to be capable of thinking for himself what is the right thing to do and, by his personal example, to lead others on the right path. Two of the most important facets of life which help to build up these characteristics lie in the ability of each person to learn from his own mistakes and, secondly, to learn from his experiences.

Boys in their late teens can be trusted to make their own mistakes without any help from others (even the 'Junior Mercury' makes errors from time to time!) Experience, a grand thing; life's finest tutor. Each of you think about it as you read this month's 'Junior Mercury.'

Compare the mature and thoughtful way in which Mr. Chandler (due for retirement from the Services next year) relates his wartime escape, with the youthful exuberance of J/Cpl. Innes as he tells his story of his visit to a Prince of Prussia. Well?

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3. All communications should be addressed to The Editor, "Junior Mercury," Denbury Camp, Nr. Newton Abbot, Devon.

STAFF SCRAPBOOK

The Staff Scrapbook for this month stays for the majority of its report around the Senior Wing office area.

Major Lane departed for warmer climes, after saying farewell to the majority of the Staff in the "Denbury Arms." Comment here by the NAAFI manageress was that she didn't know there were so many people in Senior Wing.

Capt. Rockett took over the chair, and created havoc with the office layout. The consequences are that the Messing Officer (normally never to be found anyway) has disappeared to a hideout by the Dental Officer (there is no truth in the rumour that the Dental Officer is using 2/Lt. Stacey to practice on). Sgt. Meekings has lost his little hideout in the MT garage and come to live up in the main office.

All this, of course, involved a lot of changing of telephones. For days Sgt. Jamieson and his merry band were seen wandering around the Wing Office, wondering how he had managed to put everyone on a party line and yet ring only one bell.

The words Miss Billing, our telephone exchange operator, has been calling him cannot be printed in this article. Somehow it is all sorted out and the telephones all work. I am told that Sgt. Jamieson is not going to ask for an extension of his tour at Denbury in case we ask him to change them all again. I don't think he knows how to now.

The other pieces of equipment now installed is the office inter-com. Who said that RHQ had the monopoly? The only snag is we cannot voice any private opinions out loud any more. "Sire is listening."

No answers to our puzzle have been received by the SSM yet, so it appears that this was the original flying bedstead.

Senior Wing has now joined the Junior Leaders in the upheaval of their toilet rooms, and strange figures, with towels flapping in the wind, can be seen making their way across to Hut 43 in the early hours of the day! Someone did suggest that Sgt. Taylor's staff might like some practice in their duties as Nursing Orderlies, and bring the Staff bowls of hot water to the bedside. The QM Staff stopped this by saying that Bowls (Washing) were only on issue for officers' camp kit.

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INITIATIVE TRAINING

INITIATIVE TRAINING

Our dictionary defines the word "initiative" as "taking the first step," or "leading." Recently there have been various boys going from Denbury on initiative schemes—taking the first step towards self-reliance. The selection of reports hereunder gives some idea of their progress.

Prince Frederick of Prussia

(By J/Cpl. Innes, Javelin Troop)

Cpl. Smith and I set out from Denbury, hitch-hiking towards London to look up Prince Frederick of Prussia. We were very excited because we had never met a prince in real life before.

On arrival we were amazed at the size of the place (in Herts.) where he lived. The land around the house covered 2,000 acres, with beautiful countryside. We had only gone about 50 yards up the drive when we heard "Chug, chug, chug" behind us. It was the village constable, wondering what we were up to. We explained that we hoped to see the prince, and get signed photographs from him. The "Bobby" smiled and went away.

We went round to an office at the side of the house, where we met the manager, Mr. Buchan, who, I was pleased to discover, came from Aberdeen. He started to telephone the bathroom and other rooms searching for the prince, who was eventually discovered standing right behind us. I had imagined that he would be small and frail, but was surprised to find a well-built, handsome man. The manager introduced us, and I felt very proud to be shaking the hand of a real prince for the first time. He gladly gave us the signed photographs, and we thanked him very much for receiving us so kindly.

We then went on our way to thumb the first car or cart back to Sunny Devon, feeling highly "chuffed" with ourselves.

Not for the Races

(By J/Sigs. Wilson and Simpson, Javelin Troop)

Capt. Plant, the ex-troop officer of Javelin Troop, was very surprised when we walked into his house at Epsom at 0700 hours one Saturday morning. In actual fact we had arrived in Epsom at 0100 hours, but decided that was too early to go visiting, so we spent the night in the waiting room of the railway station.

The object of our visit was to return some photographs of Capt. Plant from his younger days. He was very pleased to see us, and to get the photographs, and he had a long chat with us, and gave us breakfast. It was an easy and enjoyable scheme.

Some Interesting Hitches

(By J/Sigs. Trenchard and Humphries, Kukri Troop)

We had no difficulty hitching our way, first by Exeter and then to Taunton, but getting to Salisbury proved difficult. Finally we got a lift from a naval officer, who was a pilot in the Fleet Air Arm. He was a "smashing bloke," and very interested in our life in a Junior Leaders Regiment. He asked us so many questions.

We finally arrived at Bagshot, Hampshire, where we visited WO II Copsteake, Royal Signals, who is a friend of Sgt. Maher. He gave us a meal and talked to us about the Regiment.

On our way back we got a lift from Maj.-Gen. J. H. Cubbon, C.B.E., the District Commander, in his Humber, driven by a corporal of the RASC. He had taken our graduation parade last April, and said he was very impressed by the Regiment. He sent his regards to Lt.-Col. Gregory.

DENBURY CALENDAR

Thursday, 2	TROOP DISCUSSION
Friday, 3	ADVENTURE TRAINING: SLIM SQUADRON
Saturday, 4	FIRELIGHT FANTASY
Wednesday, 8	J.L. HOCKEY v. B.R.N.C., DARTMOUTH (away)
Friday, 10	ADVENTURE TRAINING: ALEXANDER SQUADRON
Thursday, 16	SPECIAL FILM SHOW
Friday, 17	ADVENTURE TRAINING: SLIM SQUADRON
Monday, 20	REGIMENTAL OPEN RANGE FIRING WEEK
Thursday, 23	INTER-TROOP QUIZ FINAL
Monday, 27	EXAM. WEEK BEGINS

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"X" - PENDABLE

By some queer quirk of fate, "X" found that he had been assigned to the Drill Display Squad for the "Firelight Fantasy." Now, as the RSM pointed out at fairly regular intervals, "X's" drill left much to be desired. Well, he did not actually say that, but sound, military words to that effect!

Try as he would, Sgt. O'Connor remained stoically unperturbed to the wretched "X's" pleading for a transfer to the Goon Squad. Had the veritable NCO come into closer contact with this paragon of military virtue at an earlier date, no doubt he would have been more co-operative. However, fate decreed otherwise and, for better or for worse, "X" was in!

"X's" apparent inability to execute such movements as the left turn, or shoulder arms, were met by the indifferent eyes of Sgt. O'Connor, who, veteran of innumerable malingerers, and the like, put it down as further attempts to "skive" and avoid the inevitable. Even when "X" all but eliminated two of the squad with a somewhat clumsy attempt at the 'present arms,' it was put down as a deliberate attempt to admit his mates to the warmth and succour of the M.R.S.

"X's" continued incapability on a dozen extra drills, and his woeful cries: "I'll never make the Guards, Sarge!" only convinced the NCO that here was a stubborn rebellious spirit, who deserved (in strict accordance with army ethics) to be treated as such.

Neither bribes or threats to write to his MP or the 'Daily Mirror' would induce the authorities that be to relent.

A further addition to "X's" troubles came with his girl's announcement that she was looking forward to the "Firelight Fantasy," and longing to see her "darling J/RSM order all the boys about."

To "X" this was the last straw. A little verbal "slip-up" by his "mates" (and, with "X's" mates, there would be), and she would also discover he was not

captain of the Soccer XI, nor even Regimental crack shot!

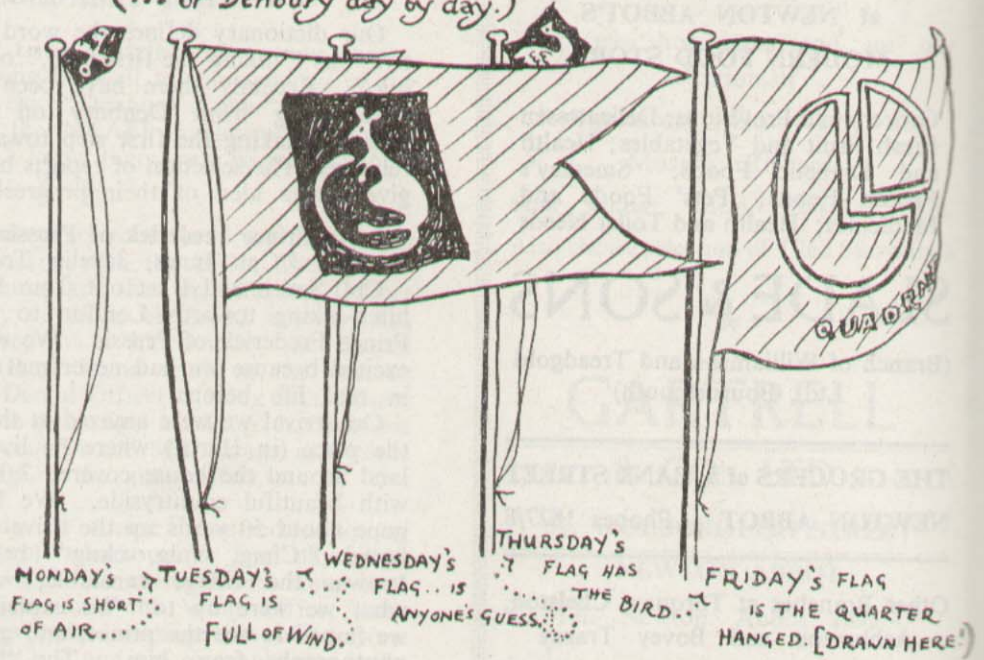
In desperation "X" pleaded with his Troop officer, giving a somewhat rose-tinted explanation of the general state of things. The truth as far as "X" ever tells it, anyway.

"I can't do it, sir! I'd rather go airborne!"

Unfortunately for "X," the officer in question was of that school of thought, "Words merit action."

IS OUR ENTHUSIASM FLAGGING?

(... or Denbury day by day.)



History records that on the night "X" became the first Junior Leader to travel into the boundless infinity of space! Well, that is to say, twenty feet up in the atmosphere suspended by a mixture of gases encompassed in the canvas of a balloon.

What history does not record is "X's" reply to the girl's query on his absence from the parade ground. "X" surprised himself with the words: "Don't you know? Got to have your wings to do that sort of thing!"



Off-duty smartness

Gieves have been making uniforms from Wellington's day onwards. But here's proof that we know a thing or two about clothes for off-duty wear. The illustration shows a single breasted blazer in serge or hopsack with cavalry twill trousers

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SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN

ESCAPE! ESCAPIST!! ESCAPOLOGY!!!

By WO II W. H. E. CHANDLER, BEM

How often do you hear people say: "I'd like to get away from it all." Their environment has become too much for them; they wish to escape from the realities of life.

It is easy to run away and try to escape life's problems—unless, of course, you are a prisoner of war, then it's the escaping that becomes a problem. 1940, Dunkirk and the BEF facing annihilation. The 51st Highland Division fighting and holding on long enough for the evacuation of Dunkirk, then fighting and retreating to the small coastal town of St. Valerie.

I was one of those little fighting cogs of the 51st Highland Division, hoping for air and naval support to allow us to get back to "Blighty."

June 10th, 1940, early in the morning, I was fighting in some back gardens on the outskirts of St. Valerie when I came face to face with a German tank with sub-machine gunner on top. I was now a prisoner of war.

My first thoughts of escaping came in February, 1941. Easy, I thought; all I had to do was to get out of the prison camp and I was free.

One day, watching working parties being counted and marched off through the heavily-guarded main gate, I chanced to see one of the guards called back for a moment as his party went through the gate. Quickly I tacked myself on the end and went out with them, detaching myself a few hundred yards down the road when the guard left the rear to go to the front for a moment.

I was free, but my mouth was dry, heart thumping quickly and loudly, breath coming in quick, short gasps, my nerves in shreds making me jumpy and shake all over. Yes, I was free and all alone, frightened and scared of everything and everybody. Only too well can I remember the guards telling us dozens of times a day: "To escape is to be shot."

In a state of nerves I walked on. Finally a German policeman stopped me. I couldn't speak German, and within seconds his gun was in my back and I was marched off to face interrogation and seven days solitary in the cells on coarse, dry, black bread and water.

I had escaped to freedom for exactly nine minutes!

During those seven days I began to think about my next escape. I had my INITIATION and, instead of suffering with nerves, I began to feel a sense of excitement at the thought of another try.

I began to learn the German language, and a year later I knew enough to get by on.

I was now with a working party, and after each day's work I, with others, was locked up for the night in two small rooms inside a yard. The yard was inside a cluster of buildings rising to 60-80 feet high all round the yard, with a thick, solid wood and metal door some 18 feet tall. The only possible way to escape was to try and gain access to one of the buildings from the back door in the yard, go through the building and come out of the front door on to the street.

It took six breathtaking months to gain access to a building, not once but many times to get impressions of locks, make keys and fit them. Another problem was clothes. To go in uniform meant immediate recognition as a POW; to go in civvies meant that, if captured, I could be shot as a spy.

There was nothing for it but to gradually dye my army clothes blue. If caught, I could at least argue that I was wearing British Army clothing.

Food was another problem. German police stopped and searched any person carrying parcels at night. I decided on sugar, chocolate, and some Canadian hard biscuits to last me the first couple of days. It would only make a very small parcel, that might go unnoticed. Then I would have to forage as I went along.

I chose a moonlit night for the attempt. This time I did not suffer with nerves; in fact, I was excited and eager for 10.50 p.m., the time for me to go. I had checked and knew the layout of the town, and the point that policemen changed duty at the odd hour, and also knew the time the guard went around. So, if I escaped just before the odd hour, the policeman on duty would be tired, not too sharp, and anxious to get off duty.

Terribly excited and keyed up, I slipped out, using the first of my keys. The moon was just right. Everything seemed to be in long shadows. My second key gave me entrance to one of the buildings I had selected. Quietly I opened the back door, slid in, relocking it, standing quite still, listening. Everything was deathly quiet. I tiptoed on, wearing socks and carrying my boots. Gently, nerves tingling, I crept to the street door, slipped in the key and, for one breath-taking second, hesitated. All was quiet.

I put on my boots and went boldly out, throwing away the two keys in my hand. I walked steadily on for a couple of hundred yards, turned the corner—right into a policeman with a bicycle. He stopped me, wanted to know where I was going. I told him I was a foreign worker (to account for my slow, halting German), and had just finished work at the railway station.

He asked me where I worked. I told him the name of a warehouse I had noted in the town some time back. He seemed satisfied, and bid me good-night. I went on, heart thumping loudly, but very relieved.

I had gone only a few yards when he called me back. Probably some after-thought, but I knew this was it. What should I do? Make a run for it, go back and try to talk my way out, or what? I had to make up my mind instantly. I walked back to him, trying to appear casual and unconcerned.

(Read on in next month's issue)

MISPLACED

A lady stopped Capt. Willmott in the street with a strange tale of a pair of trousers. She explained that a boy in this Regiment had left a pair of trousers in her shop. Imagining it to be a dry-cleaners shop, you can picture his surprise when told that it was a hairdresser's shop.

A note of suspicion crept into his voice as he began, "But . . ."

"No, not that," she laughed, "they're in brown paper."

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The following is an extract from a letter received by the Commanding Officer from Col. C. H. Howarth, OBE, Commandant of the Army Outward Bound School at Towyn: "... As far away as Athens, in the holidays I met a true and proper ambassador from your Regiment. I should not have known who he was had I not been so struck by his manners, bearing, and appearance among some rather scruffy RAF types, that I approached him and enquired his fortune. An exceptionally nice man . . ."

Well done, J/Cpl. Sharman, of Romulus Troop. Col. Howarth is referring to you !

READERS' CORNER

LETTER FROM THE DEVONSHIRE BRANCH, BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

DEAR COL. GREGORY.—Thank you very much for your most efficient help on the 22nd for our inspection parade by the Princess Royal.

Your markers made the mounting of the parade for inspection easy, and your twelve buglers just added the right touch ("note" I was going to say) to the proceedings in the Cathedral and at the parade ground.

I should say that Her Royal Highness was delighted to see the buglers of her Regiment ready to greet her at the parade ground.

Thank you indeed for your help.—Yours sincerely,

TREFFRY THOMPSON,
County Director.

Ref. MECHANICAL ADVANTAGE

DEAR EDITOR.—Thank you for your glowing report in the October issue of the 'Junior Mercury.'

The article concerns the plight of a Junior Leader endeavouring to keep up with the mechanical advances of this scientific age, using a vintage Morris Ten, 1935 (Gertie 111) to help keep the camp clean and tidy.

Due to the envy of a certain ("Atten-doing"), this outstanding model of pre-war craftsmanship has been impounded and robbed of valuable JOULES and locked in a (OHM-LESS grip) in a Primary Cell. SURROUNDED BY AN OHM GUARD.

Owing to this obstacle the young man involved has been reduced to riding a KILO-CYCLE, without much success.

Any inspiration on how to get GERTIE MOBILE will be greeted with open ROTA ARMS by certain distraught members of QUADRANT TROOP. Finally, to all limosine lovers, hang on to your batteries . . . steer clear of the squadron offices, and the POUND.—Yours, stranded,

AND ALL (VINTAGE) LOVERS.

PLEASED PARENTS

Last month's 'Junior Mercury' featuring the Balaclava Intake on the front page, proved of great interest to the parents of the boys in question. We are unable to publish the many letters received in the Regiment owing to lack of space, but offer extracts from just a few.

From Mr. SIXSMITH, OF LIVERPOOL: "And especially the 'Junior Mercury.' I shall be needing a copy each month. . . I am also very interested in the Balaclava Intake photograph and, if possible, would like to obtain one."

From Mr. E. A. LEE, OF WARRINGTON: "Please send me each month one copy of 'Junior Mercury' and one copy of 'The Wire.'"

From Mrs. COOKE, OF BIRMINGHAM: "We were delighted with the photograph of the Balaclava Intake, and to see our son and, indeed, all the boys, looking so happy."

JEW'S MAIL

Three birthdays have passed without a card. Three hearts are broken that you're so hard. Five months have passed without a line. I know your address. Do you know mine?

STAN.

We thank the RSM for permission to publish the following letters:

QUIET DEPARTURE

DEAR SIR,—A brief note to wish all members of the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess all the very best. It has been a great pleasure to live and work amongst such a grand bunch of men.

I apologize for not saying goodbye all round, but I did not relish the prospects of a typical "Sgt. Peake farewell."

I hope any of you who are fortunate enough to visit Blackpool or Manchester will look me up. Best wishes to all.—Yours, etc.,

GRAHAM DICKINSON.

Poulton-le-Fylde, Lancashire.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Sgt. G. Dickinson has just completed his two years National Service, having been employed for over 18 months as an Education Instructor in Junior Wing.

WONDERFUL CONVALESCENCE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following contains extracts from two letters written by George Pledger to the RSM. Regular readers will remember him as the Chelsea Pensioner who is very attached to this Regiment, having spent a week with us last Christmas and convalesced here following a recent illness.

DEAR SIR.—I wish to thank you and the members of your Mess for having had me, and looked after me so well. I had a very enjoyable time whilst with you, although I was unable to go out on my own, owing to shortness of breath, but all I did and saw made up for that. . . .

I certainly feel much better for the change of air and scenery and also for the pleasant company. . . . The photographs which you so kindly sent me provide wonderful memories of my visit, and I thank you for them.

I would very much like to come down for a week at the end of term, so please let me know the dates fairly soon so that I can arrange for some leave from this end.

Will you please ask the Editor of the 'Junior Mercury' to send me a copy of it each month so that I can read and see how everything is going on at Denbury.

Once again, many thanks.—Yours, etc.,

GEORGE A. PLEDGER.

Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

NEWTON ABBOT SHOPPING WEEK

The following is an extract from a letter from the Chairman of Newton Abbot Chamber of Commerce:

"I am writing on behalf of the Chamber to thank you and all the members of your Regiment concerned for the help and support you gave us during Shopping Week. We were particularly grateful for the very great contribution you made towards the torchlight procession and Beating 'Retreat' on Saturday, September 30. Everyone who braved the weather to attend at the Recreation Ground spoke highly of the torch-bearers, and particularly of the Beating 'Retreat.' Would you please ensure that our thanks are extended to all concerned."

HOWLERS

The following selection of quotations are all genuine, all made by Junior Leaders, mostly from a recent examination, and all worthy of your consideration.

On the Ball.—I am a member of White Sphere Troop.

Hidden Treasure!—He came upon a board of savages.

Tranquilizer!—He was in the At Ease potion.

Only Their Imprints!—There wasn't a sole anywhere.

Just for the Many!—The island disappeared from few.

A Case of Terror!—The natives fled in fright.

Low Living!—They lead a descent life.

Woodcutter's Arms!—I found some hew-man bones.

Over to you, Bernard!—He paddled to the shaw.

Concerted Effort!—They tuned and fled.

Regulation Pause!—The sergeant gave us "Standard Ease!"

Some Duty!—He was on century go.

What a Performance!—I am in Kukri Troupe.

A Tiring Harvest!—The country is fresh and sweet and peasfull.

Dangerous Customer!—He was wearing a lion cloth.

Get Off Your Knees!—I remain, Sir, your obedient slave.

Jumping to Conclusions!—Hopping this meets with your kind consideration.

We Would Never Have Gussed!

My squadron is named for the Duchess of Alexander.

The RSM is RSM Nye. His job is drill, duties, dress, and discipline.

My Squadron Sergeant-Major is SSM O'Connor.

Some Startling Definitions!

A **reservoir** is a person, or persons who gets something.

A **Mirage** is seen by total infernal reflection.

Umbra-Umber is a natural pigment like ochre but darker than browner.

Seen on the Cookhouse Notice Board.

—All pippers report to the Gourd Room after tea. **And the answer is a lemon!**

EXETER PARADE

On October 22nd, Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal visited the Red Cross Society of Exeter, and a special service, followed by a parade, was held in Exeter Cathedral. The Regimental fanfare trumpeters were honoured to play the "Reveille" call as Her Royal Highness entered the cathedral, and again as she came on to the parade ground following the service.

On the actual parade, eight of the Junior Sergeants from the Regiment acted as right-markers. The band of the Royal Marines played during the inspection. Princess Mary commented on the fine playing of our trumpeters, and expressed her great pleasure to see the Regiment represented on the parade.

MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

The Mountaineering Club visited the Cornish cliffs from October 20-22. This was the first visit there for some months. As everyone in the group had done some climbing previously, no time was spent on bouldering. On the Saturday everyone did at least three climbs, including Commando Ridge and Black Slab. The latter is a safe climb, with good holds, but it is more exposed than the climbs on the Tors.

On Sunday morning most of the Junior Leaders led climbs which they had done before. Then some of the group climbed the Ledge Climb on Bosigran Face. This is a steep climb of well over 200 feet. This was the first time that Junior Leaders from this Regiment had climbed it. Everyone reached the top safely, if a trifle damp.

A small group of Junior Leaders from the RASC at Taunton was there at the same time; S/Sgt. Douglas was in charge of them.

A pleasant weekend was enjoyed by everyone. Congratulations to Castle (369) and Waugh for leading several climbs well.

The following attended: Major Nye, Capt. Worsley, Mr. Trevilglas, J/L/Cpls. Cartland and Heaume, J/Sigs. Austin, Castle (369), Dulston, Lashley, Smith, Tibbs, Waugh, Wraith.

Postscript

Having completed a very successful weekend, the Mountaineering Club set out in high spirits for Denbury. They had only gone about a mile when they were stopped by the police and asked to return to their camp site.

However, it was all a false alarm! An Austin A40 had been stolen and wrecked, and the police took statements from the RASC and Signals mountaineers. Unfortunately, neither parties could throw any light on the mystery.

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ROUND THE

A LOOK AT HAY TOR

J/Sig. Holden asked if it were permissible for him and some of his friends of Group "C" to go up to Hay Tor sometime.

Sgt.-Maj. Hopson offered to take anyone interested on the following Sunday, the 15th.

At 1.5 p.m. on a warm autumn day, 29 Junior Leaders of all groups, dressed in full SD, were ready to move. Five more were not ready but the main party set off.

After a couple of miles, J/Sig. Simpson decided that Hay Tor (nine miles by road) wasn't getting any closer, and he turned back to go to Newton Abbot instead. J/Sig. Lucas at the same time remembered some swotting he wanted to do for the Junior Test, and went back to do it.

At the first stream J/Sig. Witherington took off his socks and boots and paddled with sighs of ecstasy, while J/Sig. Stone, trusting to a weak branch for a hand-hold, fell flat on his back in the same stream.

At Hay Tor itself, J/Sig. Braines very courteously helped a harassed father to get his young daughter back to terra firma, and J/Sig. Dibble was seen approaching from the direction of Bag Tor. He had taken a short cut.

On the way down to the road again, J/Sigs. Fawcett, Glossop, Keeping, Mellor, and Moseley, who were the five non-starters, met the main party. By dint of asking questions and reading signposts they had arrived under their own steam, and were last seen clambering up the rock face.

So 32 of the first Balaclava Intake had taken a close-quarters look at Hay Tor. Thinking about the next day's drill, those whose boots were beginning to pinch or rub took the sergeant-major's advice and stayed behind to hitch-hike back. Witherington and Tynan had the misfortune to receive a lift that dropped them well out of their way. The rest were luckier and got lifts right to the camp gates.

Twenty-one marched back. And march they did! Forming themselves up into two ranks, with J/Sigs. Morris and Braines, the little 'uns, in front, they marched back all the way, in better time than the Nijmegen marchers have done, much more smartly and singing nearly all the time. J/Sigs. Crook and Cooper stopped for a minute en route and had to hitch a lift to catch up again.

A late meal had been laid on by Sgt. Lockyer, which put a filling end to an enjoyable afternoon.

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TWO GEESE STORIES

The geese at the Regimental farm have been making news just lately:

A Surprise Win

At the Sergeants Mess "Gypsy Night," sellers of raffle tickets moved around the weirdly-dressed gathering (surely real gypsies don't look like that?) The prize was poultry, and all the ladies imagined a well-prepared bird for the table. Imagine the surprise of Mrs. Hammond, the lucky winner, when Sgt. Aven came in leading her prize—a live goose—on a lead. Dog, "Jock" Hopson had quite a bit to say on the subject, too.

Owner Please Collect

Out for a cross-country practice run, certain Junior Leaders were only too delighted to take time out by returning two escaped geese, which were wandering round the road outside the camp, to the Regimental farm. One was the well-known goose with the damaged wing. However, Sgt. Aven now has two surplus geese in the farm, as there hadn't been a "break-out" after all.

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CAMP

SOUTHERN COMMAND J.L. AND A.Ap. ANNUAL CANOE RACE

The Regiment entered for this race for the first time this year, and were represented in the 'B' class by J/S/Sgt. Barrett, J/Cpl. Wheatley, J/Sigs. Wiseman, Harding, all from Quadrant Troop, in the Unit canoes; and in Class 'C' by J/L/Cpl. Nash and J/Sig. Vivian, of Iron Troop, in their own canoe. Capt. Haw was i/c party, with J/L/Cpl. Chisholm as a reserve.

The crews went over the ten-mile course from Reading to Henley on the Monday, followed at a great distance by Capt. Haw and Sgt. Young. The main difficulty was in crossing the four locks at different points on the course, as none of our crews had experienced this before.

The day of the race was wet and miserable, but a good following wind gave hopes of a record time being achieved.

Barrett/Wheatley and Wiseman/Harding had a very bad start owing to the other crews crowding them, but by the third lock had gone from tenth and twelfth places to fourth and sixth, which they maintained for the completion of the race.

Nash/Vivian had a better race, and although third at one time, eventually finished fifth in their class.

All three crews did very well and never gave up hope, but the other crews had practised over the course for several weeks before and had more experience on crossing the locks. The REME teams were obviously very well trained and deservedly took the honours.

Outstanding for the Royal Signals was J/S/Sgt. Barrett, who finished very strongly indeed. A very good show, and everyone did his best. With more training we could be more successful next year.

MAP READING MADE EASY

White Spear Troop were on a night scheme and S/Sgt. Wilson, RAEC, was manning one of the check points. Sitting happily on a Dartmoor hilltop in pouring rain, cursing the laggards who were so slow in coming, he suddenly spotted lights and bodies moving around another hilltop. Confidently checking his own position, he realized they were right and he was wrong.

Full of traditions of "Certa" and "Cito," he decided to let them know where he was. Should he flash his paraffin lamp? Alas, it had gone out, and he had lost most of it, anyway. He had no torch, and his voice wouldn't carry against the wind. Unselfishly putting duty before personal safety, he put a match to his one remaining link with civilization, and waved a blazing map above his head. The message got through, we are pleased to say, and White Spear Troop pushed on to their destination.

But what of our gallant hero, forlornly wandering round Dartmoor with no map, in the middle of the night? In actual fact he didn't panic, but set off happily for the edge of the moor. On arrival near the edge, actually within 100 yards of his transport, he didn't recognize his position, so went back to try again—tenacity in its extreme.

Some time later, two loyal comrades, also on a check point, heard plaintive wailings in the distance. It sounded like a supernatural spirit calling "Michael," but was later identified as S/Sgt. Wilson in a deep ravine calling "Light Ho." Reinforced by aids such as maps, compasses, and lights, all carried by his new companions, the check-pointers managed to successfully leave the moor.

COMPETITION

There were not so many solutions sent in for the August substitution problem as for June. A little difficult, perhaps?

The winner was S/Sgt. Nichols.

For this month all we want you to do is draw and send us a cartoon on any subject, preferably topical, Army if possible, and definitely amusing. Make the size 10" x 8" for easy reproduction, and please remember to use black ink, as we cannot cope with colours. Any cartoon published will earn a prize.

GET ON PARADE

J/RSM Spearman was disturbed late one night by the news that there were a number of bodies moving about behind the Education Offices. Donning his best RSM parade manner, he went out and proceeded to issue orders for them to move.

Alas, the sheep in question took no notice, but went on munching happily.

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THE ART CLUB

The club—a very active one—is run by Lt. Tysoe, RAEC. Lt. Tysoe is a qualified art teacher who has taught, among other places, at Her Majesty's Prison and the Technical College in Oxford and a Comprehensive School in London.

The activity which receives the most interest and attention is wood-carving, hence our success at the recent Army Arts and Crafts Exhibition. Wood-carving projects take a considerable time to complete, and the club members have free access to the crafts room at any time.

Normally the club meets on Monday nights at the same time as the other clubs and hobbies of the Regiment get under way. Then, the dozen or so enthusiasts can be seen not only wood-carving, but painting, drawing, and sculpturing in paper. This latter is an art at which Lt. Tysoe excels, and his fascinating works adorn not only the walls of the club, but are used as decorations for such events as the Canoe Race Ball.

The club is 16 months old, and the rooms which were formerly used for training purposes were dull and depressing. The club bought paint and fixed up the place, introduced fluorescent lighting, and had a sink and taps put in.

This labour was well justified. Procter, Trenchard, Hewson, Foster, Lond, Bagnall, and Hatton have all exhibited work, with splendid results, for the Junior Challenge Shield, in competition with such bodies as the Queen Victoria's and Duke of York's Schools, who have more facilities and time to give to crafts.

Last term 15 younger boys, under WO I Taylor, RAEC, and Sgt. Petrie, were engaged on Project 15—an intensive course of



"THE DENBURY CHARGER"

by Capt. Joyner

local studies, which took them on long expeditions all over the area, collecting and assessing historical and geographical data. These, on return to camp, were translated into models, paintings, and military history maps. Trenchard's study and drawings of coats of arms, and Procter's "Fighting Men" series had a stand to themselves at the Army Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

The club is always included as a "must" in any Regimental tour, and parents, schoolmasters, and other visitors spend an absorbing time seeing what the boys have turned out.

The chief project for the future is a huge composite landscape of Dartmoor, done in oils. This has been commissioned by the Bursar (and will probably hang in the Balaclava Club). The only thing holding up the work at the moment is a delay in obtaining a large enough piece of hardboard.

Having found tools in the Technical Stores, J/Sig. McKechnie is experimenting with metal sculpture, which is producing some worthwhile results, and adds a new activity to the club's interests.

Usually materials of all descriptions are easily obtainable from Ordnance Stores, though not always exactly when they are wanted, and the scope is unlimited.

ARMY ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION 1961

Visitors to the Army Arts and Crafts Exhibition, held in the Pillared Hall of the Board of Trade buildings in Whitehall, during the week October 7-14, will have seen, as the centre-piece of the sculpture and wood-carving section, a large painted relief in elm of the "Denbury Charger."

This complex carving is the joint effort

of two Junior Leaders: David Forster and John Lond, of Iron Troop, who took over this piece of work from ex-Junior Leader Shepherd (late of Kohima Troop) when he left the Regiment for man's service.

The story of the carving began with a request to the Art Club for a sign to identify the then newly-opened "Denbury Arms." As a theme for the project, the club decided to take the mounted Earl of Cardigan, of Balaclava fame, who is shown in a print of 1843, which is reproduced in Cecil Woodham-Smith's "The Reason Why." A large board of seasoned elm was bought from Ashburton, and the design was painted on. J/Sig. Shepherd formed the outline with saw, gouge, and rasp.

When he reached man's service, J/Sigs. Forster and Lond took over, and set about the task with enthusiasm, carving in the general forms and detail with a confidence which is rare in newcomers to this craft.

With the actual carving finished, the next step was to paint in the Earl's uniform and the horse's equipment in rich colour. As a finishing gesture, gold-leaf was applied to highlight braid and metal. The photograph above (which was also in the exhibition) was taken by Capt. Joyner, and shows the carving with the painting in process.

J/Sig. Forster and J/Sig. Lond are to be congratulated on their fine effort, which was rewarded with first prize in the junior section of the sculpture and wood-carving class.

J/Cpl. Bagnall (Francisca Troop) is also to be congratulated on taking second prize in the exhibition with his carving of a bull.

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STAFF SPORT

FOOTBALL

HOCKEY

HOCKEY RUNNERS-UP AT TAUNTON

The Staff VI. joined thirteen other sides in the District six-a-side tournament on Wednesday, November 27th.

After a shaky start, the Staff VI. slowly settled down and, by the semi-finals, found a good combination for success.

For the finals the rain fell—and so did the Staff VI. like angels from grace. The precision of the previous game and the opposition prevented its recovery. Results:

First round.—Beat JLR, RASC, by centre-bully.

Quarter-finals.—Beat 6 Training Bn., RASC 2-1 (Hall).

Semi-finals.—Beat RPO, Taunton, 4-0 (Hall 2, Worsley 1).

Final.—Lost to Army Air Tpt. and Development Centre, Old Sarum, 2-0.

STAFF HOCKEY XI. LOSE

A fast, clean-hitting Seale-Hayne XI. caught the Staff off-balance and were soon one up. The Staff came back, and by halftime led 2-1.

In the second half Seale-Hayne scored twice to win 3-2. What promised to be an excellent match was marred by shaky umpiring. Scores: Angell and Hartnett.

BASKETBALL

REVENGE IS SWEET

The Staff basketball team avenged last month's defeat by Exeter Basketball Club in defeating them 30-18 at Denbury. The full Staff team was playing, and straight away "clicked" into championship form. Sgt. Creek was the outstanding player, scoring 22 out of our 30 points. WO II Wheatley and Sgt. Meekings picked up four apiece. Of particular note was the way in which Lt. Lang, making his debut for the Regiment, fitted in with Sgt. Angell at guard.

SGT. R. A. PEAKE

Sgt. "Bob" Peake is a great sportsman, as all who have been within earshot when he is watching television will know. There is no sport concerning which he doesn't know far more than the players, commentators, officials, and coaches all put together.

His main sports now appear to be dancing and driving. He treats every rock 'n' roll session seriously, and trains most evenings, though partners have been heard to confess they thought it was "wrestling." His driving consists of driving his poor sergeant-majors crazy or, failing that, driving them to drink.

In an interview our reporter asked him what records he had broken during his career. A crafty grin spread over his faces, and there was a slight pause before he confessed to having broken six only the previous week—three Victor Sylvesters, two orchestral symphonies, and a Max Bygraves—whilst in one of his regular epileptic fits.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The reporter who interviewed Sgt. Peake is now in a special home for alcoholics.



by Sgt. Martin

SGT. R. A. PEAKE

Sgt. "Bob" Peake had played in good-class football up to 1956 when, whilst in East Africa, he contracted knee trouble and was compelled to retire at an early age. However, he still enjoys occasional Mess games. To offset playing disappointment, he took up refereeing, and later qualified as a Football Association Coach.

Since he took over the management of the Junior Leaders Football XI, a big improvement has taken place—"although the failure of the XI in this year's Army Cup was a big blow to me." He mentioned Schofield (ex-Jerboa Troop) and Delve (ex-Quadrant Troop) as being the two outstanding footballers in the past two years.

His advice to all footballers: "These days you must PLAY football and not rely on kick-and-rush tactics. Keep fit, and take victory and defeat in the same spirit."



by Sgt. Martin

LOCKYER SCORES FOUR

Played September 27th. The Staff Football XI. played Paignton United on a very hard, worn pitch, which made ball control difficult for both sides. At halftime Paignton were leading 2-1, Sgt. Lockyer having scored a very disputed goal for us. Was it hand-ball? Sgt. Lockyer scored two more goals, Paignton replied, then WO II Hales scored, and Sgt. Lockyer got a fourth to make it 5-3. Then, in the last 10 minutes, our defence gave way under repeated pressure and Paignton scored three goals to give them a 6-5 victory.

LOCKYER'S REPEAT PERFORMANCE

(v. Torbay Police)

Played on October 4th on a rain-sodden pitch, with intermittent showers. The Signals gained their first league success by 5-3. Sgt. Lockyer repeated his goal-scoring feat of the previous week by netting four more; Cpl. Henderson bagged the other.

Signals combined well from the start, and the police goalkeeper saved well from good, testing shots. The police scored from a breakaway. Signals hit back with great goals from Sgt. Lockyer (2) and Henderson to lead 3-1 at halftime.

The first ten minutes after the interval the police levelled the score, but gradually they were worn down, and eventually by a further two goals from Sgt. Lockyer, Signals ran out comfortable winners.

POLICE BEATEN

In a decidedly friendly match between the WOs and Sergeants Mess against a Police Football XI, the Denbury side won 6-4. It was an enjoyable game, even if the football wasn't exactly First Division stuff! At halftime the score was 3-3, and it then moved up to 4-4, not being until the last few minutes that the Mess pulled ahead. Goal-scorers were Sgt. Davies (3), Sgt. Peake (1), Sgt. Waters (1), and WO II Hales (1). Sgt. Batten, playing for the visitors, distinguished himself by scoring their first goal.

RUGBY

A FINE DEBUT

Played October 18th. The self-christened Denbury Wednesday XV. played their first match of the season against the Wessex Brigade Depot. Taking the field with nine members of the Staff, many of whom had retired from active rugby some years before, and six Junior Leaders, it was doubtful how they would blend. In fact, they played well together as a team, earning themselves a comfortable 19-3 victory.

Tries were well shared out amongst Capt. Walker and Haw, 2/Lt. Rowntree, L/Cpl. Mannering and J/Sig. Thomas. J/Sig. Hill converted two.

The only tragedy to mar an otherwise perfect afternoon lay in Capt. Constable breaking his nose.



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Why should Britain Tremble?

by Sgt. Martin

FOOTBALL

OUT IN THE FIRST ROUND

Match played September 27th. Our first-round opponents in the Junior Leaders Army Football Cup were the Junior Leaders, Royal Artillery, and the match was played at Denbury.

The game started at a terrific pace, Signals scoring after 12 minutes with a goal from Wilson. The Gunners rallied well, but Hunt stood firm in our goal, until well beaten from a corner. From then until halftime, Signals took control with some fine graft by wing-halves Stanger and Shiel. The Artillery goalkeeper did well to save shots from Booker and Hollander. Yet, just before halftime, the visitors went ahead with a breakaway goal, with Hunt caught in "no man's land."

After the interval Signals attacked hard and, after 20 minutes, G. Nelson scored easily from a penalty. However, the Artillery rallied well, and went back into the lead two minutes later.

For the final 20 minutes play went from end to end, with the Artillery attacks looking the stronger, and Hunt bringing off some superb saves in goal. The game ended with a 3-2 victory to the Artillery.

BOOKER NETS THE WINNER

Played September 30th. Signals played Torquay Grammar School on a very poor pitch, and constructive football was made more difficult by a very strong wind. The first half remained goal-less, with Signals seeming slightly the better side.

Play throughout had been backwards and forwards, and it seemed as though defences were triumphant, when, with the referee already looking at his watch, Booker shot from the right-wing and scored the only goal of the match. Hunt especially shone in a fine defence, making some very fine saves.

J.L.R. v. PAIGNTON Y.M.C.A.

Played at Paignton October 21st. Fielding the 2nd XI. for this league match, the team found it hard to settle down, especially in the bad conditions, for the main part of the match was played through torrential rain.

However, fitness gradually told, and from one goal down, the Regiment scored through Nelson,

Wicks (2), and Orrell, and finished strongly, maintaining our unbeaten league record with a 4-1 victory.

SECOND HALF GOAL RUSH

Played October 14th. The league match against Upton Youth Club started well when G. Nelson scored in the second minute of the game. However, for the remainder of the first half there was no more scoring, with both defences well on top. Twenty minutes before the final whistle, Nelson scored his second, then Gourley pounced on a loose ball and made it 3-0 to the Signals. Stanger, from right-half, after some speedy dribbling, got our next goal, and Wilson added yet another to make the final score 5-0 to the Signals.

INJURY TO CAPTAIN

Played October 15th. A very hard game ended with Royal Signals losing to Totnes Youth Club 6-4. The team captain, J/L/Cpl Ward (congratulations on his recent promotion) received a leg injury just before halftime, and saw the remainder of the match from the touchline. The opposition sportingly allowed Beaumont to go on as a substitute. Scorers: G. Nelson (2), Prior (1), Stanger (1).

J/L/R 1st XI. v. KINGSBRIDGE G.S. (Friendly, Won 10-1)

Played October 21st. The J.L.R. went straight into the attack and, within the first ten minutes, Booker scored a fine goal after cutting in through the centre. Very shortly afterwards Booker scored again from a beautiful centre by Prior. Booker was really on form, and was always on hand to shoot Prior's centres into the net. Chisholm held well at centre-half, and kept blocking many G.S. attacks, and fed the inside forwards very well. Beaumont, playing at inside-left, proved himself well and played intelligent football.

During the second half the game slowed down considerably, and the lack of fitness showed the G.S. up. Booker scored more goals and brought his total to seven. Hollander scored a fine goal, and Wilson scored a similar one from the right.

Scorers: Booker (7), Hollander (1), Wilson (1), Beaumont (1).

BLACK FRIDAY

With 23 fights altogether, divided into three groups, the first round of the Junior Leaders Team Boxing Competition between the Signals and the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Armoured Corps, at Bovington on Friday, October 13th, proved to be an exciting affair. And so it proved to be.

Class "A," consisting of seven bouts between the smaller boys, was fought off during the afternoon. The whole started with a win for the RAC when J/Sig. Brown's fight was stopped in the first round as his opponent was too strong. J/Sig. Witherington, looking very small inside a huge boxing ring, but punching well for his size, levelled the score with a points win. Next, J/Sigs. Smith and Turner-Howe both lost, Smith's footwork being clever, but there was little force behind his blows. Turner-Howe was up against a very clever opponent. J/Sig. Watson did well to win against a very strong puncher. J/Sig. Morgan lost on points in a poor fight, which showed very little action. J/Sig. Murphy was far superior and won comfortably on points. Thus we moved on to the evening, with Signals one point down.

The first three fights all went to the RAC, with J/Sig. Tofield a trifle unlucky to lose after a keen contest. J/L/Cpl. Spree's bout was stopped in the second round after Spree had been knocked down, and J/Sig. Trenchard got caught by some heavy punches while ducking too much. J/Sig. Dulston raised our hopes with a convincing win—by far the finest performance which he has ever given us. J/Sig. Barnard did well but was outclassed by an experienced boxer with a long reach. J/Sig. Burman is to be congratulated on his unfortunate defeat; his opponent was very unorthodox, with heavy swinging punches, yet Burman remained cool throughout. J/Sig. Powell vastly entertained the crowded gymnasium with a hard, slogging contest, revealing little skill but tremendous enthusiasm and stamina. J/Sig. Nelson's fight lasted only half a minute as he successively knocked down his opponent for a count of eight and then knocked him for the full count.

After the interval, at the beginning of the Class "C" fights, Signals' prospects became brighter. J/Sig. Young's fight was stopped in the first round as he was deemed too strong for his opponent, and J/Sig. Tucker won comfortably on points, demonstrating how comfortably a "class" boxer can deal with a "game" opponent. The fight in which J/Sgt. Murray was defeated on points was a poor one, as Murray never "got stuck in."

The next contest was the *piece de resistance*, between two fine boxers—J/L/Cpl. Last (RAC) and J/Sig. Cook (R. Signals). Here Cook's quick two-handed jabbing proved too good, and he won at last. To give some idea of the experience of these boxers, it is interesting to note that they last fought seven years ago, when Last was the winner, so Cook revenged himself. Then J/Sig. Porter thrilled the audience with a fine victory to put us level on points with only three matches to go. J/Sig. Black lost on points in a close, hard-fought contest which could have gone either way; and then J/Sgt. Christian (RAC) clinched the issue by knocking out J/Cpl. Sharman in the first round with a superb punch to the stomach. The last fight should have been an anti-climax, but it wasn't. J/L/Cpl. Greenwood was defeated by a bigger boy than himself (Greenwood is over 11 stone, and about 5' 10" tall), yet both were amazingly quick on their feet and had considerable boxing skill.

It was a grand evening's entertainment and, even if Signals were defeated, they covered themselves with glory.

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