



DUKE OF EDINBURGH SILVER EXPEDITION

THE AIM . . .

Having arrived back at Denbury from their summer vacation, 68 Junior Leaders volunteered to tackle the Second Series (Silver) Expedition of the Duke of Edinburgh's award. Only candidates who had completed vigorous preliminary training exercises were permitted to compete. These included long-distance marching, camping, map-reading, first-aid and cooking. The task set was an expedition on foot, to include two nights in the open or in bivouac, in camp sites not less than five miles apart and covering not less than a total of 30 miles.

Each patrol of four or five young soldiers had a purpose outside the journey itself. This ranged from the study of places of historical interest—including churches (see photo this page), stone crosses, ancient ruins, old bridges—to the detailed observation of wild life, the collection of plants, crop surveys, and a study of local names.

In this way, physical achievements and skills were married to cultural interests. Each candidate was required to keep a full and detailed log of the journey which was subsequently written up, illustrated with sketches and photographs, and presented for assessment. On returning to camp, work really started. Plants needed to be pressed and labelled, zoological specimens mounted and fixed, pieces of rock from geological surveys catalogued in small boxes, photographs printed, sketches drawn.



by Major Woodcock

Group 2. Franciscans at Moreton Church.
J/Sigs. Nobby Clark, Dennis Blakeney, Sandy Wells, Slim Hunt

. . . AND THE EXPERIENCE

The expedition was organized by Maj. W. C. Rogers, our new Senior Education Office, who is vice-chairman of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Committee for Buckinghamshire. It started on Monday, September 10, with preparation in camp. Patrols were issued with a 1-inch-to-1-mile map of the Moretonhampstead area and given two map references: points at which they could either start or finish. They had to plan their route and mark possible camping sites on the first day, as this information was required by the members of the Staff who were to act as checkers (no adults accompanied the patrols).

After an early breakfast the next morning the groups moved out in MT for their start points. The day was cool but dry. It must have been midnight that night and everyone bivouaced down before the gale blew up. Only emergency roping and pegging prevented many patrols on exposed sites from passing a sleepless night. But eyes were clear on the Wednesday and the gathering of information and record-keeping continued in earnest.

The first patrols arrived at the finishing points at 11 on Thursday morning and began to prepare their final meal. By four in the afternoon the last patrol was in and being driven back to Denbury.

LEADERSHIP FROM WITHIN

"Leadership will come from within the group and adults will not accompany the group." Thus the directive reads. And the main interest of the supervisory staff was in watching the development of leadership and to observe its illusive qualities. The natural leader on the camp site was not the same Junior Leader who supervised the gathering of information on the subject pursuit. The most efficient map reader planned the route; the most nimble tended to take the lead over rough country; the less shy asked for permission to camp; while the more reticent wrote up the log.

The area of Moretonhampstead was chosen by Maj. Rogers, as it is a well-inhabited fringe area of the Moor, ideal in helping to maintain good social relations with our neighbourhood and developing good manners and human contact. The kindness and co-operation of local people, and the way they spoke well of us, was perhaps the most heartening experience of the exercise.

Of all the camping sites chosen, two must receive special mention for their great natural beauty: Bridford Wood, chosen by Group 5 of White Spear (J/L/Cpl. Tub Robertson, J/Sig. Brian Unwin, Mel Mullin, Tony Cooke), where the Teign, having gathered strength and breadth from its moorland streams, is flanked by magnificent beech and oak; and the delightful ancient Fingle Bridge, chosen by Group 2

of Francisca. The routes included some of the loveliest villages in South Devon: Gidleigh, Drewsteignton, Cheriton Bishop, Manaton, Lustleigh and—the queen of them all—North Bovey.

Group 9 ("The Pilgrims"), a mixed patrol of Kohimans and Jerboans (J/Sig. Vic Crossby, Stan Berry, Derek Buckman, J/L/Cpl. Mike Clifton), were so successful with their social relations that they received tea in bed when the morning eggs arrived from the farm. Their lips are sealed, but 'Junior Mercury' has established that the farmer's daughter is as pretty and wholesome as the reader imagines.

Buildings of historical interest visited included Blackaton Manor, Prestonbury Castle, Cranbrook Castle, Grimspound, numerous churches, and (Staff only) the Three Crowns, Chagford. Botanical specimens gathered by Group 10 of Iron Troop (J/Sig. Nigel Oakley, Keith Berrington, Andy Noble, Norm Bailey) ranged from the tiny sedges of the open moorland to the lush greenery and wild gladioli of the Teign Valley. Kestrels were spotted, stone crosses photographed, a grass snake was caught then lost. Large meals were consumed, ranging from damson omelette to all-in stew. Monday night howled about our heads; Tuesday was calm and still, broken only occasionally by the dry coughing of cattle. A new term at Denbury had begun; and we were back in Devon.

EDITORIAL

Most Junior Leader Regiments and Army Apprentice Schools produce a little magazine each term. This Regiment has 'Junior Mercury'; a quality monthly journal that, during a good month, sells six copies outside Denbury Camp for every one sold inside. The 'Junior Mercury' is mailed each month to all corners of this country and to all parts of the world. The Princess Royal receives the first copy and, from our Colonel-in-Chief's detailed questioning of the editorial staff when she visits us, reads it very thoroughly each month!

Parents follow their son's progress as his name appears from time to time. They read with great interest of the many activities in which he is keenly involved each month, often with his Troop, sometimes with his club; social and regimental life, the knuckling-down to educational subjects, sport, the attendance at his church.

Graduates and members of the Staff who have moved on order their own personal copies before they leave. The 'Junior Mercury' is read by the Signal Officer-in-Chief, and by the most newly-arrived recruit to Junior Wing; by Lord Alexander and by Signalman Brister at Catterick; by a civil servant in Cheltenham and by a heavy-weight boxer; by Field-Marshal Slim and by the regulars of a tiny village inn near Dawlish; by the sales-girls in the shops of Newton Abbot and in grand country houses on the fringe of Dartmoor. No mean achievement. We even mail a copy to Vacoas!

And the success of 'Junior Mercury' is due largely to one man: Peter Wheatley. He is now a Lieutenant at the Army School of Education, but is better known to all at Denbury as the big, bluff Warrant-Officer Instructor with truly "mercurial" qualities. He won "copy" from the most thick-fingered soldiers; pestered everyone for news; supervised the printing and picture production; sold advertising space; wrote enormously; entertained generously; played, watched, and wrote about all manner of sporting activities; loved Denbury and South Devon, and talked about them continually; garnered news untiringly. And all this for twelve months of the year, week in, week out. While the rest of us were basking on the beach in August, he was checking galley-proofs amidst a debris of screwed-up, discarded paper in the J.M. editorial office. September's Royal issue was going to press.

Lieutenant Wheatley has done a great job for the Regiment, and it is truly appreciated. We wish him and his family good luck and every success in the future.

STAFF SCRAPBOOK

After a nice long rest from composing these notes, thanks to the kindness of the now-departed editor who wrote this column during the leave period, we must now catch up on all the happenings in Senior Wing.

With the commencement of the new term, we moved back into Hut 43. To the uninformed, the RE staff threw us out during the leave period to make new barrack rooms out of the old-type bunks. The number of odd corners the Staff found as sleeping accommodation had to be seen to be believed. The modern Army has nothing on Senior Wing now, with the rooms complete with fan heaters, electric points especially for shavers, bedside lights in the bunks; in fact, everything except tea in bed, and the SSM is not volunteering. The only fly in the ointment is that Senior Wing has shrunk and Junior Wing expanded, so we have promptly lost two rooms that are now being used as classrooms.

The other major upheaval which has affected the whole of the Regiment also happened during the leave period was the change-over of the cookhouse. For the benefit of our external readers, the cookhouse is now completely cooking by Calor gas. Gone for ever are the old-style coal stoves. When asked for his comments on his new equipment, Lt. Stacey said: "It is fabulous, especially the new grill bar."

This term also sees many changes in Staff, and by the time these notes go to press we shall have lost the lot of our National Service men. It is with regret that we see them depart as they have been an invaluable help during their time here. With the change to an all-regular unit, the appearance of Senior Wing on the parade ground on Thursdays doing military proficiency tests will be a regular feature.

The Staff soccer team has once more been formed, and have joined the Torbay Wednesday League. Results are not as yet too good, but it is early in the season. We hope Sgt. Hall will spur them on to win the cup.

Finally a welcome. The light has dawned, we are now out of the Wood into the Thistle.

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THE COMMANDING OFFICER COMMENTS . . .

NON-SWIMMERS

Most of you will have read in the newspapers during the past summer of many cases where young people have been drowned while canoeing, sailing or bathing. There appears to have been an unfortunate increase this year in the number of young men drowned from canoeing and sailing accidents and, for this reason, the War Department has decided that no Junior Leader may take part in either of these sports unless he can swim.

This order will be strictly enforced in the Regiment, and over the next few weeks a series of tests will be held to ensure that all boys who consider themselves to be swimmers can, in fact, swim two lengths of the baths. I also propose to continue and, if possible, to expand the arrangements for the training of non-swimmers. These

arrangements have now been working for two terms, and so far we have taught about 40 boys to swim. I feel these figures can be improved upon, and I hope the non-swimmers under instruction will make a special effort to learn to swim this term.

Learning to swim is like learning to ride a bike; once learnt, it is never forgotten. Ability to swim will open up the possibility of many new sports—canoeing, sailing, water-skiing, skin diving and water polo, to name just a few—and, of course, swimming as a sport on its own is a healthy, pleasant form of activity. In many overseas stations in the warmer climates, swimming is the major all-the-year-round sport, and you will be the odd man out if you are unable to join in. Swimming is also a basic military skill, and you will be a better soldier if you can look after yourself in deep water.

Obviously it is better and easier to learn to swim before you reach your 'teens, but age does not present any major difficulty. A friend of mine recently learned to swim at the age of 50! If you have not so far had the opportunity to learn, or been unable to master the technique, do not feel you are now too old. As long as you have the will and the perseverance, and a good instructor, you cannot fail to swim. Now is the ideal time to learn and, with the present arrangements for your instruction, you have an opportunity that may never come again. Make sure you take full advantage of this.

Alan Holifield

'JUNIOR MERCURY' INTERVIEWS COL. HOLIFIELD

THE MOVE

The War Department has decided that, on grounds of economy and convenience, it will be necessary for the Regiment to leave Denbury while rebuilding takes place. This should begin in 1966 and will take about two years. During this time the Regiment will probably be stationed at Taunton.

The CO asks all ranks and civilian staff to accept this decision loyally, and work to make the move as successful and painless as possible.

CHURCH COMMITTEE AND CHURCH CHOIR

Our new Padre is anxious to form a Church Committee of Junior Leaders and Staff to administrate the Regimental Chapel. The Rev. Thistle also intends to form a Church Choir. This will be completely separate from the Regimental Choir.

A NEW REGIMENTAL 'BUS

The Regiment has been fortunate in obtaining £600 from the Nuffield Trust to buy a new 'bus.

DRESS

Berets are to be introduced gradually and the khaki cap SD (the "Cheese Cutter") withdrawn.

The CO has seen the prototype of a new ceremonial black leather belt with Royal Signals buckle. He was very much impressed with the smartness and utility of this belt, and is working out a scheme for making it available, replacing the present white blanched belt, which tends to leave marks on one's jacket.

The War Office is considering altering the scale of clothing issued to Junior Leaders. A decision may be made to issue a suit of BD to all Junior Leaders instead of khaki SD.

SPORTS KIT

The CO is pleased with the way the new system of kitting-out at Troop level is working. The sum of £700 has so far been spent to initiate this scheme, and more cash is earmarked for future sports kit requirements. Works Services has agreed to alterations to the sports store which will help towards even greater efficiency in issuing and laundering sports kit.

SNIPPITS FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

QUARTERMASTER, PLEASE NOTE

An essential part of any Troop Sergeant's equipment must be a sense of humour and the ability to hold his own when the "Mickie-taking" is in full swing. Sgt. Maher has always been adequately provided in this direction.

However, even he was speechless on being given a present at the beginning of term. J/Sig. Warr-Wood had been to France, and had brought back a genuine cat-o'-nine-tails for "my favourite Troop Sergeant."

All Warr-Wood would say to 'Junior Mercury' was: "But, of course, every Troop Sergeant should possess one."

EFFECTS OF SOAP ON THE SKIN

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Two Extracts from the September issue of "The New Scientist":

"But in ordinary life the cleansing of the skin with soap, apart from these special hazards, is not of great medical importance."

"For this reason, although soap cleanses the skin of bacteria, it seems likely that it also renders it temporarily more susceptible than normal to fresh contamination."

BRIG. ASHWORTH

The Director of Training for Junior Leader Regiments and Army Apprentice Schools visited the Regiment on September 11. He was favourably impressed with the instruction at Denbury, and one phrase that particularly stuck after he left was: "Above all, I like the polite manners of your young soldiers here, and the way that they speak up well."

EDUCATION RESULTS

The results of Senior Certificate continued to improve. This is particularly pleasing for a summer term, when attainment usually drops.

DENIALS

The RSM, resting on his laurels after the 17-0 win over the officers, was cheered by his Mess's 10-3 victory over Newton Post Office. It is not true that the team plans to go into strict training and challenge Junior Wing.

We have made extensive enquiries and find no truth in the rumours that Major Rogers is a Gurkha and the Bursar a Pathan.

It is no longer true that young Farquhar cannot munch apples.

Extra foot powder will not be allocated for marching to breakfast.

WRONG RACE

It was the day the Duke of Edinburgh Award entrants were racing off for their track events. Sgt. Akehurst started off six eager competitors and Capt. Joyner and S/Sgt. Pilling waited at the finish of the 220 yards mark to clock their times. Imagine their surprise as all the runners dashed straight past them and kept on running.

Why? Because it was the 440 yards for which they were entered. Capt. Joyner set off after them and was successfully first home in order to time them for the event.

Alas, S/Sgt. Pilling confesses that he arrived at the finish after a Junior Leader.

WE WELCOME

Lt. Cuthill, from the Guards Depot; our new Padre, Major Thistle, from Cyprus; Capt. Coats, from Singapore; Mr. Cooksley from Oswestry; Sig. Pattie and Singleton from 14 Signal Regiment; Major Woodcock, MBE (Retd.), from Bulford AEC; Sgt. Dobson, from 212 Signal Squadron; Major Heyes (OC-designate, Slim Squadron), from Famagusta; L/Cpl. Davis, from 7 Signal Regiment; L/Cpl. Brayshaw, from 21 Signal Regiment; Cpl. Jackson, from 11 Signal Regiment; L/Cpl. Jevon, from 8 Signal Regiment; Cpl. Lightfoot, from ASA, Harrogate.

"X" - PLOSION

Junior Signalman "X" very slowly, with a precision that one doubted such hands contained (being such a haphazardly strung-together collection of grimed knuckles and sordid joints), carved his pencil to a fine point. With a concentration never bestowed upon any education instructor, he prised the hard Dartmoor clods from under his long, grey nails and pinged them nonchalantly about the classroom. His toilet completed, he stretched his legs and stared insolently at the chemical apparatus drawn on the blackboard. The hole in the heel of his sock had somehow grown vertically since he first noticed it three weeks before, and white flesh peeped coyly over the back of his boot.

The new subject was even worse than the others. What use was it, anyway? Perhaps they might learn how to make poisons . . . ? This was more like it. He could borrow a white jacket and cook's hat and sneak into the Sergeants Mess. Just a pinch of white powder, his own formula z9 in the soup and . . .

"Come here you, 'X'; here, come here."

"Fines" Whapham had him in his sights, snapping like a Bren-gun. "X" uncoiled his legs and limped to the front of the class.

"Hold this test-tube—out straight man. Let everybody see it."

"X" stood there like a proper Charlie, with his hand struck out holding the little glass tube. He has always been very sensitive to public ridicule, unless it is in furtherance of his own private ends, and hatred of the instructor stirred within him. Bossing me about, he thought. Damn civvy. Standing here holding his bit of glass tubing for him. Coming in here with a sports coat on, pushing me around. *I'm* a Junior Signalman ("X's" chest swelled); *he's* probably never seen a day's service in his life. Invalided out of the Boys Brigade with fallen arches.

Resentment rose slowly, then boiled to the top.

"Here," he finally snarled, "hold your own midget's pint pot."

The class of twenty stilled as one man. "Fines" uncoiled from the board like a striking cobra, his head raised, eyes hooded, his knuckles white as the chalk in his hand.

"X" had pushed his luck too far—and he knew it. A clammy hand gripped his stomach. His throat dried white like blanco on a belt. Hot grit scoured his eyeballs.

But "Fines" was visibly relaxing. He was; you could see it. With masterly self-control, and with the aid of a few minutes of breathing exercises, you could actually see him slowly shrinking to normal size. With a final sharp intake of air, he squeezed his mouth into a smile.

"Ah, Signalman 'X,'" he said sweetly, "perhaps you are tired of life."

"X" watched him very carefully. Cunning one, this. When in doubt say nothing. He just held his ground, but a growing fear of some dreadful unknown pervaded his senses.

"Fines" began pouring some oily liquid into the test-tube. "As I was saying before being almost bodily attacked by this uncouth youth," he intoned to the class, "if we add a little zinc to hydrochloric acid, the hydrogen of the acid will be replaced . . ."

At the word "acid," "X's" hand shook and the yellow liquid danced in the sunlight.

" . . . A small piece of granulated zinc into the acid and we shall see the hydrogen bubble off."

Ah, well, sounded harmless enough, really.

(Continued on Page 9, Column 3)



Off-duty smartness

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SEVEN YEARS OF JUNIOR SIGNALMEN

"Brummy"-born Lieut. Pete Wheatley was educated at Wrekin College and Birmingham University, graduating in 1949, Bachelor of Law. Later that year he joined the Welch Regiment, but after a very few weeks was transferred to the RAEC.

From 1952-55 he was in the Far East, either in Japan or Korea, and it was there that he made his name as a military journalist, working for six hectic months as sports editor of the Korean Base Gazette in Pusan. In 1955 he returned to the UK to tackle a new job—the education of Junior Leaders. His enthusiasm for this work and increasing success of his methods and approach has kept him with this regiment until two or three weeks ago, and he is not lost to the cause. The new Army Apprentice School for the RAPC at Winchester is benefiting now from his talents as teacher and journalist.



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, YIELD PLACE TO THE NEW"

THE OLDEST INHABITANT

To the younger readers, seven and a half years service with one Regiment must seem like a lifetime. Older soldiers will dismiss the matter with a casual: "Must have been a cushy number," or even, "He's had some racket."

However, looking back from the time when I reported to this unit in May, 1955, it doesn't really seem like any of these things.

I had just returned from the Far East when I received instructions to report to 6 (Boys) Training Regiment, Royal Signals, at Beverley, in Yorkshire. It was with some trepidation that I faced up to this prospect. Visions of young hooligans wielding rifles instead of bicycle-chains flitted through my mind in an Army-fied version of "The Blackboard Jungle," intermingled with the angelic faces of a cathedral choir who all

belonged to the Boy Scout movement. However, Army Boys were neither!

The only other members of the camp who were at Beverley with me—arriving after me, anyway—were WO II Leighton, returned after service in the Far East, and Cpl. Taylor (M. T.), who tried civilian life for a while.

During this time I have managed to get through four Commanding Officers (Cols. Connor, Baker, Gregory and Holifield) and four Regimental Sergeants-Major (WOs I Thompson, Pavey F., Latimer and Pavey S.).

Yet these seven and a half years didn't seem so very long until a couple of months ago, when a new Signals Sergeant was posted in. I am referring to Sgt. Whorrol (Junior Wing), whom I remember as a Boy with this Regiment. This made me feel that I was a very old man; a veritable "Has-Been," in fact. Fortunately for my own peace of mind, War Office must have simultaneously come to the same conclusion, for I now find myself posted from this unit.

So inventories can now be revized, as the Regiment's "oldest inhabitant" finally

bows himself out to fresh pastures, handing over this somewhat dubious title to Drum-Major Alan Yates, BEM.

High Standards

So personnel have arrived and departed, both Staff and Junior Leaders; the location has changed, and so has the Regiment's title. What of the Unit itself? The atmosphere and feeling below the surface?

There is now a far higher standard of Junior Leader in present-day Denbury than was the old Beverley Boy. Crime statistics are well down, such unhealthy practices as bullying and sheer destructiveness are now practically non-existent. Old records reveal class distribution in 1955 to boast ten classes studying for the Junior Certificate of Education (which included too preliminary education for semi-illiterates), ten classes studying for Intermediate, and four classes studying for Senior. Now we boast 16 Intermediate classes, 12 Senior classes, and two Post-Senior Classes doing work for G.C.E., etc.

Continued on Page 7, Column 2.

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READERS' CORNER

COLONEL GREGORY WRITES . . .

Before I left Denbury I promised to write a brief account, from time to time, of my adventures as I progressed along the road to the East. Now that Nijmegen is behind me, and my feet are once again normal and free of blisters, the time is appropriate to send best wishes and greetings to all at Denbury and to the readers of the 'Junior Mercury.' I am well, the Vanguard Adventurer is still in one piece—without bumps or abrasions—and the way ahead looks promising.

During the past 3,000 miles I have travelled all over the Rheinland and the valley of the Mosel. I have tasted more good wine than I dare admit in my diary, and my knowledge of the German language has improved from song to song. Looking at Germany and its people from a sort of telephoto point of view is very different from the picture presented to the average service man stationed in the country. The customs, manners and behaviour of the people are more easily understood when one is living in a German household, as a temporary member of the community, or when drinking wine with a number of wine-farmers at the end of a day's work.

There is, of course, a great deal that I find difficult to digest, and this post-war Germany is still too desperately interested in money to concern itself with the romantic aspirations of visitors who come to the Rhein looking for good music and genuine good wine. For this reason, I think, most holiday-makers weather out their fortnight walking, looking, wasting money, generally getting bored but hating to admit it, and finally depart disillusioned and disappointed. In a broad sense, money triumphs as the only link between guest and host.

But there are other aspects. By chance, on one occasion I visited an hotel on the Rhein, near Bopard, catering principally for tourists. A noisy party was in full swing and, in the best Denbury tradition, I was prepared to join in. The locals had given a handsome rendering of Loreley, Einmal am Rhein and Die Augen so blau when the "Englanders" present were asked to perform. After some fuss and a little bother, the matter was thoroughly discussed and the locals were treated to a feast of the "Hokee Kokee," which they received with polite applause and obviously accepted as being typically British. Asked what I thought about it, I voiced a preference for the Twist and the Eightsome Reel.

About a week after this experience, I was staying with a German family and they invited me to their local one evening to listen to the "Leader Crans Lichtendof" (the village choir). Now this was not only a fine privilege but a most enjoyable experience. The choir is entirely non-professional and has been in existence for 50 years. It assembles once a week in the local, named after the village Lichtendof, and has done so since it was formed. The conductor is a charming and talented man by the name of Georg Pompe. The Haus Lichtendof is the home and club of the choir; in fact, all who frequent the place are in one way or another connected with the choir. The singing was delightful and I enjoyed every minute of it. Although I provided the entire audience, I clapped with as much gusto as I often did in the cinema at Denbury. My reactions were quite good, for I remembered the small tape-recorder in my car and fetched it to make a 15-minute recording, which is now on its way to London. I was treated wonderfully well by all at the Lichtendof, and among the many stories I heard I was particularly interested

to learn that Beethoven was a regular visitor there over 100 years ago.

In Koblenz one weekend I stopped by a small international hotel (at least, that was the boast of the management), and the head waiter assured me that all the members of the staff belonged to the local operatic group. I was introduced to the Pusta Keller, and there met Paul Keil, one of the most talented musicians on the Rhein. He has many compositions to his credit, and spends all his nights, until three o'clock each morning, playing the piano—combined with an electronic organ keyboard—which provides an orchestral backing for the piano. Just how he manages both together was quite beyond me, but the result made very pleasant listening. During the course of the evening, various members of the staff, including the chef, appeared and sang a wide selection of favourites, mostly at the request of the guests. When I left to return to my camp near the Loreley I took with me the memory of that lovely melody, "Mary of Argyll" (which can stand up to any one of the German folk songs) played especially for me, the pleasant taste of Hungarian Tokai and a recording of the evening's entertainment.

I spent the best part of a fortnight camped on the Loreley, and it was here that my interest in the legends of the Rhein was aroused. Worms, Mayence, Johannisberg, Bingen; each one a fascinating story, all of them interesting and there are very many more. I could spend the rest of this year collecting such stories and recording the ballads written about them. The superstitions surrounding many still influence local customs and beliefs.

The moral of all this is that a visit to Germany cannot be satisfactorily accomplished by looking at the surface and judging from there. Germany offers what it thinks the tourist wants, and both can be so unhappily wrong. All that is best must be discovered, a long and often expensive process. At the Lichtendof I thought of how much good the Junior Leaders choir could do by undertaking a tour of the continent as a free and voluntary adventure. People are best convinced of goodwill and good intentions by deeds, and never more than when they are accompanied by music and good singing.

The Regiment was very much missed at Nijmegen, and I was asked to send you good wishes by the Canadians, the Israelis and the Garrison Commander, Colonel Vargouve. Some Canadian boys marched this year, and there were a few cadets from the U.K. The Metropolitan Police were represented by both men and women, and the usual contingents came from Germany. The Swiss appeared in greater strength than ever and, in fact, their Chief of Army Staff took up his residence in Nijmegen to watch his army perform. There is a danger of Nijmegen becoming an army exercise, and a highly competitive one at that; something that must never happen to Ten Tors.

There were fewer bands and altogether much less of the traditional Nijmegen spirit. The same old songs were there: "She'll be coming round the mountain," "Roll me over," and the rest of them. "Hi-jig-a-jig" came screaming around most corners when teams found themselves without anything more original to offer but, walking alone, I was fortunately able to avoid most of it. For five years I have tramped along the flat roads of Nijmegen, and always in the company of jolly good chaps, knowing that

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it was not the marching but the spirit of the thing that mattered.

There were not so many people this year, but more nations took part. The total was a few more than 12,000 from 20 nations, and about 200,000 visitors. If something like this could happen in South Devon for Ten Tors week every year for young people, what a wonderful thing it would be—and it is well within the bounds of possibility. I marched for a while with the Swiss, the Israelis, with the Dutch, the R.A.F., and with the canoe part from the Royal Sussex Regiment. The latter had crossed the Channel in canoes and were continuing their journey through Europe after the marches. Of all the service contingents I saw, they were certainly the smartest and most business-like. Their captain invited me to march-in with them on the final day, but my conscience urged me to march alone, complete with Balaclava (toorie up), and with the memory of 200 companions, all of whom I hope to meet next year.

I would like to thank you all for the wonderful send-off from Denbury, and this is a good opportunity to thank General Whistler and all ranks Royal Signals and General Cubbon for their good wishes before I left.

Lancel Hejory.

THE RADIO SHOW

MY DEAR HOLIFIELD.—I was most impressed with the young men you sent to me at Earls Court to help man our stand at this year's Radio Show. They all worked extremely hard, were, of course, well turned-out, well-behaved, and a credit to your Regiment.

The stand, covering some 6,000 square feet, was large; the show itself was open for 11 days, and for each day it was open for almost 12 hours; and the overall attendance at the show was in the region of 400,000.

I am sure your young men gained a lot of useful experience; from my point of view they did a very good job of work indeed, and I am grateful to you and to them for the tremendous assistance they gave.

I feel that the stand, overall, gave a lot of very useful publicity to Royal Signals in its three branches, and I have already got 50 new members as a result of it.

Again, many thanks to you, and with all good wishes.—Yours, etc.,

E. W. MILNER,

Lt.-Col., O.B.E., T.D.

65th Signal Regiment, T.A., Worship-street, London, E.C.2.

(The Colonel congratulates J/RSM Wilson, J/SSM Hawkins, J/Sgt. Mills, J/L/Cpl. Allison, J/Sigs. Cook, Woodhead and Farrell on receiving this handsome tribute for their work at the show).

SEVEN YEARS OF JUNIOR SIGNALMEN

(Continued from Page 5)

More Compact

Another major change has been the inclusion of Junior Wing within the Regiment. In the Beverley days, Recruit Troop (as Junior Wing was known then) was at Selby but, on transfer down to Denbury, the two units were combined. This has made for a far greater sense of continuation for any Signals Junior Leader.

Always Prominent in Sport

Sporting achievements of the unit have always been high, and I can recall: two successive years with the Boxing Cup for Junior Leaders at Denbury; two successive years when we have held the Army (Junior) Rugby Cup; three times when our basketball teams have won their way to the Army final pool; our recent success as Junior Leaders athletic team runners-up; an exciting football final when the Engineers beat us so narrowly, etc.

Every year has brought with it its own triumphs and its stars. The Staff, too, despite their small numbers, have always had successful sporting teams. The Beverley rugby XV. was very strong. We have won South-Western District Major and Minor Unit hockey, basketball, water polo and football cups, and competed strongly on each occasion for Southern Command honours.

The name of Denbury lives high in the District sporting records.

Never a Dull Moment

However, my final feelings with regard to the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, are with regard to the fullness of the life. To any Boy or member of the staff, or anybody else connected with Denbury Camp, I can offer but a few words: "Throw your heart and soul into all the activities." You will get your own reward, for the essential of the camp lies in its very happy atmosphere.

PETE WHEATLEY.

JUNIOR MERCURY

New Editorial Staff

Peter Whapham; John Fletcher

Sub-Editors: Sgt. Den. O'Connor and WO. II. Reg Rodriguez

Pictures: Major Jack Woodcock

Reporters:

J/Signalmen Rod Mawer, Nigel Oakley, Roy Wilson, Phil Weightman, Frank Taylor, Dave Gilchrist, Mike Castle

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**MAJ. HARRY ROTHWELL, MBE,
ROYAL SIGNALS**

Maj. Rothwell arrived at Denbury in 1959 from the School of Infantry, Hythe, as a Captain, and immediately became No. 1 Jerboan. In October, 1959, he went to London to meet the young soldiers from the Norwegian Signal School at Lillehammer and to bring them to the Regiment for their visit. This was the start of one of the happiest associations of this camp.

When Maj. Parker relinquished command of 2 Squadron to assume the duties of Second-in-Command, Capt. Rothwell was promoted and became Squadron Commander. On November 11, 1960, he wrote a personal letter to Field-Marshal Slim, of Burma fame, asking if 2 Squadron could assume the name "Slim Squadron." Field-Marshal Slim readily agreed and pledged his interest and support. The name of Slim Squadron, Denbury, is now followed with affection throughout the Royal Signals.

A great sportsman, Maj. Rothwell represents the Corps at hockey, and is also keenly interested in canoeing. He has given a great deal of his time to supporting 'Junior Mercury,' and has encouraged and helped

WO II Wheatley in his long hours of toil as editor.

But one will remember Maj. Harry Rothwell most for his vitality and humour. In a Regiment with so many activities, and such lively young men, his impact has been immeasurable. He has done great work here at Denbury for the future of the Royal Signals in their global communications work by providing innumerable first-class NCOs for the Corps.

Maj. Rothwell's posting is to 2 Signal Regiment, Munster, where he is to command 206 Signal Squadron. We wish him good luck in his new appointment. Not least, BAOR will be blessed with the most graceful performer of the "pas de basque" ever to have perfected these intricate Highland steps in Devon!

On behalf of the Regiment, 'Junior Mercury' offers Mrs. Rothwell best wishes. May she and the children enjoy a happy tour in Germany.



MAJ. GEORGE DAVIES, B.Sc., RAEC

Maj. Davies joined this Regiment from the Royal Military College of Science, where he was a physics lecturer and research worker.

For the past year he has, with Mr. Hugh Price, shared the Senior Physics and Mathematics teaching at Education Wing. He has specialized in coaching the most forward students for GCE, and set up a new educational group—Senior Four. This group consists of advanced students who are taught tutorially, receiving individual attention from instructors.

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CAMP

Maj. Davies is posted to the Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, Perthshire, to take up a new appointment as House Master. We wish him the best of luck in Scotland and good tennis next summer. As a Corps player, worthy opposition must be hard to find!

WO II MALCOLM IRVINE

WO II Irvine has now left the Army and is living on his 40-acre hill farm in North Wales, where he rears Welsh ponies. He is well remembered by the Regiment and throughout South Devon as a fearless rider "over the sticks," and he goes with our kindest thoughts for a happy future.

LT. HUGH BONAHER

Lt. Bonaker is an old friend of this Regiment, and who has been visiting us in the past between studies at the Military College of Science. It appears that his recent visit will be his last, as he will be pretty heavily involved at Shrivenham. The Regiment wishes him good luck with his research work and all his interests, and thanks him for his efforts for the Regiment on the sports field and in adventure training.

SGT. ANDY JAMIESON

We send best wishes to Sgt. Jamieson in Tripolitania, and thank him for all he has done in raising the standard of radio procedure here. May his car not break down so often, as it is a long way to the nearest water-hole!

ERMINGTON FETE

The band marched through the village, played fanfares, and Beat Retreat at Ermington on September 15. Many villagers spoke to a reporter who visited Ermington afterwards, and said how much they had appreciated a fine display of marching and military music.

TRANSPORT TEMPTED

On the Duke of Edinburgh's Silver Award expedition, during the first week of term, a footsore group of Kohimans were saved from temptation by the perfectly-timed arrival of a touring pair of supervisors.

A friendly offer of a lift from a passing lorry reduced the Patrol to tottering indecision: submit to weariness or be braced by conscience.

As the scales slowly sank on the side of weariness, the appearance of the mocking grins of S/Sgts. Tug Wilson and Geof Pilling reddened at least one pair of ears. The Patrol's decision was quickly made!

(It is not true that this particularly Junior Leader was actually on the back of the lorry.—ED.).

BOTTLED MESSAGE

J/L/Cpl. Thomson, of Romulus Troop, while on an initiative scheme at Slapton Sands, threw a bottle, with a message in it, into the sea. Eighty-eight days later he was surprised when he got a letter from France. To his amazement, when he opened the letter, he found his message had been discovered by the Town Clerk of Cherbourg, M. Joseph Ryst, on Morsalinies Beach, near St. Waast, La Hougue.

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED?

Her name is Rosemary, and she was last seen in Teignmouth. She is easily recognizable by her red bottom, is about 15 feet long. So please look out for her, as Staff-Sergeant Vallack is rather perturbed about her loss.

He declined to tell our reporter which Troop had actually mislaid the canoe, but it is noticeable that mauve is no longer his favourite colour. The Officer i/c Canoeing flatly refuses to discuss the subject.

BABES-ON-THE-MOOR

Work has begun on the Denbury Christmas pantomime, "Babes-on-the-Moor." Mr. Mike Grant is the overall producer of the show

"X"-PLOSION

(Continued from Page 4)

"The test for hydrogen is that it burns with a blue flame or with a mild, popping explosion. . . Carry on, 'X.'"

"X" looked wildly at "Fines," who smiled sweetly and said: "Come on, laddie." "X" looked wildly at his class-mates, who all stared back at him and their eyes said brutally: "Get on with it, Pogo."

"X" took the sliver of grey metal from "Fines," hating him, hating him. But this was the test; the battle of wills. He screwed up courage and popped it into the acid, which began fizzing away merrily.

The instructor now handed him a burning taper. Almost faint with fear, tottering, "X" thrust it into the tube. There was an immediate roar and a flame like a blue snake licked "Fines'" crinkly hair. His eyes grew to the size of his lenses, round and white. There was a distinct smell of singeing.

"X" had won again.

"Ah, sir," he smiled, "perhaps *you* are tired of life."

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CLUBS REVIEW

MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

This term the Mountaineering Club has a new leader, Mr. A. Cooksley. He proposes to continue the regular weekly excursions to Hay Tor and Hound Tor, but also has plans for visiting the Dewarstone and Bosigtan frequently. It is here that rock-climbing skills can be developed more fully and the techniques of this exciting sport perfected.

As a break from going up, it is planned to take the club down into the vases at Buckfastleigh. The maze of tunnels which exists there offers countless opportunities for exploration and adventure which, above all else, is the essence of a club such as this.

FILMING

Major Jack Woodcock is now running the Camera Club. As well as the still photography which has been done in the past, he hopes to interest Junior Leaders in cine-work, eventually leading up to making short films at Denbury.

ART CLUB PROSPECTS

After an uncertain period, the Art Clubs have been given the go-ahead on the pottery project which Mr. Tysoe hopes to have under way by the end of this term at the latest. All materials required have been applied for, with the exception of the kiln, which is being sought from various sources by Major Rogers and his agents!

The printing hobby has come to life again at the Art Centre, under the able guidance of Mr. Jim Mann. So now we have Art, Signwriting and Printing linked under one roof, with the prospect of an extension into pottery.

J/Sig. Angell, of White Spear, has produced a fine wood carving of his ferret—a first attempt at this craft—which has been entered for the Army Art and Crafts Exhibition held later this month, and we hope that he may produce another "first" for Denbury in this sphere.

A fine ink drawing, an interesting rug, and a most graceful 14-foot slalom canoe have accompanied the carving to the exhibition in London.

Following the addition of a painting for St. George's Chapel, a new project for a concrete and glass "wall window" is now under way. This should prove to be an exciting departure for the club. Young Regimental artists are already working with Mr. Tysoe on the designs.



The Sailing Club at Shaldon

by Lt. Knowles

Six members of the club now make up a separate oil painting class and are studying the techniques involved in painting in this medium.

With all these new exciting activities steaming along under its roof, it's no wonder that one can hardly enter the Art Room without smudging a wet canvas or knocking a pot of hot glue off the boil!

WIVES CLUB

The end of term bring and buy sale held in the Senior NCO's Mess was a great success, and £2 2s. 6d. was raised for the Torbay Spastic Children's Fund.

We are sorry to lose so many of our members recently and wish them luck on their travels: Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Nye, Mrs. Hewson, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Hammond.

The Denbury Ladies Shooting Club was a great success. Mrs. Price was best shot for the term, with Mrs. Whapham a close second.

PIPE BAND

The CO is forging ahead with his plans for the pipe band. He is delighted with the splendid turnout of the two pipers, and pledges that new pipers will be similarly dressed and equipped.

SWIMMING

Lt. Lang has planned a course of instruction this term, leading up to the Bronze Medallion for Life-Saving.

CYCLING

A decision has been made to keep the Regimental racing cycles for the club only. Some of the "sit-up-and-beg" variety will be acquired for general use.

FILM SOCIETY

Capt. Whapham has written to the British Film Institute in the hope that a Film Society may be formed at Denbury. A small tentative first winter programme is planned of four sessions: In November, Russian; December, Swedish; January, Japanese; February, Greek.

MORE SOCCER RESULTS

Sept. 22.—Watcombe Villa 'A,' home, 13-0 (Chisholm 8).

Sept. 23.—Totnes Youth Club, 1-1.

Sept. 26.—Teignmouth Grammar School; 6-1.

Sept. 29.—Kingsbridge Grammar School; 7-2 (Chisholm 6).

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Junior Leaders Regiment, R. Signals v. Junior Leaders Regiment, RAOC

On a perfect footballing day, in the midst of a colourful display of balaclavas worn by the home spectators, the two teams took the field prepared for a "take all, give nothing" match to decide who would go forward into the next round of the Cup.

As they lined up, the teams added to the colour of the scene; the "Bovington Boys" in their strip of cavalry red and yellow, and the Regimental maroon contrasting with the green of the pitch.

In the opening stages of the game both teams looked very evenly matched, and we, the spectators, realized we were in for a display of keen football, as both sides struggled to gain control. The Regiment soon gained the initiative, not only on the ground of pure football but by sheer guts, being faster and harder into the tackle and being keener to chase the loose ball. The RAC were playing good, constructive football, but seemed to lack the energy of the Regiment, who were playing as if Denbury soil was Wembley turf.

The RAC forwards clicked well and built up some piercing attacking moves, but their efforts came to nothing against the fierce tackling of Shiell, the stalwart combination of Douglas and Campbell, the full backs; the anticipation of Lyth and the presence of Nelson, our centre-half, whose cool control of the situation made the spectators think that RAC would never score.

While the Regiment's defence was more than holding its own, the forward line was also beginning to exert itself, backed by some good, constructive play by wing-half Wicks. From a rather poor start, when Chisholm appeared to be on his own, harrying the goalkeeper at every turn, the other forwards came into their own. It was only a question of time before we took the lead. Chisholm was chasing everything which moved in the penalty area, and one of the first two goals was his deserved reward. The example of both goals was the encouragement the other forwards needed. Prior and Walker, the Regiment's wingers, beat man after man, and it was poetic justice itself when Prior, after beating all the opposing defence, cut in to score a goal which left the RAC goalkeeper gasping. Soon after Prior's goal came half-time, and the Regiment took the rest with their tails well in the air.

At the start of the second half the Regiment was really on top, and the valiant efforts of the RAC could not hold them

down. The home forwards now began to monopolize the scene, and the hard play of our wing-halves was beginning to tell. The visitors' defence had no answer to the speed of inside-left Farquhar, who time after time completely out-passed and out-witted them. The goal of the match was the outcome of a run by Nelson, the Regiment's inside-right, who moved very quickly on to a loose ball in the centre circle, ran with it for 20 yards down the right wing and then put in a lob from 30 yards which left the goalkeeper helpless. Taking example from this lob, Chisholm again broke loose and put in a perfectly controlled lob which left the goalie pawing empty air.

At this stage the visitors lost their goalkeeper, and were now forced to face the onslaught of the Regiment with only ten men.

Time was now beginning to tell on the 100 per cent effort of the Regiment. The defence began to rest on Nelson and Douglas and the safe hands of Lyth. Walker, on the left wing, had run himself into the ground, and only Farquhar was looking dangerous in the forward line. Taking advantage of a momentary lapse, the visitors cut through to score their only goal. As if in answer to this, Prior, summoning energy from nowhere, burst through and scored the final goal.

Seldom has the Regimental team played so well as a whole, and seldom has a score of 6-1 been so difficult to earn or so well deserved.

Team: Lyth; Douglas, Campbell; Wicks, Nelson M., Shiell; Prior, Nelson G., Chisholm, Farquhar, Walker 500. G.P.

JUNIOR LEADERS REGIMENT v. UPTON YOUTH CLUB

Played at Watcombe on Saturday, September 15, and won 7-3.

The game was played on a blustery day, and this probably caused our XI. a certain difficulty in settling down. Several defensive errors allowed our opponents to get on top and score three goals before the interval. Several chances of levelling the scores were wasted.

After a team reshuffle, the whole team settled down, and goals came at regular intervals. The third, to level the scores, was a tremendous header by Nelson from a well-placed corner kick from Prior. Nelson followed this up by a brilliant goal from 25 yards out. By now the defence settled down with Chisholm keeping a firm grip in the middle.

The final score of 7-3 was a satisfactory start, but every player must be able to last the full 90 minutes and not give up when beaten.

Scorers: Nelson (5), Vaughan, Jenkins.

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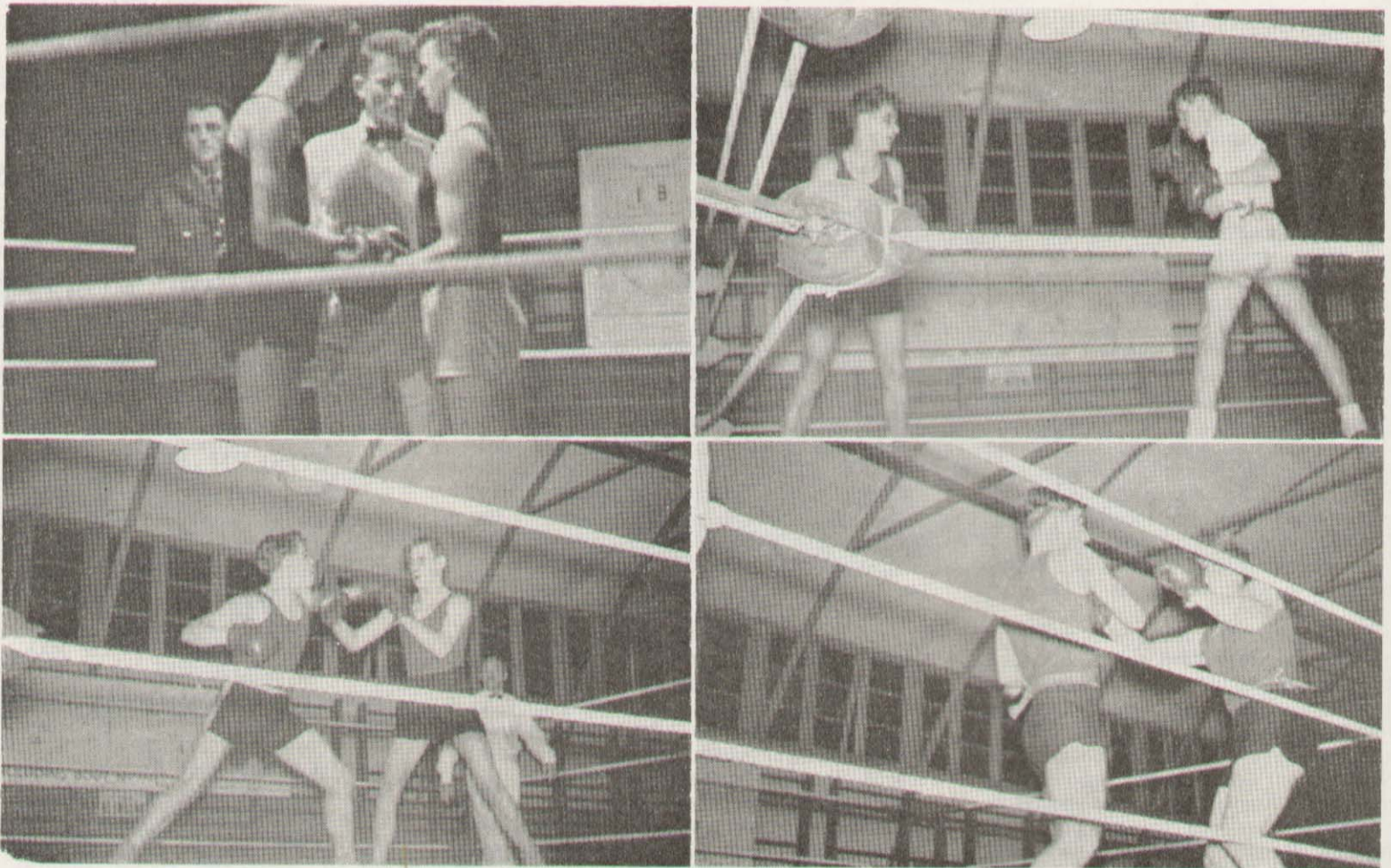
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JERBOA TOPS TROOP BOXING



Top Left—Wilson, Gue, S/Sgt. Henly, Burman
Bottom Left—Barnard (Javelin) v. Marchant (Iron)

Top Right—Trenchard (Kukri) v. Martin (Jerboa)
Bottom Right—Nelson (Romulus) v. Cooper (Quadrant)

IN A TREMENDOUS FINISH, WATSON BEAT WATHEN OF KUKRI TO CLINCH THE MATCH FOR JERBOA

CLASS A

Midge (7st)	Paul (Quadrant)
Mosquito (7st 7lb)	McCabe (Jerboa)
Flyweight (8st)	Norgrove (Iron)
Bantamweight (8st 7lb)	Hunter (Javelin)
Featherweight (9st)	Whalley (Francisca)
Lightweight (9st 7lb)	Henry (Romulus)
Light Welterweight (10st)	Docherty (Kohima)
Welterweight (10st 7lb)	Glennon (Javelin)

CLASS B

Mosquito (7st 7lb)	McKnight (Jerboa)
Flyweight (8st)	Witherington (Kukri)
Bantamweight (8st 7lb)	Simpson (Kukri)
Featherweight (9st)	Turner-Howe (Kukri)
Lightweight (9st 7lb)	Le Page (Iron)
Light Welterweight (10st)	McManus (Quadrant)
Welterweight (10st 7lb)	Campbell (Quadrant)
Light Middleweight (11st)	Murphy (Kukri)
Middleweight (11st 7lb)	Nelson (Romulus)

CLASS C

Flyweight (8st)	Davies (Quadrant)
Bantamweight (8st 7lb)	Hargreaves (Iron)
Featherweight (9st)	Martin (Jerboa)
Lightweight (9st 7lb)	Cook (Jerboa)
Light Welterweight (10st)	Barnard (Javelin)
Welterweight (10st 8lb)	Gue (Quadrant)
Light Middleweight (11st 2lb)	Radford (Romulus)
Middleweight (11st 11lb)	Watson (Jerboa)

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