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NOVEMBER, 1960

Price 4d.

LITTERBUGGING

Keep England clean! Keep Denbury clean! Keep Dartmoor clean! This cry echoes round the walls of a nation's conscience and, sitting in one minute corner of a Junior Leader cringes at the thought of all he must do for his part of England. "Operation Litterbug," or "Litterbugging" is in vogue, and if you haven't heard of this newest and most fashionable game come to Denbury and learn all about it.

To those who may have been looking at television the night of H.H.R. The Princess Margaret's wedding, reference to litter will bring into focus a vision of what they saw as the crowds departed. A thousand hens may have laid a thousand eggs, or a casual viewer might have deceived himself that London was having a little snow early this year. No! It was just plain litter; good, honest British litter and not a seasonal commodity either—although summer brings an especially abundant supply to the English countryside. Drive round the whole of Dartmoor and observe a crust of white, blue and silver, like a carefully-designed lace pattern woven in tins, cigarette packets, and chocolate wrappings around Nature's glorious tapestry of moorland, hill and vale.

Government interest manifests itself in the solemn threat:



and each one of these cautionary sentinels must have been manufactured and erected at a cost of £5 each. What a pity! The Litterbug Club could make good use of all that money and actually clear the countryside in return. Too often official reaction emerges in the form of a threat. Take, for example, accidents on the road. During the war, circumstances forced the Army to learn a number of new tricks about moving vast convoys of vehicles and such things as MIH (miles in the hour), VTM (vehicles to the mile), diversions and by-passes appeared on all road movement orders. Most important of all, bottlenecks had to

be avoided, and with good reason. One would think that some of those lessons might be put to use now.

Bottlenecks lead to congestion, congestion to bad temper and impatience; the latter prompts risk and risks lead to accidents. Remove all bottlenecks is the answer; take slow-moving vehicles off the road; move cargo on to airways, waterways and railways, construct temporary by-passes around each town and village on trunk roads, and impose official VTM and MIH (or a minimum speed limit) on all roads. Round these off with coloured rosettes for all accident-free cars (not the driver—the car); say, a white rosette for one year clear of accidents and a gold one for five years! Such a scheme appeals to one's sense of humour, enhances the value of a car, might reduce its insurance liability, and could become so 'U' that not even the brassiest neck would be seen out in a car without some sort of rosette. But, alas, the face of England is under the bulldozer, her scars will live for ever under the guise of great highways on a small island, and all motorists cower under a cloud of bigger and better threats, fines and punishments—more frequent and more severe.

However, let us get back to Litterbugging, and the motto of all Bugs is: "If there is litter about, clear it, and in time the sight of a clean town or a clean road or a spotless Dartmoor will appeal so strongly to the public eye that clean places will form a habit of keeping themselves clean."

So, to answer a few questions:

- What is a Litterbug?
Any person unjustly accused of dropping litter and their sympathizers.
- What does a Litterbug look like?
Symbolically like the sketch on this page.
- Is there a Litterbug Club?
Yes; with its Headquarters at Denbury.
- Can I join?
Yes; submit your name to be recorded in the Litterbug Register.
- What is the subscription?
Nothing.
- Is there a badge or tie?
Yes; a Litterbug brooch in silver. Tie not yet designed.



How much does it cost?

Half-a-crown, I hope.

What is the principle function of Litterbugs?

To remove litter, even the teeniest, weeniest little bit. Swiftly, surely, absolutely, and with good humour.

Is there any special instrument for Litterbugging?

Yes; a Peerzook. You pierce with the peer and hook with the zook).

Are there any special occasions when Litterbugs get together?

Yes; Litterbugging drive once a term and an annual flag day.

To whom do I apply for membership?

The Big Litterbug, Denbury Camp, Newton Abbot.

USE OF THE PEERZOOK



And there it is. As in all things—if in doubt ask the Army. Simple soldiers have simple ideas, but the funny thing is—they always work.

NOTE.—This article is contributed in recognition of the service rendered to the community by No. 1 Squadron on Dartmoor on Friday, October 21st, 1960, when thirty sacks of litter were collected.

EDITORIAL

The keynote of November's 'Junior Mercury' lies in the word 'LITTER.' The unit is feeling litter-conscious; but then, it has for some time now. The Army, as we all know, takes a pride in its smartness. For years cartoonists have been making jokes about whitened coal and polished broom handles. The August 'Junior Mercury' contained a few words on Major Lane's Anti-Litter League. Then, in October, 1 Squadron had an all-out drive over Dartmoor to pick up all the litter they could. The following week found a letter in the 'Western Morning News,' written by the Commanding Officer, suggesting a national Anti-Litter Campaign. Now the 'Junior Mercury' develops the idea further under the title of "LITTER-BUGGING."

Another great topic at Denbury today lies in the welcome of more and more civilians arriving to take up key posts within the Regiment as the National Service man slowly fades out of the picture. The 'Junior Mercury' welcomes this element as lending a permanence to the day-by-day life of the camp in its training of Junior Leaders.

For our next edition we hope to have the semi-final of the Football Cup to report as a victory, and also the first round of the inter-Junior Leaders Knock-out Boxing Cup to record in triumph. Then we have two very interesting letters from ex-Junior Leaders from Cyprus and Germany, presenting a very vivid picture of life away from the sheltering arms of Denbury. These arrived too late to be included in our November issue.

Now for a moment or two on internal matters. First, public tribute should be paid to the hard work being put in by our reporters—J/Sigs. Parrott and Williams (in his last term) are old stalwarts, and still do us proud. J/Sigs. Jaggard, Kaye, and Newman are settling down well, too. However, it is to a newcomer that special praise should go—J/Sig. Brocklebank, of Iron Troop, who, as rugby reporter, has been displaying a conscientiousness hitherto unknown in this department. The standard of his reports has been high indeed.

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STAFF SCRAPBOOK

The biggest splash of the month—and we mean splash, judging by the amounts of beer that was sold—was the first social night organized by the Civilian Staff, and held in the Denbury Arms. Just about everybody on camp had a look in at some time during the evening, and at one time something like 200 people were making merry.

All of which proves, of course, that the civilians are making their presence felt more and more in every field of the Staff's daily routine. They have formed a committee, headed by a "long service" civilian, Bill Webber, and have big ideas for the future. First they need a permanent home for their activities within the camp. Any offers?

Naturally, most of the civilians are Devonians and, where they are, one thinks of Old Uncle Tom Cobby. Well, we don't have a Tom Cobby on the staff yet, but we already have two of his "riders," in "Tom" Pearce (RHQ clerk) and "Bill" Brewer (Senior Wing office). Among the many other Devonians is Miss D. M. Rundle, newly arrived from ASED, Beaconsfield, who, as head of the civilian documentation, holds an important position in the new structure of the Staff.

The Whist Drive attracted quite a few of the Staff, and though RHQ all but swept the board, it is understood that they will be allowed to play in the next Drive! Perhaps the prizes may find new homes next time. The Junior Lady who was adding up table numbers instead of tricks will have learned by her mistakes!

The corporals' trip to London was the highlight of the military personnel. Quite a bit of planning went into the weekend by Cpls. Johnson and Ibbot and L/Cpl. Taylor. The party, open to anyone in the camp, did not attract one popular face—that of Trooper Thomas.

The week before he left Denbury for the last time, and photos of his demob. party showed that he more than left his mark in the district!

Since then there has been another staff trip up to London, but as yet details are not forthcoming.

L/Cpl. Cook and Sig. Scott (see page 11) are both to be given trial games with Exeter City Reserves.

SPLASH NOTE. The big splash we refer to in the opening paragraph came somewhere between 7.30 and 9.30, for in these two hours 180 pints of beer were tucked away.

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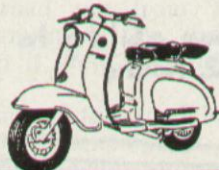
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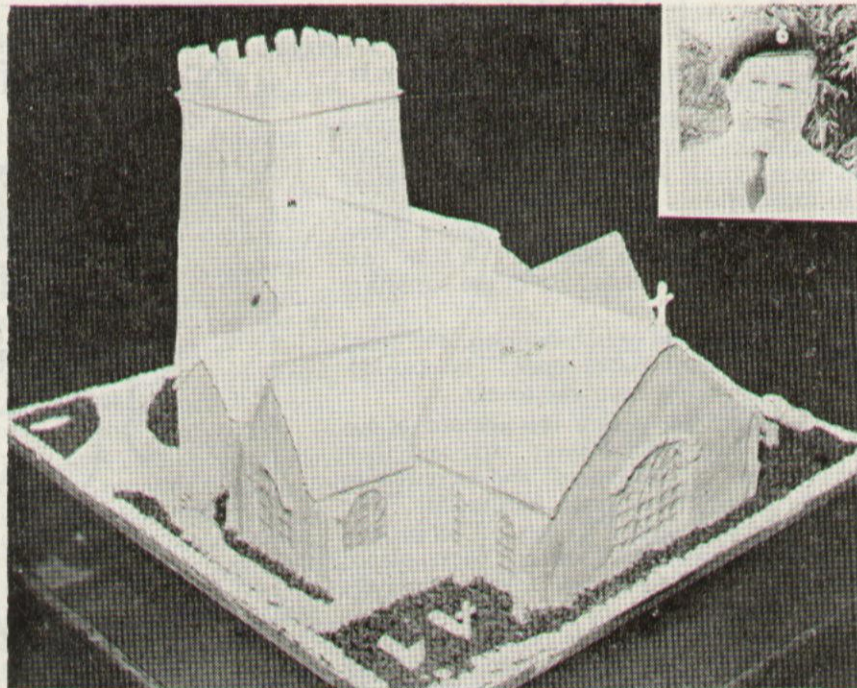
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by Sgt. Martin

HARVEST FESTIVAL

The cake (shown above) depicting Denbury Church was made by WO II. Hales, ACC, as the centre-piece for the Regimental Harvest Festival service. It measures 30" x 15", and is 18" high. Inside this iced edifice are 26lb. of fruit, 6lb. of butter, 6lb. of sugar, 60 eggs, and appropriate quantities of flour, etc.

The cake was only a part of the beautiful display in the Regimental Church on Harvest Sunday, and it was delightful to watch small children (families of members of the staff) so carefully presenting their offerings of fruit, etc., to Major Wood during the service. The Padre proposes to raffle the cake for a deserving cause at Denbury's Bonfire Night Dance.

WO II. Hales also made an ambulance-shaped cake for the St. John Ambulance Dance at Torquay, which was a similar masterpiece. To his credit he was the winner of the Southern Command Challenge Cup for Cooking in 1958, and was fourth in the Army.

FOOTNOTE.—Good luck to the cookhouse staff of Denbury Camp, whose football coupon recently revealed 45 first dividends, 120 second dividends, and 240 third dividends, totalling about £6,000.

GUIDE TO A YOUNG SOLDIER

(as submitted by an Intermediate Student)
 "Saluting may be impracticable in crowded railways, public conveyances, and cinemas, or places of amusement."

DENBURY ARMS SOCIAL

The first social evening of the newly-formed Civilian Social Club was held in the Denbury Arms in mid-October. Invitations had been issued to all departments representative of most walks of life in the Regiment. As befitted "mine hosts," a fair proportion of the civilian staff were present, many of them with their good ladies. The Officers Mess contingent, led by the Commanding Officer, was strong, as was the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess contingent, with RSM Latimer and his wife present. However, it was good to see how many of Senior Wing had emerged from their various hide-outs.

Music was provided by J/Sig. Edwards on the piano, J/Sig. Sexton on the piano-accordion, Sig. Murray and J/Sig. Blakeborough on the drums, and J/Sig. Elliott sung to the guitar accompaniment of J/Sigs. Croy and Moore.

There were four raffles during the evening. A basket of fruit was won by Mr. Taylor, an office runner; 50 cigarettes by Sgt. Graham, RAEC; a box of chocolates by Mrs. Garret, NAAFI; and a dozen eggs by Mr. Horman, carpenter.

Mr. Hyham, of the Technical Stores, was the capable MC, and commented afterwards that "it passed all expectations. We never expected so many or such an outstanding success." These views are echoed by all those present.

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"X"-ERCISE

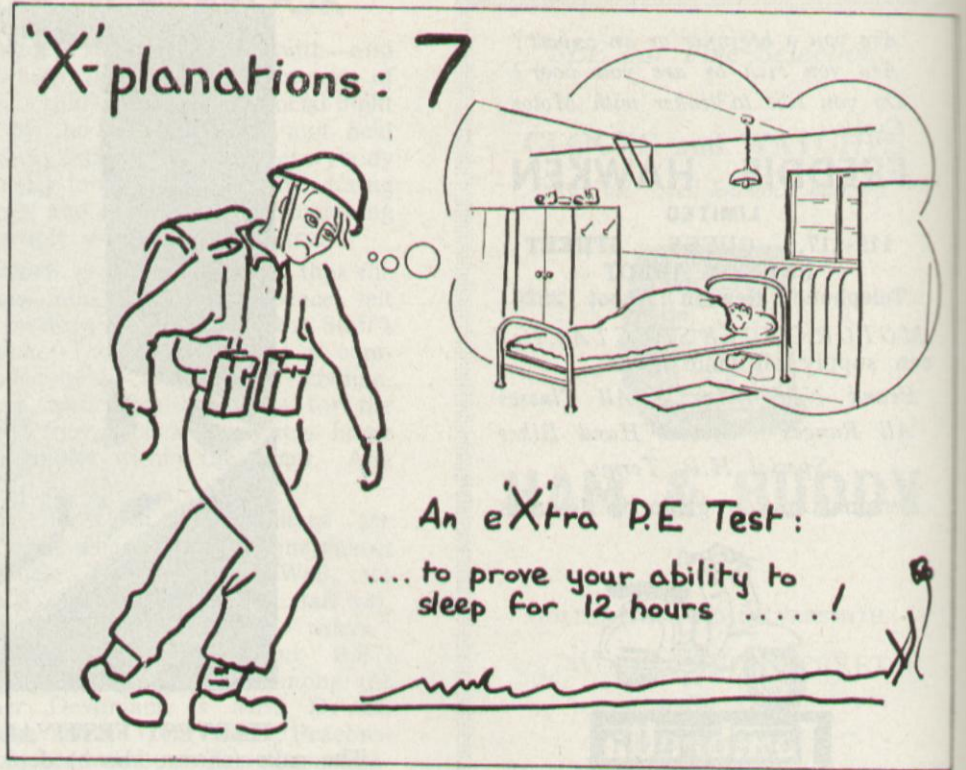
For 364 days in the average year, the Army remains sublimely unconcerned with the physical fitness of its members; but on the 365th, every soldier must be in tip-top condition. Yes, the season of P.E. tests was with us once more. J/Sig. "X" had once more come face to face with his arch-enemy, S/Sgt. Johnson—outside the barracks the Staff was probably a sober, kindly family man, but inside (and to "X" in particular) he was a sadist who delighted in the sufferings of other people.

As soon as the class was assembled, the fiend struck. "Get your small packs open," he bawled, with an evil grin stretching from ear to ear.

"X" tried hard to explain the absence of his water bottle, mess tins, ground sheet, etc., and their magical substitution by cardboard and screwed-up newspaper, but the Staff remained indifferent. The matter was finally settled, and "X" set off on his run with four common house-bricks on his back, placed there by the loving hands of Staff Johnson himself. However, the run over, "X"'s excuse of a three-minute allowance for the extra weight was dismissed, and he was told to report back to the Gymnasium at six-thirty every morning until the distance could be successfully accomplished in the time.

Next came a walk carrying a man on your back; here Staff excelled himself by producing a boy weighing 27 stones dead weight for "X" to carry (or so it appeared to "X.") Then came a jump, where "X" distinguished himself as being the only member of the class to trip over the tree-trunk, fall flat on his face in the mud, and finish with his toes still behind the starting line.

Funnily enough, the ascending of a rope and climbing a 12-foot wall were both child's play to "X," who could see material advantages in the ability to perform these tasks.



Cold-blooded murder followed the next day, when he was asked to walk a long way in a short time. The class was given strict instructions that they must all keep together, and if one failed, they all failed. For this reason "X" was frog-marched by the class, who literally whipped him forward in front of them over the whole course.

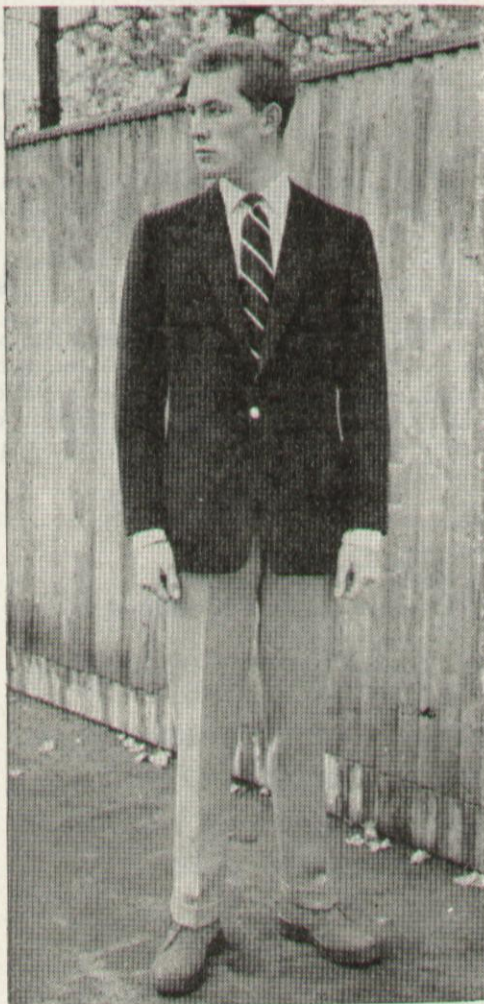
On arrival at Denbury Cross, "X" threw himself on the grass, sweating all

over, feeling thoroughly miserable, with eight blisters on his left foot and fourteen on his right, to hear S/Sgt. Johnson congratulating the class on a record time for the course.

"Excuse me, Staff, how often do I have to go through these tests?"

"Once a year until you're 35 years old."

"Caw, blimey! That's ——— years" —but "X"'s maths. couldn't cope.



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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19th-CENTURY DARTMOOR

Dartmoor's inaccessibility has always hindered its exploitation, and until about 1780 the ancient tenements represented the only true permanent settlement on the moor proper, although farmers in the "country" had grazing rights over much of the moor. Even the great monastic houses, rearing sheep on the peaty, heather-clad soils, were not really on Dartmoor, but, like the farmers, were on the richer lowlands.

The emptiness of Dartmoor was, of course, a reflection of its exposure, poor soils, and harsh climate; but the direct cause of the lack of settlement was the lack of roads. Not until 1792 was the Moor pierced by a metalled road, and then only after a Parliamentary battle in which the Duke of Bedford strongly championed its construction. This road ran from Tavistock to Moreton Hampstead (as, indeed, it still does) and on it grew Postbridge and Two Bridges.

The building of this road led to several often unsuccessful attempts to colonize the Moor. Tourists today can view the abandoned and derelict workings which are the monuments to pioneers who sought to win china clay, building materials, and other ores from the moor. The most notable of the many pioneers was Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, M.P. for Okehampton and Lord Warden of the Stannaries. To him must go the credit, or otherwise, for the building of Dartmoor Prison at Princetown. Work began on the institution in 1806, and it was primarily designed for accommodating French, and later American, prisoners of war. In 1850, Tyrwhitt's prison was taken over by the Home Office, and it took concrete form as the disfigurement of the landscape which it is today.

Sir Thomas saw that in the development of communications there lay hope for Dartmoor's development, and he agitated for a railway, which was eventually constructed from Plymouth to Princetown, and which was opened in 1823 for commercial use. However, like the powder works at Postbridge and the tin mines at Hexworthy, the railway died through lack of custom. Still, this period saw much achieved. Land was brought into cultivation, conifers were planted, and quarries were opened. In the late nineteenth century the War Office took over a part of the north moor as a training ground, Okehampton Camp was built, and the moor used as a battle area and artillery range. Today the War Office holds roughly one quarter of the moor: a total of 32,800 acres of rough, wild, but very beautiful land.

HISTORY OF THE SIGNALS

5.—First World War, 1914-15

The high standard of training attained by the long-service Regular Army enabled the Signal organization which had come into being in 1912 to suffice for the opening phase of the World War I. Efficiency and manoeuvrability were the keywords; "this, the Army's inter-communication requirements could for the most part be met very economically by a system of point-to-point telegraph links, electrical or visual, augmented by a signal despatch."

This phase lasted only three months; the complications which then developed were mainly the expansion which followed creation of a national Army.

The fact of these naturally made heavy demands for equipment, which could not be produced quickly enough. Thus, a great many substitute types of individual and commercial design soon made their appearance, and before long it became necessary to bring into being the Signals Experimental Establishment, whose functions were basically the same as those of its modern successor, the Signals Research and Development Establishment.

Trench warfare led to the development of artillery concentrations, which in turn led to "a complete revision of organization and technical practices and a search for improved alternative methods." Reorganizing involved the allocation of a signal office detachment to the Commander, Royal Artillery, and of a fourth cable detachment for artillery lines, and the provision of forward liaison between battalion to battalion, from infantry brigade to artillery brigade, and from C.R.A. to divisional H.Q. The alternative methods which were recognized in 1915 as being necessary to complement the now unsuitable buzzer telephone, took the form of signalling discs and shutters, which could be operated from under cover; the Army Pigeon Service (which the Director of Army Signals took over in June, and which rapidly grew until, in 1918, there were 20,000 birds); and experiments with wireless transmission, "As thirty years subsequent experience has proved, there was no satisfactory substitute for the line telegraph and telephone in the absence of an efficient portable wireless and telephone."

However, in the summer of 1915, officers were appointed to study the problem. Experiments were then carried out, which resulted in 1917 in the issue of the British Field Wireless Set, "which was aptly known as the B.F. Set."

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READERS'

HALLOWE'EN DANCE

DEAR SIR,—Your newspaper, although covering the regimental side of Denbury life, seems to be rather lacking in acknowledgment of the social side. Having been here nearly five months now, I feel this is the moment to let your readers know a little about our Social Club.

My idea is that the club should be used by the boys as a place where they can relax from the military side of their life. With my guidance, I aim to encourage as many outside activities as possible. We have a weekly games tournament—snooker, darts and table tennis—and already have had a successful evening against the permanent staff. Result? We lost at snooker and darts, but won on the table tennis side. Challenge! To RSM Latimer. Why not bring a Sergeants Mess team to play us at these three games?

The boys are now forming their own table tennis team, and have entered a local league which includes matches up to 60 miles away. Their Manager is J/Sig. Hartnett, who takes his responsibilities very seriously. J/Sig. Humphrey's father, who lives in Exeter, has offered to bring his team up to coach the boys in snooker. The P.T. staff and SSM Hopson have been very good in giving up their spare time to coach the table tennis team. These gestures are much appreciated.

On Wednesday evening we hold an "Open Evening," to which young ladies from the neighbourhood are invited. Rock 'n' Roll is danced with gusto, and it is interesting to see how keenly the Junior Ladies are competing with the boys at Dominoes, Chess and Cards. In October a whist drive was held, a new venture but a successful one, despite a lot of revoking and general ignorance as to the differences between Spades and Clubs. It is planned to try a Beetle Drive in the near future, to be followed by a Hallowe'en dance. This latter is to be left to the boys to provide their own witches, decorations, music and complete organization.

The club is thriving now, the main difficulty being the smallness of the accommodation to deal with so many boys who want to do so many different things. At the time of writing we are awaiting an invasion by the painters, which should lead to a better and more gay atmosphere.—Yours, etc.,

"PADDY."

W.V.S., Denbury Camp.

A VIEW OF TEN TORS

By J/Sig. D. W. TANGUAY

Fight on, onward toil, strive across the
Moors,
Let us not meander at the brook, fight to
the Tors,
Gasping, toiling, breath rasping, the Tor
tantalizing,
Feet automatic pounding, thunder resound-
ing, river laughing,
And still the Tor beckons, pleads, seduously
silent.

The Tor is conquered, a strident note the
wind imparts,
Must we? Is there yet another Tor?
Another start?
We seek an end to torture, to long lasting
A rest; wait, no, there is no Tor, a mire
repellant,
A bog floating, tempting, sinking, rising, a
mist beckoning silent,
And yet another Tor, tantalizing, calling
Shall we? No, the mist is falling.
But, yes; the Tor calls. We must answer.
Let us part this Tor appalling.

Finally the Tors are conquered, ecstatic
relief we are feeling,
No more plodding, walking, straining, relief
has parted, we are reeling,
At last, comfort, peace, rest and luxury,
The Tors remain but a memory.

APPRECIATION

DEAR SIR,—We are taking this opportunity to write to you and acknowledge the services of Sgt. Peake on behalf of the soccer team. All the hard work and patience he has given to us deserves a public "thank you."

Without him the team spirit and enthusiasm would never be what it is. He has put in much of his free time making us what we are, and our run in the Devon League and Cup we attribute to Sgt. Peake.

He has the full backing of every man-jack of us in all he says and does, so once again we say "thank you." "Up the lads."
—Yours,

THE REGIMENTAL SOCCER TEAM.

CHALLENGE

DEAR SIR,—May I be permitted to use the columns of the 'Junior Mercury' to issue a challenge to the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess. The Junior Leaders Social Club would like to play against this Mess at table tennis, snooker and darts in our Social Club on November 7th.

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CORNER

We would also like an assurance that, in the event of any Junior Leader beating the Regimental Sergeant-Major at darts, he will not be placed on guard or given an extra drill as a consequence.—Yours, etc.,
A. C. HARTNETT, J/Sig.

AN ANTIQUATED CRAB

The following is an extract from an essay by J/Sig. C. Smith (Junior Wing), giving some idea of what Sgt. Peake has to contend with:

"To my shame I found myself to be the proverbial horror of a drill sergeant's squad. My paces were too long, or too short, too fast, or too slow. My right arm insisted on staying firmly attached to my right leg, as did my left. Consequently, my movements on the square resembled those of an antiquated and comic crab.

"Then, again, there was the question of my hair. Apparently the Army has no consideration of the length of hair required by Modern Fashions. Because of this, my pride and joy, an eight-and-six 'Tony Curtis,' was smashed to the floor by the indifferent hands of a savage little man, 'Geronimo,' the Regimental Barber."

PAID UP

DEAR SIR.—Many thanks for the October issue of 'Junior Mercury,' which I found to be most interesting, with its Ten Tors Supplement. This latter reminded me of the many miles I covered, the many blisters I suffered, and also the many excellent beers I consumed and friendships struck up at Nijmegen. At the moment I am endeavouring to book myself a third trip by persuading one of my colleagues that his Air Force Cadets would greatly benefit by the said jaunt.

Enclosed you will by now have found several efforts, made by a group of RAEC sergeants, all of whom, with one exception, were elevated to the "heights of poetry." I use the phrase advisedly (you may judge for yourself, by their rapidly-approaching demobilization day). The pleasure of performing these "masterpieces" in front of the Regiment was thwarted by various accidents, but perhaps Staff Foster may like to enrich (?) his repertoire by making use of them. Three of them will require little or no alteration, but the fourth will require a little historical introduction for those of Junior Wing who have not met Sgt. Segal.

To close, I would like to say that, in enjoying 'Junior Mercury,' I read one suggestion in Reader's Corner which I noted

with dismay, was shot down in flames apparently. I refer to S/Sgt. Nicholls' suggestion—and I say 'apparently' because, as a teacher of English, I feel the editorial reasons for not accepting the suggestion to be utterly false. Surely 'Sunday Times' is not a typographical error! However, as 'Junior Mercury' or 'Denbury Mercury,' I shall continue to devour your paper. You have my six shillings!—Yours, etc.,
HOWARD B. MORRALL.

Torquay Grammar School, Devon.
EDITOR'S NOTE. Four little ditties were provided by Mr. (ex-Sergeant) Morrall, but owing to shortage of space we can publish only one this month. However, we hope to publish the remainder at a later date.

ROYAL SIGNALS, DENBURY

By Sgts. MILLER, MCDOWELL, and MORRALL
(all R.A.E.C.)

(Tune: "Much Binding in the Marsh")

At Royal Signals Denbury,
The Junior Leaders are so keen on learning,
At Royal Signals Denbury,
Their zeal is absolutely burning,
They come in on a Monday morning, tired
from their weekend.

Their jokes, their quips, their happy smiles,
just send you round the bend.

But by the time it's NAAFI break they
just want a fag-end.

At Royal Signals Denbury.

On our Junior Mercury,
Reporters are all trained by Mr. Wheatley,
On our Junior Mercury,
There's no one can train them quite so
sweetly.

They learn to write, they learn to type, they
learn just what to say,

They make the odd mistake or two, and that
is quite O.K.

But when they make a profit, oh, yes!
that will be the day,

On our Junior Mercury.

With our Regimental Band,
Their music is the sort that's quite exciting,
With our Regimental Band,
And then the R.S.M.'s remarks are biting,
Staff Yates is pacing up and down while
they are on retreat,

The drums and bugles do their best to
to alternate the beat,

But when they bring the bagpipes in, he'll
then admit defeat,

And let's hope we'll have some peace, at
Royal Signals.

At Royal* Signals Denbury.

*Pause—2-3 (good military stuff!)

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ROUND THE

INWARD BOUND

The guard room has always been associated with prisoners and convicts, so it has been decided to refer to it as the "Inward Bound School," and cut out all unpleasant thoughts in that connection. A Junior Leader who has to suffer full restrictions for ten or more days is considered to be "Inward Bound," and during this period he is required to soldier at a much higher standard of military correctness. For instance, he marches to the dining hall to have his breakfast, dressed in parade dress. In the evenings, compulsory study is imposed according to the individual needs. During the afternoon a period is reserved for interview with the Chaplain, Senior Education Officer, Squadron Commander, or Troop Leader. His first inspection is done by the Orderly Officer half an hour after Reveille. At nine o'clock he is paraded for Adjutant's Orders. Before each drill or working period an inspection by the senior N.C.O. is carried out.

He has a full, hard, and challenging day, but it is very much in keeping with the dignity of a Junior Leader. There is some incentive in that every exemplary day earns a day's reward; so that a fourteen-day reward can be reduced to seven.

FORWARD! That's the motto . . .

NO OUTBOARD MOTORS

At the time of writing, preparations for the canoe race, due to be held on October 29th, are at a feverish pitch. Representatives from each troop, under the watchful eyes of Sgts. Smith and Fuller, are busily constructing canoes. These are the design of WO1 Braithwaite. Estimated cost? £17-£20 each.

All troops plan on some training before the race, subject to completion of their canoes. Estimated time for the race? About an hour and a half. J/Sigs. Brooks and Allsopp, of Bruno Troop, say they can do it in half an hour, which would mean an average speed of 14 miles per hour.

OUT OF THE HAT

Four members of the Farming Hobby—J/Sigs. Greenhalgh, Day, Couper, and Bates—accompanied Sgt. Avon round the South Devon Grannaries. Mr. Mitchell, the Manager, showed them round the complex machinery which is needed to grind the corn brought in by local farmers. In the top storey, 500 tons of grain were stored.

A visit to the Newton Market followed, but their only acquisition was a large tame rabbit, kindly donated by a friend of Sgt. Avon.

THOUGHTS FOR NOVEMBER

The Padre feels these two prayers may be of interest to 'Junior Mercury' readers:

PRAYER FOR THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS. Almighty God, whose messengers go forth in every age giving light and understanding, grant that we of the Royal Corps of Signals, who speed the word of man to man, may be swift and sure in sending the message of Thy Truth into all the world. May we serve Thee faithfully, and with the help of Thy Holy Spirit, make such successes of our soldierly duties on this earth, that we may be found worthy to receive the Crown of Life hereafter, through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

FOR THE GLORY OF NATURE. We thank Thee, O Father, for the world which is our home; for the splendour of the sun, the moon, and the stars; for the clouds and colours of the sky. We thank Thee for the countryside as its aspect changes with the advance of the seasons; for hills and valley, for wild moors and quiet downs, for woods and meadows, for trees and flowers. We thank Thee for the sea in tempest and in calm, for lakes and rivers. Grant that we may never walk through this world with unseeing eyes, but may always be quick to enjoy the beauties of the land, sea, and sky, and, having seen the glory of creation, may ascribe glory to the Creator. Amen.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

Most members of the Regimental Choir sing because they enjoy singing. Apparently there are exceptions! Dating from a few weeks after the Choir's institution, J/Cpl. Feirn (White Swan Troop) was badgering an adamant Capt. Rowe to leave the Choir. Finally, Capt. Rowe relented, and a joyful Corporal departed to play rugby.

Two days later a worried Feirn reappeared in Capt. Rowe's office, brandishing a local local newspaper—Wath-on-Dearne, near Rotherham. A large picture of J/Cpl. Feirn was displayed under the heading "Seventeen-Year-Old to Sing at the Albert Hall." This was the real "local lad makes good" touch.

"Sir, please take me back into the Choir. I can't let the folks at home down."

So now the Melody Section of the Regimental Choir is once again enhanced by the musical tones of J/Cpl. Feirn's voice.

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CONQUEST

The first meeting of the Mountaineering Club took place in its new premises above the Cinema.

Main item on the agenda? More members. Anybody interested please note.

A small subscription per week. Funds have become nearly non-existent.

Tea at meetings? Where from? WO II. Hales, be on your guard!

Three expeditions have been made this term. Two to the Dewarstone, and one to Haytor in between. The first Dewarstone expedition was eventful in a river-crossing episode, where J/Sig. Mooney lost his Balaclava. That time the members walked up the easy way, but on the next occasion the club proudly announced the conquest of Dewarstone. Haytor's visit took place in the teeth of a blustering wind, and our reporter was engaged in a perilous attempt at absailing down a sheer face.

SPORT (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

POOR HANDLING

Playing against Plymouth 3rd XV., J/SSM. Tracey kicked off to send the Regiment straight into attack. J/Sigs. Hill, Lyons and Tanguary all nearly scored in the opening minutes, but it was J/L/Cpl. Thompson who opened our account with a penalty goal after a quarter of an hour's play. The halftime score was 3-3, Plymouth having countered with a penalty, but throughout the Denbury XV. had been on the attack.

The second half opened with the Signals on the attack again, and J/L/Cpl. Jacobs seemed certain to score, but he knocked-on! Finally, hard work by the pack, with Tracey outstanding, was rewarded as J/Sig. Thomas scored in the corner. Again Plymouth equalized within minutes, both sides failing to convert. Finally, Tracey's persistence was rewarded with a personal try, again unconverted. However, minutes from the end Plymouth scored under the posts and converted, winning the game by 11 points to nine.

Conditions were poor, the ball was very slippery, but Signals were undoubtedly the better side. However, their handling was very poor, as was their finishing. Unless they can tighten up and become the relentless machine they were last year, they can expect many such defeats by poorer sides.

REDECORATION

Denbury Camp's Church Army hut is seldom in the news, but by regularly serving 60 per cent of the camp personnel it obviously serves a real need. It has recently undergone a face-lift, consisting of new wooden panels, and a new heating system is on the way. Total cost is estimated at about £300.

Every Wednesday evening, Capt. Milner holds a fellowship meeting, which gives anybody a chance to ask questions about their religion.

COMPETITION RESULTS

Our August teaser, though it may have set some of you thinking, failed to produce one correct solution. However, here is the answer:

The man must address each of the guides in turn, pointing to one of the doors and saying: "Will the other guide say this is the door to freedom?" If he happens to be pointing to the right door, both answers will be in the negative, and vice-versa. Well, work it out for yourselves!

Our September competition was correctly answered by J/Sig. Rhodes, of Bruno Troop, and Sig. Avis, of Senior Wing (the first entry ever received from that squadron). Both will receive prizes. The correct solutions were: (1) The policeman should arrest the waiter; (2) Horse racing; (3) Two apples; (4) Grandfather, father and son; (5) 1881.

We apologize to our readers for the omission of the competition in our October edition.

This month's competition is relatively simple. All you have to do is to punctuate the following sentence: "In the examination James thought John had had had had had had had had had had had more weight with the examiners."

Send your entries to the Editor, 'Junior Mercury,' Denbury Camp, Newton Abbot, before November 30. Prizes? Books and records.

DRIP-DRY SERGEANTS

Two Education sergeants—Sgts. Smith and Dickinson, took ten Junior Leaders from Anzio Troop canoeing on the River Dart in preparation for the forthcoming canoe race. Firstly, they strongly lectured the boys on the importance of taking safety precautions (the wearing of lifebelts, etc.), then the boys messed about in the canoes for an hour or so. Hearing that the two instructors were to give a demonstration of shooting the rapids under the bridge, the boys paddled up to watch. Imagine their delight when the canoe was overturned and the two sergeants got soaked. Imagine, too, their glee as they pointed out to the sergeants the necessity of wearing a lifebelt. Neither of them were!

However, by the end of the afternoon the entire party were wet—with a little assistance from J/SSM Tracey—but all were happy!

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DISCUSSION

There's a terrific French song called "Milord." When the original version came out (recorded by Edith Piaf) it briefly entered the best-sellers. Now Frankie Vaughan has recorded the song with English lyrics, written by Bunny Lewis. Frankie uses his most boisterous style, and is backed by Wally Storr's orchestra playing a mixture of swing and big-band Dixie. The flip side, "Do You Still Love Me?" has a cheerful hand-clapping rhythm, and an easily remembered tune. A good commercial proposition. Incidentally, Frankie is donating all the royalties from this record to charity—the National Association of Boys Clubs.

"Blue Angel," Roy Orbison's new number, is a slow-rock number, with chorus and strings in support. Roy shoots to a falsetto occasionally, treating the commercial lyric most effectively, but not sufficiently to repeat his present success at the top of the charts. The flip, "Today's Tear-drops," is a fast-moving rocker with an effective chorus.

When a young singer gets a Lionel Bart song specially written for him, he is well on the way to success. Not that likeable, good-looking Mark Wynter has not already gained considerable success. "Kickin' up the Leaves" sounds a big winner to me. It's simple, homely, and should have a very wide appeal. The lyric has warmth and charm, Mark sings with a professional confidence that earmarks him as a big star of tomorrow.

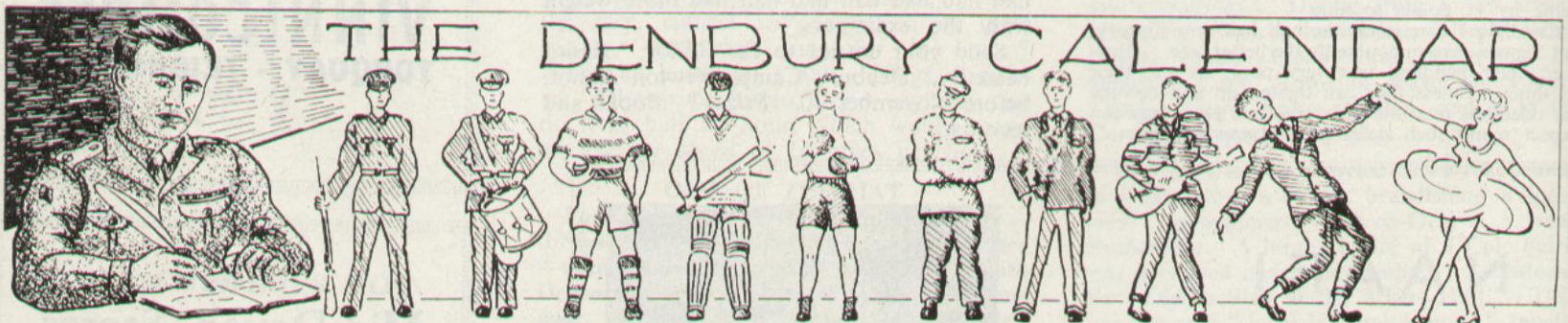
L.P. of the Month

"Good Timin'" (MGM), by Jimmy Jones, is just that. The L.P. is released at the same time as the man with the big smile and flexible voice arrives in Britain. Included in the L.P. are the title song, "Handy Man," and many other songs. Definitely good value for your money!

Capt. Rowe's first "Music Hour," already popularly known as "Listen With Big Brother," produced a varied range of records from the latest "pops" to grand opera. The session commenced with a couple of numbers from "Oklahoma," which sounded splendid over the new equipment, but when Gigli's famous records of "Che Gelida Manina" and "E Lucevan le Stelle" were played, some of the clear-cut sweetness of the great tenor's voice was lost in the booming resonance of the hall. The two arias from "Carmen," for some reason left anonymous, similarly suffered from loss of clarity. Less well known, but equally enjoyable, were Eileen Farrell's records of "Mon Coeur s'ouvre a ta voix" and, surprising from her, "Over the Rainbow." Sir Adrian Boult's recordings of Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance March, No. 3" and the "Hallelujah Chorus" were thrown in for good measure.



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NOVEMBER, 1960

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Tu. Table Tennis, J/Ldrs. "A" v. Vampires (Newton Abbot)</p> <p>2. W. SPORTS JAMBOREE v. RAC J/LDRS (Bovington)
Two Rugby XV.s, two Soccer XI.'s, Hockey XI., Basketball and Cross-Country
Soccer: Staff XI. v. Depot Wessex Brigade (Denbury)</p> <p>3. Th. Basketball: Staff v. St. Luke's (Denbury)
Table Tennis: J/Ldrs. "A" v. Falcons (Denbury)</p> <p>5. S. INTER-TROOP CANOE RACE
Soccer: 1st XI. v. Coombe Pafford "B" (League) Torquay
Denbury Social Club Dance (Staff and Civilians)
Dance at Ashburton (Junior Leaders)
Firework Display; "Guy" Competition</p> <p>7. M. Basketball: Staff v. Teignmouth G.S. (Denbury)</p> <p>8. Tu. Table Tennis: J/Ldrs "A" v. R.A.F. (Denbury)</p> <p>9. W. HALLOWE'EN DANCE
Soccer: Staff v. Depot Wessex Brigade (Exeter)</p> <p>10. Th. Table Tennis: J/Ldrs "A" v. Falcons (Newton Abbot)</p> <p>11. Fr. Choir and Trumpeters leave for London</p> <p>12. S. CHOIR AND TRUMPETERS PERFORM AT THE ALBERT HALL
Soccer: 1st XI. v. Paignton YMCA (League) (Paignton)</p> <p>15. Tu. Table Tennis: J/Ldrs "A" v. Vampires (Denbury)</p> | <p>16. W. Basketball: Staff v. Mr. Braggerton's Team (Denbury)</p> <p>18. F. COMMONWEALTH TROPHY</p> <p>19. S. Beating of Retreat, 1130 hours (Denbury)
Soccer: 1st XI. v. Nutbush Rovers (League) (Denbury)
Rutby: 2nd XV. v. Kingsbridge Colts (Denbury)</p> <p>21. M. Basketball: Staff v. Teignmouth G.S. (Teignmouth)</p> <p>23. W. Rugby: 1st XV. v. Torquay G.S.
Basketball: Staff v. Dartmouth BRNC (Dartmouth)
Table Tennis: J/Ldrs "B" v. Wolves (Newton Abbot)</p> <p>24. Th. Table Tennis: J/Ldrs "B" v. Falcons (Newton Abbot)</p> <p>25. Fr. Basketball: Staff v. Exeter (Denbury)</p> <p>26. S. Barrack Room Competition
Soccer: 1st XI. v. Foxhole Rovers (League) (Paignton)
Rugby: 1st XV. v. Salcombe Colts (Denbury)
2nd XV. v. Fisgard 3rd XV. (Denbury)</p> <p>28. M. P.T. Competition
Table Tennis: J/Ldrs "A" v. Wolves (Newton Abbot)</p> <p>29. Tu. Drill Competition
Table Tennis: J/Ldrs "B" v. Vampires (Denbury)</p> <p>30. W. Shooting Competition
Rugby: 1st XV. v. Newton Abbot G.S. (Newton Abbot)
2nd XV. v. Newton Abbot G.S. 2nd XV. (Denbury)</p> |
|---|--|

A SOUND DEFENCE

On Saturday, October 8th, Junior Leaders Hockey XI. had their first game of the season against a strong team, Torbay Hockey Club 3rd XI. The game was on the square, in miserable weather conditions, and the team showed great promise. The boys more than held their own against the men in the first half, after an indifferent start. J/Sig. Davies, at centre-half, J/L/Cpl. Friend and J/Sig. Blowers, the full-backs, played magnificently and broke up attack after attack.

Our forwards played with enthusiasm, and it was lack of experience that prevented them scoring. Torbay opened their account midway through the second half, and soon added a second, both goals being scored by a lively inside-forward following up quickly. The boys were not deterred and fought back very hard and finished very strongly, having a number of shots at goal in the last few minutes without success.

A most enjoyable game ended in our defeat by two goals to nil, with our boys doing themselves great credit and earning

complimentary remarks from older, wiser opponents.

Team: Dyson, Blowers, Friend, Musson, Davies (captain), Read, Mills, Dixon, Willoughby, Hird, Allen.

LACK OF PRACTICE

Not playing in a league, the Staff Soccer XI. are not getting the regular matches they have done previously. Their first match was a 9-2 victory over a Royal Navy side at Plymouth. Goals were scored by L/Cpl. Cook (5), Sgt. Wickham (2), Sig. Scott and Sig. Bridson. Sgt. Angell arrived for the game about halfway through the second half, excusing himself by saying he had found three different hospitals in Plymouth.

The second match was against Seale-Hayne Agricultural College and, with an injury-weakened side, we won 5-2. Sig. Fagg scored three, Cpl. Sykes one, and Bridson one. This time Sgt. Angell arrived only ten minutes late.

J/SIG. HILL

J/Sig. Hill is one of the few Regimental rugby players who arrived here "ready made," having played for his school and Bristol Boys XV. as a centre threequarter. Last season he started as scrum-half, but played as stand-off for the winning Army Cup XV. Small in height, but stockily built, brilliant kicking, sound tactical sense, and general steadiness, make him the ideal link between forwards and threequarters.

During the summer months he played cricket for the Regiment, proving an outstanding fielder, but having little success with the bat (highest score 14). He confessed that he rather fancied himself as a wicket-keeper. "Bill" Hill is a sportsman in the truest sense of the word, playing always to win, yet cheerfully accepting defeat.



by J/Sig. Mooney

SIG. SCOTT

Sig. Scott, a sturdy 6' 1" inside-right, has had an interesting, active career in football. The successful Army Cup run by last year's Staff XI. (which won the South-West District Cup and were narrowly defeated in the Southern Command Final) was considerably influenced by his constructive and thoughtful play. He was born in Fife, where he played with a junior club called Thornton Hibs. Later he signed as a professional for Montrose, but his Army service has necessarily curtailed his appearances.

At present, "Jock" Scott, apart from playing for the Regiment, also acts as the spearhead for Newton Abbot Spurs, and has already been scoring prolifically this season.

He likes swimming, "but my real love is only for football." On being asked about his ambitions, he smiled and replied simply: "I want to carry on for as long as I can as a successful professional footballer."



by J/Sig. Mooney

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by Sgt. Martin

RESULTS: INTER-TROOP CROSS-COUNTRY

1. White Spear Troop 6. White Swan Troop
2. Fransisca Troop 7. Iron Troop
3. Jerboa Troop 8. Kohima Troop
4. Quadrant Troop 9. Bruno Troop
5. Anzio Troop 10. Kukri Troop

Congratulations to J/Sig. McKay (see our July 'Junior Mercury' sports personality) on winning the cross-country for two successive years, a feat which has never been performed within the past five years. Other reflections . . . J/Sgt. Gardner beat J/L/Cpl. Garrehy in their eternal see-saw . . . A mosquito-weight boxing finalist, J/Sig. Young, did well to run into seventh place . . . Well done, both Sergeant-Majors; Tracey and Edmond, in the first twenty, but where was RSM Butcher? . . . Four members of the unit soccer team—Gardner, J/Sigs. Terras and Stanger, and J/Sgt. Bourgoise, in the first twenty, having done a five-mile run before breakfast the same morning . . . Poor Kukri Troop, with three of their runners in the first ten, yet still the last Troop . . . McKay's time? 23 minutes, 41 seconds—eleven seconds in front of Gardner.

Individual Order

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. McKay (White Spear) | 11. Terras (Kohima) |
| 2. Gardner (Kukri) | 12. Kay (Bruno) |
| 3. Garrehy (Kukri) | 13. Stallard (Jerboa) |
| 4. Kemp (Quadrant) | 14. Stanger (Francisca) |
| 5. Songhurst (W. Spear) | 15. Stratton (Kukri) |
| 6. Woolley (White Swan) | 16. Hartnett (Kukri) |
| 7. Young (Iron) | 17. Tracey (Anzio) |
| 8. Mason (Quadrant) | 18. Edmond (W. Spear) |
| 9. Zimmer (Kukri) | 19. Bourgoise (W. Spear) |
| 10. Riding (Jerboa) | 20. White (Jerboa) |

DOMINATING HALF-BACKS

The Signals XI. were a better team than the RAOC XI., whom they played in the quarter-final of the Junior Leaders Army Football Cup. As in the preliminary round, it was a ding-dong battle, with the Denbury lads rising above themselves for a time. Once again the game was won in five minutes of inspired play, during which three goals were scored.

Winning the toss, the Denbury defence started shakily, being held together in the opening minutes by the coolness and steadiness of J/RSM Butcher. The attack at this stage was rendered harmless by our wingers bunching together in the centre and getting in the way of the insides. This is a bad fault and must be checked.

The first real opportunity came to J/Cpl. Schofield after half an hour's play, but his "blinder" just went over the bar. Then J/Sig. Gourley cut in and scored a good goal. Practically from the restart J/Sig. Booker put in a hard shot, which travelled along the goal-line, hit the far post, and rebounded into play to the feet of J/Sgt. Bourgoise, who made no mistake. Now we were on top with a vengeance. Bourgoise angled another shot with so much force that it knocked the goalkeeper three yards over the line for a corner. A goalmouth infringement followed; Bourgoise tapped the ball to Gourlay, who scored our third.

The opening of the second half saw a heavy bombardment of our goal, and twice J/Sig. Terras kicked off the line with J/Sig. Hunt well beaten. Then came two pile-drivers from Bourgoise, one of which hit the crossbar. Unfortunately, towards the end of the game tempers began to get unsettled, which spoiled an otherwise first-class match.

All the Denbury XI. played well, but particular mention must be made of our magnificent half-back line. Butcher, in the centre, dependable and dominating; J/Sgt. Davies, on his right, working non-stop; and J/Sig. Hollander always in the right place and always using the ball constructively. A final word of praise to Hunt in goal, who never made an error throughout the game.

TOO EASY

The victories of the Football XI. in the local Youth League are becoming too easy, and too monotonous. Why don't we put weaker sides out on these occasions? To date we have had five league games, scoring 58 goals, with only three against us.

On October 15th we beat Milber 13-0. Goals were scored by J/Sgt. Bourgoise (7), J/Cpl. Schofield (4), J/Sig. Gourley, and J/Sig. Booker. During the game J/Sig. Hunt sprained his wrist (fortunately recovered for the vital cup match the following week), and J/Sig. Rooney proved an admirable substitute in goal.

MORE INTEREST

The Staff Basketball team have a full fixture list, and it is gratifying to note that so many of the Staff are taking an interest in the game. In their first match, against Exeter Basketball Club, they were defeated by 51-25, but played better than the score suggests. Sgts. Meeking and Angell were supported in defence by L/Cpl. Bowman, and WO II. Wheatley and Sgt. Jamieson were aided by welcome newcomers in attack, 2/Lt. Plummer, L/Cpl. Cook, and Sig. Muncy.

STOP PRESS.—Staff Basketball Team 34, Dartmouth B.R.N.C. 29 (Sgt. Creek 26 points).

MORE SPORT ON PAGE 9

STAFF DRAW TWO IN A ROW

In a disappointing game against Dawlish H.C. the Staff had to be content with a 1-1 draw. The standard of play never rose to any dizzy heights, and the rare glimmers of cohesion nearly all came from the opposition. After being a goal down at halftime, scored by Sgt. Angell, it seemed only right that Dawlish should score in the second half.

In contrast, the game against SEALE-HAYNE went at a mad pace from the start. Because of rain it was transferred to the square which is getting very rough. Its effect on the ball, plus the very quick tackling of the "Farm," unsettled the Staff quite considerably. Defensive errors and wild shooting by the Staff turned the game into somewhat of a "thriller." However, Major Rothwell/Sgt. Creek scored in the first half—even they don't know who actually succeeded. The second half started with the "Farm" in hot pursuit. Finally, they equalized with a bouncy shot, although one feels they might well have had a penalty bully as well.

WINGERS TRIUMPH

In beating Newton Abbot Grammar School 31-0, the Denbury XV. showed the value of good handling by threequarters in order to score tries. The first came when J/Sgt. Genge jumped in the line-out, out to J/Cpl. Fiern, then from J/Sig. Hill to J/Sig. Wooler, a winger, who went over in the corner. The next came from J/Sig. Round's quick thinking in gathering a loose ball and running 15 yards to touch down. Half-time 8-0.

In the second half, J/Cpl. Smith on the wing scored four tries, and J/L/Cpl. Jacobs a fifth. J/L/Cpl. Thompson converted five out of eight tries scored. This was good, open rugby, which is pleasurable to watch. In the scrum J/L/Cpl. Yates and J/Sig. Craggs both played exceptionally well.

HANDLING MUST IMPROVE

Fresh from their defeat of Newton Abbot Grammar School, the Regiment played Newton Abbot Juniors—a far better side. The game opened with Newton on the attack, and J/Cpl. Smith was lucky to get a touch-down just ahead of two Newton attackers. J/Sig. Hill tried a dropped goal which went wide, J/L/Cpl. Thompson kicked a penalty, and J/Sig. Craggs was pulled down just short of the line. Then Hill scored a beautiful try, beating three men and kicking over the full-back's head. Thompson converted.

In the second half Hill was successful with a dropped goal from 25 yards out. Then followed a black patch for the Regiment, as bad handling led to Newton scoring an unconverted try. Final score 8-3.

J/Sig. Thomas, the hooker, did well to win over two-thirds of the scrums, but too many balls were wasted due to bad handling behind the scrum. Another major omission on the Regiment's part is lack of backing up of a man in possession. Hill was the Man of the Match. J/SSM Tracey, J/Sgt. Genge, J/Sigs. Craggs and Thomas all played well.

A PROMISING DEBUT

The Regimental 2nd XV. beat Newton Abbot G.S. 2nd XV. 21-5. Their pack was efficient and on top, but failed to get the ball out properly to the backs, who spoiled many chances by poor handling. However, despite this fault, seven tries were scored, with no conversions—Kicker Wanted. Please. The 2nd XV. look promising, but need more practice to get rid of their present faults of indifferent and high tackling and poor handling.

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