

Royal



Yorkers

*With the latest Advices, Foreign and Domestick*

## REPORT FROM THE BATTLEFIELD AT QUEBEC

*Captain Allan Joyner provided Colonel Watt with a full report of the Regiments conduct during the defense of Quebec. This excerpt gives a description of the battle on Sunday.*

...At the noon hour, our provincial corps reformed and, with the Ranger Brigade leading, marched around the heights on the left of the field as the artillery moved to their over watch positions upon it.

The Rangers split into two wings with the Kings Rangers forming one, the other formed of Col Cameron and his troops, and immediately they drove a two pronged stick into the hornets nest on the heights. The KR crossed the base of the rebel hill and, wheeling, drove upward on a grassy slope on the extreme right of the field. Cameron rushed through the scrub and trees to the left and disappeared into a cloud of smoke and shot on the edge of the rebel grounds upon the heights.

Our brigade was to take the field near the base of the rebel hill to support the KR. While the action swirled round our brother corps, we officers discussed the good manners of rushing in too quickly lest we impart the notion that we lacked confidence in their abilities so we moved down deliberately and formed a column that could march across the base of the hill at an appropriate time.

I had Captain Hughes position our guns to cover our maneuvers. I advanced without the troops to the slope below the gunfire. Mr Sorenson eventually came down and convinced me that it was our time.

I waved to Captain Millard of the QR and our column marched across the base of the hill some 50 yards distant from it. With so many years of your efforts to thank for this moment it pains me to remember you missing the

sight of this column, probably some 50 yards in length as it moved solidly across to the beat of the Yorker drums. As the lead subdivision neared the edge of the field they wheeled to face the slope. The entire line wheeled up tightly and faced the rebel positions.

When the music finished a jaunty tune I deployed the lights of the QR and the Yorkers to screen their respective wings and called up Priapus and the Royal gun to support in enfilade from our left flank.

What a scene it was. The QR kneeling, the Yorker light bobs prone upon some small hummocks, every man in the brigade ready, linstocks poised on the guns. Sjt Lorenzen was beside himself with joy at this moment.

And then it began.

As the KR withdrew toward and to the right of us, the guns barked and the lights began a galling fire upon the formations of rebels as they appeared.

In good time our screen withdrew to their places in the line and we began firing with two massive volleys delivered into their oncoming lines. I must confess to having a great thrill at that moment, so much effort and preparation on the part of the NCOs and men finally bearing the King's fruit. We advanced up the slope firing in echelon from the right as the Rangers disappeared off to our left to join Cameron and the other Rangers. We reformed the line and after firing another crisp volley commenced firing and retiring in echelon to work our way back across the field toward the hidden red-

*(Continued on page 2)*



*The rebels marched through Old Quebec before their defeat by Crown Forces*

(Continued from page 1)

coats. From this point Sjt Major Moore showed the greatest enthusiasm and initiative in taking the various corps in the left wing under his. He was everywhere, anticipating and explaining orders, organizing movement and supervising firings by the wings of our brigade. There is not a finer NCO in any regiment we know.

On occasion I took the brigade and directed mass volleys into the rebels. The cheers from our men at each of these raised the hair on my neck. The gunners were tremendous. They



pushed and pulled Priapus wherever we went upon the field and added a heavy punch to our fire. Had they been winded at the start of the battle I doubt they would have been nearly as effective on our behalf.

The Ranger Brigade was being gradually pushed back to our left and up onto the lower slopes below the massed guns. They there ensconced themselves in light brush and fired heavily upon the rebels. Poor Cameron was nearly undone by the over enthusiasm of the Butler's contingent and it was only with his close friendship with Captain Patterson of that Corps that the Ranger Brigade maintained its composure.

The rebels numbers were greater than we had anticipated but we kept up sufficient fire to allow us to set our own pace as we withdrew. The massed crown guns opened a heavy fire and this greatly aided us.

Colonel Corbet approached with the Union Brigade and we repositioned our entire Provincial line brigade to the left of the now forming Crown Line.

The County had no room and waited to the rear.

As we pulled back the rebel line, faced with the threat on their right, refused to split their command and their line bent into a very large L. Their initiative was thus blunted and an unfortunate stalemate began to develop.

It became increasingly evident that a retirement on our Ranger flank would allow the rebels to commitment themselves more deeply into the field and I was dispatched to Col. Cameron and General Sorenson to relay instructions

for them to move back to a line level with our own. The gunners above them were gravely concerned that their fire might soon prove a danger to the Rangers in their immediate front and they were glad to hear that they were soon to be safely unmasked.

Back with my command, I withdrew them from the line to allow the County brigade to come fully into action...

I then asked the General to open a hole for one of my wings and the redcoats attempted to comply. Realizing that the gap was only wide enough for two sections I ordered the line to advance toward the opening by having each wing advance from their right by companies. Thus instructed (for the first time!) the officers and NCOs brilliantly formed the two columns and side by side they rolled up toward the line.

To the immense cheers of the redcoats, the Yorkers and their companions crashed through the line and the Rebels immediately crumbled. The redcoats fixed bayonets and commenced a charge that was to carry

them some 200 metres with the Doodles retiring in various states of confusion before them.

As the field widened on our left flank, section after section of our provincial line marched obliquely into the line and began advancing and firing in echelon from the right. What magnificent Sjts and Corporals. I cannot bring enough compliments for them and their abilities. The noise on the field has never been exceeded in my experience and although we officers were giving some instruction it was only through he understanding and the effort of our Sjts and Corporals that any of them were carried out once the battle commenced.

The Massachusetts light infantry units that had been opposing the Rangers on the hillside slowly retired on the rebels right flank. As we neared the bottom of the rebel's hill we found our line with nothing to its front while the redcoats drove the Continentals and the French up the grassy slope where we had begun our battle. Colonel Cameron emerged and urged me to quickly advance my brigade into the flank of the Massachusetts units opposing his men. The lights and QR were hurried around a small hillock to our front and they chased off the last of those fine blue coated light infantry.

We marched back to camp to the cheers of the local citizens and our Loyal Refugees.

General Sorenson addressed the Provincial Brigade and was effusive in his praise for the entire endeavour.

This concluded one of the most satisfying days the 1st Battalion has seen in some years. Wandering the lines shortly after I found all the men in the greatest of spirit and completely satisfied with our efforts in support to of His Majesty.

I trust this report addresses your curiosities on the events at Quebec. I assure you the men of the Royal Yorkers were beyond reproach and completely worthy of the high esteem in which you hold them.

I remain your humble and obedient servant,

Joyner, Captain  
OC Duncan's Coy  
KRRNY

## Adjutant Cameron's Report from Quebec

*Captain Cameron, in his role as Provincial Brigade Adjutant at Quebec, has sent in the following report. Now, before everyone starts preening their feathers like roosters on a dung heap, it must be remembered that Cameron is my son-in-law and he is hoping to inherit a substantial portion of my vast estate upon my demise, so he is prone to exaggerate the prowess of my regiment.*

*Himself*

Brigadier Gavin Watt,

On Sunday last, the Northern Bri-

gade, formed in two battalions and serving alongside the rest of the army, served with particular distinction on the Plains of Abraham below Quebec. I will not trouble you with a description of the action, as you will have had that from Captain Joyner. I only wished to express my satisfaction as Adjutant with the behaviour of every soldier in our Brigade, and to particularly compliment the King's Royal Regiment of New York for the dash and quality with which they developed the final attack of the day, advancing in two columns (albeit supported to

their rear by other elements of the Provincial Brigade and with their left flank secured by Butler's Rangers and the Company of Select Marksmen). The speed and elegance of the formation, the spirit of the men, and the execution of the whole was in keeping with the finest traditions of your corps. It equaled or exceeded anything of the kind I have seen in the field, impressing all who saw it with the quality of the Yorkers, and destroying or dispersing the rebel regiments unfortunate enough to lie in its path.

Your humble servant,  
Christian Cameron

## Sjt Lorenzen's Observations at Quebec

I don't mean to keep flogging this horse, but I think the event at Quebec once again showed the strengths of the KRRNY 1st Battalion. Remember, for every fiasco like Saratoga, there is a tactical gem like Quebec. We have a strong organization that works well when given the opportunity. For example:

We had a huge turnout that allowed us to deploy, on a smaller scale, all the elements of an 18th century battalion: grenadiers, light infantry, line infantry, supporting artillery. It all worked together seamlessly just like it is supposed to.

The chain of command worked very well, just like it is supposed to. The

field officers looked after the big strategic picture, while the regimental officers managed things at the regimental level and the NCOs controlled the platoons. This structure was in place for a reason in the 18th century - it works. I haven't been at a battle in a long time where there was so much noise, smoke and confusion at the platoon level. I found that I had to focus carefully on the commands coming from the company & regimental officers and make sure they were executed by my platoon - obviously the true function of an NCO. Officers can't worry about individual files of soldiers, and NCOs can't worry about the big picture.

Contrary to popular wisdom, being in the hat company was fun and challenging! Not everyone has to be doing light infantry skirmishing at an event to have a good time. When Duncan's Co. was on the field, we had to wheel from column into line, advance & retire in echelon, fire in various configurations, wheel into position, and operate as a cog in a giant machine. With all due respect to our "ranger" colleagues in the hobby, running around hiding behind bushes taking pot shots isn't much of a challenge - try moving a battalion of line infantry into position on an open field and advancing on an enemy while under small arm and artillery fire. Now THAT'S war. Furthermore, we looked GREAT. There's nothing like three platoons of soldiers in bicornes and long coats to get the tingles going.

Sjt. Eric Lorenzen  
Duncan's Coy



## Words of Praise from the Provincial Brigade Cmdr

Colonel Watt:

... When one is in the company of the best officer corps in the British Brigade it would be difficult not to succeed on the field.

My thanks to the officers and men of the KRR for showing, not only the Americans, but the red coats how a brigade is supposed to get things done.

Respectfully,  
Neil Sorenson  
King's Rangers

# Changes to Serjeants in Yorkers

After 20 years service in the Royal Yorkers, Todd Girdwood has decided to hang up his buckled shoes. Todd entered the Colonel's Coy, 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion in May 1983 and was one of the first to also complete for Crawford's Coy, 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion. After Dave Moore's retirement as 2<sup>nd</sup> battalion serjeant in 1988, Todd was parachuted into that role. Without any prior command experience, Todd had some tough going in the beginning, as so many of his company's loud-mouthed rankers held senior roles in the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion. When Jeff Paine was promoted to Captain-commandant in 1993, the pair of them quickly put their personal stamp on the unit. Crawford's had worked as light infantry since its founding, and Todd & Jeff decided to

disband the company and take on the role of Capt George Singleton's Light Infantry Company in 1998. Todd grew to be one of the best light infantry serjeants in the hobby and was very popular with his troops. Cpl David Gutteridge promoted to serjeant vice Girdwood retired.

Dave joined the Colonel's Coy, 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion in 1982. He was one of the first members of Crawford's Coy and was promoted to corporal in 1995. Two years later, Dave also became a corporal in the Major's Coy, 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion and he retains that rank in Duncan's Coy. His experience in handling troops is extensive and he has earned a well-deserved reputation for tactical aggression and proficiency.

This past August 1<sup>st</sup> at Quebec, Serjeant Chris Doedens of Capt Stephen Watts' 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion Light Infantry Company retired from the Royal Yorkers. Chris came to the regiment from the Queen's Rangers in May, 2000 and very quickly made an impact. As he had extensive experience as an NCO in the 1<sup>st</sup> Americans, he was promoted to corporal in November, 2000 and then to serjeant in July, 2001. As many will recall, the seven years prior to Chris's arrival in the Yorkers were ones of extreme turmoil in the Lights. At the same time that Chris was promoted to serjeant, Steve Sandford joined the company as 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant, and together, they effectively rebuilt the unit from the ground up. Chris's efforts and energies were legion and his presence in the regiment will be sorely missed.

LtCol Gavin Watt

## 2003 Gray Cup Winner

The Major James Gray Cup is a trophy presented to the regiment by SjtMjr David Moore. The Cup is awarded annually to an individual who epitomizes his role as a soldier by his deportment, drill, attitude and attendance. The award can be given to two radically different types of soldiers – the good and the naughty. Some examples of good soldiers who have won the award are Major James and Drummer Putnam. Two examples of nasty defaulters who have been acknowledged are Grenadier Arnett and Pte McGeachie. A word to those budding defaulters who are out to win this prestigious award – only individuals who are capable of separating naughty behaviour from regimental efficiency are candidates. Any fellow who can't perform like an efficient soldier on formal

### KNAPSACKS



parade and in tactical operations won't be considered.

This year's winner is in the good soldier category. Grenadier Chris Stephenson joined the Royal Yorkers in 1998 and quickly assembled every possible piece of kit to complete a detailed representation of a proper 18C soldier. Chris knows his drill backwards and is always a willing participant for tough duties. If there is any failure to note in Chris's Yorker career, it's been his attempt to convert the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion to wearing knapsacks. His masochistic and noble example has been quietly ignored, as the rest of us lazy b.....ers are willing to accept that knapsacks were laid aside at the very first opportunity.

Chris, congratulations from the regiment for this wee bit of peer recognition.

The Colonel

## Sir Colpoys Johnson

*The London Times Who's Who has added a new item to Sir Colpoys Johnson's list of credentials.*

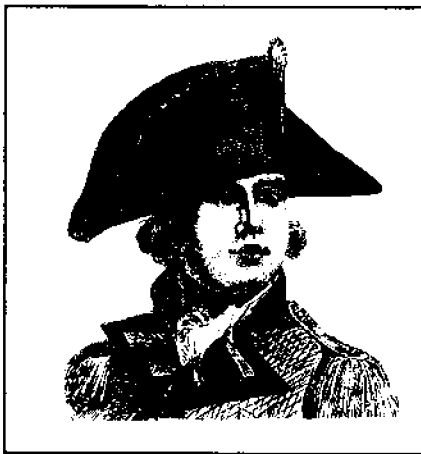
JOHNSON, Sir Colpoys (Guy), (Matt), 8th Bt cr 1755, of New York in North America; Director, Gladstone Public Relations Ltd, since 2002; b 13 Nov. 1965; s of Sir Peter Colpoys Paley Johnson, 7th Bt and his 1st wife, Clare (née Bruce); S father, 2003; m 1990, Marie-Louise, d of John Holroyd; three s. Educ: Winchester; King's Coll., London (BA Hons); Henley Mgt Coll. (MBA). Midland Bank plc, 1988-90; HSBC Capital Markets, 1990-98; Eurospend.com Ltd, 1999-2001. **Hon. Col Comdt, King's Royal Yorkers, Canada.** FRGS. Recreations: yacht racing, fly fishing. Heir: s Colpoys William Johnson, b 28 Dec. 1993.

# That Outburst of Monarchist Fervour

In the opinion of Colonel Watt and Major James, the shouting of "God Save the King" that has become so fashionable with a number of reenactment units when they are dismissed is at best anachronistic and at worst quite ridiculous. Our contention is that this custom is an incorrect expression of 18C military life.

Of course, when required, the original troops offered three resounding British cheers under the direction of their officers to mark some important event, such as a victory, or the timely arrival of reinforcements, or a special occasion such as a birth or ceremony. The volume and preciseness of the cheers demonstrated high morale and conviction and, when delivered before the enemy, were intended to be intimidating. The use of these cheers can be documented; however, a spontaneous outburst of monarchist fervour by the rankers on dismissal seems highly questionable and far more typical of the 19<sup>th</sup> century when the concept of Empire and Empress took solid hold in the minds of Britons and their colonists.

Stephen Brumwell, the author of "Redcoats - The British Soldier and War in the Americas, 1755-1763," notes, "whilst individual redcoats



*A young King George III*

might voice a conventional loyalty to their monarch... there is little evidence to suggest that the rank and file of [the British Army in America] were driven by any deeper sense of patriotism. Even those rare 'patriotic' statements that survive must be interpreted with caution... The notable absence of patriotic sentiments among the rank and file in America warns against exaggerating the influence of 'King and Country' upon the ordinary redcoat's morale and behaviour."

To be sure, Brumwell's observations relate to the earlier war, and it's tempting to think that outbursts of such zeal would be more likely during

a rebellion; however, the Seven Years War was fought against the French, Britain's ancient, detested enemy and a foe far more likely to illicit eruptions of fervent expression.

The shouting of 'God Save the King' by recreated units has the sad appearance of trying hard to look more British. Reg and I view the practice as farcical and more characteristic of the modern American military than Revolutionary War British - a questionable model on which to base our interpretation.

It reminds me so much of watching a company of New York university officer candidates being dismissed during the VietNam war after a dressing down by their instructors. One supposes they needed to restore their morale after the mauling our organization had given them the night before. To our amusement, they shouted at the top of their lungs, "Jumpin' Blue Blazes." When the Cong heard the echo in Hanoi, I bet they just shook in their boots.

We are sure that a handful of Yorkers think this dismissal shouting is 'really neat and red hot,' however, your senior officers don't believe that Royal Yorker morale needs this kind of crutch and we wish this rather tacky practice to cease.

LtCol Gavin Watt

## An Unexpected Discharge

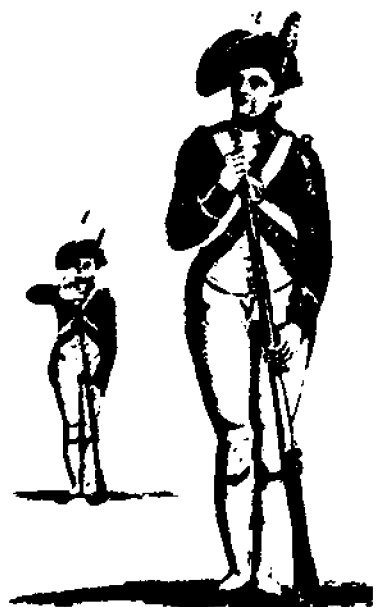
The Northern Brigade was well into its tactical demonstration following the Colours Dedication. The combined Brigade delivered a resounding volley, and then, as each man busied himself with the reloading of his musket, a single shot was heard. Moments later a musketeer fell out of the ranks, his right hand burned and the hair on his face singed. His musket had discharged as the powder from the second cartridge was being poured down the muzzle.

The debate over what happened went on for several days after the event. This was the third time in anyone's memory that this had happened following the first discharge of a musket.

The process of determining the cause began with determining what **did not** happen.

1. The musket did not go off at the half or full cock. It was at the half cock after the accidental discharge took place.
2. It was not a hang fire. Consider the amount of time that had passed as the musket was cast about, a cartridge drawn and the contents poured into the barrel.
3. It was not due to heat from the barrel. After all, it had only been discharged once.
4. Could it have been excess oil in the bottom of the barrel that ig-

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*9<sup>th</sup> Load Cartridge*

nited and continued to burn after the first discharge. By all accounts the musket was clean, and only a minimal amount of oil had been used in the cleaning process one week before.

5. Could a piece of burning paper have entered the barrel during the first firing. Of course the cartridge paper was not put down the barrel on the first loading. It is very unlikely that burning paper

could have been the cause. Well, what was the cause? It would appear that there was some source of ignition inside the barrel when the powder was poured down the muzzle. Could it have been a bit of lint from a cleaning rag, or a piece of oil soaked steel wool, or some other foreign object that accidentally ended up in the musket. We will probably never know for sure, but it does highlight the importance of constant vigilance when handling a flintlock. As a safety sug-

gestion, *double check before going onto parade that the barrel is clear of any loose material that could burn during the loading process.*

Thankfully the musket was held in the correct loading position, with the muzzle pointing up and to the front-right, away from musketeer and those around him. You are reminded that the Yorkers have a standardized loading drill, and that the muzzle should never be pointed to the rear or moved in such a way that it could pass by another person beside you.

## The Golden Age of Quackery

The eighteenth century was a period awash with medical practitioners of all colours and stripes. The most basic medical needs were usually met by a neighbour or friend with an interest in helping others. Every village boasted of its own 'nurse' or wise woman, who was knowledgeable in the use of herbs or in mid-wifery. Every village might also have had a bone-setter or tooth extractor, someone who had acquired, through imitation, the necessary skills to perform these simple procedures without formal training. Finally, the lord and lady of the manor would also have practiced medicine as it was their Christian duty to care for the well being of their tenants. The motives of all of these members of society were laudable and of the highest order. It is easy to understand that most medical issues of the day were dealt with by utilizing local resources.

Larger towns might boast of an apothecary or occasionally be visited by an itinerant doctor. These doctors were specialists in some form of medical practice like 'couching for cataracts', or perhaps even 'cutting for the stone'. These qualified doctors were mobile and traveled a great deal in an effort to support their practice, at a time when small populations could not afford such a specialist.

Popular feeling of the day held that an individual was responsible for one's own good health. Initially, this philosophy must have developed as a result of the scarcity of trained medical doctors in rural areas, and the

population's underlying suspicion of doctors when they were available for consultation. Add to this an easily acquired home library of medical self-help books and pamphlets, coupled with the huge variety of universally available patent medications, and good health was only a single teaspoon away.

On the other hand, there existed many who claimed a special set of medical skills where none at all existed. These fraudulent medical practitioners were not confined to rural medical settings, but enjoyed a thriving practice in cities as well. In the print 'The Undertakers Arms or Consulting with Physicians' William Hogarth caricatures three of the most notable 'irregular' doctors of the day.

The first was Sally Mapp, also known as 'Crazy Sally'. At this time, it was believed that medical skills could be inherited. And so it was that Sally inherited her father's skills as a bone-setter. After considerable local success either through skill or luck, she set up a practice in a coffee house and began her consultations. It was claimed that her repertoire of treatments included straightening backs and lengthening legs. However, after a failed marriage, Sally turned to the bottle for consolation and died in poverty.

The second character portrayed in the print was Chevalier Taylor, a trained eye surgeon, who loved to dress in a theatrical black suit with a long, flowing wig. His main tactic when challenged on his medical tech-

nique was to respond in a Latin sounding language, which only he understood, called 'pure Ciceronian'. His contemporaries described him as "the most ignorant of men."

The classic archetype of a medical fraud artist had to be the untrained and uneducated Joshua 'Spot' Ward. Rising from humble beginnings, Ward traveled the road to riches through an unbelievable combination of fortuitous circumstances and good luck. Generally, medical frauds of the day boasted of one particular skill or treatment that would set them apart from other doctors. Ward claimed to possess not one, but two secret formulae which enabled him to cure every imaginable ailment. His secret was a simple mixture of antimony and wine. He then resorted to extravagant advertising and coffee house 'puffers' to promote his wares. Before long, Ward became the toast of the town and was successful in his campaign to be called upon to treat the King. Fame and fortune fell into his lap when he cured the King of a painfully sprained thumb. He then used this Royal episode as leverage, and sold to the Royal Navy a large quantity of his ineffective pills and drops.

Royal Yorkers will undoubtedly be relieved to learn that their brigade surgeon will not resort to any sort of unproven powders, pills or magical elixirs as the remedy for their ailments. Instead, the Brigade hospital will continue to provide excellent health care based upon modern eighteenth century methods and medical theory prescribed by the ancient Greeks.

Mr.B Barclay-Fynche, Brig Surgeon

# G-G-G Granddaughter Honours Yorker Ancestor

On Saturday August 7, 2004 the Camerons of Glengarry County were celebrating one of their own. Mabel Maclean (80 years young) the great-great-great granddaughter of John Cameron (KRRNY) was always troubled by the fact that her ancestor's grave marker had gone missing. That was set right on Saturday when a new marker was unveiled to a cheering crowd of 80 descendents and well wishers. I was requested to attend the ceremony by Mabel Maclean and I took part on behalf of the Canadian Museum of Applied Military History, King's Royal Regiment of New York. Mabel wanted a "Royal Yorker" to be present so that the descendents of John Cameron could get a sense and feel for his regiment. The first part of the ceremony took place inside historic Salem United Church, located next to the cemetery.

John Cameron was born in Scotland in 1727 and immigrated to America as a young man. On March 6, 1777 he was declared an enemy of liberty, and his property was seized and sold by the

State Commission of Sequestration. An ardent Tory, he joined the group that was led by Alexander McDonell Aberchelder on the trek north to Montreal. They arrived in Montreal on May 6, 1777. In all, 82 men made this trip north, and 72 joined the King's cause.

John Cameron at age 50 joined the King's Royal Regiment New York on May 6, 1777. From 1777 to 1781 he served as a private in Captain Alexander McDonell's Company in the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion. He then served as a private in Captain Angus McDonell's Company from 1781-83.

Cameron took up his land grant in Royal Township No. 1 (now Summerstown, Glengarry County) in 1784. John died in 1803 and was buried in the Salem cemetery.

During the ceremony I spoke on behalf of the regiment, acknowledging the conviction and loyalty of these men at a time when a man's word was his bond and his allegiance was not up for bid. I mentioned how we the members of the re-created King's Royal Regi-

ment of New York try to emulate these values.

When the service inside the Church was finished we gathered outside for the unveiling. Shawn White, Piper for the SDG Highlanders, piped through this portion of the ceremony. When he had finished Mabel surprised me with the announcement that there were other members of the KRRNY buried in the same cemetery. She had a Loyalist Flag in her hand for each. Mabel led the way and I tried my best to keep up. As we came to each of the markers I presented arms as the piper played, and a flag was placed in front of each stone. The other Royal Yorkers that we honoured that day were Captain John McKenzie, John Murchison, Cpl Jacob Summers, Pte William Rose, Pte Donald McLean, and Pte John Grant.

I had gone to the ceremony with cartridges, and after checking with all those present, I fired a round for each of the men we had honoured that day.

Shaun Wallace  
Duncan's Coy

## Rank Distinctions in the Continental Army

The majority of Royal Yorkers have a reasonable understanding of rank distinctions within the Crown Forces. For example, if we see a fellow with white tape around his buttons and a crimson sash with a central band of colour roughly matching his coat's facings around his waist, we all know he must be a Serjeant. Of course, some guys only wear the bi-coloured sash. Either they're holding-off adding the tape, 'cause it's such a pain to sew on, or they're in the role of a Lance Serjeant, i.e. a serjeant in training. Whatever the case, we recognize the sash and we know the rank. Similarly, if we see a man with a white knot, or a simple, white tape epaulette on his right shoulder, we can be sure he's a Corporal.

Most members recognize that differentiating between commissioned officer ranks is another problem altogether. A chap wearing a single silver



or gold epaulette on his right shoulder and wearing a crimson sash around his waist, or sometimes over his shoulder, must be a commissioned officer, but whether he's of the lowest commissioned rank - an Ensign - or he's a Colonel is just something that you have to get to know. That's the way it was in the 18th century when the world was a smaller place with remarkably fewer faces to recognize. Yet, it must have been hell matching new faces to their correct ranks when you were sent on a different posting. For a time, it would be like walking on eggs.

Also, it's at first difficult to grasp that officers who wear fancy silver or gold epaulettes on both shoulders don't automatically outrank all those with just the one epaulette. It takes some experience to know that the second epaulette simply indicates that the man is, or has been, the officer of a flank company - Grenadiers, Light

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Infantry or Rangers. While he might look very fancy and strut about like the world's his oyster, he may only be a 2nd Lieutenant (flank coys don't have Ensigns) and he certainly doesn't outrank that crotchety, superannuated guy over there with the bulging belly and the single epaulette.

When officers are on duty, they're supposed to be wearing a gorget at their throat suspended by a pair of facing-colour, ribbon rosettes. Also, they should be carrying a sword, and if they're infantrymen, a gold and crimson sword knot should hang from the sword's hilt.

Of course, particularly with officers, there are always exceptions. There are guys like Captain Cameron, a veritable chameleon, who dances in and out of uniforms like Superman and the phone booth. And, there are always new or

impecunious officers who have not yet obtained all of their very expensive, proper rank distinctions. And, there are sometimes acting officers who, after playing the role for the weekend, will return to the refuge of the ranks.

Officers like Mr. Cameron have two or more impressions - a glittering one for ceremonial events and a subdued one for field operations. Often, the latter style of impression has only subtle rank distinctions that aren't easy to spot, so when you're a junior officer or an NCO, field-impression officers, whom you don't personally recognize, can be most disturbing to encounter in the heat of action. They shout commands and demand reactions while you're still mulling over whether they have any "authority" or not.

All that said, rank distinctions in the

Crown Forces were uncomplicated in comparison to the fledgling American Army. The following website provides superb details of the many, many variations.

<http://www2.powercom.net/~rokats/armyhome.html>

You'll note that rank insignia changed several times during the war. Therefore, reenactment units that are clothed for the early war wear insignia from that period and visa-versa. At an event like Newtown, where American units from several umbrella organizations came together, we encountered a bewildering array of both NCO and Officer rank insignias.

Nonetheless, I am fully prepared to take my usual position on this visual cacophony. *They're all rebel bastards and it doesn't matter a damn.*

Himself

## Renown Yorker Still In Touch

*John Houlding is the author of the renowned "Fit for Service: The Training of the British Army 1715-1795."*

*As you will see in his message, he has another work in progress. John was the 67th male member of the recreated KRR NY. His first event in the Colonel's Company was on May 1, 1981. Syl Haase's first appearance was seventeen days later, which may explain John's comment.*

*If I remember correctly, his book was his doctoral thesis at Oxford University and had not been published at the time of his joining, but the manuscript was complete and in the hands of the editors. After the launch, John mentioned that he wished he'd experienced serving in the line while he was still writing, as he had become aware of so many details that could only come with actual experience. Several months after the book was launched, John was honoured with a very prestigious British award and was flown all over the UK to deliver addresses.*

*His time in the Yorkers was relatively short. Somewhere, he had met a German girl and he moved there to get married and take up residence.*

*"Fit for Service" has stood the test of time and remains the foremost*

*study on British Army training during our time period. It was republished in 2000 and sells through the Book Search sites at about \$40.00 USF.*

Dear Gavin,

Really nice to hear from you! I've just now come off a very enjoyable hour of looking through the Yorkers website -- where I've often called in by the way, though never to see so many "historic" pictures, let alone the outstanding snaps of the new colours -- and memories were stirred by many of the faces.

Ens. John Moore, by Gawd; a much-altered Sgt-Maj Moore, a veritable coxcomb in his silvery lace; a Chaplain, for heaven's sake (have the Yorkers got religion at last?); a Light Coy that looks splendidly the part; and a group of ladies and children that put all the rest to shame. Great things, these digital cams, eh. Would that we'd had them in the olden days. I'm very pleased to see that the regiment is soldiering on at least as handsomely as of yore. The new colours are beautiful; the silk looks a bit heavier than in the old pair, and the red and blue look much richer. I especially liked the photo of the new colours laid on the

drums. I remember Al flourishing the old, as Lorna narrated the proceedings -- but oh, can that have been so long ago as 1982. I've been over here near Nürnberg for some years, making a large database of the commission histories of all the officers of the regular army (not "True Provincial Spirit", I admit) and Marines, from 1735 to 1793. I'll think it a thing complete when able at last to add c.1726-35, a final gasp that requires a trip to the Belfast PRO. This began as part of the research for a book on the British army officer of c.1735-93, something that might see the light of day in a couple years' time. I was at home a couple years ago when, chancing to look up from my glass while sitting on a stool at the bar in the (Mk.II) Oban Inn, I was startled (though perhaps into anything but sobriety) to find, gazing down upon me from a picture frame on the wall, the weathered brow and grizzled form of the Capt-Lt of the KRRNY's.

How sad that Syl Haase has died.

With best wishes,  
John

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