



With the lateft Advices, Foreign and Domefstick

A MOMENTOUS YEAR OF CHANGE FOR THE YORKERS AND THE NORTHERN BRIGADE

The year 2007 has been a year of momentous change for the Regiment and the Northern Brigade. Gavin Watt, our much revered Colonel and Brigadier, made the decision to stand down from his leadership and administrative roles, and hand these duties to others in the organization.

This year was also known for a change of venue for the Annual Yorker Dinner, which was held at the Vimy Mess at CFB Kingston. Major Allan Joyner and Serjeant Dave Smith were commended for an excellent meal and entertainment. Andrea Putnam, a.k.a. "Fred", was awarded the "Yorker of the Year" trophy for her contributions to the regiment and its members.

During the very first event of the season, we had the first Change of Command ceremony, where Gavin retired from the role of Brigadier of the Northern Brigade and appointed Chris Cameron to that very responsible and demanding position. For those of us who attended the school, the Change of Command ceremony was carried out with great precision, and with all the pomp and circumstance that we as Canadians are renowned for. This superb ceremony was planned by Captain Chris Cameron, Serjeant Major Moore and the Reverend Neil Thompson. Unfortunately, this year was the last year that the George Howse School of infantry will be held at Westfield Village.

Lt. Duff Steele also announced his retirement from active service in the regiment. Many of the "Old Guard" will remember that Duff in his alter ego roles return. This is an event I would like to see expanded as it was an important part of Yorker history.

as "Zufeld" and the ever popular "Igor", was the scourge of the American sense of humour.

The weekend of June 9th/10th was the recreation of the "Crawford Expedition" at North Robinson, Ohio. The Yorkers supported this event in return for Bob Cairns support of the NB event at Fort George in 2006. This was the first time that Yorkers have attended this event, run by the well known "Wally" Richardson.

Black Creek was another successful local event where Brig. Cameron and I attempted to bring refreshing change to a site where we have performed for about 25 years.

The Loyalist Landing event at Adolphustown, which was organized by Brandt Zatterberg, was well supported by the members of Duncan's Company, or "Army of the East", and The Loyalist

Fife and Drums.

Nancy Watt, another long standing member, announced her retirement from active service. As we all know, Nancy's knowledge of women's clothing is second to none, and she has passed this very responsible and vital role to Amanda Moore.

The well liked Battle of Hubbardton was a memorable event. This year marked the 230th anniversary of this historic battle, and as it turned out the rebels actually put up a strong challenge, which was most welcome. As well we practiced our new bayonet charge, and passage of lines.

The Battle of Oriskany, although small this year, was supported by a decent number Yorkers. The organizers were very hospitable and did their utmost to create an atmosphere that would induce us to



The Fergus Highland Games was a first for the Yorkers. Our former member, Al Lang, invited the Yorkers and the Loyalist Fife and Drums to perform at the Tattoo on the Friday night of the weekend long games. Captain Dave Putnam was in command of the Yorkers and Mike Putnam commanded the LF & D, a father and son team you could say. The regiment was well paid for its service.

Fort Niagara offered a very small garrison weekend, celebrating Soldiers of the Revolution which was attended by a few Yorkers.

Bennington was the designated 2nd battalion event and it turned out to be a rather nice event according to McGeachie.

Fort Ticonderoga, the all up U.S. event, was also the Change of Command for the Yorkers. This was another event where the Yorkers and the Northern Brigade were spectacular in the pomp and pageantry of military spectacle. The same team that worked on the Change of

Command parade at Westfield were also responsible for this event. It's an event that I personally will not forget. It was at this event that "Young" Gavin Watt announced that he would also be retiring from the Yorkers. He will definitely be missed.

The annual Thornhill parade was attended by a good number of Yorkers, Queen's Rangers, Brunswickers, Brant's Volunteers, and the Loyalist Fife and Drums, who drove quite a distance to add some good marching music to the event.

Saratoga was the final event of the season, and it was quite spectacular. The weather was reasonably good and the site was very nice. From my position during the Sunday battle, the sight of the redcoats retreating back down the hill through the Yorker lines was quite spectacular. The Light's and Grenadiers fought as a single flank company for the first time in a long time, and did a wonderful job together. Serjeant Eric Fernberg was presented with the Grey

Cup in front of the regiment and performed the ceremonial task of drinking himself daft in splendid fashion.

This year has seen the rebirth of the Grenadier company. This was largely due to the efforts of Mike Manning. Mike has brought in a steady stream of recruits and the company can now boast a total of 21 active members, plus 21 followers, which has tripled the size of the company in one season alone. There are rumours that Mike has set up recruiting depots at Toronto International Airport and all of the maternity wards in the GTA in order to boost membership in the Yorkers. Well done Mike, keep the recruits rolling in.

I, like everyone else, am looking forward to a new campaign season and meeting old and new friends alike at many of the upcoming events in 2008.

To all members of the KRR, I wish you and your families a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Lt. Colonel James

Reaction to Saratoga Was Very Positive

Saratoga was one of those events where the Saturday battle was a real "waste of powder" and the Sunday battle was "worth every cartridge expended". Here is some of the feedback from those in attendance:

"...I had a great time at Saratoga. It was really impressive to see that many units on the field. During the Sunday battle, when we had fallen back to the first redoubt and were waiting for the action to catch up to us, it was remarkable to listen to the heat of battle - the crisp volleys, the cannon fire, the roar of all the troops, officers and NCO's shouting. It gave me (I believe) a vague impression of what a real battle would have sounded and looked like, and it was overwhelming." Shane Sullivan

"...It was quite spectacular to see the County and Union Brigades deployed in line on the crest of the hill to our front. From our vantage point beside the Breymer Redoubt the land sloped steeply down into a valley and then rose up again on the opposite side where the redcoats were positioned. Their colours

flapped in the breeze as they delivered volley after volley into an enemy that we couldn't see. Then we began to catch a glimpse of the rebel line advancing up the reverse slope of the hill opposite our position... first of all the tops of their colours, then the muzzles of their shouldered muskets, then the bicornes on the men massed in the rebel columns, and then the full view of the expansive rebel line. They halted and began to volley into the crumbling line of redcoats. The Brits streamed down the slope into the valley and then up the slope to the line where we stood waiting. The rebels continued in pursuit, and within minutes a large mass of them had formed directly to our front, probably 75 yards away. In their first thrust against our line the rebels marched diagonally across our front to strike at a concentrated body of redcoats to our right. The Yorkers took advantage of their maneuver to pour repeated volleys into their exposed left flank. The rebel column crumbled and fell back in disorder, which gave us further opportunities to fire into the retreating mass. Then a second brigade of rebels came into line beside the unit which had

just been driven back. As they dressed their lines and reorganized the battered column that had just been beaten back, the Yorkers continued to delivery volleys into their ranks. And then they came on. We had enough time to give them one shot as they stepped-off, and another as they came into the red zone. It was amazing... noise, smoke, colour, motion, shouting. Certainly a battle to remember.

DWP

Picture by Gay Boggess



Orderly Book of Sir John Johnson Now In Print

Orderly books are exceptional documents for understanding the day-to-day activities of a regiment. For this reason, Sir John Johnson's Orderly Book is an essential record for those who are serious students of the period, and of the King's Royal Yorkers. The Orderly Book was first published in 1881 and contained an introduction by William L. Stone. The following excerpt is taken from this introduction:

...Conversing in the fall of 1880, with the late Rev. Marinus Willett of Port Chester, N.Y., a grandson of Colonel Marinus Willett, of Fort Stanwix fame, he mentioned to me that he was the possessor of a manuscript Orderly Book kept by an officer of Sir John Johnson during his campaign against Fort Stanwix in 1777 -- one of the Orderly Books captured by his grandfather in his memorable sortie from Fort Stanwix against the camp of Sir John Johnson. The facts of this sortie (which, it will be remembered, took place while the battle of Oriskany was in progress), are told by Col. Willett in his Narrative in these words -- which, as the book has now become exceedingly rare, we quote:

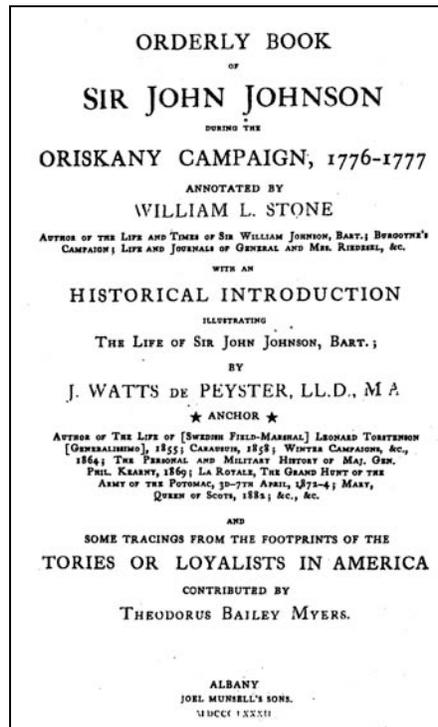
"Col. Willett lost not a moment in sallying forth from the gate of the fort. As the enemy's sentries were directly in sight of the fort, his movements were necessarily very rapid. The enemy's sentries were driven in, and their advanced guard attacked, before they had time to form the troops. Sir John Johnson, whose regiment was not two hundred yards distant from the advanced guard, and who, himself, it being very warm, was in his tent with his coat off, had not time to put it on before his camp was forced. So sudden and rapid was the attack, that the enemy had not time to form so as to make any opposition to the torrent that poured in upon them. Flight, therefore, was their only resource. Adjoining the camp of Sir John Johnson was that of the Indians. This, also, was soon taken so that a very few minutes put Col. Willett in possession of both these encampments. Sir John with his troops took to the river, the Indians fled into the woods. The troops under Col. Willett had fair firing at the enemy while they were crossing the river. The quantity of camp equipage, clothing, blankets and stores, which Col. Willett found in the two camps, rendered it

necessary to hasten a messenger to the fort and have the wagons sent, seven of which were stored in the fort with horses. These wagons were each three times loaded, while Col. Willett and his men remained in the camps of the enemy. Among other articles, they found five British flags; the baggage of Sir John Johnson, with all his papers; the baggage of a number of other officers, with memoranda, journals, and orderly books, containing all the information which could be desired."

Mr. Willett agreed with me that the contents of the Orderly Book should be put into permanent form to provide against its loss by fire or other casualties; and he thereupon kindly loaned it to me to copy and publish in the Magazine of American History. The Orderly Book was accordingly printed in that valuable publication in the March and April numbers for 1881, though with but very few annotations, as neither space nor time permitted extended notes.

under St. Leger and Johnson should send their baggage to Albany in the train of Burgoyne; it establishes the exact number of men engaged in the expedition by the quantity of rations issued and the boats required, by which we find that instead of St. Leger having (as has always been believed) 1700 men, he had barely 950, Indians included; it states the names of the detachments from the different regiments which formed the expedition, by which we learn, among other items, that Sir John Johnson's regiment never, in a single instance, in this Orderly Book, although elsewhere invariably known as such, is called "The Royal Greens;" it affords the means of knowing the true rank held by different officers -- as, for example, "Major" Watts is never spoken of save as "Captain;" it elucidates a mooted question as to the rank of Lieut. Col. Barry St. Leger, who was made an acting Brig. Gen. on this occasion; and it develops the fact that possibly a part, at least, of St. Leger's troops joined the army of General Burgoyne, after that officer and Sir John had retreated into Canada, the laughing-stock of their Indian allies. These, as well as many other instances, will make apparent the value of the Orderly Book to the student of our Revolutionary annals.

There is another feature of this Orderly Book which has, I think, a touching significance. I allude to the character of the Paroles and Countersigns. A glance at them shows that they are, in many instances, the names of towns in Ireland, Scotland and England -- the homes, undoubtedly, of many of the troops composing this Expedition; and there can be no question that those in charge of the selection of the Paroles and Countersigns for each day, took special pains to designate those towns which would remind their men of the loved ones they had left behind. *Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.* This action, on the part of the officers, very likely arose from policy as well as sentiment; for one can well imagine that the names of their homes would vividly bring to the minds of the soldiers those who across the broad Atlantic were watching for reports of their progress and valor -- thus presenting them with a constant as well as an additional incentive to do well. Some of the



This Orderly Book is of great value in several particulars. It shows, the intimate relation which existed between the campaign of Gen. Burgoyne and the expedition of Col. Barry St. Leger -- as, for example, the order given at Lachine on the 20th of June, that the officers

Countersigns, moreover, such as “Cork,” “Limerick” and “Kinsale” would naturally bring to minds of the men of the 8th or King’s Regiment of Foot, the fact that their own Regiment was present under William the III, at the besieging of those places – a circumstance which, in itself, would be an incentive to great deeds.

The Orderly Book is written in many different handwritings, some so bad as to be nearly undecipherable – not from the laps of time, for the book is exceedingly well preserved in its parchment cover – but from the fact that some of the writers evidently spelled by sound, and were obliged, amid the fatigues of camp life, to take down hurriedly the works of the

commanding officer. Indeed, the wonder is that under such circumstances, anything was written that could be at all deciphered. It should be further stated that while the general spelling and the names of towns and places have been corrected, the variations in spelling of the proper names of persons have been in nearly all cases preserved. It will also be noticed that the last order is dated at “Oswego Falls,” the 31st of July, 1777, two days previous to the advance of St. Leger’s army appearing before the walls of Fort Stanwix, and six days before the battle of Oriskany...

Although some of Stone’s observations can be attributed to the fact that he is

“rebel scum” (“laughing-stock”, Indeed!!), nonetheless, this 1881 publication of the Sir John’s Orderly Book should be considered essential reading.

Now for the good news. This year Higginson Book Company has reprinted this extremely rare book and offers it for sale via the internet at the nominal price of \$62.50 US. If you would like more information concerning this book check www.higginsonbooks.com or call them at 978-745-7170. A good item to add to your Christmas gift list.

DWP

Following the Drum: “To Go” or “To Be Left”

I recently picked up a book off the Bargain Table at Chapters entitled “Following the Drum: The Lives of Army Wives and Daughters Past and Present”. For those interested in the social history of the British Army, this book by Annabel Venning will make a good addition to your library. In the chapter “To Stay or To Go” the author explains the system used by the army to select the women who would accompany their husbands when the regiment boarded the transports to travel to the war zone. DWP

The quota of women allowed applied only to the wives of soldiers; officer’s wives were at liberty to follow their husbands abroad, though they were generally expected to pay for their own food and keep. Soldier’s wives, however, were entitled to half rations, their children a quarter or a third depending on their age. They took up room in the ships, they had to be housed if abroad and protected if at war. They constituted a logistical and financial burden on their regiments and their numbers had therefore to be severely restricted...

The usual method of choosing who was to go and who was to be left behind was to hold a ballot. This was often done the night before embarkation, or even on the day itself. While the bands played stirring marching tunes, and munitions, horses, cattle and food stores were loaded on to the ship by dockhands, lots were drawn at the quayside on the head of a drum. The fear was that if it were done any sooner those men whose wives had drawn ‘not to go’ would disappear before the time came to embark. Colonel John Maunsell, overseeing the embarkation of troops from Cork in the 1770’s commented that it was important for women to accompany the troops as it discouraged them from deserting.

The tension must have been unbearable as the women crowded around the drumhead on which the hat or ballot box was placed and plunged their hands in to pull out the piece of paper on which their fate



was written: to go or not to go. When 'not to go' (or 'to be left') was drawn, as it was in the majority of cases, it heralded the splintering of a family who would probably not be together again for many years, if at all, and the prospect of destitution for the women and children left behind. One officer, speaking at the time of the American Revolutionary War, commented, 'There is no part of the Expedition I so much dread as the parting of the Soldiers from their Wives and Children, nor is there any thing more discouraging for the Men than their Cries and Lamentations [for] the greatest part of them have it not in their power to subsist otherwise than from Hand to Mouth.'

...George Gleig, a subaltern during the Peninsular War, remembered the effect of the ballot on a devoted young couple when his regiment with the 85th (Buckinghamshire Volunteers) Regiment embarked for Spain in July 1813. Duncan and Mary Stewart were childhood sweethearts from the Highlands who had married in the face of bitter family opposition. When Mary journeyed south to join Duncan at Hythe, the regiment was already under orders for embarkation to the Peninsular War. Mary was by now heavily pregnant and approached the ballot box in a state of high anxiety, stretching out a trembling

hand for the piece of paper that would determine her fate. Gleig reported what happened next: 'When Mary unrolled the slip of paper, and read upon it the fatal words, "To be left," she looked as if Heaven itself were incapable of adding one additional pang to her misery. Holding it with both hands, at the full stretch of her arms from her face, she gazed upon it for some minutes without speaking a word, though the rapid succession of colour and deadly paleness upon her cheeks, told how severe was the struggle which was going on within; till at length, completely overpowered by her own sensations, she crushed it between her palms and fell senseless into the arms of a female who stood near.'

After a last night together, Duncan took his place in the ranks while Mary was shut away in a barrack room by some well-meaning fellow wives who wished to spare her the agony of waving him off. 'But, just before the column began to move, she rushed forth; and the scream which she uttered, as she flew towards Duncan, was heard throughout the whole of the ranks. "Duncan, Duncan!" the poor thing cried, as she clung wildly round his neck; "Oh, Duncan, Duncan Stewart, ye're no gawn to leave me again, and me sae near being a mother! O, Serjeant M'Iintyre, dinna tak' him awa'! if ye hae ony pity, dinna

dinna tak' him! O, sir, ye'll let me gang wi' him? She added, turning to one of the officers who stood by' "for the love of Heaven, if ye hae ony pity in ye, dinna separate us!"

Her pleas fell on deaf ears – there could be no question of overruling the ballot – and the men marched off with the band playing loudly to drown out the cries of the women left behind. Mary persuaded her husband to let her march with him as far as Dover. Three miles into the journey she was suddenly seized with labour pains. Duncan and the kindly Sergeant McIntyre hurriedly took her into a cottage on the roadside where, gasping in the agony of childbirth, she expired. She was only eighteen. Despite an attempted caesarean section the baby perished too. A compassionate officer told Duncan that he might remain behind to bury his wife and catch up with the regiment later, but the distraught widower, still reeling with the shock of his double bereavement, refused the offer. Having gained the officer's assurance that she would be decently buried, he embarked with the rest of the troops. According to Gleig, 'he scarcely spoke after; and he was one of the first who fell after the regiment landed in Spain'.

Links

<http://genlibrarian.blogspot.com/2007/10/books-of-day-surrender-at-yorktown-oct.html> is a site where you can download digital books, in this case about Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown.

Ron Atkins

These are good explanations of some of the truth behind shortness of life expectancy during pre-revolutionary times. <http://www.plimoth.org/discover/myth/4-ft-2.php>

Nancy Watt

John Pulinski Update

Today I received a reply by mail from Msktman Pulinski to my letter. He is still serving in Afghanistan. He says he will be there until May having been away since January. He has leave coming up in February.

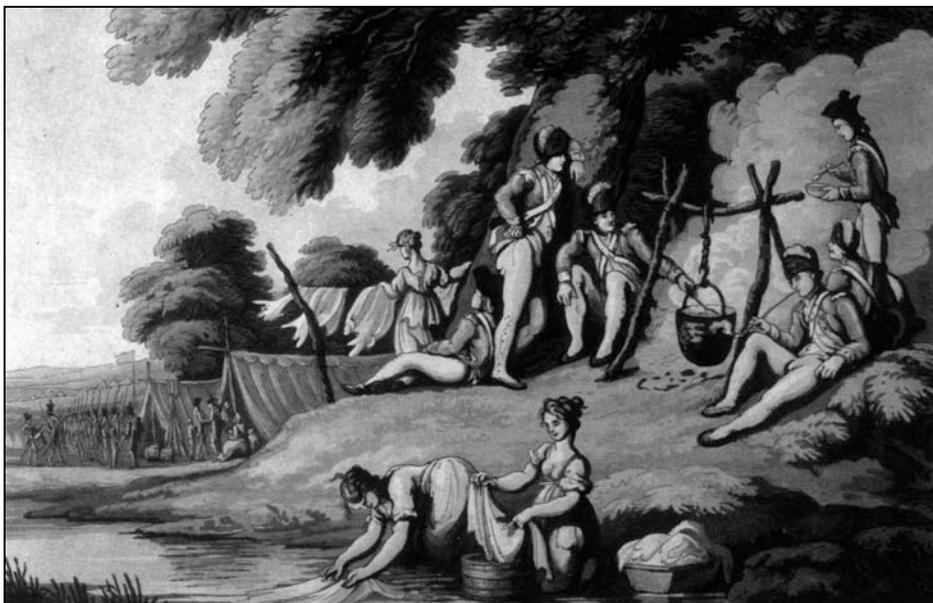
He has missed two of four married Christmases and two of three of his daughter Alexandra's birthdays. I noticed it took about two weeks for the letter to reach me. He says to "say hi to the gang at drill."

Sjt Mjr Moore

John is doing well. I have received a couple of letters from him. Just to give you an idea, he is flying CH-7 Chinook Helos in the US Army. He has quit the Air Force. The CH-47 is the Back Bone of all Ops in Afghanistan and is a slow lumbering work horse, with a heat signature seconded only to the burning orb in the sky. Please send him letters. He WILL ANSWER them. He hates email and loves snail mail. He does like ranks Hot Sauce and has a liking for the Widow Horton.

Sjt Sean Jeffrey

Iron Skillet Cooking Competition in 2008



SARATOGA – There was a certain energy under the kitchen fly on Saturday evening at Saratoga, and it had nothing to do with the bolts of lightning that were zigzagging down from the ominous black clouds. A group of men and women huddled under the shelter of the fly, and ideas were flying fast and furious.

“Why don’t we have an Iron Skillet Cooking Competition?” There was genuine enthusiasm in the suggestion.

“Those who would like to participate could form mess groups, each preparing a gourmet 18th century dining experience. We could have one or more groups from each Company, with 5 to 10 people in each group. With fine cooks like Eric Lorenzen, even the officers could form a group.” The rain was now

splashing down in torrents and sizzling on the reflector oven, as the pork roast simmered inside.

“A judge could be designated to select the best meal from the various entrants. Someone like Gord Semple would be perfect. He understands good cooking and he would be unbiased, since he isn’t a Yorker”. The thunder crashed again and rumbled off into the distant mountains.

“Each meal could be judged based on its taste & presentation, unique 18th century character, historical accuracy, and method of preparation. Once judged, the group could sit down together and enjoy the fruits of their labour – a wonderful 18th century meal.” The rain seemed to have no affect on the blazing fire, as the turnip in the iron pot

continued to bubble from the intense heat beneath it.

“We could schedule this competition for an event next summer when there would be time at the end of the afternoon for everyone to get involved. After all, this shouldn’t be a competition for just the ladies. The guys should be involved too. In fact it should be a requirement that each group have both men and women. Each member of the mess group would have a job... tending the fire, peeling the vegetables, mixing the ingredients...” The smell of apples and cinnamon pervaded the air as the dessert steamed in the iron kettle.

“There is lots of cooking equipment in the regiment. Guys that don’t own their own stuff could borrow what they need for the competition. There is no reason why everyone couldn’t participate in this.”

“Dinner’s ready”, called out Sjt Fernberg, water dripping of his rain cape. He lifted the pork onto the cutting board and began to carve.

“Do you think we really could have fine food from an 18th century army camp kitchen?” Everyone was eagerly filling their plates with the meat, vegetables and bread set out for this special Thanksgiving dinner.

“Why not? This feast was prepared over an open fire, with period utensils, in the adversity of a torrential rain. Think what could be done on a sunny summer evening.” Everyone was silent as they enjoyed the excellent meal and considered what their mess group could prepare for the Iron Skillet Competition.

Capt Dave Putnam

Material Culture - 18th Century Checked Shirts

The KRR has recently relaxed its uniform clothing policy ever-so-slightly to permit the tiniest amount of self-expression. Where once we were absolutely rigid about allowing only white shirts on men in the ranks, we now recognize that military shirts in the 18th century were obtained from a variety of sources and that it is likely that Yorker soldiers also wore shirts made from checked fabric. For example, there is documentary evidence from the 1760s that Seven Years War soldiers in the New York Provincial Regiments were issued shirts from a number of

contractors, both in white and in checked fabric.

However, there are checks and there are checks. Before you rush out and express your *individualism* by making a checked shirt over the winter, keep in mind the following guidelines:

The fabric should be cotton or linen, preferably linen. Cotton was difficult to obtain during the Revolution, and even though America was a cotton producer, cotton fabric was technologically difficult to make and was rarely manufactured in the colonies. Raw cotton was shipped overseas from

America and processed into fabric, which was then exported back to the colonies; hence it was relatively expensive. Linen, which is derived from the flax plant, was easy to grow even in the northern colonies, and the processing of linen fibre and the weaving of linen fabric was a relatively common cottage industry in America in the 18th century. Modern checked linen fabric is not easy to find, so cotton is a reasonable substitute. Also, be aware that a lot of fabric in stores is called "linen" but is in fact synthetic - check the label carefully. Avoid synthetics (polyester, nylon,

rayon, etc). They don't breathe well and you will stink like a hog after a weekend in a synthetic shirt.

The check pattern should be woven into the fabric, not printed on it. In other words, the colour pattern in the fabric should be formed from coloured threads woven into it, not by printing with coloured dyes on blank fabric. Look closely at the cloth & examine it front & back before buying.

The checks should be fairly small - ideally about 1/4 inch in width & no

larger than 1/2 inch. Very large checks would have been used only for drapery & furniture fabric, not for clothing. You don't want to look like you're wearing a table cloth from an Italian restaurant. Also, complicated plaid patterns in multiple colours are a no-no for shirts. This would have been fairly expensive fabric to produce and would not have been wasted on a shirt. The pattern should be simple squares.

Remember that fabric in the 18th century was dyed with natural vegetable

dyes that were only available in a limited range of colours, usually blue, red, yellow, or brown. Colours like green or purple involved multiple dyes applied in a complicated multi-stage process which was time consuming and labour-intensive, and hence expensive. Also, very vivid colours like scarlet red were technically difficult to produce, so stick to patterns woven in a single muted "natural" colour.

Lt Eric Lorenzen

Site of Richard Duncan's Home is Preserved



In the February Issue of the Yorker Newsletter (2007-1) Shaun Wallace provided a report concerning his trip to Niskayuna, NY to support local efforts to preserve the site of Captain Richard Duncan's homestead. And the outcome is...

In a sharp rebuke for Niskayuna town officials, a state judge sided with activists on Monday, Sept. 17, and tossed out the hotly contested approval of a special-use permit for construction of a multi-million dollar shopping mall on the site of the historic Ingersoll Home for the Aged. The decision by state Supreme Court Judge Joseph Sise effectively sends Highland Development LLC back to the drawing board and requires them to complete a full-blown environmental impact study (EIS) before seeking a fresh round of permit

approvals for the controversial Stanford Crossings project proposed for the 12.5-acre site on the corner of Ballstown Road and State Street.

Central to the case was the judge's determination that the town board should have also considered the impact of building a replacement senior citizens home at 3359 Consaul Road when deciding whether to require developers to finish an environmental impact study. The judge also noted that Niskayuna's planning board had recommended completion of an EIS before the town board approved construction of the shopping mall.

"Accordingly, the petition is granted and the determination granting Highbridge a special-use permit with respect to the Stanford Crossings Project is annulled," Sise said in his eight-page decision.

Word traveled quickly throughout Niskayuna as activists learned that the case had gone their way.

"I am, of course, delighted with the outcome of this case," said Linda Champagne, president of the Friends of Stanford Home, the organization that led

the court fight against the town. "People from all over Niskayuna, and even the Capital District, offered us such wonderful support as we fought this battle to preserve this important historic and natural resource, and stand up against the excess commercialization of our town. People from all over were angry with the town board's decision to approve this project and they deserve great credit for coming together to support us in this struggle.

"And we have said all along, that this was a case of improper segmentation and that the town board should have considered the two projects as related. Judge Sise clearly agreed with us," said Champagne.

Lewis Oliver Jr., the Albany-based attorney for the Friends of Stanford Home, hailed Sise's ruling. "This is a victory for a small community group that fought to preserve a piece of history in their neighborhood against a developer with virtually unlimited financial resources and an arrogant town government that would not listen to its citizens," Oliver said.



Advice to the Officers, etc.

In the 18th century a number of helpful manuals were published by officers of the British Army, giving advice on all aspects of army life. Perhaps the best known was Cuthbertson's "System for the Complete Interior management and OEconomy of a Battalion of Infantry. In 1783 a tongue-in-cheek version of the How-To style manual was printed in London, entitled "Advice to the Officers of the British Army: With the Addition of some Hints to the Drummer and Private Soldier. In the following excerpt the anonymous author pokes fun at the soldier as he gives he give advice on a number of daily duties.

First then, take every method of getting into your captain's debt; and, when you are pretty handsomely on his books, turn out a volunteer for foreign service, or else desert; and after waiting for a proclamation, or an act of grace, surrender yourself to some other corps.

On duty, as soon as the corporal has posted you sentry, and left you, (if he has given himself the trouble of coming out with the relief) endeavour to accommodate yourself as conveniently as you can the health of every good soldier being of the utmost consequence to the service. For this purpose, if you have a sentry-box, get some stones, and make yourself a seat; or bore two large holes in the opposite sides, through which you may pass your stick, or for want of it, your firelock. Thus seated, in order that you may not fall asleep, which would be rather improper and dangerous for a sentry, sing or whistle some merry tune, as loud as possible: this will both

keep you awake, and convince people that you really are so.

In camp, where you cannot have the benefit of a box, as soon as you are posted, carefully ground your arms in some dry place, a good soldier being always careful of his arms; and wrapping yourself up in your watch-coat, sit or lie down in the lee of some officer's marquis; and, to pass the tedious hours away, whistle or sing, as before directed; and if ever you smoke, there cannot be a better time to take a pipe.

If you are sentinel at the tent of one of the field-officers you need not challenge in the fore part of the evening, for fear of disturbing his honour, who perhaps may be reading, writing, or entertaining company. But as soon as he is gone to bed, roar out every ten minutes at least, *Who comes there?* Though nobody is passing. This will give him a favourable idea of your alertness; and though his slumbers may be broken, yet will they be the more pleasing, when he finds that he reposes in perfect security. When the hour of relief approaches, keep constantly crying out, *Relief, relief!* It will prevent the guard from forgetting you, and prove that you are not asleep.

Perhaps it may be unnecessary to inform you, that in relieving you may go without your arms, and take the firelock from the man you relieve. By this contrivance none of the firelocks, but those of the sentries, will be wet, or out of order.

On a march, should you be one of the baggage guard, put your arms, knapsack,

and haversack on the wagon; and if they are lost, or your firelock broken, make out some story to your captain, who at all events must replace and repair them.

Should you, by accident, have pawned or sold your necessaries, feign sickness on the day they are reviewed, and borrow those of any soldier, whose company is not inspected. You may, in your turn, oblige him in the like manner; and, if this cannot be done, contrive to get confined for some trivial neglect, till the review is over.

If your comrade deserts, you may safely sell your whole kit, and charge him with having stolen it: should he be caught, and deny it, nobody will believe him.

If the duty runs hard, you may easily sham sick, by swallowing a quid of tobacco. Knock your elbow against the wall, or your tent-pole, and it will accelerate the circulation to the quickness of a fever. Quick lime and soap will give you a pair of sore legs, that would deceive the surgeon general himself: and the rheumatism is an admirable pretence, not easily discovered. If you should be sent to an hospital in London, contrive to draw money from the agent; it is your officer's business to look to the payment.

When you are really taken ill, slap your hat, let your hair hang down loose upon your shoulders, wear a dirty handkerchief about your neck, unhook your skirts, and ungaiter your stockings. These are all privileges of sickness.



Merry Christmas &
Happy New Year