

# JUNIOR

# MERCURY



VOL. 2. No. 5.

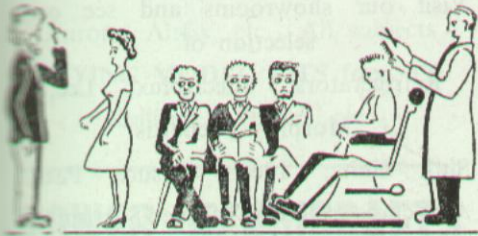
OCTOBER, 1960

Price 4d.

## NEXT PLEASE!

I.  
Salute to the red and white standard,  
The Barber's Brigade to the 'fore:  
To Glenshaws away, Junior Leaders,  
Outward Bound as never before.

II.  
The name and the sign claims the honour,  
Hairstylists and then—which is more:  
A selection of singular fashions  
Tempt vanity right through the door.



III.  
Inside all is charm and sweet-smelling  
The receptionist so dainty and chic:  
What hope has a woolly haired customer?  
What answer to this pretty trick?

IV.  
The long queue is silently watching,  
Like athletes awaiting the gun;  
Each viewing the other with cunning,  
Each determined not to be outdone.

V.  
Some want an old-fashioned haircut,  
And others a modern hair style;  
But whether hair dresser or stylist,  
You'll just have to wait for a while.

VI.  
Sit down and relax with a paper,  
A comic or last year's gazette;  
The scissors and clippers around you,  
Clip out the barber's duet.

VII.  
Those in the chairs are self-conscious,  
Sitting still and not saying a word:  
Now who commands this situation?  
The barber? Oh, don't be absurd!

VIII.  
Yet the truth is still stranger than fiction,  
And that, friends, is just how it goes:  
'Bye liberty, and farewell to freedom,  
While you're under the hairdresser's nose.

IX.  
Now the greatest of all acts of courage,  
Leadership and confidence too:  
Is to clear the throat and ask boldly  
For a massage, blow wave 'n' shampoo.

X.  
The watchers at once start to shuffle  
Just holding their fury in check:  
And glowing red hot in their temper,  
Burn a hole in the back of your neck.

XI.  
And then comes that challenging moment,  
For firm hand and stiff upper lip:  
Against odds, heaven forbid, that may make you,  
By unhappy chance under-tip.

XIII.  
Next please! and a rush for the touchlines,  
The other chap's always there first:  
Your patience very nearly collapses,  
And your blood vessels ache to burst.

XIII.  
A bit off the sides and a shampoo  
A trim and a singe here and there:  
A short back and sides with the clippers  
How, Sir, would you like your hair?



XIV.  
Now here's just the style for a leader,  
"The Denbury," O what a haircut:  
Just look at those waves, Mother darling,  
On your Junior Leader's hard nut.



XV.  
The girls think it all in the fashion  
To blow in the odd wave or two:  
But half of a crown gets you nowhere,  
For a seven and sixpenny do.

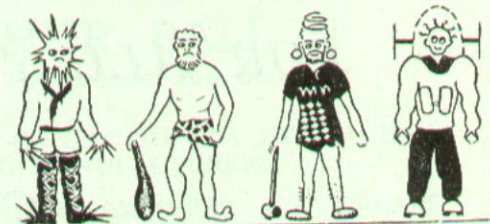
XVI.  
This one is more a creation  
Each strand set with patience and care:  
"The Devon," I beseech you, "The Devon,"  
Will make the whole world stop and stare.

XVII.  
Look at those sides sweeping upwards,  
And folded-in so grace-ful-ly:  
The effect too pos-it-ively dreamy,  
It's the Devon for my Denbury.



XVIII.  
But wait, here is something more special  
With lines sleek and trim and as free  
As the heather that grows on the moorland.  
Hail the Dartmoor or Ad-venture-T.

XIX.  
Down to the bone and the 'marrah,'  
Clean at the ears and the back:  
Not the sign of a curl or a ripple,  
Just the coiffure for every man Jack.



XX.  
The Ice-age man wore icicles  
And the Stone-age styles favoured caves,  
The Iron-age introduced hair rings  
And the nuclear chap likes his waves.

XXI.  
But each to his taste is the moral,  
Hair stylist or Barber at will:  
For had they not come to our rescue,  
Perhaps we'd be growing it still!

## EDITORIAL

Is the 'Junior Mercury' in a rut? Has its layout become too stereotyped? The front page brings out the development of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, showing our progress and presenting aspects of our life here to all our readers. This month's subject is "Haircuts," and is written entirely in verse.

Page Two gives a little information on the doings of the permanent staff, both army and civilian. We welcome the latter to the Camp, and recommend to you the study of the 'Junior Mercury' as the Camp's own journal. Page Three provides a report on the doings of Denbury during the past month. Page Four is J/Sig. "X"'s page, and Page Five is devoted to our features on Dartmoor and the Royal Signals History. Pages Six and Seven belong to our readers. Pages Eight and Nine show what is being discussed in Denbury. Page Ten is our entertainments page, while Pages Eleven and Twelve are for sport.

Does this cover what YOU want to read about? Is there too much of one thing, or not enough of another? Is YOUR favourite topic covered? Please help us by writing to tell us which is YOUR favourite page, and the one YOU DON'T LIKE too. Remember if YOU tell us what YOU like, then we can hope to improve our journal, and make it more to YOUR taste.

Our present edition is further distinguished by its Supplement, packed with information and pictures, on the recent TEN TORS March. Then, on Page Ten, we have our report, with a photograph, of the latest production of the Denbury Players. Our sports pages cover rugby, soccer, hockey and boxing.

On the domestic side we thank, as usual, our photographers Sgt. Martin and J/Cpl. Wraith, and our indefatigable cartoonist, Capt. Bowyer. We welcome to our staff, J/Sig. Taylor (Bruno Troop), J/Sig. Wilson (Kohima Troop), J/Sgt. Livingston, J/Sig. Sullivan (White Spear Troop), and J/Sigs. Brocklebank and Watson (Iron Troop).

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

## STAFF SCRAPBOOK

September, 1960, was a month of moves—new moves for Senior Wing. With a long Summer leave still to think about, the Wing was greeted by a new sergeant-major. This was followed by a move to expand, civilianization meant establishment changes, and more people were taken "under the senior wing." Then came two moves which brought the Squadron more into line with the rest of the Regiment. First, a regular place on the Monday morning Reveille parade; second, the introduction of identity flashes.

Generally speaking, the expanding of the Squadron didn't affect many individually; and the new sergeant-major, WO II Rodriguez (from 2 Squadron) is well liked, as are the mauve shoulder flashes. But the biggest impact was made by the parade.

Naturally it was not greeted with too much enthusiasm at first, but now most seem to have warmed to the chance Senior Wing is getting of being represented regularly on the square. The Squadron's early representatives were a little shaky, but better things are on the way.

Other moves have brought several new faces into the daily Denbury scene, and lost others. Having completed their two years, Sigs. Cook, Dew, Smith, Green, Richardson, Hobbs and Mercer all set out on the last trip home.

### MR. WEBBER

One of our civilian staff who does not waste his spare time is Mr. W. J. Webber, Chief Clerk of 1 Squadron. He represents the Milber and Forde Park Ward of Newton Abbot Urban District Council, and serves on no less than six committees. Additionally, as Chairman/Secretary of the newly-formed Denbury Staff Social Club, he directs his energies to organizing social activities amongst the civilian staff. Mr. Webber was a regular soldier in the R.A.O.C.

### MR. SNELL

The present "oldest inhabitant" of the civilian staff is Mr. Jack Snell, who has been at Denbury Camp for nine years. He runs a very efficient clothing store for the Quarter-Master. Mr. Snell is also an ex-service man, having completed his colour service with the Royal Marines.

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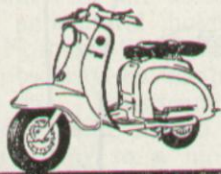
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**THE SINKING SUN**

With members of the Staff scattered all over the Devon countryside as they are, it is practically essential to have a car in order to proceed to and from work. Realizing this position, a Car Rally became essential. Thus the Sinking Sun Rally was born. The event took place in early September, and was organized by Capt. Hartnett, who has considerable experience in civilian car rallies.

There were 17 cars gathered on the M.T. square at 5.30 one evening, and the cars set off at one-minute intervals. The course, including questionnaire, kept off the main roads, and took us round all the picturesquely named villages in the area and, incidentally, past some delightful looking Devon inns. It made one recall two well-known quotations: "It's a long lane that's got no turning," and "The wandering English lane was conceived by the rolling English drunkard" (the latter is mis-quoted, but the sense is there).

The winner of the event was WO II Rodriguez in an Opel Rekord, with Sgts. Dickinson and Smith (both RAEC) as his navigators. Second was Capt. Chase in an Austin A55 van, navigated by Lt. Whitehead and Mrs. Chase. Third was Sgt. Moss (RAEC), with Sgts. Fuller, Graham and Swailes (all RAEC) as his navigators, in a Standard 8.

Anecdotes and stories about the Rally were flashing about the Regiment for days afterwards, usually beginning with: "If I hadn't done — I would have won easily." However, the fact remains that although the course was supposed to be under 55 miles in length, most clocks showed over 60 miles at the finish, many claiming to have spent more time in reverse than in their forward gears.

Stories that stand out.—Capt. Gregory and 2/Lt. Frost answering a question concerning parking at the Cott Inn (Dartington) car park, of how they should be parked, decided they should be parked prettily instead of "parked politely." . . . Sgt. Angell battering at the door of a house in Curtisknowledge, demanding to know "What else do you provide besides accommodation?" All he wanted to know, or hear, was "Minerals and Cigarettes," but perhaps his manner was misunderstood. . . . The disgust on the face of Maj. Lane and WO II Wheatley as, twice in five minutes, they met head-on down a narrow lane heading in opposite directions whilst proceeding in circles. . . . The RSM's comments on WO II Hopson's map-reading ability, after having been led some six miles off course. . . . The heroism of Mr. Lewis,

a civilian employed in 2 Squadron office, who continued quietly around the course despite the departure of the markers from their check-points. . . . Major Wood's (our new Padre) car, which is somewhat wider than most, touching both sides at once of a certain narrow lane, and wondering how much further the funnel could narrow.

The route was an undoubted success, and full marks go to Capt. Hartnett for his brilliant organization, which never broke down at all—or, at any rate, nobody invested in 10/- worth of objection at the end of the Rally. The Rally ended in the Church House Inn at Rattery, where all cars and crews foregathered, driving once more over every inch of the course and enjoying themselves in a convivial atmosphere.

FOOTNOTE.—Before the Rally the name, "The Sinking Sun Rally," was regarded as rather quaint, but by the end all drivers had realized the aptness and significance of such a title. Let the car wheels roll round as all competitors prepare for the next rally—perhaps "The Frosted February Rally"?

QUESTION.—How many people used their torches, which were to be taken in case of emergency?

**WO IIs OBOT and SAMUEL**

These two representatives of the Nigerian Army Education Corps, who are spending a few weeks with the Regiment studying our education methods, have previously been attending a four-month course at Beaconsfield. Their own AEC is now growing to cope with the new Nigerian Army, which is rapidly establishing itself as one of the new modern armies. Some idea of the present modest size of this army can be gauged from the fact that it possesses only one squadron of signals, and its Education Service has only eight WO Is and 27 WO IIs, plus, of course, numerous sergeants and corporals. However, considerable expansion is expected in the near future.

The Nigerian Army has only one boys' unit, which the boys join when they are 14 and graduate to man's service at 18. WO II. Obot commented on how well situated this Regiment was, adding that our boys are "much better off than our own boys." The course at Beaconsfield was one of many that aim to improve the instructors' method of teaching. Their ability in this direction has been very ably demonstrated recently in their lectures on Nigeria, which all who heard them found very interesting, educational, and well conducted.

*This Space  
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ALL ENQUIRIES TO THE EDITOR

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## "X"-TRA SMART

"X"'s mate went on an Outward Bound course to Wales. "X" tried to get on the same course, but the Second-in-Command would not let him go. The night after his mate's departure found "X" sitting miserably in the "Milky Way," glaring at an empty bottle of "Coke," when he sensed somebody sitting down beside him. It was his mate's girl friend. She looked and felt as miserable as he did. What more natural than that they should share their gloom? That night they went to the movies, on the next it was a long walk, and then there was an invitation to Saturday's dance in camp.

"X" prepared for the occasion carefully by donning his best pair of mauve suede shoes, bright yellow socks (luminous in the dark, too), a pair of blue jeans, and a lovely shirt coloured green, red, purple, white and orange, depicting scenes of South Sea Islands. Alas, the effect was not as planned. He had proudly walked up to the South Gate to meet her, but she drew away from him in disgust.

"I'm not being seen with you, dressed like *that*."

"But they're all I've got"—a cunning remark, which she couldn't argue with.

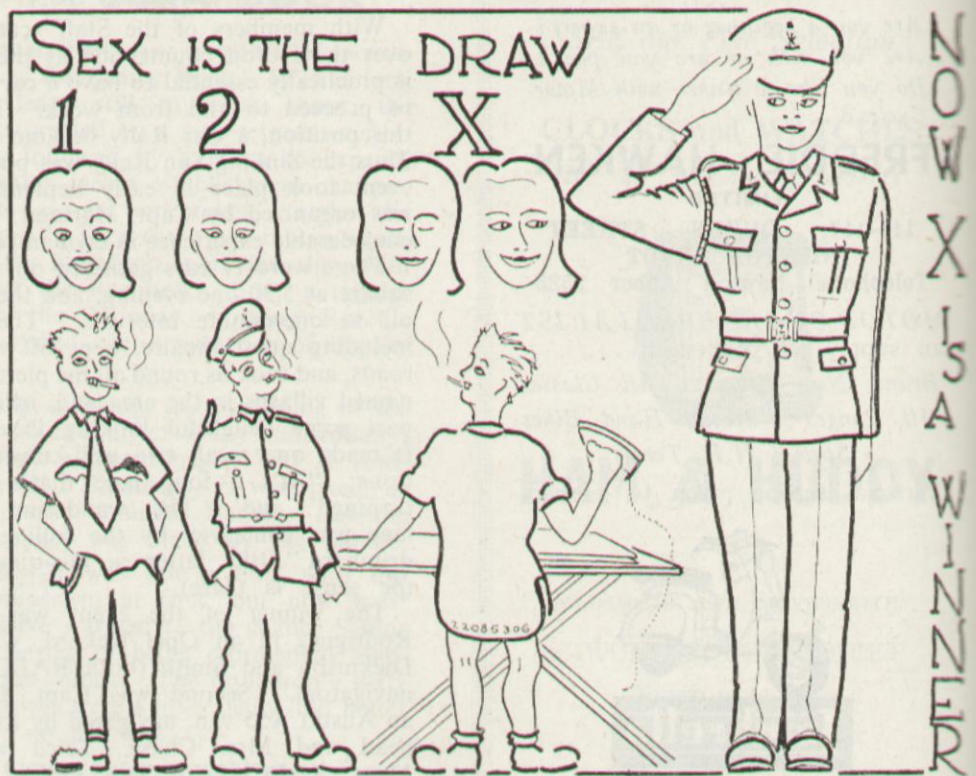
"Get changed into uniform, then."

"Uniform! On a Saturday night!"

"Yes, uniform. It looks very smart."

"X" considered rebellion. He meditated about putting her straight back on to a bus for Newton Abbot. Then he suddenly discovered that he liked her; besides, she was very attractive when she was angry.

Slowly he turned away, back to his barrack room, changed into S.D., borrowed a pair of black shoes, and returned to where the young lady was waiting impatiently. Surprisingly he found that uniform made him feel quite proud of himself. He put out his hand to lead her to the dance.



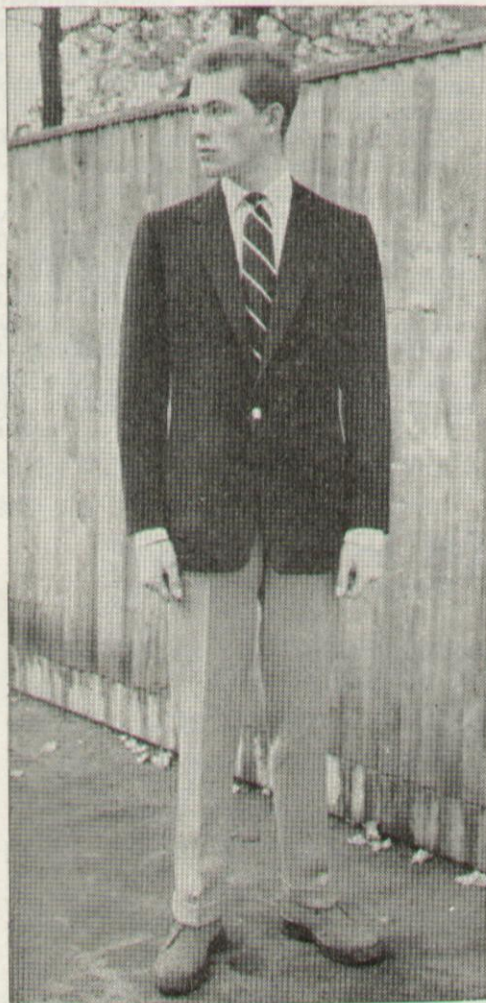
"No," she smiled gently. "That suit needs ironing, your shoes need polishing, two of those buttons aren't sewn on properly, and there are two big stains on your jacket."

"Blimey," ejaculated "X," "you must be Sergeant-Major Hopson's daughter. That's exactly what he said yesterday."

However, the outcome was inevitable. Back to the barrack room, out with the iron, and on with the work. Eventually a resplendent "X" emerged to find the young lady awaiting him. She looked him up and

down carefully—"for all the world like the R.S.M. on a drill competition." Finally approving what she saw, she gave him her arm.

They went into the dance without paying and slid dreamily into a waltz. The band started up again and, to his horror, "X" realized that they were playing the National Anthem. In a daze he escorted his Junior Lady to a 'bus, bid her a sad farewell in front of the Orderly Sergeant, and returned thoughtfully to his barrack room.



## 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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## DARTMOOR

### 5.—DARTMOOR TIN

From the Iron Age until the Norman period, Dartmoor was quite unimportant; its barren surface was agriculturally useless, its hills of no defensive value, and its minerals unworkable. The Domesday Book did not mention the moor, and during the Saxon and early Norman periods, Dartmoor as a whole was technically "forest," with its lands apportioned to absentee nobleman landlords. In 1239, the status of Dartmoor altered. Henry III. gave the area to a cousin, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and the moor technically changed from "forest" to a "chase." This royal protection ensured that Dartmoor was kept free of cultivation and enclosure, and not until 1344 is there mention of the so-called "Tenelements," or agricultural holdings.

The later Normans lifted Dartmoor from its relative obscurity by reintroducing the working of tin. Tin-streaming, whereby workers dredged and panned stream-beds, gradually gave way to a more organized form of tin extraction—mining. The development of mining was accelerated in the reign of Edward I., who created the four Stannary centres of Tavistock, Chagford, Plympton, and Ashburton, and who sanctioned their joint "Tin Parliament," with its own code of laws.

The earliest tin-streamers had sold the product of their labours as individuals, each making his own profit. Tin-mining, however, under the Norman regime was Crown-controlled, and the Stannary Parliament regulated output and prices, employment and income, acting as a semi-dictatorial bureaucracy. Although it is easy to denigrate as iniquitous any powerful ruling body which impinges on the rights of individuals, there can be no doubt that the Stannary Parliament was very much a law unto itself. It made the tanners a highly privileged guild, able to mine at will on private property, and capable of preventing outsiders working for the mineral themselves. For all their abuses the Stannary laws did make for internal efficiency.

Under the Stannary system, the quantity of the tin was ensured, and the product was "hall-marked." The tin was tested by the Duchy of Cornwall, and the Crown raised levies on the tin trade. The modified Stannary system did not fall into disquietude until 1848, by which time the Royal Duchy had made a pretty penny out of its mineral rights.

Dartmoor tin mining, like all industries, experienced periods of prosperity and depression

## HISTORY OF THE SIGNALS

### 4.—EARLY DAYS OF WIRELESS

From a Signals viewpoint, the war in South Africa had two important characteristics. Firstly, there was the size of the battlefields, with lines of communication over a thousand miles deep and 500 miles in width. "Another important feature was the climate, with its prevalence of sunshine and clear atmosphere, which were ideal for visual signalling."

"In addition to the telegraph units and signallers, all commanders and headquarters employed mounted and dismounted orderlies to carry dispatches." Over 2,400 men were employed by army telegraph units and over 18,000 miles of line were laid, but for the future of the Signals its greatest importance lay in wireless.

"Whereas wireless played no part in Army communication in the South African war, some very early equipment was sent out to the theatre for tests. "Early experiments in wireless waves began in the mid-19th century." In 1895, Guglielmo Marconi commenced experimenting in Italy with the object of producing a practical means of wireless telegraphy. In March, 1898, the English Channel was spanned by wireless. By the end of 1901 the first wireless signals were transmitted across the Atlantic, from Cornwall, and received in Newfoundland."

However, Captain J. N. C. Kennedy, R.E., took the first army wireless set to South Africa when wireless telegraphy was in its early stages. "The early wireless equipment bore little resemblance to those of today. The spark transmitters, working most effectively on long waves, were large and cumbersome; the receivers insensitive and unselective."

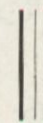
As a result of the lessons learned in South Africa, various changes took place before the advent of the first world war in 1914. "In 1912, motor-cyclists were added to the establishments. . . . Thus for the first time in the British Army, signal units were organized to undertake all basic forms of communication, namely telegraph, telephone, and signal dispatch." The Telegraph School at Chatham and the Army Signal School at Aldershot were amalgamated in 1913.

Telegraph and visual signalling remained almost at a standstill, and little headway was made with either telephony or wireless telegraphy. However, "Commanders and staff were at last beginning to realize the value of good communications."

(All quotations are from "The Royal Corps of Signals," by Maj.-Gen. R. F. H. Nalder, C.B., O.B.E.).

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## READERS'

### "DENBURY MERCURY"

SIR,—May I suggest that the present title of your excellent newspaper be changed from 'Junior Mercury' to 'Denbury Mercury.' My reasons for this are twofold: (1) It would give the paper a much stronger connection with Denbury Camp now that there is an increasing outside following; (2) It may ensure better sales, as some unknowledgeable people interpret the prefix 'Junior' as a newspaper for Juniors and, when approached as prospective purchasers, decline, saying they have no children and therefore have no use for the paper. The salesmen then have to explain, sometimes, unconvincingly, that it is far from it.

If you decide to change the title, maybe my suggestion could be bettered by other readers.—Yours

(Signed) D. NICHOLLS, S/Sgt.  
White Swan Troop.

EDITOR'S NOTE. An excellent suggestion. However, 'Junior' is an adjective, 'Mercury' is a noun, whereas 'Denbury' and 'Mercury' are both nouns. In this sense 'Junior' does not mean childish, but rather 'The Voice of Youth.' Perhaps some of our readers can help us.

The following letter was received by the RSM from an RAEC sergeant on completion of his National Service:

### "A SCOT'S FAREWELL"

DEAR SIR,—Just a wee note to say thanks to you and all Mess members who helped to make my 18-months spell in Denbury such an enjoyable one.

I'm no authority on Sergeants' Messes, but I am sure I couldn't have possibly landed up with a better bunch of men than you have down there.

To those whom I missed at the end of term, I'll take this chance to say "Cheerio." If any of you are ever lucky enough to be allowed to cross the Border into the top half of this island of ours, then be sure to pay a visit to Carnoustie and the address below.

Lang may yer lums reek!

(Signed) "JOCK" SOUTAR.  
Carnoustie, Angus.

EDITOR'S NOTE. "Lums" is a Doric word meaning "chimney." A literal translation of the expression is "Long may your chimneys smoke," which indicates a wish that our homes may always be comfortable, with plenty of coal.

Two more letters for publication have been passed to us by Sgt. Young, of Iron Troop:

### A CREDIT TO THE REGIMENT To Capt. Hancock.

SIR,—Mr. and Mrs. John T. Pitt would be glad if these books on radio could be put to any use in instructional work at the camp.

The behaviour and bearing of the young signalman, J/Sig. Wraith, of Iron Troop, who has called on us, is a great credit to his training, and he has offered to convey them to his captain.

If in any way hospitality in Totnes is useful to any of the boys, please make use of this address.

Our son was in the Royal Corps of Signals in Nairobi.

(Signed) Mr. and Mrs. JOHN TARBEL PITT,  
33, Bridgetown, Totnes.

### FRIENDSHIP AT DENBURY

DEAR SARGE,—How's tricks after leave, then? I bet you were overjoyed to gaze once more upon the happy, smiling faces of your loving troop. To tell the truth, I'm almost wishing that I was back again.

This place isn't bad, but there isn't the same air of close friendship that one felt at Denbury.

The main reason that I am writing is to ask you a big favour. You see, my kid brother is joining up and he'll soon be at Denbury. Well, I was wondering if somehow or other you could get him into Iron Troop, and see that he stays on the straight and narrow, so to speak. I'd be very grateful if you would, sergeant. I know it would mean another McGookin in the Troop, but surely you can put up with that, can't you? I don't think I was that much of a headache, was I?

I don't know when I will be able to get down to see you all, but still I'll do my best. You know something? I never knew that I'd really miss Denbury, but, by heck, I do. That place is a real Heaven when you come to think back on it, even though there were some hard times there. When I think that I'll never be able to go down to Newton again and sit sipping coffee in the "Milky Way," or go jiving at the Y.M., it really hurts!

Well, give my respects to Capt. Chase and Sgt. Osborne, and tell the lads I wanted to be remembered to them.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) W. J. MCGOOKIN (Tich).

P.S. Sorry this is only a short letter, but I'm always wary of supervisors.  
224 Signal Squadron.

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# CORNER

The Commanding Officer has kindly allowed us to publish two letters which he has received from parents:

## NO DOUBTS

Lt.-Col. L. H. M. Gregory, M.B.E.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to thank you for the wonderful reception given to my wife, Mrs. Gauld, on her arrival at Denbury Camp for Parents Day this July. If she had any doubts as to the future welfare of our son, Andrew, they were completely dispelled during Parents Day. The marked improvement in Andrew has been very obvious during his leave. His self-discipline has more than made up for his lack of practice in tackling the various golf competitions he entered during his leave. We are delighted that he enjoys Army life. Mrs. Gauld was thrilled at the spirit of the camp. The Parade will be a lasting memory to her. It gave her great pleasure to meet Andrew's Squadron Commander and Troop leaders, and I also would like to thank all concerned for arranging transport for my wife from Newton Abbot to the camp. We are indeed proud to associate ourselves, through our son, with Denbury.—We remain, yours sincerely,

(Signed) Mr. and Mrs. H. O. GAULD.  
Hilltop, Bonnyrigg, Midlothian.

## TWO SONS

TO ALL AT DENBURY CAMP.—I am writing on behalf of my husband and myself to thank you very much indeed for all you did to make our stay with you for Parents Day so enjoyable. This was our second visit, and I think we enjoyed ourselves even more than last year. We are looking forward to coming down again next year. As you start another term at Denbury, we would like to wish you every success in EVERYTHING you undertake. We follow your progress with the greatest interest, through Michael's letters and the 'Junior Mercury.' There's not a day passes but our thoughts turn to the boys at Denbury, and I expect it's the same in all your homes.

We hope you've all enjoyed your leave, in spite of the weather, and that you'll feel fit for a good term's work and play. God bless and keep you all. Peter sends his regards to you all.

(Signed) Mr. and Mrs. M. WILLOUGHBY.  
Ivy House, Lincolnshire.

## A FIRST READING

DEAR SIR,—Herewith please find enclosed a postal order for 6/- for further issues of your journal. As we enjoy reading them so much, will you please forward them to the above address. We read them first, then we post them on each month to our son, who is in Germany.—Yours truly,

(Signed) Mrs. A. M. DOUGILL.  
Horsefair, Boroughbridge.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a 6/- postal order for the next twelve copies of the 'Junior Mercury.' I assure you that it gives me the greatest pleasure to read in the 'Junior Mercury' that the lads are carrying on the great traditions of Denbury, which I am so proud to have been a part of.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) B. FRASER, L/Cpl.  
1st Signal Regiment.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Sig. Dougill and L/Cpl. Fraser, both ex-members of Francisca Troop, graduated to man service in the summer of 1959.

Another letter to the Commanding Officer from Maj. Petrie, Recruiting Officer, is worthy of note:

Subject: **Recruitment.**

Hudson, D.  
Chisholm, R. C. W.  
Forster, D.

1.—The three recruits listed above will report to you for training on 6th September, 1960.

2.—All credit for these enlistments is attributed by the Army Recruiting Officer to Junior Signalmen Forrester, E. G.

3.—I think you would like to know this and to congratulate Junior Signalmen Forrester (Iron Troop) on this excellent recruiting effort.

(Signed) F. S. PETRIE, Major.  
SPSO SO-in-C.

The War Office.

★ ★ ★

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ALL ENQUIRIES TO  
THE EDITOR

## ROUND THE

### QUICK PROMOTION

It is always pleasant to receive visits from ex-Junior Leaders to the Regiment, and particularly gratifying when they call in at the 'Junior Mercury' office to renew their subscriptions. A recent visitor was Cpl. "Terry" Mack, who was on our staff for a while. He left the Regiment in January, and has successfully emerged as a full corporal from a Cypher Course, being still only 18 years of age. At present he is awaiting a posting to Germany. Mack was at one time Trumpet-Major of the Band and Drums.

### "THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE"

"When I joined as a boy in 1911, discipline was a lot different from what you have now"; and "We had to get up at 0530 hours and clean all our horses' harness before breakfast when I joined in 1921." These, and many other remarks, were addressed to J/RSM Butcher and J/SSM Edmond when they accompanied WO II. Rodriguez, as Guests of Honour, to the Royal Engineer and Royal Signals Ex-Boys Dinner in London on 24th September, 1960.

Major-General A. E. Morrison, CB, OBE, the representative Colonel Commandant of the Corps, 1960, was the chief Guest of Honour, and made an after-dinner speech which impressed both the Junior Leaders very much. To quote from his speech: "Looking around the assembled company of ex-boys, most of whom have now risen to ranks which, as boys, were beyond their wildest dreams, I realize, now more than ever, that ex-boys are the real backbone of the Signals." He went on to add: "I am really impressed by the comradeship amongst the ex-boys in that, even now, after in many cases over 25 years away from the Corps, they have again come together to help further the interest of the Corps."

After the dinner the two Junior Leaders mixed freely with the ex-boys, talking to many well-known personalities in the Corps. To mention a few, Brigadier Hobson, Major Strange, Major Flynn, MBE, and Lt.-Col. Clarke, MBE. The keynote of their conversation was the pride that they felt in being ex-boys.

Throughout this report we have purposely referred to "ex-boys." The name Junior Leader to most of those present was new, and was not well received as yet. Perhaps it is because there is established a pride in being an ex-boy, whereas Junior Leaders are for the future, and have yet to make that name immortal.

### EMERGENCY WARD 10

When we visited Sgt. Taylor, the new Medical Sergeant, we found him less eager to talk about himself than to talk about his experiences during Ten Tors week. "That," he said, "is a name I shall not forget for many a long year." He spent two comparatively quiet days on the moor as medical cover for the boys, then arrived back at the MRS at 7 p.m., not realizing what a night was in store for himself and his assistants.

"At 8 p.m. a trickle of boys with blisters arrived; then a deluge followed. At 10 p.m. the MI room looked like a casualty clearing station on the Western Front, and as I gazed out of the door at the boys limping back it reminded me of that epic picture portraying Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow."

Apparently the Naval boys arrived first, then the civilians, followed by the Army, not caring what they were in for as long as their feet were treated. Out came the plasters, snip went the scissors. "All hands on deck" was the cry. The tide turned, and the waiting room was empty. The time—MIDNIGHT!

"We crawled to our beds, weary but triumphant, yet not half as proud (I bet) as those young lads who had successfully done Ten Tors—blisters and all."

### THE PHANTOM PAINTERS

The car park outside the Education and Training Wing office was colourfully embellished one fine day by a Regimental Policeman with a pot of paint. Very carefully he drew out four sets of straight blue lines, leaving room for the appropriate cars to be placed therein. Then he drew out the various names allocated to the car spaces—Captains Rowe, Willmot, Joyner, and Bowyer. Alas, during the night an unknown artist changed the aforementioned nomenclatures to Captains Student, —·—·—·—·, Ranger, and Accountant. The authorship still remains a mystery. Our Morse expert interprets the lettering as being "Te! Te! Tee!"

### A TRYING TEST

A thought should be spared some time for RAEC personnel who are responsible for setting examinations:

A student, after perusing past examination papers, discovered that the questions had been identical for many years. He drew this to the attention of Capt. Rowe, who replied: "Oh yes, the questions are the same. We only change the answers."

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# CAMP

## MOUNTAINEERING

During the last week of leave, eight members of the Rock Climbing Club visited Bosigran Climber's Hut, in North Cornwall. The first afternoon was spent in doing nothing, but all good things must come to an end, and early next morning we found ourselves at the foot of Bosigran Face, a large cliff not far from the hut. At the bottom we split into groups and commenced our several climbs.

At the end of the first day's climbing we gathered round a large camp fire, and spent the evening reading or chatting to the other climbers who were occupying the same hut with us. Some spare time (and much spare cash) was spent in St. Ives, which added to the climb a touch of the seaside spirit.

On 2nd September we had to leave, not only having enjoyed, and learnt much from, our climbing, but also leaving behind many new friends sharing the same enthusiasm for rock-climbing and finding new climbs in the rocky cliffs of Southern England.

## A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

A necessary item of kit in most departments is a receptacle for the disposal of rubbish. In the Army terms, this is known as a "Refuse Bin," but the Quartermaster's department insist on recording these items as "Refuge Bins." This gives the 'Junior Mercury' editorial office a delightful picture of a member of the staff burying his head ostrich-wise in a bin to escape from a maddening crowd of Junior Leaders.

## BRONCO

Receiving a new intake from Junior Wing, Sgt. Young, of Iron Troop, carried out his customary check of their kit—"just to make sure that they start with a full kit." Imagine his horror, on checking the kit of a J/Sig. Brocklebank, to find that instead of a neat regimental number stamped on each item, there was the word "Bronco." Asked to comment, Sgt. Young found himself unable to make a coherent Press statement.

## THE JAMBOREE

Ten Tors was finished—or at least the marching part was over. Now for the fun! The first event of note lay with the Royal Signals Motor-Cycle Display Team, fresh from their successes in the United States of America.

It was on the sports field, wet from heavy rain, that Capt. Burke presented his team. It was an excellent and thrilling performance that followed, with thrills galore, and an appreciative audience were duly impressed. Faint of heart indeed must any spectator have been who was not filled with envious desire to be part of such a team. Fifteen men on three motor-cycles, the jump through a raging inferno, clearance of a brick wall. These events thrilled us all.

Next we moved to the parade ground, where the Regiment had their first sight of the Band and Drums in their new scarlet uniform. "Uniform does not make a man." No, but the band performed better than they have ever done before. They beat Retreat before a huge crowd under the new floodlights, and indeed they looked the part!

Then we had two drill displays. The wrong way by a squad fortunately unidentifiable, and the right way by members of White Spear and Kohima Troops, under Sgt. Tearse. Here we foreswear fine-sounding phrases, and content ourselves by simply saying they were a credit to the Regiment.

The Regimental Choir gave us a selection of their best songs, demonstrating why they have been selected for a performance at the Albert Hall for the Festival of Remembrance.

The public performance ended with a march-past of all those who had taken part in the Ten Tor Marches, led by the Air Force teams, some of whom could hardly walk. But it was good to see the sheer joy on their faces as they limped from one side of the parade ground to the other.

The floodlights went off, the band was silent, the square emptied, and the dance began. Ten Tors, 1960, was over, but then we realized that 1961 and many more years were in the future.

## GRASSED

Asked by Southern Command to investigate the non-arrival in the regiment of one hundredweight of grass seed in the Regiment, the Adjutant telephoned Newton Abbot Goods Yard on 8th September, 1960.

Adjutant: "Can you please assist by telling me if a hundredweight of grass seed from the H.Q., Southern Command, to this unit has passed through your department and, if so, who signed for it from this Regiment?"

B.R. official: "Can 'e tell me when 'twas sent?"

Adjutant: "Yes; 28th June."

B.R. official: "Caw b—— 'twill be 'ay b' now."

Epilogue.—After further investigation the Adjutant discovered that the grass seed had been found and fed to the Regimental chickens.

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# THE WHITE SHEEP OF THE FAMILY

This month 'Junior Mercury' has not needed to send out its reporters to seek live theatre entertainment, for we have been fortunate enough to have the Denbury Players' latest production here in the Camp Cinema. Their first production, "One Wild Oat," was a hilarious comedy. The second one, "The White Sheep of the Family," came in the 'light comedy' class; and Capt. Rowe has said that he hopes to produce next something halfway between the two, although the actual play has not yet been decided.

Let it first be said that we are indeed fortunate to have such an accomplished group of players amongst us. Capt. Rowe is widely experienced in every aspect of dramatic production, and he holds the group together like a professional. Mr. Stacey, of Denbury village, also has long experience of amateur dramatics on which to draw. Yet the rest of the cast combined in a display of team spirit which allowed no individual undue pre-eminence. In fact, one of the most striking features of the production was its air of professionalism. The stage, although small, was tastefully furnished, thanks to the helpfulness of Mr. Tapper (one of our advertisers), while Capt. Bowyer, who was in charge of the decor, succeeded in painting a beautiful set which might have been the envy of many more affluent groups. Capt. Fordham, the publicity manager, provided excellent programmes and efficient ushers, although we feel that if his publicity campaign had begun earlier, larger audiences might have been attracted from outside the camp.

As for the players themselves, it is encouraging to observe that only three of them (Mrs. Yates, RQMS Chilvers, and Lt. Wagstaff) also acted in "One Wild Oat,"

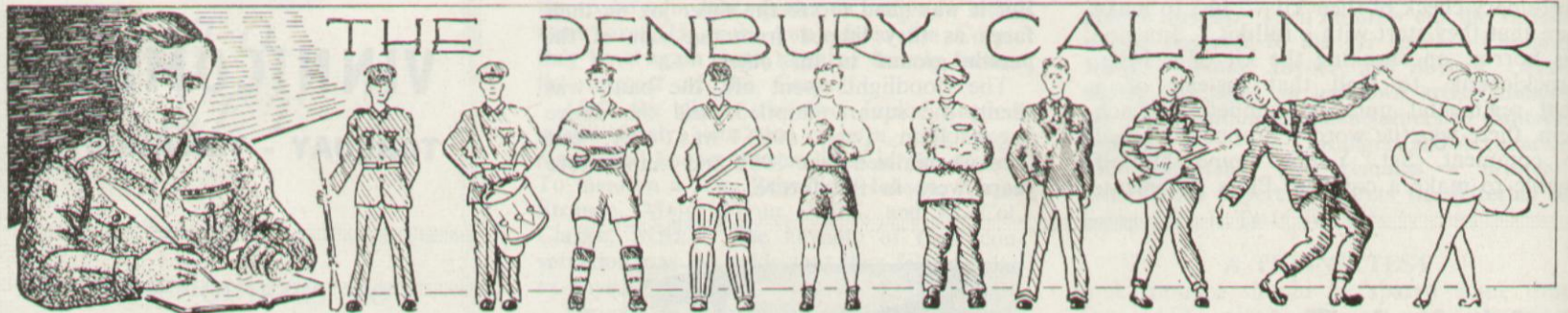


by Sgt. Martin

which seems to suggest that the company has considerable talent upon which to draw, some perhaps still untapped. All three proved popular once again, with Mr. Wagstaff a polished Commissioner, Mrs. Yates an efficient housemaid, and Mr. Chilvers a most convincing "fence" (type-casting? —We hope not). Welcome newcomers were Mrs. Tysoe, as the daughter of the house; Lt. Tysoe, who contributed a most amusing character study; Sgt. Martin as the White Sheep himself; and Mrs. Rothwell as the fiancée who has so disrupting an effect on the family of crooks. Mrs. Worsley, making her debut on any stage, articulated her lines clearly, but did not seem quite at

ease on the stage. If she can learn to move and speak more naturally she will prove a valuable addition to the company. For Mr. Stacey's magnificently assured performance as the head of the family there can be nothing but praise; he never put a foot wrong throughout his long and taxing part.

A special word of praise is due to two invaluable helpers, who joined the production too late for their names to be added to the programme—Mrs. Martin as prompt, and Sgt. Smith as Assistant Stage Manager. All in all, a most enjoyable production; a worthy successor to "One Wild Oat" and, we hope, only second in a long line of dramatic successes.



## OCTOBER, 1960

October	1	.. ..	Soccer: J/Ldrs v. Paignton YMCA (League) .. .. .	Home
			Hockey: Staff v. Dawlish H.C. .. .. .	Away
"	5	.. ..	Rugby: J/Ldrs v. Plymouth College 3rd XV. .. .. .	Away
"	6	.. ..	<b>REGIMENTAL CONCERT PARTY; THURSDAY NIGHT THEATRE</b>	
			Hockey: Staff v. Wessex Bde. Depot .. .. .	Away
"	8	.. ..	Soccer: J/Ldrs. v. Coombe Pafford A (League) .. .. .	Home
			Hockey: J/Ldrs. v. Tavistock H.C. .. .. .	Home
"	11	.. ..	<b>INTER-TROOP CROSS-COUNTRY RACE</b>	
"	12	.. ..	Rugby: J/Ldrs. v. Newton Abbot G.S. .. .. .	Home
			Rugby: J/Ldrs. 2nd XV. v. Newton Abbot G.S. 2nd XV. .. .. .	Away
"	13	.. ..	<b>BUMPER REGIMENTAL WHIST DRIVE (families welcomed)</b>	
"	15	.. ..	Soccer: J/Ldrs. v. Milber Utd. (League) .. .. .	Away
			Rugby: J/Ldrs. v. Newton Juniors .. .. .	Home
"	19	.. ..	Rugby: J/Ldrs. v. Totnes G.S. .. .. .	Away
			Hockey: Staff v. Seale-Hayne .. .. .	Away
"	20	.. ..	Basketball: Staff v. Exeter .. .. .	Away
"	22	.. ..	Soccer: J/Ldrs. v. Kingsbridge G.S. .. .. .	Away
			Rugby: J/Ldrs. v. Newton Juniors .. .. .	Away
			The "BAND AND DRUMS" BEATING RETREAT at ASHBURTON for the NABC Week, sponsored by the DARTMOOR RANGERS	
"	26	.. ..	Hockey: J/Ldrs. v. Dartmouth R.N.C. 2nd XI. .. .. .	Away
"	28	.. ..	<b>BOXING: J/Ldrs. v. R.A. J/Ldrs., 1st Round, Army Boxing Cup</b> .. .. .	Home
"	29	.. ..	<b>INTER-TROOP CANOE RACE</b>	
			Soccer: J/Ldrs. v. Coombe Pafford A (League) .. .. .	Away
			Rugby: J/Ldrs. v. H.M.S. Fisgard .. .. .	Home

**AFTER KNIFE: SPOON**

In company with the "Mops," the "Scanners," the "Old Gobblers," and a team from far-flung Woolwich, the Unit VI took part in the Plymouth Command wide hockey tournament at Plymouth on 24th September, 1960.

Having received a bye in the first round of the cup, the Unit VI. turned out in Signals colours to meet Exeter A, another first-round bye. The result was a goalless draw which Exeter narrowly won on ground advantage.

Thus we said "farewell" to the cup, and were, unfortunately, to the all-weather pitch, being relegated to the terrors and trials of grass on soccer and rugby pitches.

Spilled from the Cup to the Saucer, we met E.O.A.—the accounts department of the Dockyard—and got "well in the red"! Having missed at least four glorious chances,

the match slipped from our grasp with one goal shot from outside the "D," and a second by the omission of the offside rule.

We picked ourselves from the Saucer with the Spoon and changed our shirts—and our luck. We had a bye in the first round, won the semi-final against Reserve Fleet on a long corner with the score one-all, and met I.N.S. BEAS in the final.

Our coloured opponents almost ran us into the ground in the first few minutes, but only gained a long corner. Then we settled down, replied with a long corner, and finally settled the issue with a splendid goal from Lt. Whitehead.

So we won the Spoon—and not a wooden one either!

Results: Wins, 2; Losses, 2; Byes, 2.

Team: Foster, Gregory P., Greenwood, Davies (White Spear), Whitehead, Angell.

**J/RSM BUTCHER**

Few boys in the Regiment can show as many sporting medals as J/RSM Butcher, for this great all-rounder has medals (presented by his home district, Romford) for athletics, cricket, and football. He says that he likes to have a "bash" at just about every sport, especially hockey and swimming, but admits that he only takes football seriously now. He has captained his school and district teams as well as the Regimental team, and has played for Essex School-boys at his present position of centre-half. He has no particular footballer as his favourite, but follows the progress of Norwich City very closely.

As far as personal fitness is concerned, he believes that the best way to "knock the edges off" is to play plenty of basketball. He has no advice on how to become a better player, but considers that the perfect sportsman is one who plays for his team and not for himself.



**S/SGT. FOSTER**

Asked about his sports, S/Sgt. Foster rattled off hockey, soccer, rugby, cricket, swimming, cribbage, darts—but there we stopped him. He claimed to be a "Jack of all trades, but a . . ." However, this is not strictly true. He is definitely the master in his own hockey goalmouth. "I've only been playing for 18 years, and am still learning."

He has represented Hampshire Schools, Rhine District, the Mauritius Colony XI., and played for his Corps (RAEC) for the past two seasons, being awarded his Corps colours 1959-60. At present he plays when he can for the Regimental Staff XI, and spends the majority of his time training a succession of Junior Leaders to fill future vacancies in the Signals goal.

At cricket he captained last season's Staff XI., and is a useful bat and part-time wicket-keeper.



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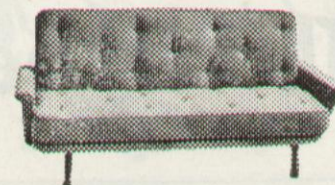
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Lightweight .. ..	J/Sig. Barrett	J/L/Cpl. Garrelly
Light Welterweight ..	J/Sig. Black	J/Sgt. Naisbitt
Light Middleweight ..	J/Sig. Sharman	J/Sgt. Bourgoise
Middleweight .. ..	J/Sig. Moore	J/Cpl. Jay
Light Heavyweight ..		J/L/Cpl. Jacobs
Welterweight .. ..	J/Sig. Farr	

The best loser: J/Cpl. Zimmer. Losers to be especially commended: J/Sigs. Young, Stanger, Read, Wedgbury, Ratia, Bowker, Norman, Farmer and Craggs.

**A CLOSE VICTORY**

Teignmouth Junior XV. unfortunately arrived with only nine players, so with our two reserves and the loan of J/Sigs. Tanguay and Round from our XV. the game was played in Rugby League fashion, with only 13 in each team.

Early initiative was taken by the Signals, with J/Sig. Hill kicking to test the Teignmouth full-back. After that Teignmouth went into the attack with Leyman, their winger, prominent. Once he was brought down by J/Cpl. Smith only a few yards from our lines after a 40-yard run. Then it was the Signals' turn to attack again; first, J/Sig. Digweed, after a good run in which he beat three men, and then J/SSM Tracey, after a long dribble and kick ahead, were both brought down just short of the line.

In the second half, Signals tried hard to score with good runs by Smith, Digweed, Hill and J/L/Cpl. Thompson, and finally Thompson started a concerted threequarters movement which led to Digweed crossing over in the corner for an unconverted try. Then, with only a few minutes to go before the final whistle, Thompson kicked a penalty to make victory 6-0 certain for Signals.

Outstanding players for Signals were Tracey, Thompson, Hill and Digweed, and it was good to see Tanguay playing a great game for Teignmouth.

**A FINE GAME**

On a very wet grass pitch, the Staff Hockey XI. defeated Torbay 2-1. Goals were scored by Sgt. Angell, an angled shot from the left, and by Maj. Rothwell, an angled shot from the right. S/Sgt. Nicholls must be congratulated on playing a good game in an unaccustomed position at full-back, where he settled down very quickly. Sgt. Wickham had a promising first appearance on the left-wing, and both Capt. Hartnett and Gregory delighted us with their clever stick-work under difficult conditions.

**FIVE MINUTES OF MAGIC**

The ground was wet, but the sun was shining as the Junior Leaders, Royal Signals, Football XI. set out to do battle with the Junior Leaders, Royal Armoured Corps, in the preliminary round of the Army Junior Leaders Football Cup. For fully 20 minutes honours seemed fairly even, with the RAC having a very slight edge on the game. The RAC at this stage were playing the more constructive football; but the Signals defence, with J/RSM Butcher, the team captain, outstanding, remained firm.

Then came a goal. J/Sig. Gourlay, the Signals left winger, who was playing very intelligently, lured their goalkeeper four or five yards from his line, and then delicately screwed the ball back to the feet of J/Cpl. Schofield in the centre. With the coolness of Johnny Haynes, Schofield flicked it over the head of the advancing goalkeeper into the net.

This first goal was but a forerunner of greater things to come. Within the next five minutes, Signals added three more goals to thoroughly demoralize the visiting side. First, J/Sgt. Bourgoise rapped in a pile-driver from 20 yards, which the goalkeeper never saw, then J/Sig. Booker beat the goalkeeper with another hard shot, and then Bourgoise struck yet another blow with a brilliant dribble and shot down the centre of the field. The game seemed over, and when RAC scored a goal five minutes later, spectators were heard benevolently observing that "they deserve some consolation."

However, to rub it in, Booker cut in on a loose ball from the restart to make the score 5-1. Then came a penalty against Signals. J/Sig. Hunt in goal pulled off a brilliant save, but the cheers had hardly died down before we realized the referee had ordered it to be retaken as a Signals player had moved. A hush went over the ground, only for the cheers to redouble as, for the second time, Hunt saved a penalty.

Then came half-time.

The second half was, however, a different story. The RAC had learned the lesson that, to score goals, shots at goal were required. For the whole of the second half the Signals goal was under a constant bombardment, and it fell three times, making the final score 5-4 to Signals. Maybe they were a better team, but goals count, and in an inspired five minutes of real football we got goals to earn ourselves a place in the next round. Well done, Denbury.

**IMPRESSIVE NEWCOMERS**

The football season started with a bang. In our opening match in the South Devon Youth League, we were drawn to play Coombe Pafford B. The result—15-0 to the Signals.

The XI. included many promising newcomers, of whom J/Sigs. Hollander, Stanger and Gourlay were outstanding. J/Sig. Hunt, our new goalkeeper, was never tested.

Scorers: Bourgoise 5, Schofield 3, Stanger 3, Gourlay 2, Booker 1, Gardner 1.

**A LUCKY WIN**

The Regimental Football XI., playing with a weakened team, were fortunate to defeat Teignmouth Grammar School by the odd goal in five. Many of the regular team were unable to play, owing to painful feet, whilst many of those on the field, too, showed legacies of the Ten Tors March. At half-time the score was 1-1, and remained at 2-2 until five minutes before the end, when we scraped in the winning goal rather against the run of play. Our goal scorers were J/Sgt. Butcher (2), J/Sig. Booker (1). With two victories in their first two games, the XI. already seems in a better condition football-wise than it was last season. This defeat of Teignmouth Grammar School avenged a 7-3 defeat from last year.

**TWELVE GOALS IN THREE MATCHES**

Brixham Villa Colts have been champions now for the past four seasons, which made the Regiment's victory a great achievement. J/SSM Tracey, playing at centre-half in place of J/RSM Butcher, played very high-standard football. J/Sgt. Bourgoise scored five goals in our 7-2 victory, four from headers in the real Lawton class.

Throughout the game the Regiment played good football, but one spell of 15 minutes in the first half was of particularly high standard.

Other points noted by our reporter—good goals by J/Sigs. Booker and Rooney; sound defensive play by J/Sig. Terras at full-back; hard work by Rooney at inside-forward; a missed penalty by J/Cpl. Schofield.

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