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JUNIOR DRUM-MAJOR HOPKINS

PRESENTS THE

BAOR TOUR

1963



CORNISH CAMPS ISSUE

(SEE INSIDE PAGES)



by Capt. Joyner

A JUNIOR LEADER'S IMPRESSION OF DARTMOOR (1)

Dartmoor is a volcanic region where the rocks, known as Tors, were made by heat and the earth's crust shrinking. Perhaps millions of years ago there were great volcanoes bursting into life and spewing out the white hot lava that cooled into Tors.

Eventually time and weather eroded the rocks into some of the well known shapes of today.

The bogs and what soil there is were made through the erosion of the Tors. The bogs are made of the eroded rocks which are worn away by the North Westerly winds and causes mud to be formed. This mud is covered by algae which camouflages the bogs and causes a spongy feeling beneath the feet.

This moor soaks up every drop of water that falls upon it like a giant sponge. If the water is not used to make mud it is poured or squeezed into rivers that stream down from the heart of the moors to the sea. The other way which the water is dispersed is by mists. During the night the moor must shrink with the cold temperatures on it, for the temperature range is very great, and the water is squeezed out as water vapour that forms the silent mists that roam the night. And they will continue to roam for a long time across the lonely expanse of wilderness.

by "223," Iron Troop.

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

Alexander Squadron put their feet up after a hard day's walking at the Nijmegen marches.

A JUNIOR LEADER'S IMPRESSION OF DARTMOOR (2)

Most Junior Leaders think of Dartmoor as a great expanse of mountainous and boggy land, unwanted and uncared for by man or beast.

It takes up the greatest part of Devon so this explains why people hereabouts are so under-developed. Personally I think it would be a lot better if it was cemented over and made into a large roller skating rink. When you are walking over it, it seems that all the hills are one sided, that is, you walk up one side but it does not go down on the other side. Although there are a few good things to do on Dartmoor the bad ones outnumber them by about one hundred to one. Junior Leaders never get lost, even when we have to find a small box in that great expanse of nothingness, in the middle of a misty and wet night, and especially when some fool has put the boxes in the wrong places (Chalky is far from an exception). Most people think that Manchester is very wet, obviously they have never visited Dartmoor as it is the only known place in the world where it never stops raining. Many mystery books have been written about Dartmoor and, believe me, it is a very mysterious place.

What with one-side hills, a perpetual mist like a khaki curtain, and the "Spectre of the Moor" (Capt. J) the only thing to do is try and persuade yourself that it doesn't really exist.

J/L.Cpl. TICH HADRICK, Iron Troop.

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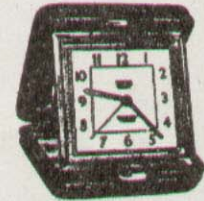
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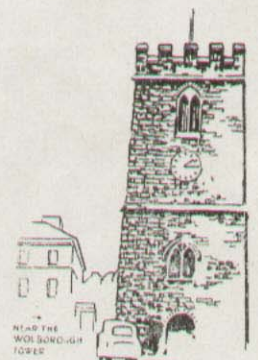
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THOUGHTS ON PENHALE AND PLANS FOR SUMMER CAMP, 1964

We all enjoyed the Camp at PENHALE and we returned to DENBURY much fitter and tougher, having gained considerable experience in the more adventurous types of out-of-doors activities. The programme included a lot of cliff-climbing, sailing, canoeing and swimming, all of which are potentially hazardous occupations, and it has been a source of great satisfaction to me that throughout the entire camp not one of our Junior Leaders or one member of the Staff was involved in any serious accident or incident. This reflects great credit on the instructional staff and the Junior Leaders.

As a consequence of the climbing undertaken at BOSIGRAN, we have discovered a number of boys interested in this form of activity and I hope that some of them will be trained over the next few months to act as assistant climbing instructors in the Regiment. Sailing and canoeing at MYLOR proved very popular and we have several boys who should reach the standard of Class 'C' Helmsmen during their stay at Denbury.

There was no opportunity in the rough Cornish seas to teach boys to swim, but a large number of swimmers learned the rudiments of surfing. During the coming winter, parties of Junior Leaders will be visiting the indoor swimming bath at TORQUAY on three afternoons a week and I hope that most of our non-swimmers will have passed the Regimental Swimming Test by EASTER. Until you have passed this test you will not be permitted to sail or canoe with the Regiment, so make the most of this chance!

The night field exercises at PENHALE proved very popular and added realism to our training in infantry tactics. A night infantry exercise has been included this term in the Adventure Training programme.

I have already started the planning for a summer camp in 1964. I propose to hold the Camp immediately after Examination week, at the end of the summer term. I intend that the whole Regiment will move to Camp, including the Junior Squadron boys, who will join their Troops before the Camp. I shall select three Camp sites, in Cornwall if possible, each one capable of accommodating a Squadron. The Squadron camps will be tented and each will be sited so that the emphasis

for training can be directed on to one particular group of activities. The Squadrons will rotate round the Camps, spending three-four days in each.

Next summer seems a long way ahead, but it will soon be here. It will be pleasant in the months to come, when the wind whistles across the Square at DENBURY and we trudge through the snow on DARTMOOR, to savour the memories of PENHALE 1963 and to look forward in anticipation to a longer and even better camp in 1964.

Alan Holmes



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Capt. Westlake leaping into his Helicopter.

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FOR THE FASTEST MAN BETWEEN MARBLE ARCH AND THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE

In 1909 the first aircraft flight across the English Channel was made. This flight was made by a Frenchman named Bleriot, piloting a crude machine made of string, wood and linen, and powered by a 12 h.p. engine. This first channel crossing was brought about by a competition organised by the "Daily Mail" newspaper and for his courageous flight Bleriot was awarded a prize of £500.

Since 1909 the "Daily Mail" has openly encouraged flying and the aircraft industry. It came, therefore, as no surprise when it was announced that in the Summer of 1959 a Bleriot anniversary air race would be held. The "Daily Mail" offered a first prize of £1,000 to the individual who could attain the fastest time travelling between the Marble Arch in London and the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. The route chosen and the method of travel were left to competitors but the actual channel crossing had to be made by air.

The competition seized the public imagination and throughout England and France private individuals, clubs and service organisations became interested. In June of 1959 the Royal Corps of Signals decided to enter a team, the object being not only to win the race but also to attempt to boost recruiting in the Corps. The Corps committee decided to make four entries, three officers to be chosen from the Training Brigade, Royal Signals and one from the British Army of the Rhine. I was most fortunate to be the officer selected from BAOR.

The method by which the Corps team was to travel provided many problems. Obviously motor cycles had to be used as at that time the trade of Despatch Rider was still in being. An aeroplane was essential and after much haggling, a Hawker Hunter trainer, plus pilot, was obtained from the RAF. This pilot was to have very mixed feelings as the Corps team at times looked as though it would defeat the RAF team.

On the 27th of June, 1959, I left Germany for Paris accompanied by Sgt. Burrows who as a keen motor cyclist was to organise the movement of competitors on the ground. On the 29th of June we descended upon SHAPE Signal Squadron and with their help started organising the Paris side for the Corps team. It was up to us two to reconnoitre Paris for possible routes from the Arc de Triomphe to be used in the race and to contact people who could be of assistance.

For the next two days we toured Paris by "Land Rover" and decided on the two routes which we thought would be the quickest and most likely. The start of the race from Paris was the Arc de Triomphe, the nearest landing ground suitable for Jet aircraft was at Villacoublay some nine miles from the Arc. The only helicopter landing ground was the Heligare de Paris at Issy les Molyneux. Our two alternatives were either to go from the Arc to Villacoublay by motor cycle, or to go from the Arc to Issy by motor cycle and from there to Villacoublay by helicopter. A helicopter was obviously needed and after a phone call to London, one was promised. Our choice was then for a short motor cycle trip, a helicopter flight and then on by Jet.

In London much the same had been happening, Major Peter Morton, our team captain had made very nearly the same choice that we had made in Paris. Biggin Hill of war time fame was the nearest airfield to London on which a Jet could land. This was too far from the centre of London to make travel by road feasible, once again a helicopter was to be used. There was no suitable helicopter landing ground in the centre of London and so it was decided to use the Chelsea mud flats at low tide. From the mud a competitor was to be whisked up the embankment by means of a "death slide" and thence by motor cycle to the Marble Arch. The route was reversible a competitor could of course travel from Paris to London or London to Paris.

In a few days much had been accomplished. Clearance was given for aircraft landing, motor cycles had been obtained from Triumphs and of great importance a communication network had been set up in Paris and London and the two linked by a cross-channel teleprinter link. These communications networks were to prove vital in the control of our attempts in the race.

On Friday, 3rd July, Major Peter Morton arrived in Paris and at last we were in the picture as to the on which we were to compete. The next day Captain Gordon-Walker arrived in Paris from Germany with ten despatch riders, these were to drive competitors through the Paris traffic. Captain Walker's task was to control the Paris end of the race and maintain a close liaison with London.

On 4th July, Major Moreton and I left Paris for London, we spent the whole of the next day motor cycling over the routes we were to use in London. On the 6th of July we travelled to RAF Chivenor in North Devon. Here I met the other two Royal Signals competitors, Captain Jimmy Robinson and 2nd Lt. Barry Lynch. We spent the day flying in Hawker Hunters a novel if somewhat alarming experience. We also met Squadron Leader Howlett who was to be our pilot across the Channel.

On Tuesday, 7th July, we moved to Middle Wallop and there met Squadron Leader Twiggs the officer commanding 1 Joint Experimental Helicopter Unit. He was to provide a helicopter in Paris and London for our use. We spent the rest of that day getting used to helicopters, this was less alarming than Hawker Hunters! That evening we all returned to London.

Wednesday was spent learning the London road routes from Marble Arch to the embankment. On the embankment the Royal Engineers had rigged up a death slide to carry competitors from river to street level. Thursday was spent making "dummy" runs between Biggin Hill and the Marble Arch.

On Friday we all four went to Paris and spent the remainder of that day and all the next practising pillion riding through the Paris traffic, from which experience we were mildly surprised to emerge unscathed. Saturday night Captain Robinson and 2nd Lt. Lynch returned to London to make their attempt from that end, while Major Morton and I tied up the final details in Paris over the weekend.

Monday, 13th July, was the first day of the race. Royal Signals did not compete this day but we made two practise attempts—Captain Robinson made his attempt from London in 56 minutes, while I made a similar practise from Paris to London in 61 minutes. In the evening we returned to our respective bases and spent the next day in smoothing out what difficulties we had encountered on the practise runs.

Wednesday, 15th July, dawned bright and clear, the day of the first Signals attempt. 2nd Lt. Lynch was first, travelling from Marble Arch to Battersea Heliport thence to Biggin Hill, flying to Villacoublay and from there by road and helicopter to the Arc de Triomphe—his time was 57 minutes 3 seconds. Signals had broken the record by 44 seconds, but we only had the record for four hours!

In the afternoon I made the second attempt for Royal Signals, going from the Arc to Issy by motor cycle, thence to Villacoublay by helicopter, then in a Hawker Hunter jet to Biggin Hill, the helicopter to Chelsea Embankment and then by motor cycle to Marble Arch. The time taken was 45 minutes 53 seconds, and once again we held the record—this time for one hour!

Thursday and Friday were spent in both Paris and London correcting the errors of our previous runs, and Saturday was to be the day of our last try—the weather was not as good as on the Wednesday, but Captain Robinson made the first attempt, taking 46 minutes 23 seconds. His slow timing was due to helicopter trouble in London and a head wind. Throughout the afternoon bad weather reports were received from London and it seemed unlikely that a further try could be made that day. However, my attempt was scheduled for 7.15 p.m. and the decision was to be left until 7 o'clock.

Seven o'clock found a very worried competitor waiting at the Arc de Triomphe—then at five minutes past the hour a radio operator shouted to me from his wireless vehicle "Your off." I reported to the start point and had my competitor's documents checked by the officials—there was about five minutes to go until the official starting time and everyone was alerted by radio that I was about to make my last attempt. At Issy a helicopter started up its engines and positioned itself ready for take-off, at Villacoublay Squadron Leader Howlett started his Hunter jet, Sgt. Burrows started his Triumph 650 motor cycle in readiness for the ride from the Arc to Issy. My card was stamped recording the starting time and I leapt on the pillion of the motor cycle. Paris streets passed in a flash—we went straight through with red lights often against us, and luck was with us in that the streets were relatively clear—on one straight stretch we touched 85 m.p.h. All along the route Signalmen were stationed controlling the traffic, who cheered us on—we arrived at Issy in a cloud of dust with screaming tyres, having taken 4 minutes 31 seconds for the four and a half mile journey from the Arc de Triomphe.

I leapt from the machine and raced to the waiting helicopter, which took off the moment I was inside—here I put on a Mae West in readiness for the jet flight, a risky operation since the helicopter had no doors. Within three minutes of leaving Issy we were over Villacoublay—I put my passport between my teeth and leapt from the helicopter before it touched the ground. A Custom man was awaiting my arrival and rapidly stamped my passport—then running a few yards I climbed into the awaiting jet, and as soon as I had secured two seat straps we were away. Time taken from leaving the Arc de Triomphe until the moment of take off was exactly 8 minutes 20 seconds. During take-off and the first few minutes of flight I finished strapping myself in, and within two and a half minutes of taking off we were touching 650 m.p.h.—things had gone so smoothly so far the attempt seemed a certain winner.

However, after 13 minutes flying when we were over the Channel disaster struck. There was a loud bang and the aircraft lurched alarmingly. The pilot considered we had lost a panel from somewhere on the jet, and we were forced to slow down—we carried on at reduced speed to an uneventful landing at Biggin Hill. As the plane came to a halt I leapt from the Hunter and ran to the waiting helicopter. This again took off as soon as I was inside and sped towards Chelsea—arriving there, I leapt out, up the death slide and on to a waiting motor cycle. Again we had bad luck—a police patrol car came up behind us and signalled us to travel at a reasonable speed, so our journey to Marble Arch was undertaken at a reduced speed. On arriving at Marble Arch I clocked in with a time of 43 minutes 32 seconds—but for the misfortunes the trip could hardly have failed to be a winner.

For the remainder of the week attempts were made by other teams and our records were broken. The winning time being just under 41 minutes. Although the Corps teams did not win the competition we had shown the world what Royal Signals could do. We had evolved a team of competitors and ground staff who had pulled together and nearly beaten the RAF the eventual winners. The Corps had lived up to its motto of "Swift and Sure."

Capt. JACK WESTLAKE.

BATH SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO

On July 17, 1963, 83 boys of Junior Wing, plus the Band and members of Staff, travelled to Bristol to take part in the Inter-Services Tattoo. A not uncommon event in the Services as, at the same time, there were others travelling to the same destination: the Gunners with their motor-cycles, the Household Cavalry and their horses, the RAF Police and their dogs, and those "small brown men" with, of course, their kukris. Well, you may ask, what was surprising about the Denbury departure?

The reason was that the boys who left to give the physical training display had only been in the Regiment since April 1, and had had only ten weeks to prepare, and this preparation did not interfere with the normal full programme of recruit training. To many who watch these shows the full significance of preparation does not occur, but in spare time S/Sgt. Hendley and his fellow PTIs gradually worked into shape a physical training display to music from a group of boys totally new to any real form of discipline and regimentation.

The result? An astounding success at all the performances, not only to the general public, but also to the other Service people taking part in the show. The degree of this success can be seen from the letter received by the CO from Capt. Jackman, RA, the Tattoo Director. I quote the letter:

"The Physical Training Display by the Junior Squadron of your Regiment accompanied by your Corps of Drums, was excellent in every way and a very great credit to all concerned.

"The boys showed tremendous keenness and enthusiasm, and thoroughly justified the faith that we had all placed in them. Not only was their display extremely satisfactory, but their appearance in the Finale Muster Parade was very impressive. I thought their drill, turnout and bearing was splendid.

"I have also been asked to pass on the thanks of the Chief Stand Controller, who very much appreciated the very high standard of ushering in the stands, which was almost entirely the re-

sponsibility of your Unit. Capt. Crook told me that the results were far more satisfactory than in previous years, when experienced troops carried out this duty—which last year included a Guards Regiment!

"At all times the standard of discipline, behaviour, saluting and general bearing of your Junior Leaders was, if I may say so, exemplary. The boys were indeed a fine example of the best type of today's youngster, who do not often have an opportunity to show their paces. As I said in my commentary on the last night (when the CND were in evidence outside the Tattoo site) they were "in marked contrast to the scruffy marchers outside.

"We are indeed most grateful to you, sir, for all the trouble you have taken to arrange to make the display possible, and to dovetail it in with your many training commitments, in spite of difficulties.

"May I say how very impressed everybody was in every way with your chaps; I hope you yourself were pleased. I am sure you and your Staff must feel justifiable pride in a system which produces such good soldiers in so short a time."

As can be seen from the next test, the boys not only undertook a display, but also assisted with the ushering of 60,000 people during the week, and were the focal point of the Final Muster Parade, where their drill and turnout came under a very keen eye of the many reviewing officers and, of course, passed with flying colours.

On arrival at Bristol the boys were directed to a hatted camp at Gripps Causeway, and soon settled in, despite a little cramped surroundings, and the routine was established—practice, rest, performance. The Sergeant-Major and his senior NCOs soon organized the mess. I might add here that it was a joy to see Sgt.-Maj. Hammerton instructing his staff in the use of a rather dated telephone exchange; very successful instruction, as the camp itself was shared with a TA Provost Company and, once

again, their officers and Staff remarked upon the turnout and bearing of the boys—a fine compliment from a very watchful eye. The spare time of the boys was taken up with visits to local sports, swimming and games of soccer.

It would be extremely difficult to describe the actual display in detail but, briefly, for those who did not have the opportunity of seeing it at the end of term or on TV, it consisted of rhythmic exercises to music, and incorporated a relay race, all of which was carried out with six-foot white poles—an extremely impressive display at night, with white kit and the performers bathed in many varied coloured lights. I feel that during the performances the boys learned more than they could in years of service about the Army and "the other two services."

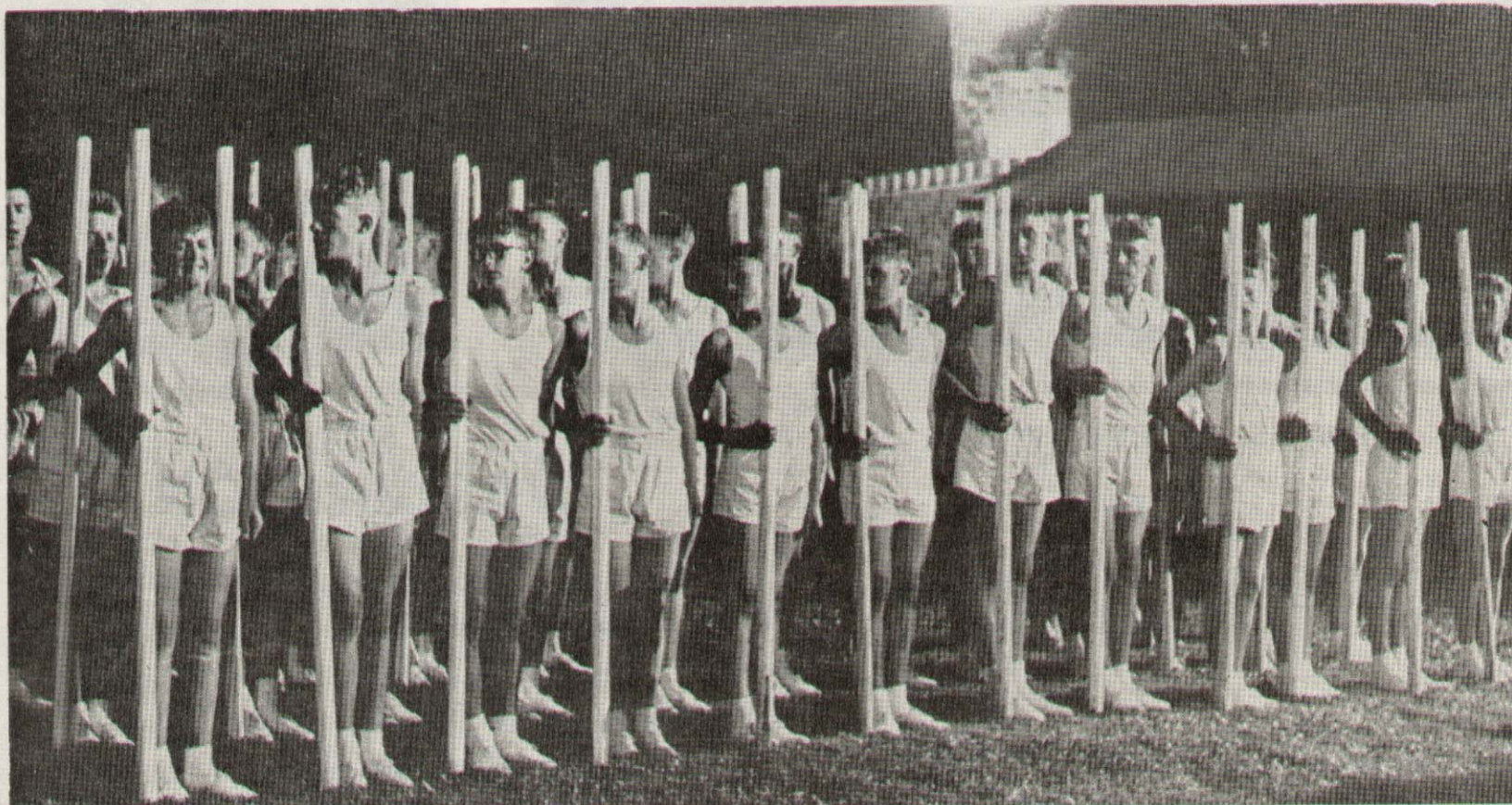
Talking with other performers, they gained a wealth of knowledge. I remember at one stage seeing a Junior Leader talking to a Gurkha, a Marine, a Gunner, a Naval Officer, a Senior NCO in the Guards and a Civil Defence worker. The topic of conversation? Uniform and, despite the resplendent display, the one which caused most discussion was the No. 2 dress of the Junior Leader!

One could continue for many pages on the occurrences at the Tattoo, but space does not permit, but I feel I must mention at least one. This concerned an incident on a wet night in the relay race. The final boy had collected his pole and was running to his place when he slipped. Nevertheless, he arrived at his destination on his knees and rigidly to attention. The boy: J/Sig. Drake ("The Giant").

In conclusion, I would say that this visit to the Bath Tattoo was an overall success, and not only to the boys' performance, but to themselves as a group. I have heard many instructors say that last term's Junior Wing have a fine spirit. I agree; they are not afraid of work, and will give the best at all times.

An extremely fine start to their Army career. Keep it up.

LT. CARL PEARCE.



by Courtesy of the Bath & Wilts Chronicle & Herald

THE DISPLAY OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION SKILLS AT THE BATH SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO WAS GIVEN BY RECRUIT WING



Top Left: J/Sig. Jim Hall, of Beaufighter Troop, skims in on a double surf ski at St. Ives Atlantic beach

Top right: Lifeguard Tom Pearce, of St. Ives, Cornwall

Bottom Left: "Commando Ridge," Bosigran, probably the best-known climb in Cornwall

Bottom right: A "close-up" of part of the cliff



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Top left: Alexander Squadron show how it is done
Top right: Life-saving instruction was given by the Lifeguard and by instructors of the St. Ives Surf Life-Saving Club at Porthmeor Beach
Bottom left: J/Cpl. Haylock, of Kohima Troop, under instruction
Bottom right: J/Cpl. Campbell, of Quadrant Troop, nears the top. The climbing instructor was Mr. Alan Cookesly



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Captain Wagstaffe, pictured above, sends his best wishes to Romulus Troop from BAOR.

THE REGIMENTAL PIPERS AND DANCERS

Last term was a busy one, in which some 25 or more separate engagements took place.

The term opened with the dancers returning in time to enter for the "PAIGNTON FESTIVAL" where several certificates and medals were won, both by individuals and teams.

In May both the pipers and dancers took part in concerts given in aid of the Boy Scout movement. The pipers, under the enthusiastic Andrew MacDonald-Bell, have made great progress, and now number ten fully kitted.

In June, the dancers entered—with some trepidation—the "West of England Highland Dancing Championships" staged at BUTLINS' Holiday Camp at Minehead. The results were encouraging. With young ladies from Miss Pamela de Waal's School of Dancing we won, and came second in the Scottish section. Miss de Waal has worked hard to improve the standard in Highland dancing, and it says much for her efforts that in the annual tests for medals 42 out of 43 were passed.

One of the highlights of this term was the invitation to the annual weekend at CATTERICK. Pipers and dancers worked well (in difficult weather) and earned for themselves some congratulatory messages. Another weekend was spent at GLOUCESTER where we took part in a display organised by 14th Signal Regiment.

Plymouth Army Week saw us performing on the Hoe at Plymouth before a crowd of some 3,000 people.

Other smaller engagements have kept both pipers and dancers busy on most Saturday afternoons, culminating on Saturday, 20th July in our attending three events in the one day!

There are now some 18 pipers and 25 dancers. The hobby can always accept a few more volunteers!!! The pipers are taught to "read music"—and start by practising on practice chanters—when a reasonable measure of skill has been reached, they graduate to a full set of pipes—keeping these "up" and playing at the same time is a matter of co-ordination which, like most things, comes with practice; maintenance, tuning and preparation, all add to the new pipers' worries.



A very popular recent member of the staff. No Prizes for guessing who!

The dancers start by learning basic steps and doing Scottish Country dances. As proficiency increases, the strictly Highland steps and dances such as the Highland Fling, "Gillie Callum" (Swords) are introduced.

No, it is not as easy as it seems, and results do not come overnight. As said, we always need new recruits—if you're interested why not come and see us. There is a "Scottish" social evening held in No. 1 Gym on a Wednesday night, when we are joined by the Junior Ladies. We promise not to "make" you dance on the first visit.

PAS DE BASQUE

23749087 L/Cpl. Wraith, J. A.,
621 (ASSU) Troop,
249 Signal Squadron,
c/o G.P.O. Singapore.

DEAR EDITOR,

A line to let you know I haven't forgotten you all at Denbury.

Fifteen months have passed since I left and went off to face the big world outside and am now as you can see stationed in Singapore, which is the next best thing to a soldier's paradise.

There is plenty to occupy one's time here as we have much the same sports as UK and also swimming, which is a favourite pastime and a perfect way to cool down in this warm humid climate.

Life out here is not all pleasure of course, and at present we are pretty busy with providing communications for troops stationed in Brunei. This, to a lot of us over here, is the first time on active service.

Before I close, may I through you send my regards to the staff, especially "Drums," and to all at Denbury my best wishes for the future.

Yours sincerely,
J. A. WRAITH.

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J/Sgt. Le Page (left) won his bout at Penhale Camp. A boxing match was held on the Saturday evening before returning to camp



An Infantry Junior Leader stops a good one. The Infantry, however, won the match, which gave a fine evening's sport to end the Cornish week's camping



The sailing at Mylor Pool, near Falmouth, was very popular. Our pictures show Capt. MacMahon, helmsman, and crews from different Squadrons



Dinner time at Rosemergy Farm, Morvah.



A successful ride on a Malibu Surf Board

BOXING RESULTS



INTER-TROOP BOXING FINALS JAVELIN PIP JERBOA AND KUKRI

The finals of the Inter-Troop Boxing took place on Tuesday, September 24, and from the points awarded in the semi-finals and the number of finalists from each Troop, the Shield could have been won by any one of three troops: Javelin, Jerboa or Kukri.

As it was, the final result was not known until the last bout of the evening.

This was won by J/Cpl. Mead, who k.o.d J/Sig. Wymbys, of White Spear in the first round, giving Javelin Troop the required point which gave them victory. Jerboa was second and Kukri third.

Individual results:

Class A: 15½-16½ years.—7st 7lb—J/Sig. McKee (Iron) bt J/Sig. Howard (Javelin), on points. 8st—J/Sig. Orman (Kukri) bt J/Sig. Assender (Javelin), on points. 8st 7lb—J/Sig. King (Iron) bt J/Sig. Benson (Javelin), k.o. second round. 9st—J/Sig. James (Kukri) bt J/Sig. Waldron (Jerboa), on points. 9st 7lb—J/Sig. Vaughan (Kohima) bt J/Sig. Hunter (Javelin), on points. 10st—J/Sig. Watson (Iron) bt J/Sig. McDonough (Quadrant), k.o. third round. 10st 7lb—J/Sig. Hughes (Jerboa) bt J/Sig. Walker (Romulus), referee stopping contest second round.

Class B.: 8st—J/Sig. McKnight (Jerboa) bt J/Sig. Douglas (B/Fighter), on points. 8st 7lb—J/Sig. Ducie (Romulus) bt J/Sgt. Barratt (Javelin), on points. 9st—J/Sig. Simpson (Kukri) bt J/Sig. Williams (White Swan), k.o. first round. 9st 7lb—J/Sig. Turner-Howe (Kukri) bt J/Sig. Ayers (Romulus) on points. 10st—J/Sig. Docherty (Kohima) bt J/Sig. Naden (B/Fighter), referee stopping contest in first round. 10st 7lb—J/Sig. Robertson (Jerboa) bt J/Sig. Hartry (White Swan), referee stopping contest in first round.

11st—J/Sig. McManus (Quadrant) had walk-over due to J/Sig. Bowers breaking his thumb in the semi-finals, but sportingly offered to box J/Sig. Henry (Romulus), whom he beat in the semi-finals, to fill the gap in the programme. This time Henry came out points winner after a very good contest.

11st 7lb—J/Cpl. Mead (Javelin) bt J/Sig. Wymbys (White Spear), k.o. first round.

Final Result

1, Javelin, 15 pts; 2, Jerboa, 14; 3, Kukri, 14; 4, Iron, 13; 5, Romulus, 9; 6, Kohima, 7; 7, Francisca, 7; 8, White Swan, 6; 9, Beaufighter, 5; 10, Quadrant, 5; 11, Lion, 5; 12, White Spear, 3.

R.H.



THE RADIO CLUB CALL THE WORLD FROM DENBURY

BAOR TOUR

cont.—from Back Page Col. 1.

Friday saw us on the move to BUNDE, 2nd Signal Regiment, where the pipers and dancers performed at a Regimental Dinner Night in the officers' mess. Saturday morning was spent looking over a layout of equipment and vehicles in use in 2nd Divisional Signals. On Saturday evening we gave our final show, in BUNDE. The weather was not entirely with us but the rain stopped just in time and we had a crowd of about 2,000 both military and civilian.

On Sunday we left Germany and arrived back at Dover as dawn was breaking on the Monday morning.

Our photographs show the Corps of Drums and a few of the personalities.

The Commanding Officer has received many messages congratulating the Corps of Drums, pipers and dancers, including one from Brigadier ANDERSON, CBE, the Chief Signal Officer BAOR.

The Regiment would like to say a very sincere thank-you to the Royal Signals Regiments of BAOR who did so much to make our visit interesting and enjoyable. All of us were greatly impressed by the kindness and friendship extended to us throughout the tour. We have returned to DENBURY with a better understanding of the life and work of the British Army in Germany and with a greater pride than ever in the Regiments of our Corps.

ODEON NEWTON ABBOT

Sunday, Oct. 6, for four days
RICHARD TODD, ANNE HEYWOOD

THE VERY EDGE

(A)
Edward Judd, James Robertson Justice
MYSTERY SUBMARINE (U)

Thursday, Oct. 10, for three days
RICHARD GREENE, BARBARA HALE

LORNA DOONE

(U) Technicolor
Charlton Heston, Nicole Maurey
SECRET OF THE INCAS (U) Technicolor

Sunday, Oct. 13, for one day
See programme details in local newspaper

Monday, Oct. 14, for three days
HOWARD KEEL, NICOLE MAUREY

The Day of the Triffids

Eastman Colour (X) Adults only
Stewart Grainger
THE LEGION'S LAST PATROL (X)

Thursday, Oct. 17, for three days
REG PARK, CHRISTOPHER LEE

HERCULES IN THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

(A)
Rock Hudson, Anthony Quinn—SEMINOLE
(U) Technicolor

Sunday, Oct. 20, for one day. See local Press

Monday, Oct. 21, for three days
SOPHIA LOREN, ROMY SCHNEIDER
ANITA EKBERG

BOCCACCIO 70

Eastman Colour (X) Adults only

Thursday, Oct. 24, for three days
SOPHIA LOREN, PETER SELLERS

THE MILLIONAIRESS

(U) in Colour
Audie Murphy, Gary Crosby
BATTLE ON THE BEACH (U)

Sunday, Oct. 27, for seven days
LAURENCE HARVEY, LEE REMICK

THE RUNNING MAN

(A) Technicolor
George Moon, April Wilding
BREATH OF LIFE (A)

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THE BAOR TOUR, 1963

BY

THE CORPS OF DRUMS, PIPERS AND HIGHLAND DANCERS

On 1st August, 1963, a total of 78 Junior Leaders and Staff left DENBURY for a ten-day tour of Royal Signals Regiments in BAOR.

The first stop was at KREFELD—16th Signal Regiment, which was reached on the evening of Friday, 2nd August. Saturday morning was spent in rehearsal and preparation. In the evening the first show was given to an audience of military persons who came from Krefeld and Munchen Gladbach, and also a large number of local German civilians. Despite the almost tropical heat, the Beating of Retreat, which was preceded by a display from the pipers and dancers, went well and gave us a good start to the tour. On Sunday we went for a trip on the Rhine in the German Bundeswehr 'Z4' transporters.

On Monday we travelled to HERFORD where we were accommodated by 7th Signal Regiment. The Tuesday morning was spent swimming and that evening we gave a show for the local population of Herford, which was held in the centre of the town. The crowd gathered quickly, following us as we marched through the streets of Herford. This day had been arranged by 4th Signal Regiment who are also stationed in Herford.

Wednesday dawned—another fine day—and through the kindness of 7th Signal Regiment we went by transport to the 'BLAUER SEE' near Hanover. This is an inland swimming resort with sand, bathing facilities and other attractions!! Swimming was most popular and those who had felt disinclined to swim were unceremoniously thrown in, this sport culminating with the triumphant ducking of Jnr Drum Major Hopkins!! The evening performance for 7th Signal Regiment unfortunately was slightly marred by a little rain, which held off sufficiently for us to complete the programme.

On Thursday we travelled to VERDEN to 1st Signal Regiment, where unfortunately weather ruined the performance and the Corps of Drums Beat a very hasty Retreat!! We are most grateful to 1st Signal Regiment who laid on a magnificent dinner with ex-boys of Denbury as hosts.

(Continued on Page 11, Column 2)



Leading Dancer, J/Cpl. Tony Hand shows a spectator that "they really are broadswords."



The Corps of Drums awaits the arrival of the Burgomeister of Herford.

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