

VOL. 1. No. 12.

MAY, 1960

Price 4d.

## TOUGHNESS IN MORALS — TOUGHNESS OF HEART — TOUGHNESS OF FIBRE



Gen. Sir Hugh Stockwell *By H. Rivers*

THE Adjutant General : General Sir Hugh Stockwell, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., A.D.C., visited Denbury on the 10th and 11th April, 1960. On the evening of the 10th, the General accompanied by Lady Stockwell visited the Castle Denbury, alias the Wine Parlour, alias the Flea Club, alias the Flea Pit. His inauguration as a Flea was attended by Major General S. Moore-Coulson, C.B.E., E.R.D., and Vice Admiral Sir Guy Sayer who were also made Fleas. Lady Sayer and Mrs. Moore-Coulson—with the Officers of the Regiment and their Ladies—were present to witness the proceedings.

On the morning of the 11th of April, the Adjutant General inspected the Regiment on Parade formed up in ceremonial order, as

part of the graduation ceremony of SEVENTY-THREE Junior Leaders—the greatest single number to leave the Regiment since its formation.

Among the distinguished guests were : Lady Stockwell, Vice Admiral Sir Guy and Lady Sylvia Sayer, Major-General and Mrs. Moore-Coulson, Brigadier and Mrs. Laing, Dr. Roy Midgley (Medical Superintendent Bovey Tracey Chest Hospital) and Mrs. Midgley, Mr. Goodson, Colonel and Mrs. Fosbrook, Major and Miss Heron-Barwell, the Officers of the Regiment and their Ladies.

The account that follows is produced by the kind permission of the Prince of Denbury and with apologies in every possible direction:

### GENERALLY SPEAKING—

*Two Generals came to Denbury  
On the eleventh April's Day,  
One came to see young leaders  
And the other to see "fair" play.*

*Padre had done his Poojah  
For a windless day with sun,  
But a Junior Leaders' Padre  
Must always have his fun.*

*So when the Parade had started  
And the Colonel cast off fears,  
The bleeding sun departed  
And the Heavens collapsed in tears.*

*"What's this?" whispered the General  
"Tell me, what do I see?  
Is this inclement weather  
Or a trick of your S.D.?"*

*The Parade remained quite silent  
No one would make a sound,  
Till a plaintive voice just murmured  
"Sir! Sir! We're Outward Bound."*

*"I see," growled out the General,  
"A most intriguing joke,  
But I'd find it more amusing  
If you'd provide a waterproof cloak."*

*Some called it ruddy boldness,  
Some say 'twas darned bad luck,  
To soak the Adjutant General  
As though he were a duck.*

*"Clap your hands" the General ordered,  
"Warm it up," he briskly said,  
"The cold is in your fingers  
It'll soon go to your head."*

*The Gods mistook the clapping  
They thought it was applause,  
And a bigger better deluge  
Drenched our purpose and its cause.*

*The drip, drip, drip, continued,  
The inspection squelched along,  
While huddled all together  
The spectators sang this song :*

*"We came with good intentions  
We're a pretty loyal bunch,  
But the best of British loyalty  
Must be reinforced with lunch."*

*"We've all grown up on Dartmoor  
And seldom make a fuss,  
But the hazards here at Denbury  
Are much too much for us."*

*Still the inspection continued  
With questions all around  
And in happy snappy answers  
Not a sullen face was found.*

*Till just before the end  
The General caught an eye,  
"You like it here, now don't you?"  
"No! No! Please Sir—Not I."*

*We had hoped to stay at Denbury  
A hundred years and more  
But now our chips are frying-fast,  
We've had them all for sure!*

*The band would have to play indeed  
The trumpets must be right,  
To blow depression from our souls  
With all their SCARLET might.*



Maj.-Gen. Moore-Coulson *By H. Rivers*

*"Now gather round a moment  
We'll think out a thought or two,  
About tradition—old and far behind,  
And the future—ahead and new."*

*So spoke our General warmly  
Of all that the Army had done,  
Though he laughed and he smiled, he still meant it,  
And we felt it, we did, every one.*

*He concluded by saying that he liked us  
The way we had stood on parade,  
"The look in your eyes and your clearness of voice  
Proves the stuff of which you are made."*

*"Know yourself and be tough in your morals  
Believe in the toughness of heart,  
To these add a toughness of fibre  
And you've made a jolly good start."*

*"Back to your places—now double!"  
We did—this was really good fun  
And right there in position above us,  
The General had ordered the sun.*

*Continued on Page 6, Column 3*

## EDITORIAL

OUR twelfth edition. One complete year's Junior Mercurys. This represents a great deal of work, sweat and hard labour—but it has been fun too. Our thanks at this time must go to the Commanding Officer, who by his enthusiasm, faith and active interest has made the year's continued success possible. Then too, a mention of Sgt. Moss (R.A.E.C.) who wrestles manfully with the considerable business and complicated accounting side of our journal, and a special thank you to S/Sgt. Foster (also R.A.E.C.) who kindly assisted in the preparation of this present edition. Best wishes to all our readers, both inside and outside the Regiment, who faithfully pay out their fourpences monthly. We remind YOU that this is YOUR paper, and that we welcome YOUR criticisms and suggestions.

Cartoonists, Capt. Bowyer and L/Cpl. Steer have done us proud as usual—no prize for guessing the identity of the L/Cpl. caricatured on Page 6—and we welcome to their ranks Mrs. Gregory, wife of Captain Gregory, who has drawn the rather startling fleas on the front page.

How pleasant to receive a letter from Cpl. Bonfield, a full corporal after only 7 months man-service—it is always gratifying to hear from "Old Boys."

A word of explanation is required for the unfamiliar appearance of Page 6. No DISCUSSION. Why not? Well, firstly, J/L/Cpl. "Ted" Smith didn't write one, and secondly, the importance of the Devizes—Westminster canoe race, a national event in which both Staff and Junior Leaders' teams distinguished themselves, was such that it required full coverage. Well done W.O.1, Braithwaite, S/Sgt. Thwaites, J/Sigs. Brooks and Allsop.

On Page 8, our statistician produced the amazing record of all sporting events, and the Officer i/c each sport was invited to comment. Only Captain Hancock obliged.

We wish all the Output God Speed and hope that you will all do well, and that you will always keep a soft spot for the Regiment and the Junior Mercury in your hearts. Frank Murray, editor for the past 2 terms, and "Maxie" Evans, our sports editor will be especially missed.

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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, Nr. Newton Abbot, Devon.

## STAFF SCRAPBOOK

A NEW term. And without doubt the best term of the year as far as the Staff are concerned. Sunshine, shirt sleeve order undoubtedly make a soldier's lot much pleasanter . . . . especially the National Serviceman.

The term starts with a new Officer Commanding at the reins and so in the space of three months the two figureheads of the Squadron have changed. Major James' posting leaves the job of guiding the Squadron to Captain Lane, already well-known and well liked in the camp. He fills a position vacated by a man the Staff always respected highly. We are sure he will get similar support and that Major James will continue his Army career with a soft spot for Denbury.

Of course he had a send off party attended by members of his Office and from what we are told all had a merry time. Similarly R.H.Q. held a dinner, announced as their Easter Term dinner, but what was more or less a farewell party for the Regiment's Second in Command, Major Dunkley. Once again it was a lively party.

Since this column last appeared the camp lost one of its characters in "Flap" Meakin. Off he went to his Birmingham home after completing his two years of service along with Pat Roach of London and Ron Mills from Bristol. They were not the only departures for two weeks after them Torquay footballer Mick Eckersall completed his two years and so too did cook "Bomber" Wells.

Surprisingly April's Fool Day passed almost unnoticed. Relief for those who have responsible positions no doubt, but it showed a distinct lack of humour within the Squadron. Or perhaps the laugh is on us not having heard of the things prepared purposely . . . . and by accident.

April saw the beginning of the civilianization of the camp which of course affects the staff tremendously. Few replacements can now be expected for those going on National Service release, as civilians step into their jobs. It remains to be seen what the result will be but of course the strength of the Squadron will slowly but surely decrease.

Footnote : Despite Spring and all the high spirits it allegedly brings with it the Squadron showed, as it is suggested above, a distinct lack of funny stories. So MAYBE May will supply something to liven this space up in our next issue.

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## THE OUTPUT

With such a large number leaving at the end of the Easter Term it would be unusual to find a sport not affected. Happily, most of them are already out of season and the Regiment will have a term in which to recover although many of the output would have played a large part in cricket and athletics. Two athletes will, however, be sadly missed: Cattermole the sprinter and Bentham the miler.

One sport in particular has been drastically weeded: the all-conquering rugby XV has lost five of its regulars—Coope, Ricketts, Hague, Sadler and, probably one of the best players for quite a while, the ex-captain Emlyn Jones.

Hockey has its losses too in Collins, Bane and "Dave" Sharp and these last two will leave gaps in the basketball side.

"Old Man" Ledger joins Bentham in making a hole in the cross-country team and Finch makes way for a less experienced boxer.

Sport is not, however, the only side of life and, administratively, ex-S.S.M. Tams and ex-S/Sgt. Doherty will be missed.

Finally, mention must be made of Holloway who is the first Junior Leader to be destined for training as an Electronics Technician.

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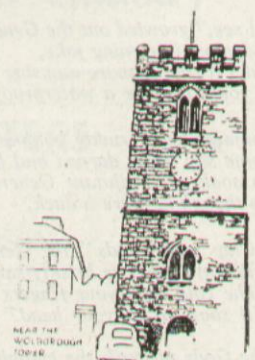
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**THE END OF TERM CONCERT**

On the last Friday of term, the Globe was packed for the end of term concert.

Built around a nucleus of 'old-timers,' it got off to a good start with a typical performance by the 'Black Diamonds' whose brand of 'beat' seems ever popular.

After this, it was fairly plain sailing, although certain acts deserve special mention. Other guitar and voice groups have competed with the 'Black Diamonds' in the past and have not made much headway, but the Elliott and Croy combination raised some serious opposition.

Full marks for 'guts' go to 'Gummy' Kershaw who, though obviously unwell, went on in accordance with the old tradition. He barely got off stage before collapsing.

The Regimental choir made its first semi-public appearance and acquitted itself well. This is even more creditable considering the unfair reception it received from the audience which, on all other occasions, was wonderful. However, in spite of a 'bong' dropped here and there, the choir converted the audience before its performance was over.

Strangely enough, one of the best applauded groups normally never gets seen, but, since there were no curtains, the unbilled acts of 'prop-shifters' presented the audience with moments of sheer delight.

**ROUND THE CAMP**

**IT CAN'T BE TRUE!**

As the term drew to a close, daily was one assailed with statistics in the form of "Only twelve more days and an early breakfast; only eleven more days, etc." One winced as one visualized the stampede as, after the predicted meal, all attempted to ensure that no fraction of their leave be deprived them. One expected troops of rugby referees to sort out the loose mauls, scrums, etc., which would surely accompany the embussing.

Did this, in fact, take place? Certainly not! In small groups, the calendar-watchers sauntered to the buses and slowly the vehicles filled while the Orderly Officer did his best to rally the stragglers, but it made little impression.

In the face of this staggering sight, one is tempted to wonder what Shakespeare would have written. Could it be that Denbury has become so much of a home that there was general reluctance to leave?

**MAJOR DEPARTURES**

The end of term sees the departure of Major Dunkley, the 2 i/c, and of Major James, the OC of H Squadron. Both will be sorely missed in the Regiment, and it seems strange to feel that Major Dunkley's tall figure will no longer be seen commanding the Regiment on parade. Apart from HQ Squadron, who will remember him affectionately for a long time, Major James will be remembered by many ex-boys for his famous Christmas pantomime production of "Babes in the Wood," with an all-Junior Leaders cast.

**INTERLUDE**

The first half of the inter-squadron rugby match was well under way and, with such a keen wind blowing, it was only to be expected that the hardy spectators would keep their eyes glued on the match which had dragged them from home.

It was, therefore, all the more astounding to find their gaze directed elsewhere.

What mighty sight was responsible for this unpredicted diversion? Only a pint-sized rabbit, panic-stricken and running for dear life.

Diagonally across the pitch it sprinted, urged on by the barking of two dogs and the general uproar of the game.

This was not the end. In its utter confusion, it doubled back and recrossed the pitch and shot past the dogs, which immediately gave chase.

Finally it disappeared at the top of the field, well out of range of the two dogs and a toddler who had joined in the hunt.

**THE QUIZ FINAL**

Following the concert came the final of the first camp quiz series. This novelty has had no easy path, but the use of microphones has so drawn the audience into the fun that this must surely be the forerunner of many such competitions.

The business began in real earnest from the very first question as the 'Barons of Bruno' notched full points as a challenge to the 'Kings of Kohima.' And so it went on, with bonus points popping up on either side and contestants—so wise after the event—mentally kicked themselves as they imagined their team-mates would also have wished to.

Bruno built up a slight lead mid-way, held off Kohima and went out worthy winners.

Rumour has it that there will be a greater demand for RAEC officers as troop commanders in the future.

How about an RAEC versus the Rest, just for fun?

**HOUND OF DENBURY**

The Commanding Officer is the personal possessor of a large brown dog, appropriately named "Major." Apparently the clerks move around the RHQ in mortal terror of being savaged. Any one of them will do the next two Duty Clerks for the intrepid soul who will take in the Colonel's tea for them. Even the Regimental Police, brave and fearless as they are, dare not venture singly from the Guardroom; though RSM Pavey, faithfully protected by his own man-eating mastiff, has no fears.

It's all good for discipline.

**DOES THIS WORRY YOU?**

It is feared that . . .  
1. Education is soon to be run on a League basis.

2. The Regiment will not be asked to supply fanfare trumpeters for Princess Margaret's wedding.

3. The Sergeants Mess is to install a breathalizer. Those caught leaving with too low a score to be escorted back to the bar for a refresher course.

4. On the completion of National Service there will be no Cooks, and that one Junior Leader in twelve is to be transferred to the A.C.C.

5. In view of low attendances, the Globe Cinema is to be converted into a Married Families Hostel.

6. Junior Leaders are to be paid only what they are worth.

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# "X"-peri-MENTAL

The pace of life had quickened noticeably and, indeed, far in advance of anything J/Sig. 'X' had to offer. In abject misery, he doubled from place to place as the number of hours in the day and days in the week seemed to grow less and less. Secretly he suspected 'Sarge' of altering the clock, the calendar and—as his panic increased—even the sun, moon, and stars as well.

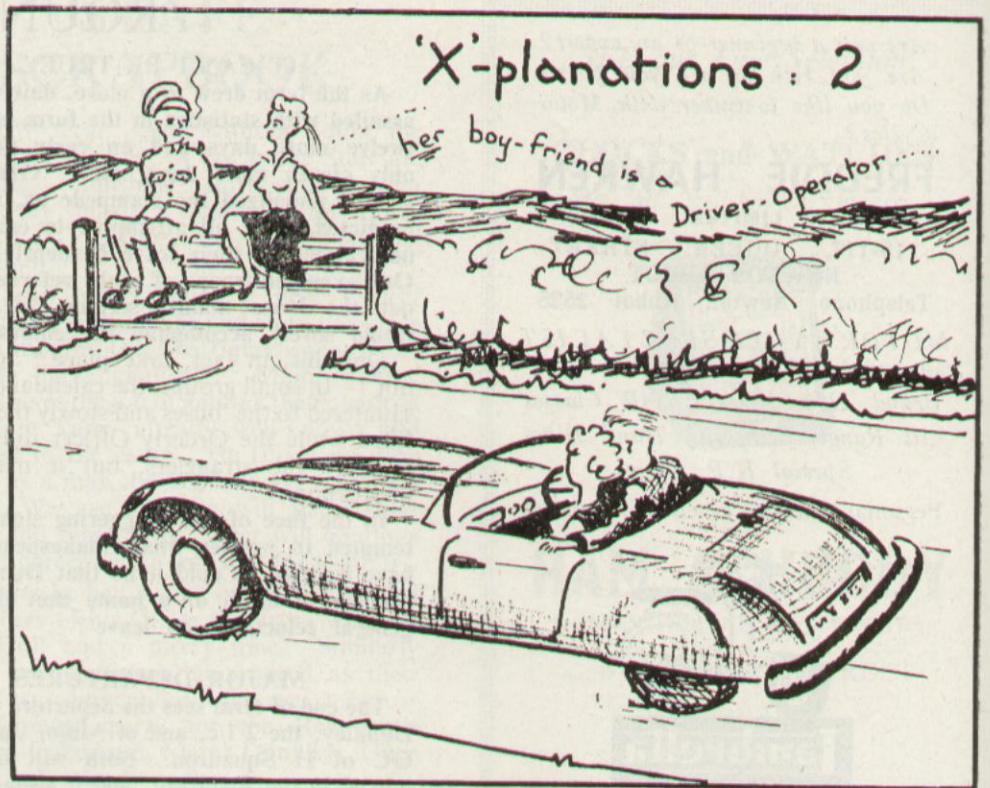
He grew suspicious, too, of his troop-mates. Surely his boots—though he had always managed to farm them out to Junior Wing before—had never needed so much effort merely to raise that sickly glimmer. Had some rotten so-and-so dubbed them? Did the NAAFI girl slip him a fixed tin of polish? These and many other similar questions raced round his poor befuddled brain, already grievously afflicted with glaciation and Ohm's law.

Even 'Sir' had taken a positive dislike to him. Not that he and his troop officer had ever been 'muckers,' but at least in the past he had basked in the sunshine of 'Sir's' tolerance and even indifference. Now, however, 'Sir' would no longer leave him alone, suggested daily that if he didn't feel well then "go sick; if not, do an honest day's work!" It was, perhaps, this last remark which really convinced 'X' that something was really wrong. How could 'Sir' imagine that he, 'X,' could cast aside his principles? "Work," he shuddered; "honest work," he trembled; "honest day's work," he nearly collapsed.

He tried to bolster up his wilting spirit with thoughts of leave and, for a brief moment, the idea of a week or so's 'legal absence'—how strange those words seemed—soothed his throbbing head.

It did not last, for 'Sarge' was once more telling 'X' his fortune—what a murky "balls, crystal gazing," he must have!—and 'X' was jolted back to reality.

Somehow, 'Sarge' was eying him guiltily like a square-leg caught appealing for lbw.



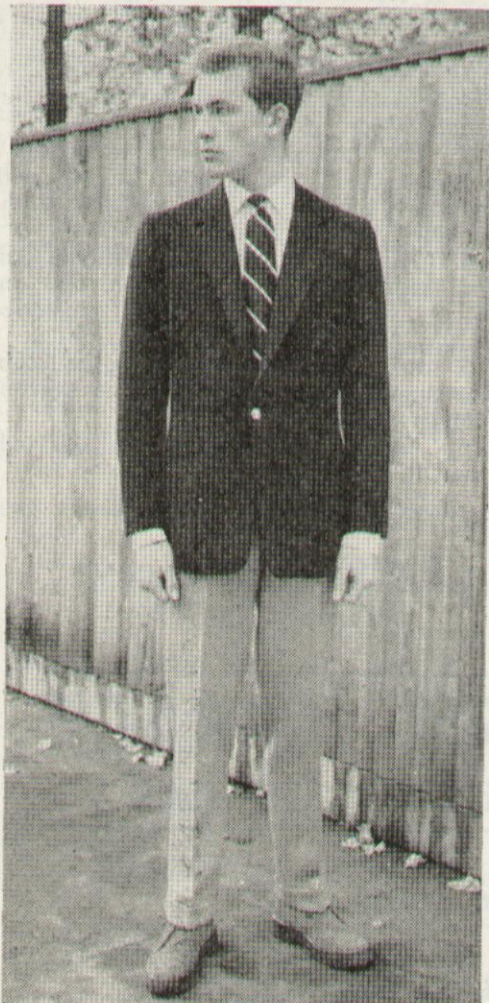
"Driver-Operator is a Signals Trade."—Ed.

Did 'X' feel all right? 'X' didn't know. 'X' had better go 'special sick.' 'X' didn't oughter go to the MRS on his own.

In no time at all, 'X' thought, he was escorted to the presence of his arch-enemy, the MO, who was already listening intently to 'Sarge.' Then the MO was talking gently to 'X'—was this possible? 'X' pinched himself and yelped—it was!

In the still of the MRS, 'X' felt better.

A nice, cushy bed had revived his spirits. No bull . . . peace. When the orderly arrived, 'X' ventured to enquire how this miracle had occurred. "Take it easy, son, and you'll be all right. A month in bed will put you back on your feet." "A month in bed . . . A MONTH IN BED!" It dawned. "But my leave . . ." "Sorry, son, you must lie still. Shall I get a needle?" But 'X' had fainted.



## Off-duty smartness

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

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# READERS' CORNER

## A.O.B.S.

The Army Outward Bound School which we attended is at Towyn, North Wales. The course which we did is not so much a 'skive.' We learned leadership, rock climbing, mountain climbing, canoeing and general toughening-up. Many of the things we did there we would never do back in camp, and we had to apply quite a lot of self-discipline during the course.

The Commandant walked around in shorts all the time, and asked us many strange questions and also taught canoeing. There were first-class instructors there who would never tell us to do anything if they weren't capable of doing it themselves.

On the course, our first Outward Bound scheme was a 36-hour one. Then we did the four-day Snowdonia scheme, which involved a lot of rock-climbing and walking. The last scheme, as everyone who has done it will tell you, is tough and very hard. We had to walk 43 miles and climb somewhere in the region of 1,600-1,900 feet. It was up to us where we camped and when we set off in the morning. It took a lot of guts to finish it; still, that's what we were there for—to see if we had the guts to carry on. The other days we spent learning map reading, mountain rules, first-aid, and doing circuit training, cross-country running and an obstacle course.

On the whole it was a marvellous course, and I recommend those who have not been before to go on it.

D. EDMOND.

## "DULL AND UNINTERESTING"

DEAR SIR,—We think it is about time that the Staff Scrapbook in the *Junior Mercury* contained more about the staff of HQ Squadron than the Clerical Staff of RHQ.

For example, in the April edition more than half of Staff Scrapbook was filled up with rather dull and uninteresting lines about Documents and Dinners!!

We think it would be more to the advantage of HQ Squadron personnel if whoever writes this so-called STAFF Scrapbook would take a pencil and paper and walk around the lines and in the NAAFI and the Church Army Canteen and see what really is going on amongst the ordinary chaps.

We hope, Sir, you will not take offence when you have read this letter, but we thought you should know what the average chap thinks.—Yours,

HQ OFFICE STAFF.

Looks STEER-co-TYPED to me.—ED.

## WE ARE BETTER

SIR,—At our Social Centre we have your excellent publication, the *Junior Mercury*. Having just read your latest one, there are a few points that I would like to comment on.

The march across Dartmoor by I Squadron, headed "Dartmoor Rangers," was a very creditable one. But Omdurman Troop, from Tonfanau, could easily beat this time of 13 hours for 36 miles. I myself have marched 36 miles in 10 hours over the mountain roads of North Wales; and we are perfectly confident that we could do the Dartmoor 36-mile route in nine hours.

The suggestion made by B. Hives to sell cinema tickets on pay parade is a very sound one. We ourselves, however, do not face the danger of having an empty cinema on Saturdays and Sundays, as we have practically nowhere else to go to. For confirmation of this fact, ask anyone who has been to the Army Outward Bound School at Morfa, which is only three miles away from us.—Yours faithfully,  
(Signed), P. E. RYDER, J/Gnr., R. Artillery.  
All Arms J/L Regt., Tonfanau.

## APPRECIATION

The following letter has been received from Major Sheen, a Signals officer in the Canadian Army:

TO THE EDITOR.—Thank you for the March issue of the *Junior Mercury*. I have pleasure in forwarding my payment for a one year's subscription, and will endeavour to prompt an increased circulation whenever the opportunity arises.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) J. W. SHEEN, Major.

## ATTENTION STAMP COLLECTORS

DEAR SIR.—Do you think it would be possible to have a philatelic exhibition in the camp every term. I think it would be a good idea if Staff, Junior Leaders and other readers of *Junior Mercury* whether service or civilian, were allowed to take part in this show.

Is it possible that something of this nature could be allowed to take place in the camp. It should be simple enough provided we go through the correct channels. Perhaps all people interested in entering would like to inform the Editor of *Junior Mercury*.

Trusting that this meets with everyone's approval, I remain, sir, your obedient servant.

(Signed) M. SPENCER, Francisaca Troop.

## "HAVING A MARVELLOUS TIME"

DEAR EDITOR.—As you can see from the address, I have now been posted to Germany. I should be grateful if you would send my *Junior Mercury* to the above address.

I am having a marvellous time watching PE 48 generators blowing up and being misemployed on the telephone exchange. If I didn't fear a Court-Martial I'd phone you up, and save 3d. (and ink).

Also, would you please let me know when my payment runs out, and I will send enough for another year.—Yours truly,

(Signed) T. M. BONFIELD (Cpl.).

H.Q. 2 Div., BFPO 22.

## DREAM OF 'X'

Every day I seem to see  
A vision of myself to be.  
A Junior Leader fully qualified  
In every subject, starry eyed.

And then a cloud obscures my view.  
At Maths I really have no clue  
And Physics ain't my cup of tea  
I never could do Geography.

My eyes with tears do brim and billow.  
I hide my head beneath my pillow.  
Oh, what will Mum say when she sees  
My Term Report, so full of 'D's.

Of course I am a member of the Choir  
And every month I buy the 'Wire.'  
My Balaclava's worn with pride.  
The Guardroom I've never been inside.

I've drunk some beer but ne'er been copped.  
I've walked the moor until I dropped.  
I've said my piece on Thursday night.  
My hat upon my head fits tight.

So when I leave from Platform Nine  
The air so full of Auld Lang Syne  
A lump will rise in many throats  
And parting tears will moisten coats.

They'll say, "Old 'X' was a decent chap  
His going will leave an obvious gap.  
No Regiment could ever ban  
Such a Leader and a gentleman!"

By Capt. D. G. ROWE, R.A.E.C.

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# pelosi's

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## TREMENDOUS ENDURANCE

The 125-mile canoe race from Devizes to Westminster had 131 entries this year, 30 of which were Juniors. For the Seniors it was a race demanding endurance and stamina, whereas the Juniors are required to do the race in four separate stages—any comparison of times is therefore very unfair. The early places among the Senior contestants were dominated by the S.A.S. and Marine teams—"the professionals of the race." The winning time by an SAS crew in a K2 canoe was 23 hours, which is a new record. Only 45 out of the 100 competitors finished the course, and many took times of over 50 hours. Of the 30 Junior teams only 21 completed, the winners' time being 25½ hours (paddling time)—also a record—by Radleigh College.

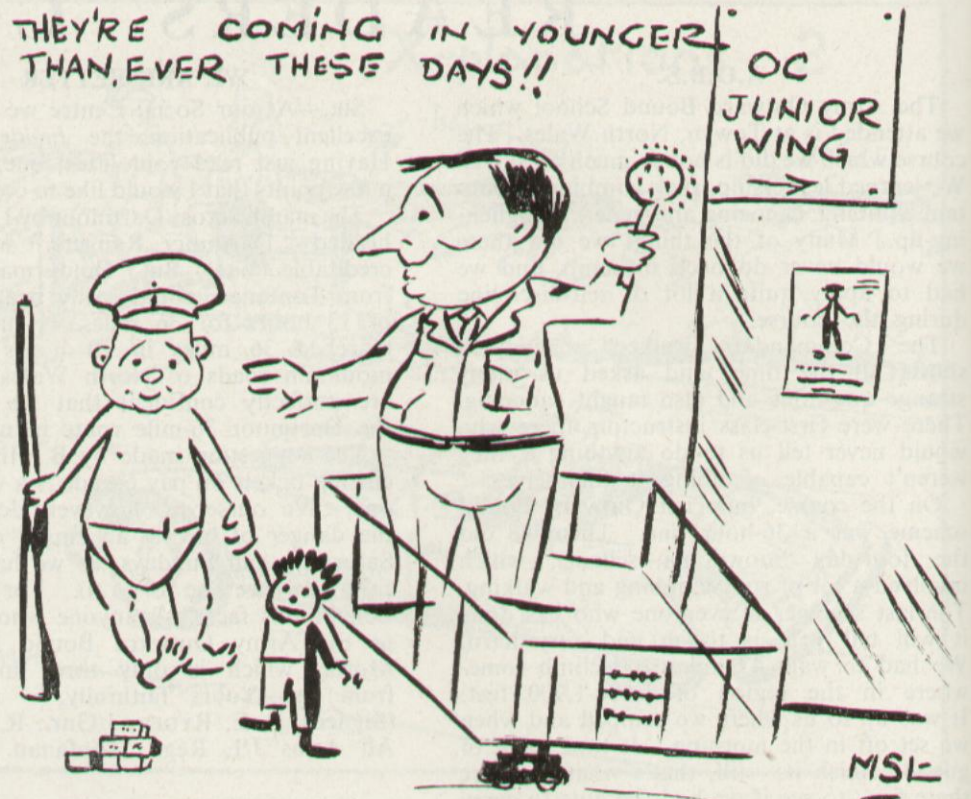
Our teams consisted of W.O.1 Braithwaite and S/Sgt. Thwaites in the Senior event, and J/Sigs. Brooks and Allsop in the Junior—this was the youngest team, and Mr. Braithwaite the oldest individual to complete the course.

The Staff team came in about twentieth—a truly great performance—with a time of 38 hours, and the Junior Leaders about twelfth with a time of 35½ hours (paddling time). They were the first Junior Leaders team there. The very fact of completing the course at all is a **TREMENDOUS ACHIEVEMENT**, by which these crews have brought **REAL CREDIT** on the whole Regiment.

To achieve a really fast time in this race, a racing type of canoe with sleek lines is essential—the SAS winning K.2 was a manufactured article costing over £100. Our skin-covered canoes performed magnificently, and were the best of the "home-builts"—owing to the "guts" of their crews they proved faster than many manufactured canoes. The senior crew had no holes to deal with, but the boys were considerably slowed down on the second day by having nine holes to repair.

Our seniors had aimed to do the course in 30 hours, but didn't know the river well enough. They got caught by dusk and a mist, causing them to miss their tide. At Sonning Lock they launched their canoe, nearly losing it in the dark, as they misjudged the height of the bank above the water. "Many times we approached exhaustion, but each time dug deeper into our reserves; until finally I saw the finest sight in the world—Big Ben from Lambeth Bridge," commented Mr. Braithwaite after the race.

However, both teams have returned the wiser for their experience, and full of knowledge of better canoes to be built, improved methods of training, and a real resolution that next year the Regiment are going to be a force to be reckoned with in this race.



### HOW'S THAT ?

Now that the cricket season has arrived, we invite you to consider the two puzzles printed below. Think about them carefully, then write down your solutions and send them to the Editor, *Junior Mercury*, Denbury Camp, Newton Abbot, Devon. Solutions will be checked on May 31st, and there will be prizes of books and records for the winners.

1.—In a cricket match, a fast bowler took three wickets with three successive balls. "There is nothing very strange about that," you may say. "Hat-tricks are fairly common." However, each wicket was taken in a different over!

How was this done ?

2.—In another match, another fast bowler was on top form. In the first three overs he clean-bowled three batsmen without giving away a run. In so doing, he had hit the off stump, the middle stump, and had knocked the leg stump out of the ground. Strange to say, one of these stumps was untouched!

Can you explain this ?

Peculiar though these situations may seem, they are genuine. For all we know they may have already happened; in any

case, they could still happen. These are not trick questions, so brush up your cricket early!

### GENERALLY SPEAKING-- Continued from Page 1

*Slowly the clouds had departed  
Each with a twirl and a smirk,  
Baptism all but completed  
The elements had finished their work.*

*"Present Arms!" cried the parade commander,  
The trumpets then sent out a call,  
The drums beat a rhythmic pacing  
And footsteps began to fall.*

*From the flanks marched the Junior Leaders  
Now known as the bold SEVENTY THREE,  
Slow marching into the future  
Marching from Denbury.*

*Eyes right and left to the General  
Eyes front and quick time ahead,  
If you know where to march when you're living  
You'll know where to march when you're dead.*

*The drums now roll softly and slowly  
The trumpets are still for the day,  
And the footsteps of old friends departing  
Linger faintly and then fade away.*

#### POSTSCRIPT

*Two Generals came to Denbury  
And listen if you please:  
"They came as human Generals,  
And left as human Fleas."*

*Now the story has a moral  
And it's quite plain to see  
How can you be a leader  
If you've never been a Flea ?*

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**TWO SQUADRON TOO STRONG**

With a strong wind blowing almost straight down the pitch, the captains tossed for ends. Jones won, chose to face the wind and Capt. Chown—caught on a visit—blew his whistle.

One squadron kicked off, and it seemed obvious that play would remain at the bottom end, but odd breaks against the wind often gave the lie to that notion. Indeed, one such break was stopped only a few yards from the goal-line.

When the teams changed ends at the interval, one squadron had a slender lead of three points and the writing was "on the wall."

It was just too small to be a workable margin, and although two squadron were restricted to a mere nine points, their opponents could do little to increase their own score in the face of the wind.

An intelligent choice of ends and a sound defence: two squadron were home.

**ANZIO TAKE A SECOND TITLE**

The inter-troop hockey was somewhat of an anti-climax. Anzio, who had such a triumphant passage, made very heavy weather of their 2-0 win.

Jerboa played as well as they had on the way up, and held the champion troop better than could have been forecast, but made so few real attempts to score that a draw would have been the best they could have hoped for.

On the other hand, Anzio played as well for the opposition as for themselves, especially with their passing and failure to cope with the offside rule.

It was a pity that they should add this title to the inter-troop rugby one in so weak a way when the latter ended in such a blaze of glory and the excitement at its end was almost unbearable.

It is strange to reflect that there was greater rivalry between troops of the same squadron than those of different ones.

**J/CPL. ROOKE**

Like all boys of his age, J/Cpl. Rooke tends to be an all-rounder, having represented the Regiment at cricket, rugby and basketball. In his case, however, he has always concentrated mainly on cricket. He is a wicket-keeper of above average excellence, and is, too, a useful bat. He began playing cricket at the tender age of eight—"the baby of the side"—and played for the Under-14's London N.W. Boys XI, subsequently receiving coaching behind the wicket as a Middlesex Junior at Lord's.

"Ted" Rooke's wicket-keeping is marked by his particular brilliance on the leg side. "I was never allowed to get away with faulty technique." Followers of last year's successful cricket team will recall his famous ninth-wicket stand of 49 against the Infantry, partnered by Haslem, from which Rooke emerged with 29 NOT OUT.

**CPL. THOMAS**

Cpl. "Taffy" Thomas has boxed for all his service—seven years during the war and ten since—including charity shows and exhibitions, and has held the Bantamweight championship of the K.S.L.I.

He joined the Army early in June, 1939, and was "demobbed" in June, 1946. He then turned professional and fought leading contenders for the Bantamweight title of Britain until his retirement in 1954.

He rejoined the Army in November, 1950, and coached and trained boxing teams, including the 2nd Training Regt., Royal Signals, who reached the final of the Army Championships, only to be beaten by one bout by the R.A.O.C.

After his arrival at Denbury in January this year, he took over the boxing team and has coached two I.S.B.A. Southern Command and Army Champions—Barratt and Crowe.

He is looking forward to more success next season. He considers Peterson to be his outstanding prospect.



By Sgt. Martin



By Sgt. Martin

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**THE STATION CAFE**



J/Sigs. Jacobs, Jones and Rooney—boxing, rugby, and basketball

By Sgt. Martin

## SPORTING SUMMARY

		Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	for	against
Rugby	—J/Ldrs. 1st XV	25	21	—	4	336	78
	—J/Ldrs. 2nd XV	4	2	—	2	104	9
Soccer	—Staff XI	23	21	—	2	210	29
	—J/Ldrs. 1st XI	19	7	—	12	68	80
	—J/Ldrs. 2nd XI	1	1	—	—	9	1
Hockey	—Staff XI	13	8	1	4	27	24
	—J/Ldrs. XI	8	5	—	3	26	12
Table Tennis	—Staff	9	—	—	9	17	72
	—J/Ldrs.	6	1	—	5	21	39
Basket Ball	—Staff	10	6	—	4	357	290
	—J/Ldrs.	9	6	—	3	280	228

### SCORERS :

Football	—Staff.	Cook, 64; Scott, 62; Sturch, 46; Eckersall, 13; Chester, 6; Stapenell, 8; Morris, 4; James, 2; Tearse, 1; Jackson, 1.
	—J/Ldrs. 1st XI.	McGibbon, 25; Rooney, 11; Schofield, 8; Bourgoise, 7; Leggett, 6; Armstrong, 3; Booker, 3; Delve, 2; Davis 1; Terras, 1.
	—J/Ldrs. 2nd XI.	Crowe, 4; Carr, 2; Haslam, 2; Coates, 1.
Hockey	—Staff.	Hartnett, 7; Angel, 4; Rothwell, 4; Bell, 3; L. Gregory, 2; Worsley, 2; Parker, 2; Creek, 1; Whitehead, 1; P. Gregory, 1.
	—J/Ldrs.	Hobson, 10; Sharp, 7; Sharracks, 5; Collins, 2; Willoughby, 1; Taylor, 1.

## FROM WINTER WINS TO SUMMER

Has it ever been known before? One unit winning two Army Cups in one year must surely be a record. The Junior Leaders' rugby record speaks for itself, and Capt. Hancock, to whom so much of the credit was due, has himself contributed his own appreciation of the XV's performance.

Apart from the Army (Junior Leaders) Rugby Cup, we also hold the Army (Junior Leaders) Boxing Cup—this for the second year in succession. The boxing team, captained by J/Sig. Jacobs, our most experienced and polished performer—starring J/Sigs. Crowe and Barratt—current Imperial Services Boxing Association Junior Champions—and with a wealth of young talent—indeed did us proud.

Next comes the turn of the Staff to be lauded. Already South-West District Football Champions and Southern Command finalists, our best wishes and hopes go with them in their attempt to win the Army (Minor Units) Football Cup. That would be an achievement indeed. This year the Staff XI have shown us what team-work, fitness and determination can do. No names should be singled out from these eleven truly great footballers.

In basketball we have done remarkably well, too. The Junior Leaders team won the South-West District Cup comfortably, but didn't do themselves justice in the Finals at Aldershot. Enough has been said of the promise shown by Rooney and others, but here we will mention the interest and support given by Capt. Gregory in administra-

tion, and the hard work, coaching and training done by Sgts. Meekings and Creek and S/Sgt. Nicholls. Now is the time to get to work on a new generation of basketball players to make sure of next year's Army Cup. The Staff, too, have had a successful basketball season with a team taken entirely from the WOs and Sergeants Mess.

Next hockey. Here, the Staff XI narrowly lost the South-West District Cup in the final but, on the whole, have been a little disappointing. Their main fault has lain in the lack of cohesion amongst players who were individually of a very high standard. For the first time a Junior Leaders Hockey XI played some outside fixtures, with creditable results, and playing a gratifyingly high standard of hockey.

We come now to the unpromising results of both our table tennis teams. Both teams need more practice sessions and to show greater determination in matches—wider support for them is required from all in the regiment.

The Junior Leaders Football XI has purposely been left until the end of our sporting survey. Frankly, their record is poor, and their performances not very encouraging. They need to practice the techniques of the game, work harder together as a team, listen to one captain and not eleven, and to show greater determination whether they are winning or losing.

Now to cricket, athletics, tennis and swimming.

## RUGBY BOOM

by

CAPT. J. HANCOCK



This has undoubtedly been one of the best rugby seasons ever! Winning 21 games out of 25 is quite an achievement. This has been achieved by fitness, determination and a little technique.

Rugby is on the boom at Denbury. Never before has there been so much enthusiasm over inter-Troop games, producing a surprisingly high standard of play.

Notice must also be given to a spirited 2nd XV, that has played more games than ever before, and accounted for itself creditably.

The success of the 1st XV, has been due to a quick-moving, hard-hitting pack of forwards based on two excellent props, in Tracey and Hamilton; a high-jumping lock, Sadler; and a good pack leader, in Worrall.

Outside, in Gooding and Hills, we have had two quick effective half-backs, while Jones and Hague, by speed and thought, have produced the striking power.

Thompson, at full-back, has been cool and dependable, and has kicked the team out of trouble on many occasions.

Altogether a memorable season, which I hope can be repeated and perhaps improved upon next season.

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# GRADUATION LIST, APRIL, 1960

Name	Training Regiment	Pre-selected Trade	Troop and Adopted Regiment	Name	Training Regiment	Pre-selected Trade	Troop and Adopted Regiment
J. Baker	12th	Lineman	Kukri Troop	W. Blackley	24th	Teleprinter Op	Iron Troop
D. J. Birch	12th	Lineman	17 Gurkha Sig Regt	W. M. Bentham	23rd	Wrls Op	3 Signal Regt
C. R. Dale	224 Sqn	Special Op	"	R. K. Gann	24th	Radio Relay Op	"
A. Elliott	12th	Lineman	"	K. B. Holloway	8th	Electronic Tech	"
B. E. Longbottom	224 Sqn	Special Op	"	H. Jackson	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
P. Tams	24th	Cypher Op	"	J. Johnston	8th	Telegraph Tech	"
				E. Jones	24th	Radio Relay Op	"
				M. McLean	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
				R. F. Smith	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
				G. S. Stewart	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
				M. W. Wellington	24th	Teleprinter Op	"

Name	Training Regiment	Pre-selected Trade	Troop and Adopted Regiment
G. P. Adams	26th	—	Francisca Troop
C. L. Clarke	23rd	Wrls Op	28th Signal Regt
L. T. Collins	24th	Radio Relay Op	"
M. M. Coope	24th	Teleprinter Op	"
F. G. Carroll	24th	Radio Relay Op	"
M. R. Height	224 Sqn	Special Op	"
J. Miller	24th	Radio Relay Op	"
M. F. Morgan	23rd	Wrls Op	"
W. S. Paterson	23rd	Wrls Op	"
A. D. Pickens	23rd	Wrls Op	"
J. Bane	12th	Lineman	Anzio Troop
B. Hives	24th	Teleprinter Op	1 Signal Regt
R. Kitson	224 Sqn	Special Op	"
F. W. P. Murray	8th	Telegraph Tech	"
I. J. Parsons	23rd	Sigcen Op	"
D. Sharp	12th	Lineman	"
A. R. Smith	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
T. F. Wrigg	24th	Teleprinter Op	"
J. D. D. Bailey	12th	Lineman	White Swan Troop
A. Donnelly	23rd	Telegraph Op	30 Signal Regt
K. R. Finch	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
A. L. Gordon	224 Sqn	Special Op	"
A. O. Harkins	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
K. Harlick	24th	Radio Relay Op	"
R. A. Howlett	24th	Cypher Op	"
R. J. Cattermole	224 Sqn	Special Op	Jerboa Troop
M. J. Docket	224 Sqn	Special Op	5 Signal Regt
P. Doherty	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
R. A. Foster	8th	Radio Relay Tech	"
D. F. Jolly	224 Sqn	Special Op	"
D. J. MacGillp	8th	Radio Tech Light	"
C. Sadler	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
W. S. Atherton	24th	Teleprinter Op	Kohima Troop
W. E. Clarke	23rd	Telegraph Op	2 Signal Regt
P. I. Hemsley	224 Sqn	Special Op	"
D. E. Hughes	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
D. G. Johns	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
G. F. Leake	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
F. A. Quinn	24th	Cypher Op	"
A. J. Butler	8th	Radio Tech Light	Quadrant Troop
R. C. Carr	23rd	Telegraph Op	4th Signal Regt
M. G. Evans	224 Sqn	Special Op	"
D. W. Garner	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
J. R. Hague	224 Sqn	Special Op	"
M. F. Ledger	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
R. J. Ledger	24th	Radio Relay Op	"
M. Page	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
G. P. Wheeler	24th	Radio Relay Op	"
D. K. Bunting	23rd	Telegraph Op	Bruno Troop
A. Leggett	8th	Radio Tech Light	10 Signal Regt
S. C. Longhurst	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
D. R. Mantle	24th	Radio Relay Op	"
B. Pakes	8th	Telegraph Tec	"
L. Ricketts	23rd	Telegraph Op	"
A. M. Rutherford	8th	Radio Tech Heavy	"