



71st Reg't

“Nemo Me Impune Lacessit”

After Action Report

The 71st Highland Regiment occupied the encampment at King's Mountain National Battlefield the afternoon of July 21st. The Quartermaster had assistance from his loving bride Wendy, grand daughters Taylor, and Bethany. Preparing camp for additional troops was premature because a number deserted as the weekend promised to be hot. Note: it was not as hot as the previous July, but it was still hot. . . While setting up camp that afternoon, I found a 71st button on the ground next to a tree!

After the encampment was set, the ladies did a last minute supply run to celebrate a often ignored birthday celebration. The Quartermaster and the grand daughters walked the trail to the top of King's Mountain. Along the way, paying homage to Col. Ferguson's cairn by placing stones on his resting place. Once we returned from the early evening stroll through the battlefield, we were surprised that Wendy had our evening feast prepared over the hot fire. . .

The evening was difficult for the young ladies to endure sleep, but they were up in the morning to enjoy the traditional 18th century breakfast hash with freshly brewed coffee. We started the firing demonstrations promptly that morning and Ranger Ginny Fowler from Cowpens National Battlefield provided the “safety officer” duties. Our Quartermaster acquitted himself well as the heat of the day allowed the visitors to comment, “Is that wool? Are you hot?” To which I would respond, “Mind over Matter . . . You don't mind and I don't

matter!” I did allude to the fact that wool has cooling properties in the summer as it wicks away moisture. Ranger Fowler politely interrupted adding that they recently participated in training wearing 18th century wool uniforms and could attest to the wicking effect.

The uniform discussion followed by firing demonstrations were initially flawless until that afternoon when I had misfires to which I adjusted the flint and commenced to firing flawlessly. During one discussion, I actually glanced down and noticed a GP button lying on the ground. . . Two buttons recovered in one weekend! Soon after the last demonstration the fairer Smith women assisted in collapsing the encampment to just two tents and they had to leave for home.

That evening I spent watching the sunset sitting on top of King's Mountain and enjoying the cool breeze, wildlife, and sunset. The next morning was started with bacon and eggs, coffee and another warn day. Muskets were cleaned as there were no firing demonstrations. The visitors were present for the weapons, uniforms, encampment, and Scottish Regiment discussions. Many were intrigued that my uniform was wool and that it was hot.

The afternoon ended with breaking camp and while going to retrieve the truck, I ran into two rangers. While talking to them I glanced westward and noticed very dark clouds, to which I asked, Is the weather approaching? One of the Rangers

(former Paratrooper – 504th Infantry “Devil In Baggy Pants”) said, a bad storm is approaching. To which they offered their assistance. We hastily loaded in the cab canvas and other kit not desiring to get soaked and the rest placed in the back. Once everything was loaded the sky opened up! No wet canvas! Quartermaster is HAPPY!

Kirk Smith, Quartermaster

God Save the King!

