

VOL. 1. No. 6.

NOVEMBER, 1959

Price 4d.

TEN TORS

Still through Chaos works on the
ancient plan,
And two things have altered not since
first the world began—
The beauty of the wild green earth
And the bravery of man.

P. P. Cameron Wilson.

TO the average man or woman, Dartmoor conjures up a picture of a bleak, dismal, mysterious moorland inhabited by mischievous pixies, escaped convicts and perpetual mists. To us at Denbury it is a happy training ground and a friendly opponent for the **bold in spirit**.

Over 1,000 Junior Leaders have had the good fortune to roam among its lovely hills and valleys, its streams and woodlands and to watch the ageless, timeless Mother Nature dressed according to her seasonal mood in wistful submission or breathtaking splendour. Three hundred square miles of moss, peat and heather over which is inscribed in hard granite the facts of **self reliance, initiative and leadership**; the pattern of the will that never falters and the determination that survives when all but the mind is exhausted. And underlaying it all in an endless tapestry of silver, the singing streams of the Tavey and the Dart emphasize in

music the importance of these things in the quest for peace.

On a still night in September when the inscrutable face of Dartmoor lay hidden under the mesmeric splendour of a starlit sky a small patrol of Junior Leaders moved silently across the moor towards their camp. The magic of the elements lay about them and the glory of God's creation filled each mind. It was then that the idea was born:

"TEN TORS"

"Dartmoor has so much to give" said one of them, "everyone should experience this. Why not an international adventure over the moors for Junior Leaders and Junior Ladies? Call it a competition, a challenge, a youth congress—anything you like—but the purpose remains the same: a date with Dartmoor and all the loveliness she has to offer."

It has been the talk of Denbury ever since. Years from now in the early days of September patrols from all over the world might be busy packing their bags and organizing themselves for Denbury and the "Ten Tors." What a vision, and if only it could be realised, the great love that beats in the heart of the Junior Leaders Regiment of Royal Signals for its dearest and

closest friend will not beat in vain and YOUTH will come to Dartmoor, **the home of the Young**.

It takes time to appreciate the magnificence of Dartmoor and its value as a training ground. Like good wine its bouquet cannot be forced but emerges naturally with time, filling the mind with admiration and the heart with affection.

The details of the proposed adventure are simple enough. Patrols of ten between the ages of sixteen and eighteen years will set off from Hay Tor and cover a course of ten tors in thirty-six hours. A new route will be chosen each year and will not be disclosed to the competitors until the adventure is actually underway. The aim of "Ten Tors" will be the application of lessons learned on outward bound training, and for a team to prove successful a high standard of map reading will be necessary combined with endurance, fitness and initiative.

Dartmoor has many tors—meaning peaks or summits—the highest being Yes Tor, over 2,000 feet above sea level. The best known is North Hessary Tor overlooking Princetown and the situation of the B.B.C.'s Television transmitter to the West of England. The tors provide a wealth of picturesque history and though it is easy to see how such names as Vixen Tor, Fox Tor, Hawks Tor, Hen Tor or Sheep Tor got their names, the imagination is intrigued by the appearance of Great Miss Tor or Little Miss Tor.

Perhaps the spirits of these remarkable ladies still haunt those places!

To the ordinary down-to-earth youth who believes in keeping fit, or even to the occasional Junior Leader who has to be driven out on to the Moors for the good of his soul, each tor is a challenge and presents the occasion for a real sense of achievement. A little extra effort is always required to get to a summit, but having scrambled up the peak and placed one's feet firmly on its crown brings a reward that few experiences can rival.

As a prize for the winning patrol of the "Ten Tors" what could be better than a replica of a grand model of Fur Tor (Queen of the Tors, so named by Junior Leaders Regiment of Royal Signals), standing three feet



FUR TORS—"Queen of the Tors."

by Lt. Tysoe

EDITORIAL

WHAT a terrific idea! The competition of The Ten Tors takes ones breath away. The very thought of the youth of the world foregathering at Denbury for an annual climb over Dartmoor is stupendous.

Rather more down to earth for the time being, and nearer at home, lies the November 5th Regimental Ball. We trust that everybody reading this has sold his book of Raffle Tickets. One hundred pounds is a lovely thought, and with dreams of a "Bumper" Junior Mercury Edition of 20 pages and lots of "pin-ups" we even considered investing our sales returns in the project. Unfortunately the rather stiff penalties for embezzlement loomed up before our eyes, so we decided that it was better not.

On our Letters Page you will find a delightful letter from Mrs. Callington concerning her experiences on Outward Bound. A word of explanation for those who don't know Mrs. Callington—she is the camp's W.V.S. representative, the organizer of social activities, and a "bit of a Mother" to the boys when they need it.

Observant eyes will have already noted our change of printer, although the standard of our Journal remains the same. This was due to circumstances beyond our control and we would like to thank Mr. Cumming very warmly for his assistance. We look forward with trust to a successful future in the hands of the Mid Devon Advertiser, who have now assumed responsibility for our production.

New members of our staff include Captain Bowyer, our business manager, Sig. Foster, an experienced civilian reporter, and J/Sigs. Mack and Booker. Once again we thank SSM Cox and J/Sig. Dryland for their excellent cartoons; however as both are shortly leaving the Regiment we end with an advertisement of our own:—

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

Cadre Cuttings

For those who think this column is rubbish here's a treat: two paragraphs on salvage.

"Rebel the camp pony must figure prominently in the piece for during the past weeks the animal has been helping clean the camp by pulling a small cart full of the things we don't want about. Dustman-in-chief, Sigm. Murray handles the pony with loving care and both seem happy to plod on their 'merry' way; Martin filling the dust cart while Rebel fills his stomach with tit-bits from a NAAFI girl.

A horse-drawn dust cart may be ancient, but at least it's bringing a little glamour to an unglamorous job.

A sight to gladden the eyes of all the National Servicemen on the camp has been the "invasion" of civilians. "The end is in sight" now seems to be the whisper across the square and here's proof for all to see.

National Servicemen have recently vacated positions in the Pay Office and Bursar's Office in favour of the invaders.

If you've heard the shouts of "get some in" and seen the weird demob charts down at RHQ you might wonder at its smooth running. It could be the happy atmosphere, which the Commanding Officer believes is thriving, that brings about its efficiency.

Anyway to keep this spirit alive the whole office went for a night out to "beat the drum" at, of course, Cockington's Drum Inn. Beating a retreat, we understand, took quite a while to perform!

Among the camp "characters" to leave for the outside world this month were "Wells Fargo" Pat Morrissey bound West (on-Super-Mare) way; the Jackson twins, 771 and 772, RHQ cleaner Sig. Pheby. Four men who will long be remembered at Denbury.

It's tough on the techs. They never seem to hit the news but Bob Billson and Alec Stuart hidden away all day more than do their share to keep the spiders flying high with fun after work is done.

A naughty pair of words at the Corporal's Mess lately must have been drill and duties. It's risky writing them here but in conclusion I think it's fair to say Cadre Signalmen of every shape and form are thanking their lucky stars the early morning courses are for NCO's only, for instruction is keen and the best is being demanded from those taking the courses.

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TEN TORS—continued

square at its base and rising two and a half feet tall? This model could be held for one year by the winning team, and it may be possible to provide miniatures of Fur Tor for permanent retention.

At the conclusion of the Ten Tors a youth jamboree would be held to mark the end of this international gathering. Round an open camp fire youth from many nations will sit together linked by a common purpose, singing their national songs around an old fashioned barbecue and dancing their own traditional dances.

Such then is the vision!

The first of these meetings could take place in the Autumn of 1960 and who knows where this may lead? Will it succeed as Nijmegen has done and find its place as an equal partner? Will it flop into the dust of yesterday's enthusiasm? Who knows? Even the "nuts and bolts man" may be touched by the idea and join with us in looking outward from Denbury and beyond Hay Tor: always safe, always friendly and ever enduring.

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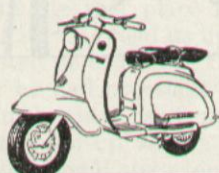
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BRIGHTENING UP THE CAMP

O.C. H.Q. Squadron was jealous. There was no other word for it. His shoulders were bare, whilst both Squadron O.C.'s sported a colourful display of troops' flashes.

Some time after, wearing H.Q. Squadron's new flash he entered the Officers' Mess. After the laughter had died down his flashes were inspected in detail, consisting of a jeep, a bag of potatoes, a coal bucket and scuttle, and a bag of money, all in miniature, and mounted on a piece of cardboard 4" x 1", denoting respectively his interests in M.T., Stations, Fuel and Pay.

Unfortunately he had forgotten to include his badge of rank. Penalty? Drinks all round.

CHURCH ARMY

LAST month the tenants of the Church Army Canteen changed, which calls for a fond farewell from all to Captain and Mrs. Selves, and a warm welcome to Captain and Mrs. Milner.

Captain Milner, in an interview, stressed the fact that serving tea and buns was not his main concern, which he felt to be giving moral and religious help to anybody in need. Both he and his wife expressed gratitude for the kind welcome they have had here.

ROUND THE CAMP

LET THE PEOPLE SING

ON entering the room our reporter was greeted by 40 eager young voices uplifted in the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is My Shepherd." On completion Captain Rowe then organised the Regimental Choir in speech practice and group humming practice.

J/Sig. Court is the pianist and J/Sigs. Swift and "Taff" Fisher are the soloists. "London's Burning" was declared the most popular number in their repertoire.

As our reporter left, the choir were practising "All through the Night," which he found himself humming on his way back to the Junior Mercury Office.

WELL DONE

CONGRATULATIONS to our newly-weds, L/Cpl. Moore and Sig. Griffin. May they learn the lesson well demonstrated by Sgt. Foulds, whose wife has borne a 7lb 6oz son, James Tristam. Also to Sig. and Mrs. Alford on the birth of their son, Martin.

INVASION

ON a certain balmy evening in early October the camp was invaded by a horde of Hoboes from the gutters and sewers of every city in the world. They came by night. They appeared from all directions—some of them in surprisingly expensive cars. Dirty, ragged and evil-looking, they assembled in a place to match their stinking selves—sawdust all over the floor, wooden boxes to sit on, barrels to rest their candles on, and jam jars to drink filthy rot-gut from. Not just male tramps, but females too! All fighting over dog-ends that even a Junior Leader wouldn't bother to stoop down for. What a night it was—the night of the Sergeants' Mess Tramps' Ball.

OVERTAKING THE JONESES

TWO squadron started it all with colourful flashes on their shoulders, then along came H.Q. with their "stage coach" salvage arrangements. Next we find One Squadron Officers carrying walking sticks—some of them are getting on in years of course. Finally One Squadron NCO's decided to outdo all previous attempts. It was a Wednesday morning when a smart troop of Sergeants, commanded by S/Sgt. Curley, marched down the road with umbrellas and parasols sloped correctly over their left shoulders.

Come on R.A.E.C. What about it? Mortar boards and gowns in the classroom please?

LA CUISINE DENBURY

VISITORS to the camp are usually surprised by the quality of the food in the Regimental Cookhouse, and both Orderly Officers and Orderly Sergeants confess that it is superior to that served in their respective messes. Not long ago a system of self-service was introduced in the cookhouse, which by speeding up service has made a considerable improvement.

Recently a new scheme was introduced for the cooks, whereby some spent time at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay in order to see how that kitchen is run. The resident cooks at the Imperial were amazed when our cooks detailed a normal cookhouse menu to them—apparently they imagined army food to be eternal baked beans and porridge.

At a normal lunch there are four meat dishes to choose from, all well cooked and attractively served. Junior Leaders when interviewed all praise the quality of the food, but feel that the quantity should be raised. On this subject the last word goes to the Padre—"You must remember that growing boys never get enough to eat."

"SCOUT"

WELCOME to "H" Troop's latest recruit, a sheepdog named Scout, found wandering round Dartmoor. He has made a niche for himself in camp life, and follows members of his Troop everywhere. The Education Staff wish he would come along to education too, as it would probably prove easier to teach a dog than certain members of his Troop.

WOT NO MACE

THE band arrived at Paignton, and went in to tea, before Beating Retreat on the Green. Suddenly D/Major Fisher's face fell. "I've forgotten the Mace."

"What?" screamed Sgt. Yates at the top of his voice.

The Regimental bus was quickly loaded with Driver, an R.P., and our reporter, straight back to camp. Meanwhile telephone wires buzzed, and Mace in hand the Junior Mercury reporter was bundled straight into a Landrover with a driver who must have been Stirling Moss travelling incognito, and away they went. As the clock struck five they pulled in to the car park. The Band were lined up ready to advance on to the Green. The Drum Major had his mace and the show was a success.

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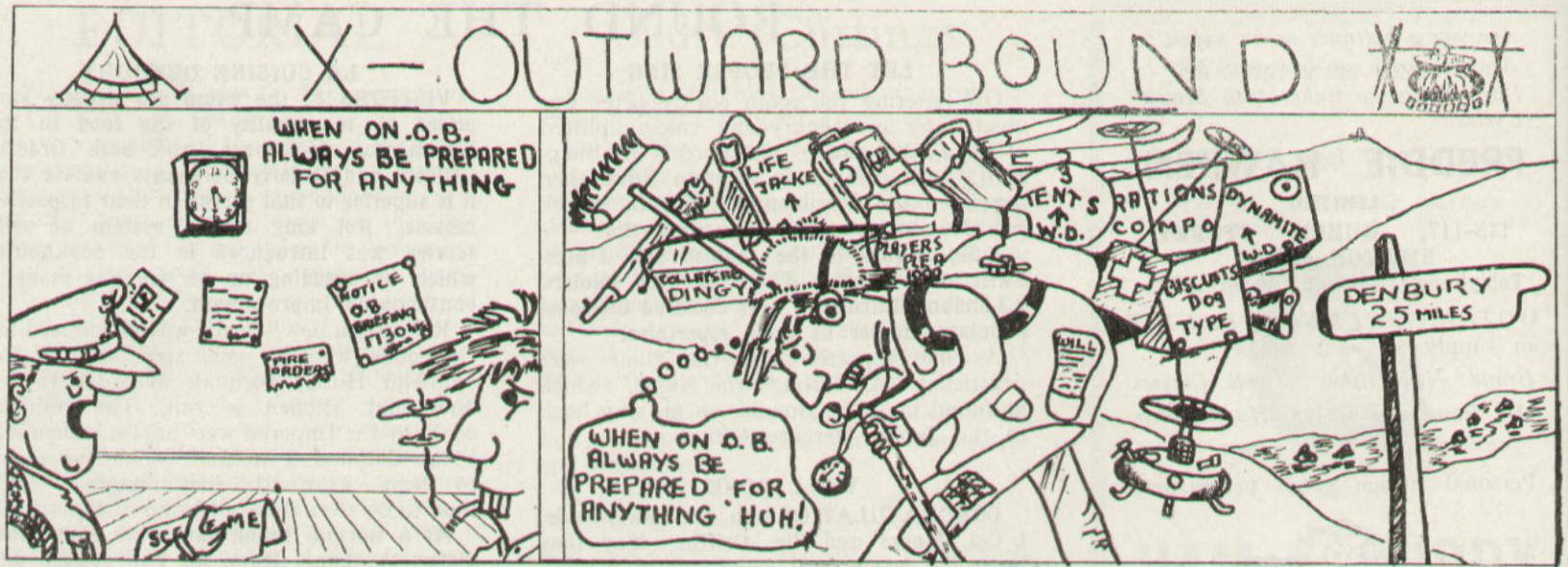
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“X” ON DARTMOOR

IT was very early on a Friday morning—“X” had never realised that it could be as early as this—and the troop were getting into the truck. Already “X” had been promised extra drill for having two sets of rations, but there was worse in store. A fourteen mile walk across Dartmoor—no buses, no cars, not even any roads—just ups and downs. There was no escape!

Shortly after—a matter of seconds it seemed to “X”—the truck stopped. The troop sergeant called “X” and his mate out.

“Here you are,” he announced in a sickeningly cheerful voice, “Here’s your map, all marked.”

It seemed rather lonely just standing there

with his mate, gazing round through thick mist at hills in every direction. “X” looked at the map, but it might as well have been a Chinese crossword puzzle for all the help that was.

Half-an-hour had passed, gazing vacantly into space as only “X” and his mate can, when suddenly half a dozen wild ponies came into view.

“Come on” exclaimed “X” excitedly, and with a yell the chase was on. Up the side of a hill, down into a valley, over a stream, through a nasty, oozing bog and across some bracken, which left scratches all over them. In the lead was one badly frightened pony, closely followed by “X,” the budding “Wild Bill Hickock” of

Denbury.

The pony entered into the spirit of the game, stopping and waiting every now and then, or they wouldn’t have seen it after the first couple of minutes. However one hour was followed by another and the chase was still on, “X” looking ghastly enough to have given “Quatermass” a nightmare.

Finally the pony had had enough, and galloped out of sight. “X” and his mate sank exhausted to the ground and “X” ruefully produced a sopping wet packet of fags. They looked at each other and sighed.

Then their sergeant’s voice came out of the mist, “Have a Senior Service, you deserve it! Fourteen miles in two hours, forty five minutes is very good going.”

- London
- Portsmouth
- Chatham
- Bournemouth
- Liverpool
- Camberley
- Edinburgh
- Farnborough
- Dartmouth
- Weymouth
- Southampton
- Bath
- Brockenhurst
- Winchester
- Londonderry
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READERS' CORNER

" THE GENTLE SEX "

Dear Sir,

Having heard rumours of the hardships endured on the moors and having seen tired, limping figures with blistered feet being helped off transport on their return, I decided it was high time to carry out a personal investigation and that the only way to do this would be to actually partake in an Outward Bound exercise, being the same as the boys and perhaps even throwing in an extra Tor or so for good measure.

At 6 a.m. one Friday I climbed into transport and was rushed along to collect the Padre, who had volunteered to keep me company in this project—in fact the credit goes to him in the first place for inspiring me to think of it. He held us up for several minutes expected us to believe that this was the first time he had overslept! He then decided my suede shoes were not quite the thing and fitted me up with a pair of his, which although several sizes too large, were quite comfortable over three pairs of his socks.

It was a glorious morning when we finally stepped out on the moors and the sun was shining as I'm sure it always does up there. From here onward the things I saw were so different from what I had been led to expect that they had to be seen to be believed. However rather than fill the Junior Mercury with my observations I shall just record a few of them here along with my final conclusion—and then leave you to draw yours.

We came upon boys lazily spread out in the sunshine and some acutally sleeping; boys gorging themselves on a delicious bacon and egg mixture and drinking vast quantities of tea; boys sitting around in cosy groups with radios, and some believe it or not, listening in to Radio Luxemburg! Others who like ourselves were enjoying an invigorating morning walk were so happy that they were even singing. In fact instead of the rigorous work I imagined, I found that they were all—sergeants, officers and Junior Leaders alike—indulging in a pleasant, carefree existence.

Affected by this atmosphere we almost skipped over the Ten Tors, enjoying every minute of the scenery and the moorland air, and we also added a hazardous journey to HQ, managing to arrive in time to attend a happy breakfast party. All this, I am told, we achieved in almost record time.

At this point I feel I should say that there are one or two very minor details that can become rather irritating if you let them, such as when your companion's map reading is not quite so slick as it might be over locating the last Tor.

Perhaps I could not have made the last few miles quite so jauntily if it hadn't been for my companion's alternate words of encouragement. Maybe I did develop a peculiar and penetrating pain behind one knee and suffer acute indigestion from the tin of greasy bacon I was persuaded into eating, but, despite these and other handicaps I could feel that I had experienced a holiday after such an exercise. For Junior Leaders, I have decided, Outward Bound must be just "ONE BIG SKIVE."

Yours,

KAY CALLINGTON, (W.V.S.)

" MAKE THE BEST OF IT "

Dear Sir,

I have written to you to thank the Junior Leaders Regiment for all it has done for me.

I am now training as a Cypher Operator, normally a 23 week course. However, thanks to training at Denbury, the course has been cut to 9 weeks. I cannot express the advantage ex-boys have over National Service and Regular recruits in Military training and bearing.

Please urge all the boys to make the best of ALL their training at Denbury. They will benefit from it for the rest of their Army careers.

Yours,

(Signed) 23473288 Sig. BONFIELD, T.M., 1 Sqn., 24 Sig. Regt., Catterick Camp.

" THE HIGHLAND FLING "

To: The Editor of " Junior Mercury "

Dear Sir,

I was very pleased to hear that Scottish Dancing instruction is starting as an auxiliary hobby on Mondays and Tuesdays in the Games Room. I am sure this will please those who are interested in this enjoyable form of exercise, but who have never had the opportunity or the time to join in before.

We look forward to seeing a really keen group of energetic Junior Leaders keeping themselves fit during the winter. Many boys must feel shy about coming to the dances on Wednesday without knowing anything about it. Well here is your chance to learn.

Yours,

(Signed), MALCOLM GODDARD, 2. Lt. R. Signals.

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF A RAW RECRUIT or NOT MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

SUBMITTED BY J/SIG. DAVIES

When I first joined up with the Army,
To get away from me Mum and me Dad,
I thought I was sane
But now it is plain
That, in fact, I was raving mad.

I imagined a life of adventure;
An expeditionary force to Tibet?
But the dark and the damp
Of Denbury Camp
Was the farthest away I could get.

I wanted to serve Queen and Country,
I was ready to win the V.C.
But I mixed up the date
And was several days late,
So all that I got was C.B.

Then one day they gave us the needle,
A smallpox and polio jab.
For without being protected
We might get infected
On Saturday in Newton Abb'.

For ten days I lay in a coma;
They said I was gasping and hissing.
They woke us at five
And those not alive
Were reluctantly listed as missing.

I recovered despite their attention
And joined my platoon for P.T.
When he said, "Climb the rope"
Though I hadn't a hope
There was nothing to do but agree.

I was rushed back to hospital shortly
(They told me I fell on my head)
In considerable pain,
Only partially sane,
I then was court-martialled in bed.

The Colonel was very forbidding
And asked had I something to say?
I complained that the meat
Was too tough to eat
And immediately passed away.

I was buried with military honours
A march past and a blaze of glory.
So ended, I fear,
My extinguished career
And that is also the end of my story.

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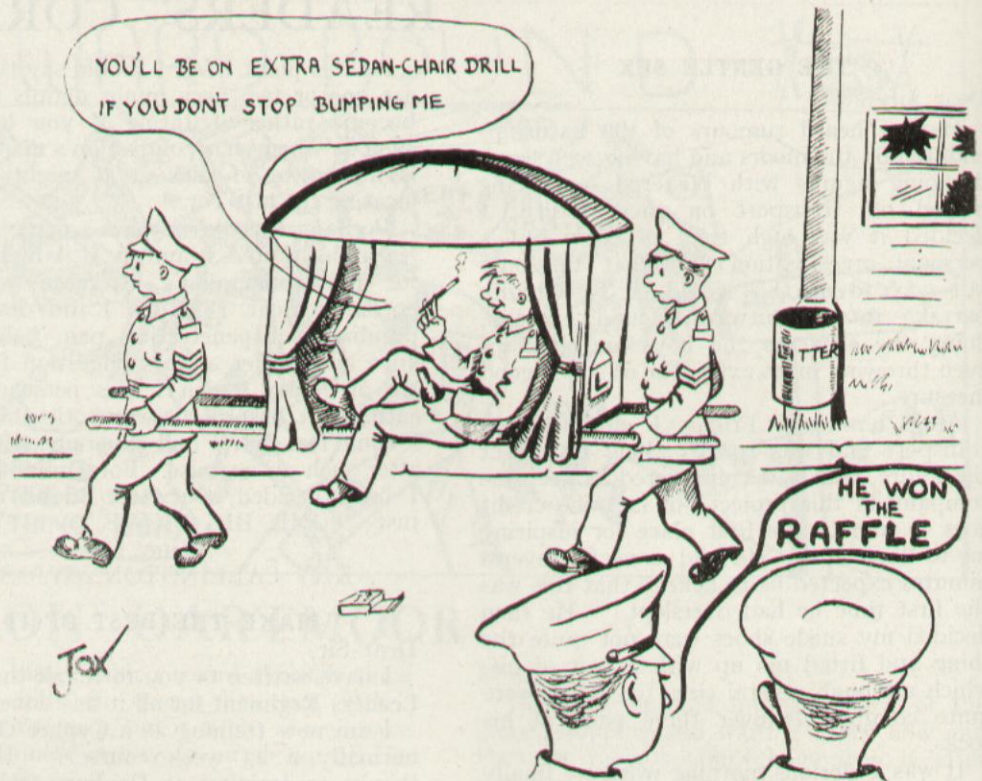
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DISC-USSION

CLIFF Richard's latest disc, "Travelling Light" is coupled with another fast beating flip "Dynamite." An "oldie" revived is "The Three Bells" by the Brown Brothers, this was originally recorded by Les Campagnons De La Chanson, a famous Continental group, whose disc is also in the hit parade. Bill Haley, the man who started "Rock 'n Roll," has a new instrumental record entitled "Joey's Song." Another instrumental is "Forty Miles of Bad Road" by that ever popular Duane Eddy. The two American boys, the Everley Brothers, are having great success with their recent disc, "Till I Kissed You." Frankie Vaughan has a new disc out entitled "Walking Tall" which is sure to be a great follow up for him after "Heart of a Man." A man with a brilliant band is Ken Mackintosh, whose latest recording is "Sleep Walk." "Sea of Love" is a new disc by a comparative new-comer to the business, Phil Phillips, and his first record is in great demand at the moment. The 19 year old boy who writes his own music, Paul Anka, has found another marvellous disc in "Put Your Head on My Shoulder." A new release by the boy from Bermondsey, Tommy Steele, is "You're Mine." It is one of the slow beat discs on top of which Tommy sounds terrific. Another slow beat disc is "Angel Face" by Billie Fury. Ella Fitzgerald, the greatest woman jazz singer of our time, has made another E.P. with the great Satchmo, Louis Armstrong. This disc is simply entitled "Ella and Louis again." "Just Keep it Up" has a fast beat to which Dean Clarke puts the words extremely well. The ever great Buddy Holly, who died a while back, has had another disc released and that is "Peggy Sue Gets Married," which is a great sequel to one of his first discs, "Peggy Sue."

Once again the much maligned Channel 2 (B.B.C.) has produced a winning music programme, starring two young Danish singers, Nina and Frederick. Among their British releases "Listen to the Ocean" (a Columbia 45) should be singled out for particular attention. In these days of new and shooting stars it is worthwhile occasionally to look back. Two re-issues stand out. "At His Very Best" and "In a Mellotone" feature the Duke Ellington orchestra of the 1940-42 era. Then there is a Fontana release featuring Lester Young on Saxophone with the Count Basie Band of the 1936-40 period, "The Lester Young Memorial Album-Volume One." A "must" for real jazz enthusiasts.



BANGS AND MORE BANGS

EVERYBODY knows that the 5th of November is Guy Fawkes night—even in the Army!

Guy Fawkes Night 1959 at Denbury Camp will mark the greatest social occasion of the year. On order are £30 worth of fireworks, and a grand display coupled with a bonfire and an inter-troop "Best Guy" competition will start the evening off. This will be followed by community singing.

At eight o'clock a concert and Grand "Guy Fawkes Ball" commence simultaneously. Then at a quarter to ten comes the Raffle with two celebrated personalities kindly drawing the winning tickets.

As soon as this is over, the band having had a rest, it will be back to dancing. The bar, incidently, has an extension until 10.30—the dance is not scheduled to finish until a quarter to twelve.

Everybody is welcome and special buses have been ordered for Newton Abbot and Torquay to get everybody home. Good people of Newton Abbot—here is your opportunity to find out what really goes on inside Denbury.

TRY THIS ONE

HERE are a number of well-known songs, by the side of each is the name of a well known singer. Some of the singers are connected with the song concerned, but others have no connection. You are required to say which is which:

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------|
| I go Ape | Neil Sedeka |
| Only Sixteen | Little Richard |
| Blue Suede Shoes | Charlie Gracie |
| Green Door | Martin Wilde |
| Honey Comb | Little Richard |
| Cool Baby | Charlie Gracie |
| I was The one | Elvis Presley |
| Fever | Peggy Lee |
| Roulette | Russ Conway |
| Peggy Sue | Tommy Steel |

Prizes will be given to the first two correct entries opened on 12 Nov., 1959.

MUCH BETTER

Over a dozen entries were received to our last competition which was won by J/Sigs. Livingston (J) and Litchfield (H). They were awarded book prizes: "Danger West" by Robert McCaig and "Night Passage" by Norman Fox. Time has come now for more entries. We've noticed the staff are shy in this field.

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THE Staff Football XI is the strongest over five years. In only 6 games they have amassed 62 goals with only 7 against. The most prolific scorers are Sigs. Scott, Sturch and Cook, with Scott as the schemer-in-chief. In defence, Sig. Webb, Sgt. Angell and Dvr. Chester, in the unfamiliar position of centre half, have all been prominent, with Sgt. James proving a constructive wing half.

However by the time you read this the result of the first round of the Army Minor Unit's Cup against an R.A.S.C. team at Barnstaple will be known, and we will be able to judge their performance against stronger opposition. Here the team will be strengthened by the inclusion of L/Cpl. Eickersall, who is now a professional with Tappay United.

What a feather in the cap of this unit if they can win this competition—given the "breaks" the team is certainly capable of just this.



From The Mid-Devon Advertiser

J/CPL. JONES

EMLYN JONES, as a consequence of being a Welshman, is naturally a keen rugby player. He started playing Rugby at the age of 13 for Roath Park in Cardiff, and played in six Welsh Schoolboy Trials, being very unfortunate in not getting capped. He is a very strong running centre three quarter and plays a major part in the success of this year's rugby XV, which he thinks is "far better than last year's."

Cpl. Jones has an exceptionally well-developed physique for a boy and is a natural all-round athlete. He represented the Regiment at boxing last year, winning fights in both the semi-final and the final of the Inter Junior Leaders Cup. He was also prominent on the athletic field as a runner and a shot putter.

His ambition is to play Rugby for Wales, and we all hope he achieves this.

EARLY DEFEAT

THE Staff Hockey XI started the season disastrously with an 8-0 loss at Dawlish. We had a weak team it is true, owing to Corps trials and injuries, but the opposing side met with virtually no opposition.

However victories followed, over the Wessex Brigade and Seale Hayne, and the much debated move of Captain Hartnett into the forward line appears justified with 3 goals to his credit.

BASKETBALL TRIUMPH

THE Staff Basketball team beat the Durham Light Infantry 35-26. Our entire team came from the W.O's and Sergeants' Mess, and even in the absence of Sgt. Creek, proved too strong for the opposition. In defence Sgt. Meekings was outstanding, backed up well by Sgt. Gurdon and WO II Wheatley. Whilst in the attack Sgt. Grey and Sgt. Angell were prominent, well supported by QMSI Pictor and Sgt. Jamison.

CAPTAIN HANCOCK

CAPTAIN HANCOCK captained the English Schoolboys XV in 1951 and represented Somerset County. Since joining the Army he has played for Sandhurst, the 1951-3 famous Royal Corps of Signals team, BAOR, Yorkshire County, the Combined Services, and been reserve for an England trial.

Last season he was a regular member of the Harlequins, but is now concentrating on training the boys, with occasional games for Newton Abbot and an early season match for Devon.

Of the boys team he says that it is a "best ever" and quotes the local press as saying it is the "best Colts side in the area."

He has played Soccer too—for Somerset; cricket for the Corps and is a keen basketball player.

He advises all rugby players to think consistently about the game and if necessary to "side-step" the pillars down the collonades round the camp.



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Regimental Rugby XV.

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SCRUM IMPROVING

Having won their first five matches on hard grounds convincingly, the Rugby XV came badly unstuck against Exeter Saracens. It was raining, the ball was wet and difficult to hold, but the Signals never really adopted the correct tactics.

Both the opposition's tries were scored through defensive errors, fly kicking instead of falling on the ball being a bad habit by our backs. The scrum played well, but chances were wasted behind the scrummage owing to slowness in getting the ball moving and inability to reach the wings. In the loose J/L/ Cpl. Cowan, J/Cpl. Tracey and J/Sig. Smith were all outstanding, and J/Sig. Sadler put in some good line-out work.

However under happier circumstances we must wholeheartedly congratulate our XV on their victories over Newton Abbot Juniors, and Grammar School, Torquay Colts and Dartmouth Floaters.

HOBSON'S HAT TRICK

For the first time a boy's hockey side has played a match against an outside team, Foxhole School. They won well, 4-0, with J/L/Cpl. Hobson scoring three goals. The team was captained by J/Sig. Taylor (176), who played well. They were well served by J/Sig. Ashworth, their goalkeeper. With match experience this side could develop into a promising team.

McGIBBON SCORES 12

Unfortunately the football XI have been knocked out of both Youths' and Boys' Cups, which were the first two matches of the season. Since then we seem to have struck a winning vein with two handsome victories over H.M.S. Fisgard. Out of a total of 16 goals J/L/Cpl. McGibbon scored 12.

Another refreshing feature of the second game with Figsard lay in a welcome comeback by J/L/Cpl. Delve who gave an exhilarating display of ball-control and general poise. The defence with J/Cpl. Gardner and J/Sgt. Butcher as stalwarts seemed very steady.

McKAY BEAT BENTHAM

There were 418 runners charging across the Square, with wild Indian yells, at the start of the cross-country. J/L/Cpl. Bentham, an old expert and strong favourite, took an early lead, followed closely by J/L/Cpl. Fisher and J/Sig. Keenan. By the second time round Bentham's challenger was J/Sig. McKay, on his first regimental cross country, and at the finish it was McKay who had that bit left over to win in 24 minutes, 20 seconds.

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. McKay (J) | 2. Bentham (H) |
| 3. Keenan (F) | 4. Ledger (A) |
| 5. Davis (D) | 6. Leggatt (B) |
| 7. Fisher (F) | 8. Court (K) |
| 9. Terras (M) | |

The winning Troop was F Troop.

THE MONTH'S SPORT

RUGBY FOOTBALL:

Junior Leaders' XV 17. Dartmouth Floaters 6.
Junior Leaders' XV 8. Newton Abbot Juniors 3.
Junior Leaders' XV 11. Newton Abbot G.S. 3.
Junior Leaders' XV 17. Torquay Colts 3.
Junior Leaders' XV 0. Exeter Saracens 6.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Staff XI 19 (Sturch 8, Cook 4, Stapanell 1, James 1, Jackson 1). Torquay Co-op 0.
Staff XI 11 (Scott 6, Sturch 3, Stapanell 2). Seale Hayne 2.
Staff XI 2 (Scott 1, Sturch 1). Torquay United "A" 3.
Junior Leaders' XI 1 (Leggatt 1). Infantry Junior Leaders 3.
Junior Leaders' XI 8 (McGibbon 5, Armstrong 2, Booker 1). H.M.S. Figsard 4.
Junior Leaders' XI 8 (McGibbon 7, Booker 1). H.M.S. Figsard 3.

HOCKEY:

Staff XI 0. Dawlish 8.
Staff XI 5 (Bell 3, Hartnett 2). Wessex Brigade 1.
Staff XI 2 (Rothwell 1, Hartnett 1). Seale Hayne 1.
Junior Leaders' XI 4 (Hobson 3, Sharracks 1). Foxhole 0.

BASKETBALL:

Staff 35. Durham Light Infantry 26.
Junior Leaders' 45. Newton Abbot G.S. 16.
Junior Leaders' 25. Mr. Braggerton's Team 18.

TABLE-TENNIS

Junior Leaders' 1. Abbotskerswell 9.
Staff 1. Falcons 9.

VERY GOOD EVENING

Torbay Amateur Boxing Club (Formerly Audley Park ABC) were our first opponents this season, and we beat them convincingly by 5 bouts to 2. Particular encouragement lay in the victories of two newcomers, J/Sigs. Tucker and Wheatley, the latter winning by a decisive knock-out. J/Sig. Keenan's fight was the best to watch, a very good victory against an experienced opponent. Other victors were J/Sig. Ather-ton, again by a right upper-cut—if only he could hit hard with his left hand too—and J/Sig. Jacobs who lacked the speed necessary to catch up with a fast running opponent. Our two defeats involved J/Sigs. Grant and Garratt, the latter's fight lasting about half a minute only.

Apart from the main programme there were very interesting exhibition fights between the Torbay "babes"—little, four stone killers. Also two good contests in which J/Sig. Crowe outpointed J/Sig. Peterson, and J/Sig. Gooding avenged himself at the expense of J/Sig. Bishop.

GOOD START

This season's basketball team, captained by J/L/Cpl. Sharpe has already struck form, winning both their matches. Sharp, J/Sig. Rooney and J/L/Cpl. McGibbon are the stars of the team. McGibbon scored 20 points against Newton Abbot Grammar School.

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