Birthday Edition

JUNIOR MERCURY

LEADERSHIP IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE

VOL. 2. No. 1. JUNE, 1960 Price 4d.

ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO YOU; SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND; KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU.

Matt. vii., 7

To ask for help, to seek for opportunity and to knock on the door that opens into the future. How else must Junior Leaders occupy themselves ? And if the asking, seeking and knocking becomes too persistent at times, there is some solace in the thought that our intentions are not un-Christian ! One year ago the first issue of the 'Junior Mercury' announced: "Royalty for Denbury," and we were all informed that Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal and Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Corps of Signals would be coming to Denbury on 12th June, 1959, to visit Her Junior Leaders Regiment.

A button was pressed and Denbury went into high gear and became an industry of ingenuity and enterprise. It was no longer necessary to justify anything—all was justified. Unwanted grass and friendly daisies fell before the merciless onslaught of whirring blades; pots of paint appeared as if by magic—in the most unexpected places—and quickly blotted out the ugly faces of dirty walls. Curtains, carpets, furniture, crockery and even a new ladies room for the officers mess were among the gifts that heralded the advent of a royal occasion. But from all the enthusiasm, the excitement and breathless activity that prefaced and then surrounded that wonderful day, a single incident crowns the memory in its simplicity and charm. The picture of little Alexandra Pavey, dainty, composed and confident, presenting a bouquet of roses to the Princess, will long be remembered, with rich pleasure, by all who witnessed the event. It was surely one of the "grace notes" of an unforgettable day.

Many readers will perhaps recall the text of Her Royal Highness's address to the Junior Leaders, published in the second issue of the 'Junior Mercury.' The following extract may serve as a reminder to us all of the purpose and aims of the Regiment:

'Throughout the world today, in all walks of life, there exists the most urgent need for sober, honest and imaginative leadership. Your contribution in this respect is of the greatest importance.

"Seldom has a greater mission been entrusted to my Corps than the maintenance of a ceaseless watch over the communications so vital to our Commonwealth and international obligations. The task is one of high trust and a challenge to the skill and integrity of all ranks in my Corps. Should the horror of war burst upon us again these activities will be extended on to the battlefield and we must bear ourselves there with courage and fortitude, as we have done in the past.

"The eyes of every Regiment in my Corps are upon you. They are keen to receive you as full and equal members and potential Junior Leaders, of the Corps to which we are all proud to belong. You may be assured of their help, their encouragement and their support. You must not fail to live up to the standards they have set for you."

The Princess referred to the Camp and was pleased to note that it was comfortable and well appointed. She congratulated the Regiment on winning the Army Boys Boxing Championships and suggested that we might want to repeat the success and add others to it in the future. *We did, by winning the boxing and the rugby for* 1960. The Princess mentioned the visit of the Norwegian Army Apprentices in September and our proposed participation in the Nijmegen Marches in July. *Both took place but instead of* 36 *of our number taking part in the latter, in fact* 44 *were entered and successfully completed the course. In July* 1960 *ten teams, totalling one hundred Junior Leaders, with their band in support, will be going to Nijmegen and afterwards to visit their parent units in Germany.*



Her Royal Highness wished the Regimental Choir every success and touched on the prospect of it appearing in London this year. *The choir is now* 100 *strong and, subject to a successful audition on July* 5th, *will appear (with the band) at the Festival of Remembrance in the Albert Hall in November.*

During the course of her address the Princess said that academic, military and trade training were to be knitted together to provide a better overall military education. She referred to closer command and greater continuity in troops, a more ambitious Outward Bound programme, and the wider influence and affiliations of the social club. *In addition to all these things, the Princess was informed that playing the bagpipes was to start as an additional hobby, and Scottish dancing would be included. Scarlet tunics were under consideration for the Corps of Drums, and a museum and model of Dartmoor would soon be started.*

It is heartening to recall that all these things have faithfully been accomplished, although the model of Dartmoor is making slow progress, the museum is a little bare. The money and approval for the Scarlet Tunics was given on 25th May, 1960.

Looking back over twelve issues of the 'Junior Mercury,' the memory is stirred afresh and a great number and variety of thoughts spring to mind. The 'Junior Mercury' serves only to prompt and the mind develops the picture and presents its detail in an instant.

The third issue gave prominence to the wearing of Balaclava helmets, and drew the lessons of Courage—Leadership—Morale—Clear Orders and Communications from that great battle and announced the proposal that all regular Regiments of the Corps should each adopt a troop of Junior Leaders. The Cobb trophy came home in the fourth issue, and the story of Denbury "Twenty Years Young" appeared in the fifth. In the sixth issue the idea of TEN TORS was conceived, *and will take place on or about* 15*th September,* 1960, *for the first time.* The seventh issue promulgated the adoption scheme in detail, and in the eighth the presentation parade taken by the Signal-Officer-in-Chief, just before Christmas, appeared with the General's speech in full.

Number nine issue in February, 1960, carried a coloured illustration of the Junior Leaders tie (Bursar, 10/-). The March issue showed the adventure training hut presented to the Regiment by Sir Ralph Rayner, and included the beginnings of the farm hobby and the pigeon loft. To amuse and appease the rightful indignation of our farming friends, TEN MOOR COMMANDMENTS were published in the eleventh edition, under the auspices of *the Junior Leaders Council,* and, finally, in the last number, the 'Junior Mercury' announced that the Adjutant-General and the Director of Army Education had become "fleas" in accordance with an old Denbury custom. Legend relates that the Officers uncovered an old castle when excavating behind the officers mess on 15th May, 1959. The original owner, the Prince of Denbury, had apparently become a flea and disappeared into the mist on the moors. Nothing has been heard of him since, but the flea ceremony is carried out hopefully at frequent intervals in honour of his return.

Enough ! We have asked, sought and knocked, and it is a matter for the regular Corps to say whether it has given, encouraged or listened. The editorial in the first issue of the 'Junior Mercury' began: "If there is anything more important than the will to succeed it is that the will shall not falter." Perhaps it might not be inappropriate to end the birthday edition with a more familiar quotation: "Though much may be criticized, let it be accepted that much has been accomplished."

A very happy birthday to the 'Junior Mercury' and its Staff.

EDITORIAL

THIS is the Birthday edition of the "Junior Mercury," and we are ONE year old—no longer a baby, but a toddler, capable of standing up on our own two feet. To celebrate, this month we are giving you a bumper 16 page edition.

The past twelve months for us have been exciting ones as we slowly learned the job of producing the *Junior Mercury*. We made mistakes, and trust that we have profited by these to go on improving each time.

For the future, the next edition, and subsequent ones are planned as 12-page editions to give you more coverage and better reading.

For this edition we offer you our review of the year's progress on the front page, Staff Scrapbook and a welcome to the new Director of Boys Training on this page. On page 3 an introduction to the Royal Corps of Signals history—to be continued in subsequent editions, and a new monthly feature "Denbury Calendar," which is replacing the monthly "Parade" of events, formerly inserted as a duplicated page. This is followed by two pages meeting the departmental heads of Denbury Camp, where each tells of his work, and refers to future plans.

"X," an old favourite is not forgotten, nor is our Gossip page "Round the Camp." Readers' Corner has a grand selection of interesting letters. Then follows our enquiry into local opinions with regard to the Regiment. A page by the editor, and on page 13 a new series kindly commenced by S/Sgt. Thwaites (R.A.E.C.) on Dartmoor.

This is followed by the last of our Discussion articles—to be replaced next month by a brand new series of exclusive interviews with stars of stage, screen radio and television, and the paper ends with our usual two sporting pages.

We welcome as our new "Gaffer," Major Rothwell, who is taking a keen interest in the progress of the *Junior Mercury*, and brings new life to our production. Also reporters J/Sigs. Jaggard, Kaye and Cartland who all promise well.

We take this opportunity to warn all strangers, whether you be Major-General or the new Dustman, that reporter "Les" Parrott will smell you out,—an incomparable nose for news.

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2. The views expressed herein are not necessarily official War Office or Army policy.
3. All communications should be addressed to The Editor, "Junior Mercury," Denbury Camp, Nr. Newton Abbot, Devon.

Staff Scrapbook

IT is good to know that this column is read by the Staff and some of them feel so strongly about its contents that they sit down and write letters about it to the *Junior Mercury*. Most of you will have read in last month's issue the criticism of the column brewed in H.Q. Squadron Office, most of you will know it amounted to so much Bull, (or is it Steer in this instance ?).

Surely R.H.Q. clerks belong to H.Q. Squadron and therefore are entitled to newsworthy paragraphs just like the rest of the Squadron's 100-odd men but obviously the news value of such paragraphs is in question—by the electrical fitters and millwright-cum-soldiers and critics at H.Q. Squadron Office. What a pity.

On to happier things though . . . . . like wedding bells for instance for Graham Stokes. He took the plunge during leave at Coventry.

The new pay scheme meant little to the majority of the Staff though some benefited. "Techs" Norman Howe and Dean Bristow for instance who join the Staff's small but efficient band of N.C.O.'s.

Mick Colley will be long remembered at Denbury for he was constantly reminding one and all that he had "so many" days to do. But the day he was due to leave for his Sheffield home and never return came and passed without the farewell handshakes. Colley, unfortunately, was in hospital at Plymouth and so that long awaited day went by unnoticed. All's well that ends well though for his hospital trouble delayed him only three days and now he is settling down to his new environment—as a civilian.

Incidently, on the advice of last month's letter, a walk around the lines a look in the N.A.A.F.I., the Church Army Canteen . . . . and H.Q. Squadron office was taken and, for the most part, our critics can rest assured it would NOT be to the advantage of H.Q. Squadron personnel to write too much of what was seen.

FOOTNOTE.—National Serviceman Stuart Hindley was among a number of the Staff trying out their strength of grip on a machine at Torquay the other day. According to the pressure of the grip there was a table showing which profession or trade the man operating the machine followed. Hindley was galled to see that the table showed him as a soldier.

He ended by saying : "I would like to thank your C.O. for introducing the new S.D. I really do like it. It is much better than the present one."

His last words as his car left were : "First Class, chaps"!

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OUTSTANDING TEAM SPIRIT

HAVING recently taken over the part of Director of Boy's Training, Brigadier W. D. Tarr paid a visit to Denbury Camp as a part of his tour of all Junior Leaders' Regiments.

He told a *Junior Mercury* reporter that he was very impressed with the keenness and team spirit which pervaded over the entire camp. He said that the Regiment has a good reputation at the War Office, and commented that he had never heard a bad report anywhere.

On being asked about his reactions to the Camp, he stressed that its location was ideal, and added that all the Junior Leaders' Regiments in the Aldershot area live in worse conditions, although the Royal Engineers at Dover are better off than we are.

He refused to commit himself in answer to a question about which Regiment was the best, smilingly replying that as standards and training differ so much, comparisons are impossible.

Asked about the finish of National Service, and its effect on the camp, he favoured the introduction of Night Watchmen. "I agree that boys should be taught to do guards, but not every night."

cont. at foot of previous column.

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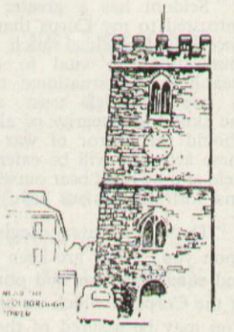


HISTORY OF THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS - (1) Introduction

FROM the beginning of time there has always been a requirement for communications in war. Many of our present signalling techniques have sprung directly from some early form of signalling. As long ago as 200 B.C. the Carthaginians used torches arranged in groups of five, this was therefore an early form of signalling lamp.

Highly polished shields were used to form a crude heliograph for passing messages during the battles between the Greeks and Persians. Signals by smoke and flags date from a remote period. Carrier pigeons still in use at the beginning of the last war, date back to the time of Solomon. Pigeons were also used by the ancient Greeks to carry messages concerning results at the Olympic Games.

The simplest method of passing a message is of course by the hand of man. Until the middle of the nineteenth century this was the principle method of communication. Pheidiffides the fastest runner in Greece, was the prototype of the present day despatch rider. Western civilization was threatened by the Persians in 600 B.C., however the huge army of the Persians was defeated by a small Greek army. It was important to send news of this great victory to Athens which was over twenty-six miles from the battlefield Pheidippides was chosen to carry this message. He completed the journey with great speed, but so great had been his exertions that upon delivering his message he fell dead.

The Marathon race derived its name from Pheidippides journey he was undoubtedly the greatest of all despatch riders, however Mercury takes pride of place in our Corps.

The Romans had a god called Mercury who was their god of good fortune and commerce. After Greece had been conquered by the Romans, Grecian culture and legends were adopted by the Romans. The Greeks had a god similar to Mercury whose name was Hermes. The Romans therefore adopted Hermes and gave him the name Mercurius.

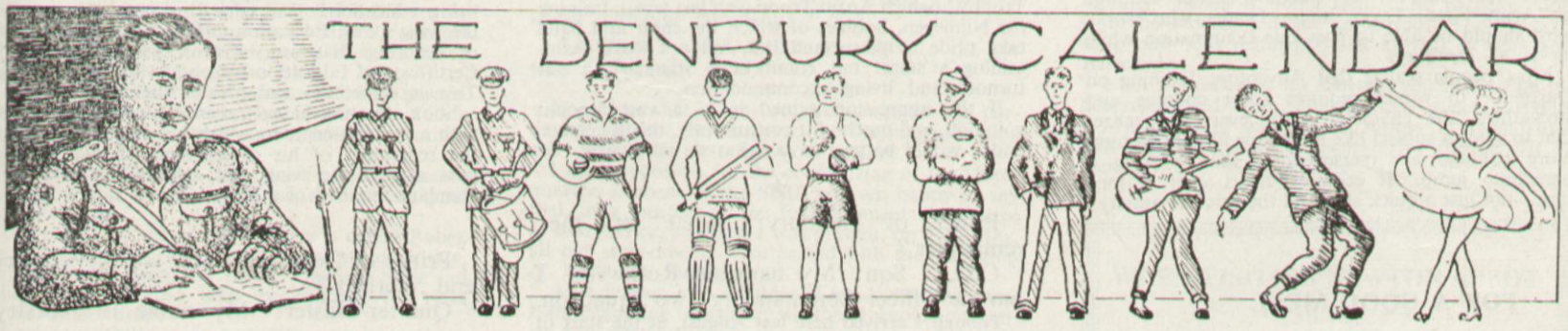


Hermes now Mercury was a versatile and lovable god who brought good luck to man and was the lord of the wind. But of prime importance to us he was the " Messenger of the Gods." His dress is that of the messenger, on his head he wears the fetorus, or felt hat worn by travellers, in his hand he carries the caduceus or herald staff. This staff symbolises the message and was originally entwined with white ribbons to signify peace, later these became serpents which was a further interpretation of the same idea. Finally winged golden sandals complete his dress, these denoting swiftness.

Mercury's statuette was originally carried on the staff of the drum-major of the Telegraph Battalion of the Royal Engineers, hence his introduction into the Corps and his present position as our Corps cap badge.

Whilst Mercury represents many of the good signaller's characteristics, in recent times many have thought that the word ' through ' symbolises the signallers ideal. It is a well-known fact that good communication is essential to successful waging of modern war. The loss of a single message may turn the tide of a battle. The responsibility thus resting on the humblest signaller in war is enormous. The duty of every signaller is clearly to get his message ' through.'

In succeeding issues of the Junior Mercury you will be able to read extracts from " The Royal Corps of Signals "—a History of its antecedents and development, by Major-General Nalder, D.S.O.



JUNE, 1960

1st, Wednesday	" Band and Drums " playing at World Refugee Fete	Okehampton
2nd, Thursday	Cricket—Junior Leaders' 1st XI v. Totnes G.S.	Home
4th and 5th	Whitsuntide—12 Officers and 40 Cadets of the Devon Army Cadet Force visit Denbury Camp.	
8th, 9th and 10th	**Royal Signals Southern Command Rifle Meeting**	
8th, Wednesday	Athletics—Triangular Meeting with Newton Abbot G.S. and Totnes G.S.	Home
	Cricket—Junior Leaders' 2nd XI v. Wessex Band Boys	Home
9th, 10th, 11th and 12th	Army Mountaineering Association " Meet " in Cornwall for Junior Leaders	
11th, Saturday	**Queen's Birthday Parade**—See page 7 for details	
	Athletics—Junior Leaders v. H.M.S. Fisgard	Away
	Cricket —Junior Leaders' 1st XI v. H.M.S. Fisgard, 1st XI.	Home
13th, 14th, 15th and 16th	**Royal Signals Rifle Meeting**	
15th, Wednesday	Cricket—Junior Leaders' 1st XI v. R.A.C. Junior Leaders' 1st XI	Away
18th, Saturday	" Band and Drums " playing at Sports and Gala Day	Southsea
	Cricket—Junior Leaders' 1st XI. v. Infantry Junior Leaders 1st XI	Home
	Cricket Junior Leaders 2nd XI v. Infantry Junior Leaders 2nd XI	Away
21st, Tuesday	Seale-Hayne Motor Club—Motor Rally	
22nd to 27th	**Camp Period**	
22nd, Wednesday	" Band and Drums " playing at Babbacombe and St. Marychurch Carnival	
	Cricket—Staff XI v. 30 Signal Regiment	Home
	Water Polo—Staff v. Oddicombe A.S.C.	Away
25th, Saturday	" Band and Drums " playing at Dartmouth Carnival—Regimental Beating of Retreat	

WHAT'S HAPPENING

Prince of Denbury: Who and what is Denbury ?

Second-in-Command: My name is Parker and I am Second-in-Command of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals.

When I look out West from my window on a clear day I can see Hay Tor like some prehistoric God staring endlessly and timelessly at Denbury. If I turn my head further, I see the site of what was once an Iron Age camp and the real Denbury Camp, but I am sure all this has been read in the fourth edition of the 'Junior Leader,' and it is enough for me to say that Denbury Camp is the home of the Junior Leaders, nestling unobtrusively in the hills four miles south-west from Newton Abbot and adjacent to the delightful old village of Denbury itself.

And what do I do ? I have a particular interest in training and I help to ensure that all Junior Leaders have an all-round knowledge as good as a Five-Star Regimental Signaller, plus a sound basis of Telegraph Operating.

I endeavour to steady the boat when it rocks too violently under the *pas-de-basque* of the Commanding Officer and the more conventional hopping of 642 Officers, Staff and Junior Leaders. I try to keep the tail from wagging the dog, and I see to it that the dog does not take too many liberties with the tail either. I am here to help all those who work so hard and enthusiastically to achieve the aims of the Regiment—but let them speak for themselves.

★

Prince of Denbury: But what of learning ?

S.E.O.: My name is Nye, and I am Senior Education Officer.

Some people shy off the word "education," thinking it refers only to academic subjects which seem to have little bearing on life. But education is a much broader thing. An educated man always knows how to behave, respects the property and opinions of others, keeps to the rules of the game he plays, and helps his friends when they need help. In short, he is all the things that the Royal Signals want in their Warrant Officers and Sergeants.

When the original Denbury Camp was inhabited, a strong right arm and a thick skull were the main requirements for promotion, but today war is more complex and promotion depends partly upon educational qualifications. A Warrant Officer requires his Army First. Every Junior Leader who works hard should be able to pass this examination while he is at Denbury.

Most people realize that Adventure Training on Dartmoor in winter requires some courage and strengthens the character. Not everyone realizes that to study a subject like Maths. or Physics requires more courage and perseverance than making a parachute jump. It requires effort over a long time—not just a quick step and the force of gravity !

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CAFE AND COUNTER SERVICE



Prince of Denbury: Who looks after the boys ?

O.C. 1 Sqn: My name is Bound. I am Officer Commanding Two Squadron.

I arrived at Denbury on 28th March, 1960, from Hammersmith, where I served with the 41st Signal Regiment (Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment) T.A.

I remembered the Colonel from the time I served on the 'Staff' at GHQ, FARELF in Singapore. At that time the Colonel was preparing to raise his pipe band in Malaya. It was therefore no surprise to see pipers practising madly when I arrived here.

My Squadron consists of five troops—Anzio, Bruno, Kukri, Francisca, and Quadrant, they have been adopted by 1, 10, 17 Gurkha, 28 and 4 Signal Regiments respectively. Junior Leaders take great pride and interest in their 'foster-regiments,' and will shortly wear the 'regimental flashes' of these regiments. Many Junior Leaders will be visiting these regiments stationed in Germany after taking part in the Nijmegen March in July this year.

Academic, trade, and military training are organized on a regimental basis. This still leaves much to be dovetailed into the overall training programme, however. For instance, adventure training, inter-troop and squadron sporting competitions, the inter-troop activities concerned with the 'Cobb Memorial Trophy' (which Anzio Troop won last term), training for Nijmegen, hobbies of which the choir and band take pride of place, and last, but not least, maintaining a smart but comfortable standard in our turnout and living accommodation.

If the impression gained is of a vast amount going on, and much of it concurrently, this is correct, and it would be true to say that we all love it.

★

Prince of Denbury: What of the remainder ?

O.C. 2 Sqn: My name is Rothwell. I am the Officer Commanding Two Squadron.

Though I arrived here last August, at the start of the Christmas term I have only taken an active part in Regimental activities since January this year. Major Parker, my predecessor, successfully kept me at bay on a series of courses, tours with some Norwegian Boy Soldiers, and visits to other units from my arrival until Christmas.

There are five troops in my squadron, namely: KOHIMA TROOP (affiliated to the 2nd Signal Regiment; IRON TROOP (affiliated to the 3rd Signal Regiment); WHITE SWAN TROOP (affiliated to the 30th Signal Regiment); WHITE SPEAR TROOP (affiliated to the 7th Signal Regiment; and JERBOA TROOP (affiliated to the 5th Signal Regiment). This is by no means in any order of merit.

KOHIMA TROOP are one of my major problems and cause ulcerations, so much so that I have recently sent its troop commander away on a Youth Leadership Course. One of the startling facts he discovered was that youths have a sixth sense which is tantamount to having eyes in the back of one's head—most of Kohima Troop appear to have this uncanny faculty.

IRON TROOP are famed for their Dartmoor exploits, and it has been reported recently, though through unofficial channels, that they actually returned from the moor with more litter than they took with them. They are particularly fortunate in that their affiliated regiment is in this country and they are able to spend short periods with them when the regiment is training in this area. This the boys love and appreciate very much.

WHITE SPEAR TROOP were formed shortly after Col. Gregory arrived in Denbury by putting the complete intake into one troop. They have been runners-up in the Cobb Memorial Trophy Competition (Champion Troop) for the last two terms; it may well be third time lucky. At a recent Squadron Concert the first two regimental pipers, who come from the troop, demonstrated their ability —probably not up to William Ross standards but they have great possibilities.

WHITE SWAN TROOP—'Swan' being the operative word here. On their recent Troop Exercise, 'Operation Signet,' they demonstrated their watermanship ability with our two cutters and canoes. Though their rugby is good (and it should be with a Corps Captain as Troop Commander) they just missed winning the Inter-Troop Rugby Cup.

JERBOA TROOP. This troop has a great potential, but, like the meringue, it easily goes flat if the oven temperature varies more than 10 degrees.

THE BLACK DIAMONDS are the troop's Guitar Group, who have given many hours of pleasure both in an out of the regiment.

The whole troop waits with impatience to see the effects on Sgt. Aven of his recent Piper's Course —the noises he produced before he left were almost unbearable—let us hope for an 'Aven Pibrock.'

★

Prince of Denbury: Who cares for the young boys ?

O.C. Junior Wing: My name is Beadon, and I command the Junior Wing.

It might be said that I am the buffer between the Army and Civilian life. I provide the replacements for the Squadrons in the Regiment from those who successfully complete the course in Junior Wing.

On arrival at Denbury a recruit spends a term in Junior Wing as a probationer. He learns the rudiments of soldiering and I learn a few more ways of how not to do old tricks. The course includes such subjects as drill, education and map reading, not to mention the all-important subjects of how to clean personal kit and how to wear uniform so that he may be a credit to himself and to his new regiment.

The wing is divided into groups of about 20 recruits, and the sergeant of Staff allotted to a particular group takes that group through the course in almost all subjects, the main exception being education. The education is carried out by the wing's own Education Officer, who has the task of ensuring that every recruit passes the Junior Certificate of Education before leaving Junior Wing. This is sometimes easier said than done.

Soon after arrival, each recruit is allocated a troop within the regiment, to which he will be posted for the remainder of his career here, should he ever pass out of the wing and achieve the very high standard required of a Royal Signals Junior Leader.

★

Prince of Denbury: How are they housed and clothed ?

Quarter-Master: My name is Worsley.

I have many interests, and I would like more time for playing badminton, tennis and hockey, and climbing the rocks of the Tors that brood over the rolling countryside in which Denbury stands.

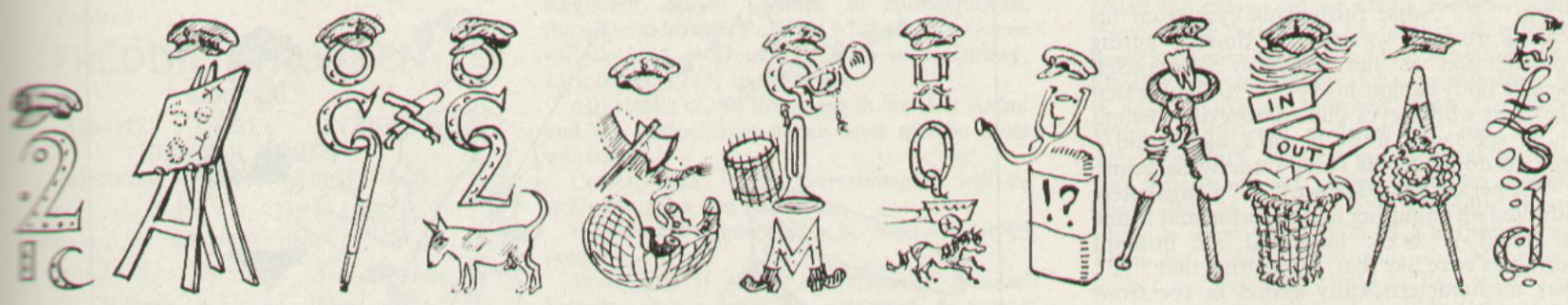
But I have my part to play in the work of the regiment, first of all as Band President, controlling the fortunes of a loyal and hard-working corps of drummers, trumpeters and buglers, of whom we may all well be proud. And in their midst, worn by the men of the piping section, will shortly appear the colourful tartan of the Clan Grant. This will go well with the scarlet of the band, which I think the townsfolk of Devon will be able to see before the end of this summer.

My primary job in the unit, however, is Quartermaster, and I am usually to be found in my office near the South Gate, surrounded by stores, correspondence, and a host of people, like the daughters of the horse-leech, crying, "Give ! Give !"

But out of this turmoil I can see now something of the future. I see a new and resplendent Denbury, rising from the ashes of the old, and a permanent home in the West Country for the future Junior Leaders of our Corps. I also see a possibility that nearby Denbury Manor and its lovely grounds will be joined to the camp, giving a fine Officers Mess, a number of cottages as married quarters, and ample space for expansion and adventure.

In the short term we shall see at long last a start made on other things we have fought for: Denbury Cross; redecoration of living rooms; an improved Theatre and Junior Leaders Club; more central

IN DENBURY?



heating; modern ablutions; classroom buzzers; and a floodlit parade square. We may also see some new buildings springing up to permit us to train 150 extra Junior Leaders who will come to Denbury next year.

Clothing and equipment? Technical equipment has steadily been coming in, and before long we shall have a generous holding, including the latest Radio Relay wireless sets. We also look forward to receiving supplies of the new Service Dress uniform at the end of the year—with greater anticipation than may be realized.

Great things lie ahead.

★

Prince of Denbury: What of the inner man and the pocket?

O.C. H.Q. Sqadron: My name is Lane, and I command H.Q. Squadron.

This is, in fact, a sort of senior wing, providing the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and administering to the stomachs, pockets and general welfare of the inhabitants of Denbury Camp. I have served my apprenticeship as OC of Recruit Troop and as a Squadron Training Officer, so I know the formula from the time a boy joins the regiment until the time comes for him to leave. This has a slight drawback in making it harder to turn an unsympathetic ear to the many requests on limited resources. However, I am inspired and supported by a loyal and enterprising staff. May I introduce some of my acolytes?

This is Miller, who has dedicated his life to the inner man; and who better to assuage the hunger of our happy crowd—from roast beef to fancy cakes nothing is beyond his skill.

This is S/Sgt. Robertson, from the MT garage. Devon is to him a checker-board and the TCV's mere pawns moving from square to square at his behest.

This is Sgt. Stratton, who has just joined us to manipulate the crock of gold, so that all are paid their just due.

The pony you see in the distance is called Rebel. He pulls a salvage cart round the camp each day, keeping things clean and tidy., On high days and holidays he will also take the children for rides in his smart trap.

I am sure, O Prince, you feel the presence of the scurrying figures in the background, the unsung heroes who shelter under a cloak of anonymity—the Provost Staff, PT staff, mess servants, clerks, runners, grass cutters, and coke hauliers, ablution cleaners, storemen, dining room orderlies, switchboard operators, carpenters—and in your presence I am honoured to call their names . . .

★

Prince of Denbury: Who tends and cares for their bodies?

M.O.: My name is Smith-Owen. I am the Unit Medical Officer.

Each morning on Sick Parade I am confronted with flowering adolescence. Suffering moribundity in all its phases—legs swollen, knees twisted, and countenances contorted with pain, and an overall reluctance to face the day's routine is strongly in evidence!

I find myself trying to sort out the bizarre from the normal, the true from the false, and my job is no sinecure!

Daily I meet with symptoms that add up to no known disease, and anatomical descriptions that find no confirmation in any medical treatise!

Seriously, though, the boys are more genuine than their symptoms, and the friendship they shyly offer, more lasting than their pains and aches.

This is my opportunity to thank them for the cheerful and stoic way they accept both my strictures and my injections.

★

Prince of Denbury: But what of their teeth?

Dentist: My name is Robb, and I am the Dentist.

Robb by name and robber by nature, as my duty at the camp is to relieve people of their teeth. As it is not a very popular pastime to sit in the dental chair, I try to get to know my patients as well as I can. This makes them more at ease during excavations—at least, I hope it does.

My favourite pursuits are rugger and boxing during the winter, with golf and swimming in the summer. It gave me great pleasure to manage the boxing team during their successful season, and the exciting moments I shared with the boys will live in my memory for all time.

It also gave me great pleasure to fill two of the Colonel's teeth when he had only been in the Regiment a day or so. I learnt then that he has nerves of steel, as he has shown on several other occasions. I must say that the standard of chair-holding is very high in the Regiment, and we seldom have to bring any patient down from the overhanging lamp-cord.

★

Prince of Denbury: Who welds together these various functions?

Adjutant: My name is Davis. I am the Adjutant.

My job is that of any Adjutant, and in this particular instance, is to check the spelling, planning and SD of all that has gone before.

I am responsible for the civilianizing of the Headquarters element of the Staff, and am happy to say that, at a meeting of the Establishment Committee at War Office, at which I was present, on 25th May, all our amendments were passed with the exception of NCO i/c Drums.

As Adjutant, and a holder of headaches and cans, I am beginning to wonder whether I should civilianize my post . . .

★

Prince of Denbury: Who keeps all these people in order?

R.S.M.: I am Regimental Sergeant-Major Pavey.

I joined the Royal Corps of Signals on the 9th March, 1935, as a Boy soldier. I was then aged 13 years and 11 months, and so I spent just over four years with 'F' Coy., as the boys unit was then known, before I joined the ranks. Now I am to be commissioned as a Lieut. (QM) on 7th June. One career finishes, another begins. I am glad that the connecting link between the two should have been the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, and that I began and finished my other rank service in the boys regiment of the Corps.

As Regimental Sergeant-Major, I am responsible for the discipline and good behaviour of the members of the regiment, and by that token you and I, sir, have a considerable affinity. We have shared sorrow on a few occasions when a thoughtless and silly action has brought disrepute upon the regiment, and joy on the many occasions when the regiment has given of its best and risen to the heights. Together we have watched their efforts on ceremonial occasions, and felt that tingle of pride in a movement well done. Together at the end of last term we saw the 73 eager young men with their lives before them marching slowly off parade and out into the future. It is with sorrow that I say we will share these moving occasions no more. After a "flea-ting" moment I must move on. To my successor I wish the best of luck, and my hopes that he too will enjoy his stay at Denbury. To the regiment, and to Denbury, I give my grateful thanks for having me, and my best wishes for a long and prosperous future. May the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, and Denbury be synonymous for many years to come.

★

Prince of Denbury: One final question. How is all this paid for?

Bursar: My name is Townsend.

I wear civilian clothes, as I am a retired officer As Bursar, I keep the regimental accounts and am a sort of bank manager. Everyone wants money for something, so I have lots of visitors and interest in future plans.

The farm manager, W.O. II. Philp, wants money to buy four Saddleback piglets. He has 70 chickens and the promise of young turkeys. He must send his three fat pigs to market before he buys any more.

I am interested in the NAAFI. Plans have been approved to enlarge the restaurant and to rearrange the billiard and television rooms. Cpl. Ibbot and Sig. Hindley are constructing a splendid new bar in the Corporals Mess which will become the staff bar and lounge.

I am interested in shops. The NAAFI shop recently opened is doing well. The barber's shop is to be redecorated and improved. The Bursar's shop now sells regimental ties as well as belts and Balaclavas.

I am interested in the cinema, which is to be redecorated and have ordered new stage curtains.

My job is to see that no money is wasted and that everything that is spent is for the benefit of Denbury and its occupants.

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"X" ECUTION

THE whole class stood up smartly as the classroom door opened—that is all except J/Sig. "X," who, raising his eyes from his "Buck Jones" was just in time to spring to attention as the red sash across Sgt. Segal's body caught his eye. "X" knew that the man whose eyes glinted so evilly behind those spectacles must be in a bad mood—due no doubt to his being Orderly Sergeant.

The period being science "X" immediately adopted an enquiring and experimental frame of mind—a book had said all brilliant scientists were like that. Forgetting that "X" was uncharacteristically seated in the front of the class—by special request of a previous instructor—Sgt. Segal sallied forth to mark another boy's book. Perceiving the "Sarge's desk" unguarded "X" moved quickly, and within seconds his scientific mind and fingers were at work on a thermometer. Needless to say Sgt. Segal did not share the delight of "X" whose experiment, to see whether or not mercury would bounce, proved an unqualified success.

Next period was geography. First a bit of mapwork, where "X" astounded S/Sgt. Thwaites, who had never before considered the possibilities of both Moscow and Newton Abbot being in the Sydney region of Australia. Next a casual mention of the word "strata" caused further confusion as "X" thought he had said "garter." The confusion as "X" proudly collected no less than eighteen gaiter elastics to proudly lay on "Staff's desk," rather in the manner of a well-trained retriever, had to be seen to be believed.

The maths period passed without incident, as "X" was busily engaged in working out the amount of credits he could expect to take home—provided of course he contented himself with his mate's fag ends instead of buying his own, and decreased his ration of broken windows for the remaining nine weeks of term.

The climax came in map reading where "X" contrived to break two of Sgt. Fould's service protractors in half-flipping pellets across the room—and finally got ejected from the classroom, having inadvertently set fire to both map and exercise book soaked with petrol from his mate's lighter which he was kindly trying to mend for him.

Thus it was about quarter-to-twelve when Captain Rowe was at last able to begin work, having given "X" his two customary extra drills—"X" is booked up until half way through the Summer term of 1962. Poor Captain Rowe, he knows full well an irate instructor will be bringing "X" across during the morning. so he never begins his day's work until this chore is completed.



Editor's Note—"Lineman" is a Signals Trade



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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THE MALE MODELS

EVERYBODY knows that strange things are done for a visiting Brigadier but, as for having a fashion parade on the square it's enough to make bull fall off the drill sergeant's boots.

Sure enough though on the square were boys dressed in the new and present full S.D., Regimental Civvies and their own civilian dress. It was to show the Brigadier all, well nearly all, forms of dress worn on the camp by the boys.

Post Script.—To ensure the security of fashions there were Regimental Police guards on all approaches to the square.

BOTTOMS UP

SCENE—the Regimental sportsfield in the cool of a spring evening. Dramatis personae—2 long distance specialists plugging steadily round the track.

— 1 keen pole vaulter, vaulting furiously
— 2 fair maidens leaning over the hedge talking to :
— 2J/N.C.O.s resting from their exertions.

Act 1—The run up, and a successful pole vault, even to a standing landing,

Finale—Blushes all round as J/L/Cpl. "Edwin" Jones suddenly realized that his pants had slid gently to the floor.

ROUND THE CAMP

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE

A special parade by the Junior Leaders' Regiment, Royal Signals, to commemorate the official birthday of Her Majesty the Queen will be held at Denbury Camp on Saturday, 11th June, 1960, at 1000 hrs.

All friends of the Regiment in Newton Abbot and the surrounding urban area will be most welcome.

Coffee and light refreshments will be available after the parade.

Friends are requested to be seated by 0945 hours.

Transport. If there is sufficient demand Special 'Buses will be arranged to carry passengers from Newton Abbot Bus Station and to return.

I.T.V. AT LAST

L/CPL. J. SRIPPS got tired of B.B.C. Television, because he knew as a T.V. Engineer in civilian life that an I.T.V. channel could easily be picked up even this far South. He admitted that it seemed "a wild idea," but by nailing a 16 foot pole to the spider and crowning it with a makeshift aerial of wood, curtain rails and normal lighting flex, he was successful. However after a couple of days this was spotted by "one of these fifth columnist R.E. chaps," and had to be taken down.

Members of H.Q. squadron contributed 1/- apiece. A 60 foot wireless mast now supports an eight element array aerial—making the total cost of I.T.V. 72 shillings.

Reception is as good as B.B.C., improving in the evenings. L/Cpl. Scripps says I.T.V. could be obtained on every set in camp, provided the set has high sensitivity.

WELL DONE BROOKS

OUR celebrated 'bus which is now a feature of Denbury Camp, was collected from the Dorset and Wilts. Bus Company in November, 1958, by Sig. Brooks, who has since driven it continuously. Up until May, 1960, it has covered a total of 10,276 miles with Brooks behind the wheel, and only once has he failed to deliver his party to its destination; that was when he took the Regimental Band to Hastings in June 1959.

Now Brooks is being de-mobbed—1st June, 1960—and we take this chance to thank him very much for all the work he has put in during his stay here. His unfailing cheerfulness, driving through snow, waiting patiently at late hours of the night, even a smile when two tyres were blown on the way up to Aldershot for the Boxing Finals in December, 1959, will long be remembered by all in the Regiment. Its been a jolly good show all round, Brooks.

SEEING DOUBLE

AT present there are two R.S.M.s wandering round the camp—no we aren't seeing double, there really are—R.S.M. Pavey is shortly being commissioned as a Quartermaster, and handing over his duties and responsibilities to R.S.M. Latimer, returned from Germany. What a difficult position for the *Junior Mercury* Staff. At first our idea was to write two articles, firstly saying what we thought about R.S.M. Pavey, and secondly saying what a good chap R.S.M. Latimer was. Then we suddenly realized, R.S.M. Pavey hadn't got yet, and would be here when the newspaper came out—it wouldn't do at all for him to still be around to read his own Obituary. We hadn't met R.S.M. Latimer, so we didn't know if he was a good chap or not. Of course the Junior Mercury musn't mislead its readers.

So regretfully we content ourselves, until next month, with guardedly welcoming R.S.M. Latimer, and tactfully wishing farewell to R.S.M. Pavey. If we say we are sorry to see him going, he might think we grudge him his promotion, whereas if we say we are glad to see the back of him, that can be misinterpreted too.

JUKE BOX JURY

THE following records were adjudged the "Top Three" records on Thursday, May 12th, 1960—by '1' Squadron.

First —"Marching through Georgia."
Second—"That's Love."
Third —"Love Me a Little."

DREAM OF A JUNIOR LEADER

IF I were the Commanding Officer I would order :

1.—A 3-day working week, divided between sports, N.A.A.F.I. breaks, pay parades, film shows at the Globe—the remainder of the time on drill, trades and education.
2.—No more Orders—the C.O. and O.C.s Squadrons can surely find something better to do with their time.
3.—The abolition of the Guard Room—Cpl. Nicholls and his staff could be employed cutting grass.
4.—Summer Camp to be held on the Continent—Paris or the Riviera perhaps.
5.—Prizes to be offered for the most original form of dress on Parade.
6.—All bed spaces to be equipped with telephones, well-stocked coctail cabinets and television sets.
7.—Education certificates to be awarded on attendance only—2 weeks, Junior; 8 weeks Inter ; and a complete term for Senior.

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READERS'

OVER TO YOU, TONFANAU

Dear Sir,

In your March issue you published an interview with me concerning our trip across Dartmoor with the Dartmoor Rangers. Then last month I read a letter from J/Gnr. Ryder from the All Arms Regiment at Tonfanau, in which he belittled our efforts. I feel that it is very easy for him to sit in the comfort of his barracks writing about conditions which are strange to him.....

Dartmoor, as we all know, can change its conditions very easily. Walking over Dartmoor when snow is on the ground, or when the rivers are swollen with rain can be very different to walking along Welsh mountain roads.

The Junior Leaders at Tonfanau should come down here and try our Moor. I have talked this matter over with J/Cpl. Lindsay, J/Sig. Rixon, J/Sig. Buston, J/L/Cpl. Stevens and J/Sig. Etherton who like myself feel very strongly about this implied slur on our achievement. Therefore we would like to issue a definite challenge that seven of the All Arms Regiment should come down here for a weekend and accompany us over exactly the same course. That is to say Okehampton, Cranmere Pool, Wistman's Wood, Two Bridges, Child's Tomb, Duck's Pool to Bittaford Bridge.

The Dartmoor Rangers too could be invited to join the party. This would be an excellent trek which we would all look forward to, uniting two Junior Leaders' Regiments and a civilian Youth organization in a common purpose. Perhaps a weekend in late June or early July would be suitable.

This would certainly be something to look forward to.

Yours, R. SHARP (Anzio Troop)

DENBURY MEN IN AFRICA

Dear Editor,

In March of this year I had the good fortune to take part in Exercise Starlight I, an All Services Exercise which took place in the Kingdom of Libya, North Africa.

Starlight I was most realistic and a very "high powered" exercise indeed. A Guards Brigade Group was flown in from U.K. and fought a fast moving "bush fire" war, all the while totally supplied by air.

I was at a place called TMIMI, a Second World War landing strip which suddenly burst into activity the like of which one could not have dreamed of, even at its wartime peak. Giant Beverleys droaned in ceaselessly from dawn till dusk, disgorging their cargoes of bodies, vehicles and freight. Men and vehicles scurried to the battle areas whilst helicopters and light aircraft, working like busy ants, ferried the freight forward.

I was lucky to be at TMIMI for there was a lot to see there and lot of old Denbury men to meet. Yes, there were many "Ex-Boys" of recent ilk—Cpls. Williamson and Bennett both currently of my own Troop were in fine fettle and enjoying a change from routine in Cyprus. Williamson (Ex "A" Tp. of Capt. Ranft's time) was operating a Medium Wireless Telegraph Link to R.A.F. S.C., Aden, whilst Bennett (Capt. Joyner's old "J," I think) was really at the sharp end in charge of an Air Control Team and in constant and exciting contact with planes of the Fleet Air Arm and Royal Air Force. (Whilst I write this, Williamson is still in Libya on a month's detachment whilst Bennett has gone to Malta for 2 months on attachment to the Royal Malta Artillery).

I met Cpl. Wootton (no need to identify him) sunbathing behind one of those mysterious Cypher Offices. He had flown out from U.K. with H.Q., 1 Division and he looked too too happy just to be sunbathing in March. Cpl. Kinsley (of sprinting fame) was also with 1 Division, I found him "inside" some Radio Relay equipment. He talked to me as he worked for he had a set to "get on the road" in a matter of hours and then he was off to a spot in the desert, Sidi Husein to set up a Radio Relay terminal.

I met others too. Their names escape me now but one thing I'm sure of, they were having the time of their lives.

Yours W. T. ROBINSON.

"NOT A SWAN"

Dear Sir,

During the Winter months your Roving Reporter appears to have given up all hope of keeping track of the activities of the Weapons section of the Camp. Two reasons can be put forward. It may well be that we are too busy to open a publicity department, or perhaps he called, was mistaken for a likely "One Gun Pete" and has been so absorbed ever since that his enthusiasm for the Junior Mercury has sadly waned.

To rectify all this I will give a brief resumee of the .22 Shooting activities for the winter, and outline the rather limited Summer open range season.

Both Staff and Junior Leaders teams were entered for the South Western Small Bore Postal Shoot, with limited success. We hope to see this league held with fortnightly shoots in place of weekly shoots for the 60/61 season.

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CORNER

Smallbore Shoot, our Staff team was rather more fortunate to win the shoot. The team averages in the three rounds were 92.6—93.8 95.8 (h.p.s. in each case 100). Sgt. Easter is to be congratulated on producing the highest individual aggregate of the shoot with an average of 97.3. I would like also to congratulate Sgt. Simister of 90 Signal Regt. who was second with an average of 97.0.

At the end of May as many as can be spared are off to Fort Tregantle for three days in the hope of getting some competition practice with the S.L.R., which is being used here for the first time at the BISLEY meeting this year.

Junior Leaders will be taking part in the Royal Signals Southern Command Rifle Meeting with the Staff team, I hope that this will be continued in future as it may well prove to be a useful source of Class 'B' shots (soldiers with less than 3 years service, Boys service not counting) for the Corps.

Finally if any Junior Leader or member of the Staff considers that our summer shooting activities are a 'swan,' it's because he is jealous.

Yours,
P. D. E. CHASE, Lt., R. Signals.
O.C. Weapons Wing.

SATURDAY NIGHT BLUES

Dear Sir,

Newton Abbot is only a very small town which doesn't cater for the tastes of today's teenagers. A Junior Leader going out on a Saturday evening can either visit a local cinema, waste time and money in a cafe, or join 48 others in a room designed to hold 12 people at Newton Abbot's only dance-hall, "the Soup Kitchen." Not a very bright prospect for any of us.

On the occasions of "Denbury Fair," "November 5th," "Christmas," and "Balaclava Day" the Regiment organised successful dances which delighted all Junior Leaders and teenagers for miles round.

I would like to suggest that a dance on this scale could appear at least once a month on our programme. Admission at 2/- per head could be charged, perhaps a penny on each of the drinks, and a sale of sandwiches and cakes, made in the cook-house, would go a long way towards meeting the cost of these functions.

These dances should be advertised properly. In my opinion many potential guests have been left in ignorance of the dance until it was too late. Notices should be put up in all the places where teenagers gather, such as cafes, big department stores, etc.

As far as the music is concerned, the Black Diamonds are capable of filling in for a percentage of the time, whilst a small civilian group could be rested.

Many times the Commanding Officer has told us to try and get our friends up to the camp. This would help a great deal in this direction.

Possibly a small committee of boys who are interested in having regular dances in camp could discuss their ideas with Major Lane, who, we believe, is interested in our social welfare.

I really feel that the majority of the boys will welcome this suggestion.

B. PATTON J/Cpl. (Iron Tp.)

STOP PRESS

Editor's Note.—A tragic accident occurred on the night of 28/29th May, when a T.C.V. containing 23 Junior Leaders overturned over a bridge near Modbury. Eleven were detained in hospital. We are now pleased to report that those in hospital are all progressing well.

We publish hereunder two letters, the first from Mr. A. I. Coleman, a retired civil servant, whose house was nearby, who very kindly gave assistance to all concerned. The second is from a group of ex-Junior Leaders who read about the accident in the national Press.

Flete Eastern Lodge.
Ermington, Ivybridge.

Dear Col. Gregory,—It was very kind of you to write such a charming letter, but it really wasn't deserved. We happened to be on the spot, and other people in similar circumstances would have done the same.

My wife is in London for a few days, but she will be thrilled with your letter, as my part was quite small. I am sure your kind invitation to attend the end of term parade will be appreciated by her, and we will do our best to be there.

No praise is too high for the lads themselves, and it is difficult to single out anyone, but I must mention Junior Sgt.-Major Butcher.

In spite of his injuries he was a great example to all of us. He never forgot his responsibilities as Senior N.C.O., and in conduct, cheerfulness and leadership would have been a credit to a much more experienced soldier. I say this in all seriousness.

The best praise I can give them is to say that, as a First War Subaltern in the Devons I would have been proud to have had all of them in my platoon, with "Butch" as my Platoon Sergeant.—Yours sincerely,

I. A. COLEMAN.

(*continued on page* 15, *column* 2)

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WHAT DO PEOPLE

NEWTON ABBOT is a medium-sized market town, the centre for a farming community, and on the fringe of the seaside centres. Just four miles away lies an Army Camp, housing over four hundred boys, and under two hundred men. On Saturdays and Sundays, and indeed on other evenings too, the inhabitants of this camp descend like a horde of locusts on the town. The streets are filled, shops do trade, the pubs sell their beer, the cafes resound with the continual playing of Juke Boxes. Just what do the inhabitants think of all this? By the simple process of asking them, this is the question we are now trying to answer for you.

★ ★ ★

Let us begin with the authorities. For this we went to **H. F. Pearce, the Inspector of Police in Newton Abbot.** Inspector Pearce admitted that the Police had had occasions to visit the camp in the course of duty, but did not feel that they had cause to be there very often. He commented, "Taking into consideration firstly the numbers in your camp, secondly their ages, and thirdly the trends of modern youth, we don't get a great deal of trouble from Junior Leaders." He added "I have never known open clashes between Denbury and the local civilians, and therefore must presume that in their off duty hours the soldiers fit into the normal life of the town."

On being asked for his views about marches and displays through the town, he admitted that they caused a little inconvenience in extra traffic duties, but had no objections provided due notice was given, and that they didn't occur too often. He commented especially on how impressed he is with our Band. Being an ex-officer of the Devon Regiment he should be a good judge, so this is praise indeed.

Mr. Fry, proprietor of the Popular Fish Cafe in Queen Street thoroughly endorsed the police viewpoint, pointing out that many of the boys frequent his establishment, and were good for his trade. He had never known any real trouble, but confessed that sometimes when they are in a bunch they can be awkward. "We know the boys are away from home, and so we try to make up to them for that," he concluded.

Realizing that the impact of the Junior Leaders on the villages surrounding the camp must be great, a reporter called on **Mrs. Hudson of Denbury Manor,** the widow of Brigadier Hudson, V.C. Mrs. Hudson likened the boys to Sandhurst Cadets, of whom her husband had been in charge for a short while. "The whole Regiment seems to have set itself a high standard." She considers the Junior Leaders to be very well behaved, and expressed great pleasure that the Regiment was in this area. She had read the Junior Mercury twice, and expressed a desire for a regular copy.

Mr. and Mrs. Sadgrove of West Ogwell, think the Junior Leaders they have met reflect great credit on the Regiment. "The boys are well behaved, but difficult to approach, as they sometimes seem suspicious of the intentions of local people towards them." Mr. and Mrs. Sadgrove are interested in social service work, particularly in the Youth of Devon, and were delighted to learn of the Regiment's association with the Dartmoor Rangers.

In East Ogwell, the Vicar said that he had known the Camp for 14 years. The boys he had seen around "are a well behaved, well-mannered, sporting crowd. Before the Junior Leaders came anything that went wrong, broken windows, etc., was always blamed on the Camp, as there was nobody else to blame—but now there are NO COMPLAINTS anyway."

The Manageress of the Imperial Cinema felt that the majority were pretty good, "but others are quite the reverse. I have threatened to telephone to the Commanding Officer and complain about their behaviour a few times." However on being questioned further she admitted that "the camp boys aren't the only ones. A lot of the noise is made by the locals." Finally she added that her daughters frequently attend dances and socials up at Denbury Camp, and always thoroughly enjoy themselves.

The Assistant Manageress at the Odeon Cinema felt that the Denbury boys were perfectly all right. Their behaviour was always good, and she was pleased to see them coming in. **The Chief of Staff** at the Odeon, looking menacing in his commissionaire's uniform interposed, "They've never given me any trouble. If they did I'd give 'em a clip across the ear."

The Newton Abbot Secondary Modern Girls' School have never arranged for or encouraged organized parties to mix with our Junior Leaders on the social side, at our dances, etc. A reporter, therefore, determined to find out just what this particular school felt about Denbury Camp.

In an interview **Miss Fox, the Headmistress,** made it perfectly plain that personally she had nothing against Junior Leaders at all—with a charming smile she confessed, "I have forgotten all about your board appearing on our roof." But as Headmistress she felt that she could not officially countenance any mixing. She stressed that "it is up to the individual parents to make their own decisions, whether or not they wish their daughters to associate with Junior Leaders." She added that she personally had no objections whatsoever, and would make no attempt to persuade or dissuade any parent who felt strongly on this matter, as it was a question for the home to decide.

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SAY ABOUT DENBURY ?

Our reporter came away with the feeling that Miss Fox, although in sympathy with the desire that Junior Leaders should mix with the " right sort of girls," prefers not to encourage any official contact. This seems to her a matter in which the home should accept the considerable responsibility which she feels to be involved, since all contracts between Denbury Camp and the School would naturally be after school hours.,

A young chap in his early twenties, who was **a railway worker,** said he was a keen Rugby fan. He had watched the Army (Junior) Rugby Cup final at Rackerhayes,—" a very good game "—and thought we had an excellent team. He had never had any trouble with boys from camp, although some of his mates had been in a scrap or two—" not too many though, considering how many you've got up there."

A Junior Lady, teenager from Buckland, who seemed to know quite a few boys from Denbury Camp, felt that " Newton Abbot would be completely dead without your chaps coming down here. I think the town should accept the boys more." She had seen the Junior Leaders march through the town and thought they were very smart. She regularly got a copy of Junior Mercury and always enjoyed reading it.

A waitress in the Rendezvous (described by our reporter as " Smashing ! Georgeous ! ") said that Junior Leaders are " a nice crowd. Always well behaved and very polite. Little gentlemen."

A married Lady from Queen Street, confirmed that they " are polite, well mannered and very smart. If the boys do misbehave it is because the girls encourage them." She too, enjoyed watching them march through Newton Abbo twith the Band.

Mr. L. Hooper, the Station Master's Clerk, was the gentleman really concerned with the end-of-term arrangements at Newton Abbot station. The camp had a very considerable impact on the station, with special arrangements to be made for issuing tickets and accommodation, special trains and re served compartments. He stressed that relations were extremely cordial because R.H.Q. co-operated so well.

Of Junior Leaders, **Mr. Hooper** felt they were surprisingly good. He couldn't re-call any cases of hooliganism. Indeed he hadn't heard any complaints. He smiled as he added, " Your criminals don't go in for defacing tickets by altering their routes by a few hundred miles, as the other lot used to."

Here Mr. Waye, the Relief Station Master, chipped in to say that " I was here when your band played at the January send-off. Very impressive. The arrangements were very carefully worked out. I will never forget your R.S.M. with a tape measure on the platform working out exactly where the train was to stop."

The Cashier at the Alexandra Cinema, couldn't recall any trouble, but they did get a little noisy sometimes. She admitted that she didn't take any real interest in the camp, apart from what she read in the local paper.

The Kiosk Attendant, at the Alexandra, only a young woman, said she didn't know of any trouble with the boys, but felt they were rather noisy when they were in a bunch. " Just the same, I am not against the boys from the camp. After all there are only a few bad ones." She lived in Torquay, but had read about the Regiment in the local papers.

A man, in his middle thirties, hurrying down the road was pleased to stop and say, "Every report I have heard has been good, and the one time I read the *Junior Mercury*, I thoroughly enjoyed it." In answer to a direct question he observed that he hadn't had much contact with the camp, but saw no reason why the camp should not be there.

Another chap, who preferred to remain anonymous said he thought " Denbury is a Kindergarten for Borstal."

A young housewife, had a great deal to say about Denbury, and its effect on the townsfolk, " Before I got married, I used to prefer the camp boys to the local ones to go around with. They were more fun. However I have now married a local boy. I have never found the boys troublesome at all, in fact the boys mix quite well. One or two boys do come to our Salvation Army club, and many favourable contacts have been made." She concluded, " I think more publicity about the Regiment would help to foster good relations with the townsfolk."

An advertiser, who has supported us since our first edition, **Mr. Pelosi, of Paignton,** had this to say. " Your Junior Leaders are no worse than our own lads, in fact considering that they are strangers, they conduct themselves well. As a general rule you can say that a boy in uniform tends to feel more confident—or should it be more cocky ?—than his civilian counterpart.

★

Now, what does all this add up to ?

Are Junior Leaders accepted as part of the local population ?

Has Denbury Camp a place in Devon ?

On the whole we feel a fair summing up of our position reveals that the majority of people who have had contact with our Junior Leaders have found them well-behaved and gentlemanly. There are exceptions. It would be strange if there weren't, and it would be stranger still if out of nearly 500 boys there were not the occasional ruffian. A point to remember lies in the fact that, when one boy misbehaves, that is news, and will be splashed around the local press ; whereas it is not news, but to be expected that the remaining 99% will be Junior Leaders and Gentlemen.

Sufficient to say that a boy can walk through the streets of Newton Abbot holding his head high, feeling smart and soldierly—and that is what most of us do !

A REGULAR FIXTURE LIST

Dear Sir,

Now that the Swimming season has begun a group of enthusiasts have got togcther in order to encourage the playing of Water Polo amongst members of the Regiment. Preparations to draw up a fixture list for two teams, one for Staff and the other for Junior Leaders, are already in progress, and most local teams have been approached.

It is hoped that, for convenience sake, both teams will play on the same day, as most local clubs have Junior teams as well as Seniors. The success of the venture may prove a stepping stone to entry into the Army Water Polo League.

Support is needed now. Have you ever played Water Polo ? Do you enjoy swimming, and want to have a go ? Anyone who is interested should submit their name to 2/Lt. B. G. FROST (Quadrant Troop), Royal Signals Swimming Officer.

Yours,

D. JOHNSON, Cpl.

H.Q. Squadron.

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W.O. II. WHEATLEY. *by Sgt. Martin*

THE EDITOR

WHEN you enter the Junior Mercury Office, don't expect to see the American style editor—big cigar, eye shade, feet on the desk type—He doesn't smoke (cigars), his eyes are quite good and if he did put his feet on the desk it would surely collapse : Height ?—Weight ?.

W.O., II, P.M. WHEATLEY, R.A.E.C., with 10 years' service, has been the mainstay of the Junior Mercury since its early days, when it was produced on duplicate paper. He arrived in the Regiment with varied experience—3 years service with 1st Bn., The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment), 3 years' at an M.C.E., and finally to Denbury, and, what must be the highlight of his career.

When he was in KOREA he gained much experience as Sports Editor with a Daily called the " KOREAN BASE GAZETTE."

It is by his energy, determination and the monthly injection by Colonel Gregory that Junior Mercury has risen to the present standard.

"EDITORIAL MEMORIES"

by W.O. II. P. M. WHEATLEY, R.A.E.C.

IN the Regimental Museum there is a badly duplicated copy of the first edition, labelled Junior Mercury, produced in July, 1958. Working in a small room in the Education Block we couldn't even dream of this present edition. There were seven of us, of whom only I remain, producing an 8-page duplicated paper with a circulation of 130 within the Regiment.

The next memory skips nearly a year of 4-page duplicated editions, and brings us to mid-may, 1959 when a bewildered reporter, J/L/Cpl. (as he was then) Evans returned from an interview with the new Commanding Officer. " But, sir, I wasn't interviewing him. He was interviewing me," he complained.

Nevertheless I was still surprised, when summoned before Lt.-Col. L. H. M. Gregory, M.B.E. to hear him say, " I like this, Sergeant Major,, it's good," with which he crumpled up a Junior Mercury. " Because it's good, we can do something better," he continued. " On the first of June I want a properly printed newspaper with plenty of photographs, copies for everybody in the Regiment and a couple of hundred over for outside circulation. Can you do it ? " A calendar on his desk gave the date as 20th May, and a vision of printers, advertisers and others regarding both the C.O. and myself as insane crossed my mind, but nevertheless I agreed to try.

The next picture is of Oliver, Craggs, Mant, Evans, Murray, Smith and I spending five complete days, including a week-end, in the Junior Mercury Office from eight in the morning until ten or eleven at night, eating in relays, writing, drawing, typing, tearing it all up, and starting again. Then came the pride of seeing the first printed Junior Mercury in print, and hearing the Commanding Officer describe it as, " Tremendous. A first class paper," before going on to add that " It CAN and WILL be better."

So we pass over twelve months of consolidation, tightening up of the edges, and expansion. At the time of going to press our circulation has reached 1,500—over 500 in the camp, over 500 in Newton Abbot (where Junior Leaders carry out a monthly sales expedition) about 250 postal copies mainly to army personnel, and remainder to V.I.Ps. It is planned to raise this circulation very considerably in the coming months.

In order to better our production we will be expanding to a 12-page edition, as a permanency next month. This special Anniversary Edition is composed of 16 pages to mark our first Birthday.

And that, Ladies and Gentlemen, has been the story of the Junior Mercury, as I have seen it. The questions that remain in my mind are : 1.—What is its future ? 2.—Can its standard be maintained and improved ? 3.—What do YOU think of it all ?

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THE BIRTH OF A MOOR

MILLIONS of years ago the entire South-West of England was convulsed by violent earth-tremors and out-pourings of molten rock, and the region sank slowly beneath a great sea. The ocean's turbulent water scraped and moulded the now solid rocks into fantastic shapes, and when the sea retreated it left behind, towering above the undulating Devon landscape, a dome of mist-swirled granite. Dartmoor was born. Since those distant days the old landforms of the moor have dominated the work and the minds of the people of Devon. The great tors, the bogs, and the changing weather have made a wilderness where only the most mercenary or the stoutest of men would try to wrest a living. From this bleak challenging region, and from the minds of men struggling to live on its changeable face, have emerged legends of war, of death, and of daring.

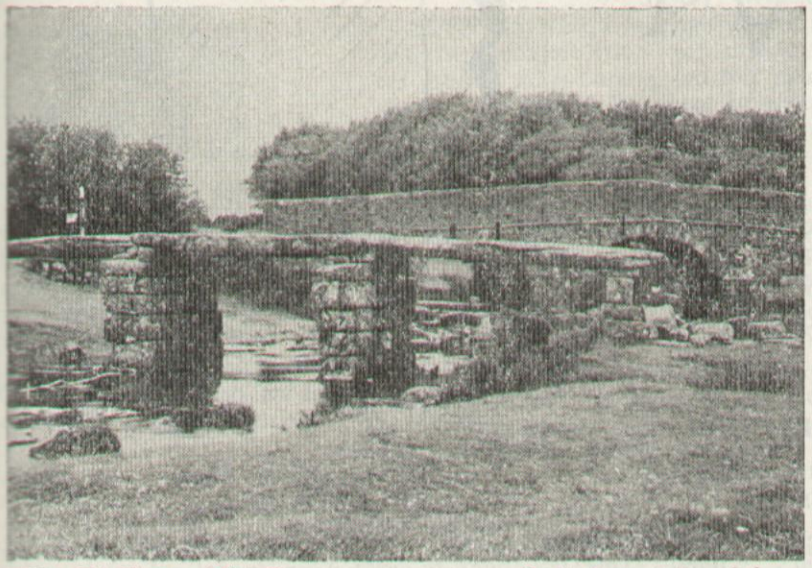


"Haytor Rocks," Dartmoor.

by kind permission of the Goss Albion Printing Works

A PLACE OF DREAMS

Dartmoor is familiar to countless Junior Leaders of this Regiment ; yet how many of them, as they have trudged over the tufted grass and across the swift streams and blanketing bogs, have thought of the tales of the man who formerly inhabited this area ? Probably not many, for the real legends of Dartmoor are few, and rarely told. And yet, who, looking at the medieval stone-walls, the bronze-age stone rows and circles, and the deserted farm-houses can fail to wonder at the hardiness and the history of these ancient Dartmoor folk. It is not difficult, as one sits on a high tor, with a rolling mist and gentle drizzle as company, to imagine, and even to see, the dark figures of Bronze-age men, preparing a sacrifice at some stone altar, the medieval tin-streamers, and the merchants and holy men of the middle-ages.



"The Old Clapper Bridge"
Postbridge, Dartmoor

By kind permission of the Goss Albion Printing Works

MYSTERY AND SUPERSTITION

About those former dwellers of the moors are a few legends : we hear of haunted Cranmere Pool, Childe the Hunter, and the White Bird. Even today there are moorland farmers who will not burn oak or elder in the house, and farmers' wives who will not wash blankets in May or leave on a lamp from sunset to dawn—the Corpse Candle. Such tales and superstitions are fast disappearing, and many exist today, not in the minds of moor-folk, but in dusty guide-books of an earlier age. But some are worth resurrecting, and we hope to introduce them to the readers of *Junior Mercury*.

By special request we reproduce below the "Ten Moor Commandments" as they appeared in our April Edition.

TEN MOOR COMMANDMENTS

1. *Thou shalt have no other MOOR before DARTMOOR.*
2. *Thou shalt not sneak off to the nearest hostelry, but rather shalt the highest of Tors be thine aim.*
3. *Thou shalt not utter any obscenity.*
4. *For six days thou shalt tramp over DARTMOOR, but the seventh day shall be spent " bulling " thy kit.*
5. *Honour thy farming friends and their fields.*
6. *Thou shalt not pollute the water in the streams, nor shall thou leave open any gates, nor yet shalt thou destroy the fences.*
7. *Thou shalt not steal the produce of any farm.*
8. *Thou shalt not scatter rubbish over the countryside.*
9. *Thou shalt not say that another frightened the sheep when thou knowest in thy heart that thou art guilty.*
10. *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's farm, but rather shalt thou start one of thine own at Denbury.*

For all that is good . . .

go . . .

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DISC-USSION

THE best bet of the month is to be found on the Capitol Label, where the " Four Preps " are singing a tuneful and catchy beat number entitled " Got a Gurl." Not only will the song both catch and hold your attention, but there is also a delicious sense of humour and fun in the words. It tells of a " guy " whose girl friend has a locket containing many photographs,—all of men—but not one of him !

This may recall to older readers some of the " Dear John " boards to be found in the barrack rooms of Korea. " Dear John " was a popular recording of that time about a girl who was writing a letter to a boy friend abroad to say that she was going with another. All letters received of this nature were pinned to a board, and a photograph of this board sent to the damsel in question as a reminder of the wrong she had done to the soldier overseas.

Getting back to " Got a Gurl," the favoured males are Presley, Avalon, Fabian and Co; and whenever he is out with his girl, our " Guy " finds his style rather cramped by the presence of these " fellow travellers." This record is definitely a real hit, and the flipover is a beauty too : " Hear it From Me," which is noteworthy for its exceptional vocal arrangement.

Maureen Evans again deserves special praise for excellent singing on her latest cutting, " Paper Roses," to be found on the Oriole label. This is very definitely the type of record which when you have heard it once, you keep on wanting to hear it again—a haunting melody.

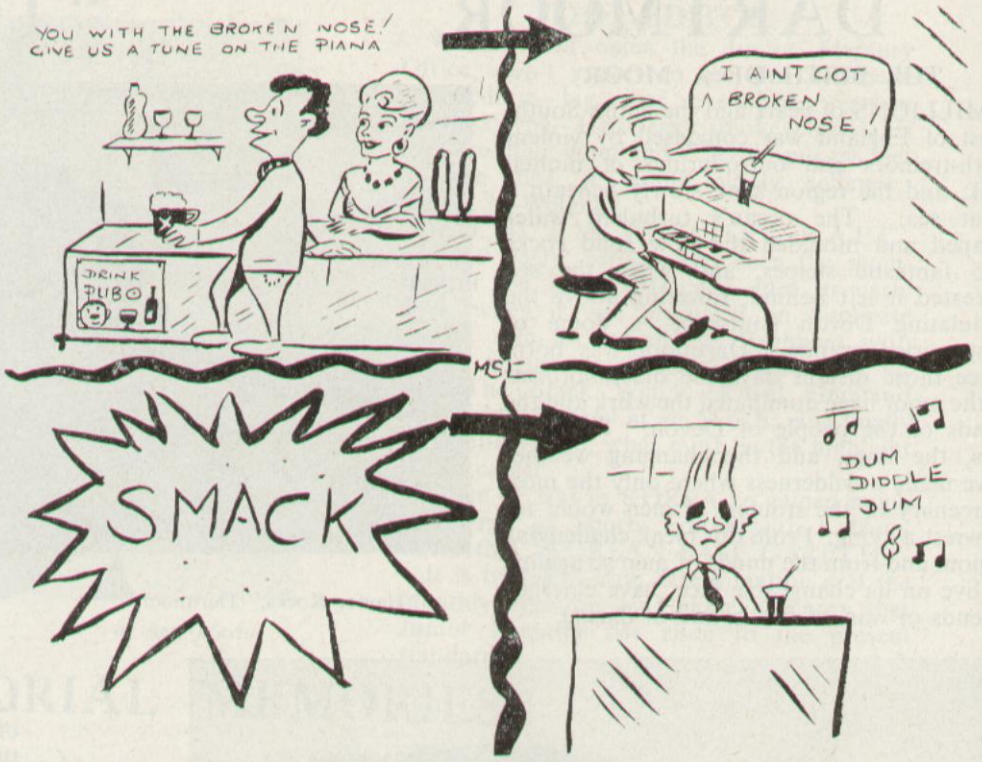
Ernie Fields is back after an absence of 7 months, with the best recording that he has yet made—a revival of an old favourite, played as a really good instrumental, " Chattanooga Choo Choo " recorded on the London Label.

Top Rank have recorded Craig Douglas's latest hit, " Heart of a Teenage Girl," which, strange to say, is a great song written to a real tune—like his earlier chart - topping success " Only Sixteen."

Russ Hamilton has a pretty song in " Folks get Married " which trips along with appropriate gaiety as Russ gives the song his own brand of unsophisticated charm. The flipover is a well tried Oldie, " It's a sin to tell a Lie." The record appears on the market bearing the Oriole label.....

Probably the best record of the month is " Cathy's Clown " by the Everlys on the London Label. In simple words this is a great disc by the world's greatest vocal group.

The Album of the Month is " The Marty Wilde Showcase," (Phillips) gives you the best singing of a top beat vocalist—completely packaged in one album. It follows other Phillips showcases of Frankie Laine, Guy Mitchell, Doris Day, etc., and takes its place amongst them with distinction. Each number has its own appeal, but " Teenager in Love," " Sea of Love," " Bad Boy," and " Endless Sleep " stand out especially. The cover picture is particularly attractive.



With acknowledgement to " *Les*" *Mant*.

CONGRATULATIONS

We are pleased to announce two winners to our April competition.

1. Mrs. A. Burley of Newton Abbot who has received a record, " Baby Talk/ " Jeanette, get your hair done," by Jan and Dean.

2. Miss L. Topliss of Ipplepen who has received a book, " Rogue Cop," by William McGivern.

The correct solutions were :

1. The blind beggar of Liverpool was the sister of the brother who died.

2. A funeral cannot be planned a fortnight in advance.

3. Bill Sykes would not knock on the door of his own room.

THINK HARD

THIS month we have three problems for you to think about. When you have worked out the answers, write them down on a piece of paper and send them, with your name and address, to The Editor, " Junior Mercury," Denbury Camp, Newton Abbot, Devon. Solutions will be checked on June 30 and there will be prizes of books and records for the winner.

1. We thank Capt. Holmes, our Padre, for submitting this problem—a problem in logical thinking :
Messrs. Butcher, Baker, Hosier and Dyer are a butcher, a baker, an hosier and a dyer. None of the four follows the occupation which bears his name. Neither Mr. Baker nor Mr. Hosier is the Butcher. The dyer is not Mr. Butcher.
The baker is not Mr. Hosier. Who is who ?

2. Next for those in a mathematical frame of mind we invite you to take eight eights, and by addition only, arrange them in such a way that they add up to one thousand.

3. Finally, a nice simple general knowledge question, as we ask for the name of the country which is divided into two parts, and separated by over 1,000 miles of another country.

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OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

STAFF LOSE OPENING MATCH

A WEAK Staff XI lost by 10 wickets to Narracotts of Torquay. Losing the toss, the Staff batted first, and could only collect 54 runs—S/Sgt. Foster (a Captain's innings) 19, and L/Cpl. Beaumont 17, were the only scorers of note. With such a simple target Narracotts won without losing a wicket.

FOSTER AGAIN

ALTHOUGH losing by 5 wickets, the Staff XI played better against the Wessex Brigade. Again losing the toss the Staff could not build up a good enough total to give the bowlers a chance. Of their 52, S/Sgt. Foster scored 18 and Sgt. Waters 15. Sig. Planner took 2 for 9 and L/Cpl. Beaumont 1 for 0.

DISAPPOINTING 13 RUN LOSS

With an hour for each innings, Ipplepen won the toss and scored 88 runs not without luck. Then bad light, negative bowling and the rough pitch conspired to hold the Staff back to 75 runs of which Lt. Whitehead hit 23, L/Cpl. Sykes 19 and L/Cpl. Beaumont 10.

STOP PRESS

con'. from Page 9.

SIR,—On reading the national newspapers dated May 30th, 1960, we, the last output from Denbury, were shocked to read about the unfortunate accident which occurred to 20 of the boys. We all send our deepest sympathy and wish all those detained in hospital a very speedy recovery.

(Signed) The Ex-Boys at 224 Sig. Sqn., Loughborough, Leicesterseire. May 30th 1960.



by Sgt. Martin

J/SGT. MILLS

SURPRISINGLY enough J/Sgt. Mills' main sport is one in which we have been unable to see him in action as yet, but he is hoping that this year will change all that. Before joining the Regiment he regularly represented the Royal Army Garrison Swimming Club of Aldershot, and has been runner-up in the Hampshire County Diving Championships. He is hoping to win the Army Boys Championship for the Regiment at Aldershot this year.

"Bob" Mills holds Regimental record (8′ 6″) in the Pole Vault, and came fourth in last year's championships at Aldershot. The first three were all Army Apprentices, and he vaulted 2 foot better than any other Junior Leader there.

In addition he has boxed at welter weight for the Regiment and has played regularly for the Hockey XI. He spoke with pride of his "B" grading at the Army Outward Bound School, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

LT. WHITEHEAD

LT. WHITEHEAD'S greatest sporting love lies in cricket. He played for his school, his College at Sandhurst, for 1 Corps Signal Regiment in Germany, and for the B.A.O.R. Signals XI before coming to this unit. Now he is devoting his cricketing talents entirely to the Junior Leaders' XI, in an effort to turn a good team into a really first class XI, although he hopes to turn out for the Staff XI when the Junior Leaders have settled down.

Mr. Whitehead is a keen hockey player, and his enthusiastic coaching helped the Junior Leaders' XI which did so well last term.

He enjoys skiing, tennis and rugby, has done a little sprinting too, but never very seriously.

He tries to live up to the following definition of a sportsman, which he submits humbly, hoping that it will help others : " A person who plays a game with enthusiasm and determination, and is prepared to put the well-being of his team before personal glory."



by Sgt. Martin

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"The Opening Pair" J/S/Sgt. Tracey and J/Sig. Gallon. *by Sgt. Martin*

CLOSE ENOUGH ?

THE Junior Leaders' 1st XI tied with R.A.C. Junior Leaders in a very exciting game. Signals batted first, making 47—J/Sgt. McGibbon opening out with a 6 in his 11, and J/Cpl. Rooke getting 12. When the Bovington XI were 43 for only four wickets the game seemed hopelessly lost, until suddenly McGibbon (6 for 7) struck, and excitement mounted as the wickets fell, and only the odd single came. Finally McGibbon uprooted Number 11's middle stump to leave the scores even at 47.

GOOD OPENING STAND

WE defeated Newton Abbot Grammar School by 55 runs. Batting first the opening pair, J/Sig. Gallon (37) and J/L/Cpl. Fiern (13) put on 55 without loss, the former being in great form, J/S/Sgt. Tracey added 12, and we finally declared at 88 for 9. J/Sgt. McGibbon (19 wickets in 3 innings) took 6 for 13 and J/Sig. Haworth took 3 for 18 to put out the Grammar School for only 33.

OPENING VICTORY

THE first match for the 1st XI was against Infantry Boys at Plymouth. The Signals batted first, making 80 for 9 declared, in just under two hours. J/Sig. Thompson of Francisca Troop batted well for 30.

After tea the Infantry resumed, but were all out for 68, with J/Sgt. McGibbon of Jerboa Troop taking 7 wickets for 21 runs. A good start to the season.

VERY DISAPPOINTING

A SMALL but ardent crowd of supporters followed the Staff Football XI up to Tidworth on a summery May Day to see them lose the Southern Command Final to an R.A.M.C. side by 4 goals to 5.

For the first time this season we found ourselves against a fast lively team who could play good football. At half time we were leading 4—2, but "the writing was on the wall." Our goals had come from isolated breakaways, rather than persistent battering of our opponents goalmouth.

Even so, we could have won, as three of their goals were unfortunate—a goalmouth muddle, with Sig. Summer's only mistake, an unnecessary penalty given away by Sgt. Angell, and Sig. Webb saving on the goal line—but the referee ruled it to be over !

Sig. Scott, got a penalty, but didn't have his usual exhilarating game. Sig. Sturch got a goal, but otherwise failed to find any path round their right back. Sig. Cook scored twice, and did all that could be done against a strong defence.

Nobody played a bad game, but with the exception of Cpl. Penny, who was his usual hardworking self, the others couldn't live up to to the high standard which they have set for themselves all the season.

Team : Summers, Webb, Morrall, Penny, Angell, James, Bridson, Scott, Cook, Eckersall, Sturch.

INTER-SQUADRON ATHLETICS CHAMPIONSHIPS

★

Winner: 1 Squadron

Winners of Special Tug-of-War Event: Kohima Troop

Index: O—Open event; Y—Youth; J—Junior; Q—Qualified for Army (Boys) Championship; R—Beat Regimental record

100 Yards (Y)—1, Staines; 2, Capon; 3, Robertson. 11.6secs.

100 Yards (J)—1, Batram; 2, Smith; 3, Lindsay. 11.8secs.

220 Yards (Y)—1, B-Brooke (Q); 2, Digweed (Q); 3, Robertson (Q). 24.8secs.

220 Yards (J)—1, Batram; 2, Whitrick; 3, Smith. 25.6secs.

440 Yards (Y)—1, B-Brooke; 2, Jacobs; 3, Lees. 57.5secs.

440 Yards (J)—1, Gray; 2, Gruncell; 3, Lee. 61secs.

880 Yards (Y)—1, Jacobs (Q); 2, Gardner (Q); 3, Garrehy. 2mins. 14secs.

880 Yards (J)—1, Armstrong; 2, Worrall; 3, Sankey. 2mins. 19secs.

Mile (Y)—1, Garrehy; 2, McKay; 3, Gardner. 5mins. 5secs.

Mile (J)—1, Court; 2, Sankey; 3, Lawence. 5mins. 29secs.

Three miles (O)—1, McKay (R); 2, Garrehy (R); 3, Gardner (R); 4, Young (R). 16min. 55secs.

Hurdles (O)—Equal 1, Viner (R) (Q) and Hayes (R) (Q); 3, Wren. 17secs.

Pole Vault (O)—Equal 1, Mills and Barratt; 3, Durrant. 8′.

High Jump (Y)—1, Mason (Q); 2, Bourgoise; 3, Riches. 5′.

High Jump (J)—1, Chambers; 2, Gibbons; 3, Hutton. 5′.

Long Jump (Y)—1, Capon (Q); 2, Digweed; 3, Hayes. 17′ 7½″.

Long Jump (J)—1, Freeman; 2, Worrall; 3, Howley. 17′ 3″.

Hop, Step and Jump (Y)—1, Sharp (Q); 2, Booker (Q); 3, Bourgoise (Q); 4, Harrison (Q). 37′ 6″.

Hop, Step, Jump (J)—1, Mills (Q); 2, Dagless (Q); 3, Couper (Q); 4, Broadbent (Q). 38′ 6″.

Discus (Y)—1, Bates (Q); 2, Barrett; 3, Kemp. 111′ 10″.

Discus (J)—1, Sharp; 2, Wren; 3, Durrant. 88′.

Javelin (Y)—1, Barrett (Q); 2, Hayford; 3, Russell. 116′ 10″.

Javelin (J)—1, Mills; 2, Whitrick; 3, Young. 111′ 11″.

Shot (Y)—1, Beere (Q); 2, Sharman; 3, Tracey. 37′ 7″.

Shot (J)—1, Lindsay; 2, Naisbit; 3, Patton. 34′ 5″.

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