



MESSAGE FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

The success of the Ten Tors expeditions shows clearly that the spirit of adventure is still very much alive.

Living as we do in an overcrowded, highly regulated island it needs considerable ingenuity to find an outlet for this spirit.

Colonel Gregory has hit upon an idea which provides just the right mixture of challenge to the ingenuity, toughness and adventure of healthy young people.

I hope all the patrols taking part in the 1962 Ten Tors will have an interesting time and when it is over I hope they will thoroughly enjoy the sense of achievement.

1st January, 1962



## MESSAGE TO PRINCESS ROYAL

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,  
THE PRINCESS ROYAL,  
(CI GCUD, CBE, RRC, TD, CD, DCL, LLD.)  
G.C.V.O. ST. JAMES PALACE,  
LONDON.

"ALL RANKS OF YOUR JUNIOR LEADERS REGIMENT AND 1,500 YOUNG PEOPLE STARTING TOMORROW ON THE TEN TORS EXPEDITION ON DARTMOOR SEND LOYAL AND AFFECTIONATE GREETINGS."



High Level Organisation *by Sgt. Martin*

## REPLY FROM PRINCESS ROYAL

THE MESSAGE FROM ALL RANKS OF MY JUNIOR LEADERS REGIMENT AND 1,500 YOUNG PEOPLE STARTING ON THE TEN TORS EXPEDITION ON DARTMOOR HAS GIVEN ME VERY GREAT PLEASURE.

I SEND YOU ALL MY BEST WISHES AND HOPE YOU WILL HAVE GOOD WEATHER AND A SUCCESSFUL AND ENJOYABLE VENTURE.

MARY, Colonel-in-Chief.  
St James's Palace, S.W.1.



Girls and Boys with Map at Start *by Sgt. Martin*

## THE TEN TORS PRAYER

"O God, Who has made the Earth of wondrous beauty, and implanted in Man the Spirit for Adventure, we thank Thee, for the beauty of the earth, for the joy of life, for the courage and vigour of youth, for friendship and friends, and the opportunity to enjoy all these gifts. Go, we pray Thee, with all who today set forth on this Great Adventure among the Tors of this ancient moorland. And grant that, overcoming every frailty, we may meet each challenge and difficulty with unselfish courage, and in the companionship of honest endeavour, find that spirit of true brotherhood which alone can serve our God, our Queen, and our generation . . . ."

AMEN.



Walking Along the Road *by Sgt. Martin*

## TEN TORS, 1962

If one imagines Dartmoor as an expanse of bleak moor surrounding a prison, this view would have been dispelled on Whit Saturday morning at seven o'clock. In bright sunlight, crowds of young people assembled in the flag-decorated arena ready to begin the Ten Tors expedition. Coaches and cars brought competitors and well-wishers to the scene and many cameras were busy putting this gathering on record. Then the gaiety and conversation was halted by a fanfare from scarlet clad trumpeters standing in impressive line halfway up the grey rocks of Haytor. Lord Roborough welcomed the walkers and wished them an enjoyable expedition. The Padre from Denbury spoke the Ten Tors prayer:—"Go, we pray Thee, with all who to-day set forth on this Great Adventure among the Tors of this ancient moorland."

After the playing of the National Anthem the patrols of six were issued with their lists of tors and Ten Tors 1962 had really begun.

But Ten Tors had been in action for months and people had been preparing in many ways. Some patrols had been practising in distant parts of the country, others had practised on the moor itself. Many had been checking equipment, weighing it and rejecting some of it as too heavy. Maps had been prepared and food and transport had been checked. . . . Did that patrol of six boys eat the nine pounds of butter they ordered? . . . Three members of the Committee had spent two very wet days walking the course. The two sports fields at Denbury had been transformed into Ten Tors Village and Haytor View and by Thursday evening

the first teams had arrived. Next morning many more teams reached Denbury and reported to No. 1 Gym, which was decorated with views of Dartmoor and provided light music to add to the holiday mood. The boys were shown to their camping plots and anyone passing Academic Wing would have heard an unusual chatter of soprano voices, as the rooms had been transformed into dormitories for the girls. The smell of fried sausages and bacon drifted across from the cooking bays provided for each girl's team.

About tea-time, the Signal Officer-in-Chief, Maj-Gen A. M. W. Whistler added a touch of glamour to the occasion by arriving on the Square in a helicopter kindly provided by Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

In the evening, teams cooked supper, pitched their tents and settled down to study their maps and instructions after attending a briefing. Then rest was needed in preparation for the next day's adventure and an early start at Haytor.

"Ten Tors. Beware of Walkers" read the R.A.C. signs and boys and girls had a proud feeling knowing these referred to them—setting off across the first miles of road they felt superior to the holiday makers who peered at them through the windows of their cars. A few hours later some were longing for a ride in a car as the hot sun and blistered feet caused the first competitors to withdraw. Those with large packs began to perspire and wish that they had trained a little harder.



Blistered Feet *by Sgt. Martin*





Beauty in Repose

by Sgt. Martin

Signs had been put out to help keep patrols on the authorised route for each course, but the pixies disguised either as competitors or as local people, caused some confusion by moving the signs. This resulted in a large number of careless map readers climbing a hill of gradient 1 in 4½ which was not on their route. Some girls and boys between the ages of 14 and 16 who had to walk 35 miles began to despair and youths quailed at the thought of 50 miles in the heat, whilst some of the men who had 60 miles to cover began to change their minds. Though some fell by the wayside, others walked on and soon those manning the check points on the ten tors were busy stamping cards and sending messages through to headquarters. Here at Willsworthy messages were being received all day and transferred to an enormous chart before which anxious leaders and friends hovered looking for information about their own teams.

By eight o'clock on Saturday night, 50 patrols were setting up camp for the night in the valley of the River Walkham. Bedding was unrolled, tents pitched, sore feet and sunburn inspected and, most important, supper was prepared and eaten. All had the same aim, to climb ten tors and finish the course, but the patrols were as diverse as the clothes they wore and the places they came from, London and Bristol, Marlborough and Bideford, Teignmouth and Harrogate.

Meanwhile in a field near Hollow Tor, large army tents had been erected for the girls' camp. Many will recall the kindly WRAC Officer who tended their blistered

feet and the WRAF will remember that they were honoured by a visit from Dame Anne Stevens, their Director who was on holiday nearby.

Soon all was peaceful and the moor no longer belonged to the young people, but to its usual nocturnal prowlers, the grazing sheep and ponies, the creeping fox and swift hare, the owl and the bat.

Early next morning there was activity in both areas as tents were taken down, breakfast cooked and rucksacks re-packed. Boots did not go on so easily as they had on Saturday. One team was found in their sleeping bags when everyone else was on their way; they reported that they could not get their boots on, but were encouraged to try and four of them reached Willsworthy later in the day. Training was needed for this expedition, but also the will to succeed. At Headquarters one could only guess how people were faring as they crossed the vast expanse of the moor, but messages came through and progress could be checked. Some of the wirelesses were manned by Gurkha Signalmen and others by ex-Junior Leaders from Catterick especially interested in the troops to which they had belonged. Some of the messages reported success, others failure, and one told of a competitor who had fallen out, described by his companion as "paralytic."

At Willsworthy, there were tents and flags and a lone piper to welcome the successful teams. The onlookers had a marvellous view of the walkers as they came down the long hill from Hare Tor, the last check point. A loudspeaker gave those waiting information of teams which reached Hare Tor and there was excitement when the first girls and then the first 60-mile walkers were nearing the finish. The wind, to which the spectators objected, was welcome to the walkers after the great heat of the previous day. As the day wore on a crowd gathered around the finishing point to clap and cheer and others left to climb the hill and walk the last part with their teams.

Some teams came in wearily, others still with a spring in their steps, a few were in socks carrying their boots, one team of girls ran in and another marched in orderly file singing as they passed, but all wore the pleased look of those who have fulfilled an ambition. Their reward was the sense of achievement, of an adventure accomplished in the open air on one of England's loveliest tracts of land.

Next day those who completed the course were presented with certificates and the members of complete teams received medals. These were presented by Colonel Gregory who first conceived the idea of Ten Tors. The Duke of Edinburgh had written in his message that "the expedition shows clearly that the spirit of adventure is still very much alive." The competitors accepted the challenge of adventure by walking across rugged country in a motorised, mechanical and urban age. They did not all win a medal or even a certificate, but everyone had gained something which he would not have achieved by sitting at home in front of a television set.

VERSE

*They sought them here,  
They sought them there,  
Those marchers sought check points  
everywhere,*

*Were they on this tor?  
Were they on that?  
They took some finding, you can bet on that.*



Resting Up

by J/Sig. Woodford

CHECK POINT CHARLIE

They came, they found, and they scrounged all my fags. Thus it was that these brave, bonny boys after a toiling effort arrived thankfully at my check point and sank gratefully down for a short rest.

I sympathised for the day was hot, and even I, who was there with a little rubber stamp and eagle keen eyes to see if all were in good shape, had felt the grinding pull to the top of the tor which gave me my bird's eye view of the marchers.

They laughed and joked, some even I had not heard before, and quaffed water. The latter out of necessity for there was nothing stronger. Some of them even allowed my ham-fisted ministering angel to tend their blistered feet. Many of them came, a few of them remained having of necessity to cry quits because they had given of their best and been found wanting. Their remarks were not the remarks of failures, I might add, but together with choice expletives almost all vowed "This won't happen again next year." You know somehow, I'm certain that it won't and that next time we hold Ten Tors, the determination that has grown to conquer "The Moor" will show itself in the need for more medals and certificates for successful competitors.

Yes, they will be back and poor Charlie, frustrated Charlie, will probably find himself once again confined to a check point where brave lads endeavour to pit their strength and determination against Ten Tors, and perhaps another year he might find that he is able to say: "Those brave lads and bonny lassies" oh well, there is always hope and she is . . .



The Girls at the Finish

by Sgt. Martin



Boys 'Piped In' at the Finish.

by Sgt. Martin



# TEN TORS, 1962—AWARDS

NUMBER OF TEAMS ENTERED . . . . 225

NUMBER OF TEAMS COMPLETED . . . 83

NUMBER OF MEDALS, 83 PATROLS (495 INDIVIDUALS)

NUMBER OF CERTIFICATES, 49 PART-PATROLS (188 INDIVIDUALS)

