

Dear Regiment,

After a wet weekend at the Caledonia Fest, the quartermaster dutifully dried the tents and prepared them for the march to Camden. The 71st began setting up camp in the afternoon with members trickling in through the evening. I arrived just in time to assist the quartermaster with the final two tents around 17:00. In attendance for the first weekend of November were Kirk Smith, Angus McAndrew, Ron, Becky, and Logan Evans, Charles and Ian Peplow, Brett Wallis and Ellis Stroud, Lee Bartlett, Tom Pulley, and Denis Byrd. From Kentucky we were joined by David Phipps, Ron and Josh and a private by the name of McIntyre, I believe. Dave was kind enough to take over as commander after Scott recommended him to the senior staff. After camp was set up several of us would head out for dinner at a local establishment run by some Greek colonists. It was a fine dinner and once all arrived the regiment retired for an early evening.

Saturday morning came early as Kirk started the fire and the coffee around 05:00. By 08:00 breakfast was served, we ate well with eggs from the Smith homestead. Charles eagerly volunteered for KP duty and policed all the bowls and dishes lying about camp for cleaning. He was joined by Ellis and Ron cleaning the camp dishes. I slipped off to the bonfire site and secured firewood and was assisted in gathering deadfall by Lee and Tom. Soon it was time for the officers meeting. As the president I attended for moral support and to assure the good subjects of the crown that Guy Fawkes would in fact burn this year promptly at 19:00. Scott and Dave represented the 71st at the officers meeting where Dave was promptly recommended for promotion. After the meeting I would head back to the bonfire site to prepare for the evening I would miss most of the camp activities but not lunch of course. Kirk prepared a wonderful dish of bean soup for the regiment.

It was now time to prepare for battle. We could see activity in the rebel camp and several, actually the entire militia, wandered aimlessly through back of the British encampment. Taking no notice of the grog-blossomed Whigs, the entire British camp crossed the road to inspect the new camp that had been set up in the morning. Milling about we were caught off guard when the grog-blossomed muckworms of the rebel army began to march out from behind the house and form a line of battle. Ian beat the call to assemble and the 71st, 84th, and Delancey's formed a line of battle to face the rebels. The drummer would do a fine job keeping this lot marching at a proper pace. We would fire a few volleys but be forced to retreat to the tree line once the rebel cannons began to find their range. At the tree line we made volley after volley holding the line. We marched out for the tree line once we noticed the rebels were drinking our rum in camp and appeared to be too drunk to put up much of a defense. We pushed them from our camp and mounted a bayonet assault clearing them from the field. The day and the rum were saved for King and country. The entire British and American Lines would form up for review and to salute the fallen. After this the 71st would retire in good order back to camp and post the colors.

The rest of the afternoon was a rather uneventful day. We were provided a wonderful BBQ dinner by the site and since we were to be occupied with the Guy Fawkes parade and bonfire we ate early. At the appointed time, Ian our drummer and Nick the Piper from the 84th,

met in front of the house. Logan would carry the Guy and Kirk, Lee, Brett, and Ron would be my torch bearers. Tom the town Crier from the 84th would read the 5th of November to remind us all of the importance of burning the Guy each year and Angus our rabble rouser in chief. The rabble marched off heading toward the bonfire with Ian and Nick playing gloriously along the march. There was a cry from the crowd to march through the Whig camp!! The procession then turned back and crossed the bridge toward the tavern and the Whig camp. Marching right through the middle of the Whig camp we picked up quite a few more to our motley crew. Ian and Nick continued to rouse the crowd through the Whig camp. Upon reaching the bonfire site Logan placed the Guy upon his throne. Tom, the town crier raised up the call for us to remember the 5th of November. Upon his reading the torch bearers, now joined by Father Tim, dutifully lit the Guy's throne. With just some dead fall, dry firewood, straw, and a little bit of lamp oil the bonfire was soon roaring. The flames engulfed the guy and shot nearly 20 feet in the air. The paper face of the Guy would not burn and left an eerie image seared into the minds of all who witnesses him. After the bonfire, the regiment retired to camp or for merriment in the tavern. A grand time was had by all.

Kirk, a top-notch quartermaster, had the fire going by 4:30 and coffee brewing for the troops, and we would need a lot of coffee. Sunday morning came, and breakfast went, a wonderful meal of breakfast hash. Charles was on KP duty once again and had the bowls in the wash before the remains of breakfast had cooled. Sunday was a much more leisurely day with a church service and an officers meeting planned. No silly marching about was planned and Kirk prepared a wonderful hamburger stew from our rations. Probably a recipe borrowed from some Hessian. We milled about hearing reports of rebels in the vicinity and we all just stared as the rebels came marching up with full colors. We formed a line in front of our camp, commanded by our gentleman volunteer Dave Phipps. Dave commanded both divisions of the 71st and held the line to allow the militia to enter the redoubt. The onslaught continued, and the militia seemed to be over run and we all fell back into the redoubt to assume our positions along the palisades. Dave had our young ensign, Logan, plant the colors where the rebels could see it. We do appreciate the NWT A 71st bringing their colors as it added an additional flair to the British line.

Within in the redoubt we began to trade volleys with the rebels who proceeded to fire from our camp. I believe they ran off with the rum ration. The firing was so close and intense I am quite certain some rebel singed the black ostrich feather on my bonnet. This continued back and forth, and Dave and Angus agreed we must flush the rebels from the trenches at the base of the redoubt before we lose any more ostrich feather. With bayonets fixed we filed out the entrance into the trenches and caught those jack sprat rebels by surprise and they hopped the twig and ran away. Returning to the redoubt we resumed intermittent fire. A ceasefire was called, and the commanders went out under a flag of truce. We were sure a surrender was about to occur but the overall commander, Alexis came back and told the commanders to resume firing. Dave ordered the 71st to resume their intermittent fire. We then were ordered to form a battle line and prepare for a bayonet assault. Just as we were forming up in the entrance of the redoubt rebels came streaming over the redoubt near the cannon and we began surrendering. It was a valiant fight, but the lads were spent, and we had no choice given the rebels superior numbers. After our

surrender we marched to camp and posted the colors. The rest of the afternoon was spent preparing to depart. A great time was had by all.

I wanted to say a final thank you to everyone who attended, I hope you had as much fun as I did. Also thank you for all your help with the bonfire, it was a huge success. Finally, I want to thank the 71st from the NWTA for joining us. We enjoyed their comradery and we appreciate all of the research Dave has been so willing to share. Our next event will be Cowpens in January. Don't forget to check out our new website for the latest schedule and information.

<http://nchr71st.org>

Your humble and obedient servant,

Denis Byrd