



Across Country. The D Company team hits the open countryside outside Paris. Accompanying us on this stretch of the march was a lone German marcher, an individual entrant, complete with pennant.

to their marching medal collections.

It was then out of town, past fields with grazing cows, through woods, and back through narrow alleys to civilisation for the lunch halt — which never seemed to get any nearer. We had been going for five hours without any appreciable halt and the temperature was approaching 90°F (how glad we were to be used to this heat). Finally we found the checkpoint, had our card stamped, bought a round of drinks and flopped down. We only planned to stop for twenty minutes but it was more

like half an hour when we finally got to our feet having seen one poor fellow dragged into the First Aid Post in a state of complete collapse. The middle section, as always was a complete blur. Riverside roads, single-file towpaths and more high sided alleyways at river level — sticky in the afternoon heat. It was on this section that one small child rushed out with a huge tri-colour on a pole which was not only a very generous gift but a memorable souvenir of our trip.

The final checkpoint was up another of

those killing flights of steps and then it was the last lap of some 10km (6½ miles). We were all intact (just) and the going was pretty level (except for one short hill). The last three miles were on the broad boulevards near Vincennes, and the final straight was two miles with the Chateau at the end. It was a bit like a mirage, and never seemed to get any nearer! However, with a quarter of a mile to go we regrouped and marched in smartly to "Ikley Moor" and much back-slapping and "Bravos" from the big crowds.

It had been quite a gruelling day (in fact we marched 32 miles as the steps and cross country sections weren't measured!) but the sight of our handsome bronze medals with yellow and blue ribbons made all the six months of weekend training worthwhile. At the prize giving afterwards the Yorkshire Volunteers were the first group called forward to receive a special cup. (We were too small to qualify for a full team award, but as we had all completed the course in good order a special award was made instead). We could also feel pride in the fact that we were the only Territorial Team to enter and complete that distance in full kit. (Most other Military Teams opted either for 30 or 20km).

It only took a shower and a few beers to recover (apart from the blisters) and then back to England the next morning. A monumental Paris traffic-jam nearly kept us away for longer — but once behind the white cliffs, roads were clearer, but even so we didn't get back to our homes in Yorkshire until four in the morning. Then a few hours sleep and for us Terriers back to work.

6/7 QUEENS (V) GOES NORTH

Annual camp for 6/7 Queens (V) last year was at Otterburn, from 4th to 18th September. Some 350 men, and women, attended, which was an excellent turn-out considering that the battalion had already sent 150 men to Gibraltar earlier this year. The duty there required trained soldiers, and so at Otterburn the main effort was devoted to the training of recruits. Recruits of all companies were concentrated under OC HQ Coy. for administration, and put through an intensive course of training by Lt. Storie-Pugh who came to the battalion from the Royal Yeomanry. With just under 100 men on the cadre, he had the strongest command in camp.

After four fine days, the weather turned and a combination of rain and high wind made exposure a potential problem, with one or two cases being quickly spotted by the instructors. But the enthusiasm of the recruits was splendid, and they were firing the introductory LMG shoot when the trained men in the rifle companies had quit the ranges for the comforts of the wet weather programme! Pte. Marriott of HQ Coy., who had to be ordered not to do the 7-mile march, was not untypical.

Only three men failed to complete the course, and Lt. Storie-Pugh said after-



Recruits on the assault course at Redesdale Camp.

wards: "One of the main reasons for the success of the cadre was the high standard of instruction by the sergeants

and corporals made available by company commanders. The weather conditions were such that we could have

had a considerable morale problem, but in fact it became something of a challenge for the recruits — particularly on the exercise at the end when they spent the night out in the open, in thick cloud in some positions — and they rose to the occasion.”

lectures to companies about pay matters had highlighted possible problems beforehand, and so tax matters, for example, presented no difficulty once at camp. Queries were dealt with promptly, but the team remembered only just in time that company commanders would object if

camp, after some difficulties about the availability of suitable accommodation at Otterburn. There seem to be a considerable number of staff officers who have yet to learn that an infantry battalion can have a female establishment. 2/Lt. Joan Morters was not to be deterred however, and hessian at windows provided a first line of defence. But it did seem unfortunate that the girls' block had a red light outside! Ten girls came to camp, and for most of them, too, a recruit course was held, but with general instruction being confined to the mornings. After lunch, they dispersed to different areas of specialist training, such as the Orderly Room, the MI Room and the Signals detachment. OC HQ Coy. has considerable difficulty now in deciding how to employ some of the girls; Pte. Patel, for example, who is a trained nurse and catering manageress, appeared equally at home in the roles of medical orderly, cook and mess waiter! Rank differences between the two married couples presented no problems. In A Coy. Mr Singleton has the lead as a Sergeant, whereas in HQ Coy. Mrs Hutchings, alias L/Cpl. Hutchings, outranks her husband. But this works, and the final battalion exercise in which the girls provided most of the control staff at the Battalion Headquarters bunker in the middle of the ranges for 24 hours proved that the platoon is well on the way to being indispensable.

The staff of the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes are another small group of the administrative element. In 1975 Sgt. Rendell was Officers' Mess steward, barman and waiter combined. This year he was joined by L/Cpl. Watts as barman. The Mess dinner-night, at which 35 sat down, was rated by one officer as the best in his 14 years service, so the PMC is a little chary of increasing the staff any more lest it be a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth! The mess was very fortunate to have the services of the Band of 3 Queens, stationed at Catterick, for the evening. In



Col. Anne Field, ADWRAC at HQ UKLF, meets the 6/7 Queens at Otterburn.

Camp is always a testing time for the administrative elements of a battalion, and this year 6/7 Queens were able to devote more time to these unsung heroes. Firstly, much credit goes to Maj. Ron Lucas, the QM, company commanders and the NCOs of the catering team for being able to undertake the cooking for the battalion without any outside assistance.

Some of the cooks were beginners, to whom the camp equipment was strange at first, and it was not surprising therefore that problems arose in the first few days. Maj. Lucas passed the TOET on the dishwasher with flying colours, ably assisted by Capt. Gerry Webb. Somebody learnt that you must not turn off the pilot light at night if breakfast is to be ready on time! Sgt. Alderman began to learn that catering includes ration indents and accounting. Cpl. Smith had to leave the quiet of the Officers' Mess kitchen for the hurly-burly of the cookhouse, leaving young Pte. Peacock to look after the officers — which he did with great skill. Last but not least, CQMSs learnt that giving a wrong figure for those eating out of camp rebounded on them. But the purpose of going to camp is to learn, and the catering team not only acquitted themselves well but gained valuable experience for the future.

The Pay team is another group which provides an essential service. Newly-commissioned 2 Lt. Stephen Clark got off to a good start by getting a battalion pay print-out from the Regimental Pay Office, having been told it was too late for any such thing. S/Sgt. Hensby's pre-camp

that was done during valuable range time. Pay parades went smoothly, with the only officer out of pocket, to the tune of £5, being a subaltern in HQ Coy. — who learnt something — one hopes!

This was the first year in which the girls of the battalion's WRAC platoon attended

The Chairman and Secretary of the South East TAVR Association talking to the Pay team on the range.



the Sergeants' Mess L/Cpl. Monk headed the staff, and in this mess occurred the one bomb scare during camp. But the round package left on the dining table turned out, when unwrapped, to be the Stilton cheese presented by Col. David Sime, the Hon. Colonel — but the Fire Brigade and an ATO had been alerted before this had been discovered! *

The Orderly Room seemed a haven of peace this year, perhaps because they left all the work to the WRAC girls in the afternoon? The Adjutant was even heard to say that he "had a busy day boozing" and for once it was clear that it was free time and not worry which had led him to the bottle. The RMO and the Padre completed



Regimental police practising fire drills.

the administrative round-up, and they both did sterling work. For once Maj. Dan McCarthy had more than just blisters to deal with, but nothing quite so serious that he needed to pass the case over to Padre John Hughes. The latter's short battalion service of hymns and readings on the middle Sunday was a model of perfection, and his theme, that a good life for all could only be achieved by effort on the part of each individual, was equally relevant to the circumstances of a Volunteer battalion at camp. What made the men of 6/7 Queens come away from Otterburn feeling that they had had a successful camp was the fact that so many had made worthwhile contributions as individuals for the benefit of others.

4 KINGS OWN BORDER WINS THE DERBY

When Col. The Earl of Derby first presented, as their Honorary Colonel, the 'Derby Trophy' for annual competition by the Lancastrian Volunteers in 1971, major changes to the TAVR still lay hidden over the skyline.

His intention was to establish a prestige inter-section competition designed to test severely, over two days, the 'Lancastrians' infantry skills in tactics, marching and shooting.

Then came the TAVR Review, a new title and a county redistribution for the 'Lancastrians' and an expansion of the TAVR in the North West. Appreciative of the changes Lord Derby decided, in 1975, to open up his competition to all those infantry-rolled TAVR units in the District,

old and new, whether they were NATO-committed or general reserve.

Over the weekend of 25th/26th September last year on the Catterick Training Area he watched throughout his trophy being won resoundingly for the second year running by the mainly Cumbrian Volunteers of 4 Kings Own Border, a general reserve Battalion just eighteen months old.

Also vying in the competition were the two NATO battalions 5/8 Kings and 4 QLR, who have Lord Derby as their Honorary Colonel, and the Duke of Lancasters Own Yeomanry of the general reserve competing for the first time this year.

Each TAVR rifle company in the

Pte. John Fraser of C Coy. 4 Kings Own Border receives a winner's tankard from Colonel The Earl of Derby.



The Derby Trophy first presented by Colonel The Earl of Derby, MC, TD, JP, DL, in 1971 to The Lancastrian Volunteers and now open to all the infantry-rolled TAVR units in North West District.

District put up a competing section — a total field of 13 sections — and, despite appalling weather conditions on Day 1, the honed edge of keen rivalry was apparent from the outset.

The Derby Trophy competition has two phases. Day 1, concentrating on tactics, includes tests of map reading, casualty re-