



THE CONTINENTAL SOLDIER

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SPEAK UP!

Welcome to the Summer issue of The Soldier! There have been a few updates based on feedback I received, the most apparent being a larger sized font. I appreciate hearing your feedback!

Often I hear comments about the newsletter passed to me second- or third- hand. I encourage anyone with something to say to reach out directly to me (or my successor next year) at editor@continentalline.org and share your thoughts.

Respectfully,

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CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Greetings to all Continental Line members:

We are just about finished with the 2007 reenacting season, at least for us in the north where fall is rapidly coming upon us. My annual trek through western Massachusetts and Vermont to Fort Ticonderoga in New York saw the trees already ahead of schedule, with the leaves turning red and yellow. Looking back over the summer, I want to thank all the event sponsors and planners for making this a great season. Bordontown, one of the two Continental Line sponsored events, was from my standpoint fantastic, very well organized and very well run. Now if you could only control that heat – we in MA aren't used to that kind of weather until late July!

The other Continental Line event is coming up on very soon on the historic grounds of Mount Vernon. On September 29-30, the Line will be celebrating our 20th anniversary (<http://20th.continentalline.org/>) with approximately 50 military units and up to 1200 Continental Line members participating. The weekend will include military demonstrations, including musket firing, artillery firing, tacticals, and living history scenarios. Hats off to all the organizers especially Chip Gnam and Jim Garner of the First Virginia Regiment, without all your help and dedication this celebration would never have gotten off the ground.

In addition to celebrating our past history, I need to bring up some of our concerns regarding our "future" – first and foremost is SAFETY. As I stated in the previous *CL Soldier*, I announced the formation of Safety Committees to hopefully provide consensus regarding safety rules of the Line, British Brigade, and Brigade of the American Revolution. As expected, this will be a very slow-going process and may in fact take several years for us to come to an overall agreement. At this time however Jim Garner, a member of the Rifle Safety Committee, has requested that all muskets and rifles firing at a Line event be equipped with flash guards. I am requesting that this be voted on in our next annual meeting. Members of the Line on the Boat Safety Committee are working on rules regulations regarding the use of boats during reenactments. They will be providing an article for the next *CL Soldier*.

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CHAIRMAN'S REPORT, *CONTINUED*

And finally, I need to remind all Department Heads and applicant sponsors of the requirements for bringing new units into the CL. An active member unit must sponsor all new applicants and the applicant must attend at least one (preferably more), CL sanctioned event. For that applicant unit to become a full member of the Line, a representative from that unit **MUST** be in attendance at the Annual (National) Meeting along with the sponsoring unit. If a representative is not present at this meeting, the unit will be dropped as an applicant to membership status and must reapply as a new applicant the following year. To assist the Department Heads through this process, the Adjutant (Sam Ricco) will send out notification as to the requirements for becoming a new applicant or applicant to full membership. Thirty (30) days prior to the meeting, I am going to require that all Applicant Member have all the necessary paperwork such as history of the unit, insurance, and censuses to the Adjutant. If all the paperwork has not been received, their applicant status will not be brought up to a vote.

Again I want to thank Matt for a job well done as editor of this newsletter. Any thoughts, ideas on potential articles or upcoming events, please submit them to him at mschickling@hotmail.com. Any other questions or concerns, please contact your Department Coordinator or myself at cap-tuta@verizon.net

See you all at Mount Vernon
Yours in the hobby,

John Taber
Continental Line Chairman

ADJUTANT'S REPORT

Ladies & Gentlemen of the Line,

On the event side of the Continental Line, I am glad that the Battle of Bordentown event was a complete success. This event really showed what the British Brigade and our organization can really do. I just hope this leads to future collaboration on the level that we had for this event and that we had in the past.

On the business side of the organization, units are slipping again with getting the needed insurance coversheet paperwork into their Coordinator's and eventually to me. Unfortunately, I am still missing many units' information. Please forward this paperwork ASAP. As a reminder, as soon as you get your new insurance paperwork the CL needs it as well, whenever that is during the year.

Thank you,
Sam Ricco
Adjutant, The Continental Line, Inc.

NORTHERN DEPARTMENT REPORT

There are many emails that come my way from the Continental Line web site. Most of them have to do with folks asking the usual questions about how to become a reenactor in their town, region or state. With that in mind, I hope I've been able to steer folks in your direction over the past two years.

One recent request, however, was different from the rest. I was contacted by an individual from Louisiana who had in his possession a telescope, or a spyglass as he called it. The markings on the scope showed two names, the first being J K Smith and the other being F Luchini. Now, if J K Smith was Captain John Kilby Smith of the 13th Massachusetts Regiment, there is lots of information out there about Smith. After the Revolution, Smith was a businessman and property owner on the waterfront in the greater Portland, Maine area. He was also an Inspector General in Maine, and for one week the "acting" Secretary of War for President James Madison. The individual who contacted me wanted to know if there was any portrait of John Kilby Smith known of, but to date none has been identified that we know of.

As for who F Luchini was, that was the other question posed to me. For now, the identity of this person is a mystery. A Google search revealed several references to the name, but all but one led to current individuals, especially one Italian actor. The other one, while intriguing, came to a dead end of sorts. It referenced an old BAR web page that had both the names of Smith and Luchini together. Clicking on the page, however, became an ad for spyware and later a garbled essay that was impossible to follow. What intrigued me, however, was that there was a reference to smuggling in the short Google blurb. So, if anyone has old BAR publications, perhaps you can make the connection and get back to me at the email address below.

To complete this story, however, the reason I was contacted by the individual from Louisiana was that he had a July 14th appointment with Wes Cowan at the Antiques Roadshow in Texas. He wanted to know all he could about the telescope before his appointment with Mr. Cowan. While no new information was made available in time for the appointment. Still, if anyone can help, this is exactly the type of service I believe we, as members of the Continental Line, should be available for. I'd like to thank Al Soucey (13th Continentals) and Dana Twiss (White's Company, 11th Massachusetts Regiment) for assisting in this search. Dana was most helpful in that he had just finished cataloging a collection of telescopes for the Maine State Historical Society and he had access to many original documents. Still we have no portrait of John Kilby Smith and we have no information on who F Luchini was. We'll have to wait and see if my contact person makes it on TV at the Antiques Roadshow, and perhaps Wes Cowan will have more information for us.

I'm working on the details of the next Northern Department meeting to once again be held at the Springfield Armory. The date and details will be sent out to the unit contact persons as soon as they are available. We will be electing a new Coordinator for the next two years. Nominations are being accepted now and will be from the floor at the meeting. If anyone has an agenda item they would like on the schedule, please let me know at: richardson1nh@verizon.net.

Respectfully submitted by,
Mark Richardson – Northern Department Coordinator

MID-ATLANTIC DEPARTMENT REPORT

Sadly, the annual Battle of Bound Brook Nj. In April was canceled due to severe flooding in the heart of town. This event is usually the season kick off for many units of the Dept. I am sure the town has recovered and will look forward to 2008.

Funny how things can change in a week. When we marched into Jerusalem Mills, MD. On May 5th & 6th the weather was warm but promising. This MAD supported event was a success due to the site and the organizers planning. Tom Vogeley of the 1st New Jersey and Jim McGaughey of HM Marines (British Brigade) laid out a great battle scenario using the full resources of the site. One minute you were engaging an unseen enemy in a thick wooded area and the next you were pushing into an open field facing unknown opposing forces. This situation placed you in what had to be about as close to the real uncertainty of a mixed terrain battle you will find. Both days fighting had you wondering who, what, where & when. This type of engagement is what breaks up the usual line-to-line shoot out and puts a fresh face on what we do. I'm looking forward to another visit in 08' and the possibility of a full CL/BB event in 09'. Our thanks to the staff & supporters of the site for allowing us to enjoy their excellent hospitality.

June 23/24 saw us at Monmouth Battlefield State Park in NJ. The most noticeable thing about this annual event this year was the weather. Monmouth is known to be a warm event but a steady breeze and unusually cool temperatures were much welcomed. Paul Hutchins and the 2nd New Jersey ran a good show as always as did the park staff and supporters. Even when a main electric cable broke and the park was without its facilities, alternate plans for our comfort and safety were quickly put in place.

Next year will be a much larger Continental Line show with the dates being moved to the 21st & 22nd of June to eliminate conflict with the British event at Colonial Williamsburg.

Future MAD dates to look forward to are:

September 8/9 – The Battle of Brandywine PA. September 29/30 - The Continental Line 20th Anniversary at Mt. Vernon VA.

October 6 – The Battle of Germantown, PA.

October 14 – Assault on Fort Mercer, NJ.

October 20/21 – Rockford Plantation, Lancaster Pa. Hosted by the 1st Nj. Regt.

November 3/4 – Hope Lodge, PA.

November 10/11 – Fort Mifflin, PA. (Mid Atlantic Dept. meeting on 11-11 at 11:00)

December 8 – Mount Holly, NJ. / Iron Works Hill

December 29 – The Battle of Trenton, NJ.

(* Indicates event is sanctioned by the Mid-Atlantic Dept.)

Jim Stinson
Coordinator

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT REPORT

Greetings and Salutations!

The second quarter of 2007 has found the Southern Department supporting myriad events, to include Guilford Courthouse in Greensboro, NC, the Hornet's Nest in Charlotte, NC, and Drummers Call in Williamsburg, VA. Elements of the Southern Department supported the event at Jerusalem Mill, MD, and a large contingent made it to New Jersey for the Continental Line event at Bordentown. Bordentown was a unique experience, in that *les soldats du Roi* were happily amalgamated (at least for us!) with Southern Department troops and a new phrase was coined for posterity: *Vive le Roi, y'all!* And the Southern Department, represented by members of the IISC, 2NC, and First Maryland, comprised the insurgency at this year's Under the Redcoat event at Williamsburg.

One or two issues have surfaced over the past few months that have caused a bit of consternation throughout the department and should be mentioned here. The first of these involves loud noise and partying in the tent line at night. We all enjoy getting together at events and socializing; it's one of the best parts of a reenactment. However, I would suggest that the tent line between midnight and 2:00 a.m. is hardly the best place to do it. Please show some consideration for those with children, or who want a good night's sleep, by taking the party to the kitchen fly/brush arbor or another more appropriate location.

The second issue which has been brought to my attention is that of the horse mounted units riding through the camp areas and leaving certain – shall we say reminders? – of their presence. Horses are great, and they add a lot to events, but please show some consideration and keep them out of camp!

One administrative note: Please remember to forward me a copy of the cover sheet on your unit insurance when you renew the policy!

Your most humble, but only slightly obedient servant,
Anne Henninger
Southern Department Coordinator

BORDENTOWN, NJ—JUNE 9TH & 10TH

JIM STINSON

MID-ATLANTIC DEPARTMENT COORDINATOR

BRIGADE MAJOR—CONTINENTAL FORCES AT BORDENTOWN

Carl Szathmary, The 3rd PA. Light Infantry and the City of Bordentown pulled off what has been ranked by many to be in the top three reenactments of all time. The site and logistics were well set up, as was the continental camp, which was laid out in a slightly different manner by George Radecsky.

Things started out a little disorganized due to some misinterpretation of orders on Saturday morning but once that kink was pulled out we didn't look back. A false camp alert (I think it was started by a British drummer) on Saturday only proved that the Continental Line could respond into formation quickly and in good order. (Even though it turned out to be a false alarm, it was a good indicator for what would happen on Sunday morning) Saturday's battle saw the Continentals under attack from two directions and responding directly from camp. Artillery was at the front with more iron and brass on the field than in most scrap yards. Two battalions were brought up to support the guns and took over the ground turning the enemy towards a long tree line and their eventual demise. The southern boys along with the French and lights took care of ambushing the red coats in the woods at the redoubt while another one of our battalions firmly held the ground long enough for a smooth escape back to the main line and the other half of the army. Our forces, being rejoined on the main field, faced a mass bayonet charge by the British but responded with a devastating volley from musket, rifle & cannon. The long red line fell in droves and was pushed back to the main road and defeat.

Saturday evening turned to music and dance in the rock grotto. This is one of those places you only see in travel magazines but we had it live at Bordentown. Our thanks to Rich Cuneo of Doughty's Artillery for calling the dance and enlisting the talented musicians. Also thanks to Ann Stinson of Proctor's Artillery for setting out the dessert tables in the marquee for all who attended the entertainment.

Sunday started out with the usual routine but got into high gear real quick. There was a planned woods skirmish between some of our rifles and Brit lights taking place behind the Continental command tents. Both armies knew this and I had just informed the commanders to ignore the spattering of fire in that direction. We (Brigade Officers) had just sat down to a meeting when it started, but not long afterwards the rifle and musket popping was drowned out by cannon fire on a back road into our camp. On investigating the situation it was found that the British had placed a light infantry company and a gun directly at the head of the road and was firing on our position. The small American party was soon out numbered and was in need of help. We took command of the response by pulling some of our light infantry out of the camp kitchen area and assigned them to push the gun

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off. What they ran into was more Brit infantry and another gun coming into the action from their camp. The next step was to alert two more of our companies that were drilling on the main field and rush them into service. Herb Puckett (in his words) 'Grabbed what I could find' and threw men into the fight which had started to spill over into our camp perimeter. Before long both camps were beating the alarm and it came close to a full engagement when the British started to run out of ammunition and retired to their camp. What was supposed to be a skirmish between foraging parties ended up engaging two continental cannon, several companies of rifles, lights & regulars, mounted and dismounted dragoons and confusion all over the camps. Not bad for a Sunday morning I say.

The Sunday battle closely followed that of Saturday with the fortunes of war reversed. The British had forced the Continentals into their plight of the day before but not until a stiff fight had been had. Our boys forced the red coat positions in the redoubt to retire back to their main line in the open field but that is where they are the most dangerous. Our brigade formation moved forward at the bayonet and was cut down in grand fashion by the crown forces. What we had gained the day before all came to naught as the King's Men took the field.

With both armies reformed into battalions we marched off the field rendering honors to the commanders of each force with the Southern Battalion carrying their campaign camp with them, departing for home directly from the column.

And so ended the Battle of Bordentown, fond memories for a lifetime.

VON HEER'S PROVOST CORPS MARECHAUSSÉ: THE ARMY'S MILITARY POLICE AN ALL PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN UNIT

DAVID L. VALUSKA, PH.D.

In July of 1776, as General George Washington rode into the camps of the fledgling American army he was struck by the lack of military discipline. He quickly discovered that few gave orders and few obeyed. The militia men paid little heed to their officers and the camps had little semblance of order.

Some of the enduring problems were desertion, drunkenness, marauding, rioting, and straggling. The army was also plagued by unscrupulous and unlicensed suttlers, as well as undesirable women who had filtered in among the much needed legitimate camp followers. The problem of spies infiltrating the ranks was a constant source of irritation. There was also the question of handling and punishing soldiers guilty of a breach of military conduct or British prisoners captured in the course of battle.

Washington used the British model to meet his needs and on his staff officers he had: A Quartermaster General, Adjutant General, Judge Advocate, Paymaster General, Commissary General of Must-
ters,

Commissary General of Provisions, Clothier General, Chief Surgeon, and Chief Engineer, but there was no provision for a Provost Marshal. On July 20, 1775, General Washington petitioned the Continental Congress to create such a position. Congress responded nine days later authorizing the appointment of a Provost Marshal with pay commensurate to other officers in the army. Continental Congress adopted the Articles of War on August 10, 1775 with further amendments on September 20, 1775. These Articles described the rules of behavior for soldiers and civilians affiliated with the army.

The job of the Provost was to oversee the enforcement of the Articles, a thankless and impossible task. To assist the Provost, men were recruited to act as provosts in their regiments. In January of 1777 a regulation was passed indicating the number of men and their ranks to be detailed from the various regiments. There was to be one sergeant and 25 privates assigned at all times from the various regiments. This was not considered permanent duty and the men were given short terms to serve as provosts.

From the period of January 1776 until the encampment at Valley Forge the Continental Army had three Provost Marshals.

Washington was not happy with the make shift effort of the Provost, and On January 29, 1778, General Washington declared that there must be a major reorganization of the army and in that reorgani-

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zation there must be a permanent Provost Corps. The men were to receive higher pay, and there was to be a higher ratio of officer to enlisted men. It is interesting to note that nearly all men recruited into the Provost Corps were Pennsylvania German. The majority of the men were recruited in the Reading, PA area with a large number coming out of Pottstown, PA down into Philadelphia.

On May 20, 1778, the Continental Congress passed a resolution forming a permanent Provost Corps, or as General Washington called the new organization, the “Marechausee” a term used by the French to identify their military police. Bartholomew von Heer of Reading, PA was appointed to command the new corps. Von Heer had written to General Washington in September of 1777, and he pointed out that he had served in the army’s of Prussia, France and Spain and that all of these armies had a military police. Von Heer then wrote out the details for an American military police, and eventually was assigned to command this new Corps. (The Provost Corps was identified by several names during the war: The Marechausee, von Heer’s Provost Corps or von Heer’s Light Dragoons).

On June 6, 1778, orders were issued for the establishment of the new Provost Corps. There were to be 63 men and they were to be armed, uniformed and accoutered as light dragoons. In addition to von Heer, there were four lieutenants, one Quartermaster Sergeant, and one clerk. The Corps was divided into two troops with a trumpeter, a sergeant and five corporals assigned to each troop. There were 43 dragoons and four executioners. The Marechausee wore blue coats with yellow facings and vests, leather breeches and a visored leather helmet typical of those worn by light dragoons. Von Heer’s Light Dragoons were to be mounted giving them the mobility needed to carry out their mission.

On October 8, 1778, a memorandum of instructions was sent from Washington’s Headquarters to Captain Bartholomew von Heer with the following orders:

“The principal Duty of the Corps under your command while the army is encamped is to patrol the camp and its environs, for the purpose of apprehending Deserters, Marauders, Drunkards, Rioters, Stragglers and all other soldiers that may be found violating General Orders—likewise all Countrymen and Strangers that may be found near the pickets, or in the Camp, without papers either from the Quartermaster General, the Commissary General of Forage and Provisions, or some General Officer—and are unable to give a good account of themselves—or from their appearance and manner give room to suspect they are spies. Even persons who are furnished with papers as required above are to be secured if their stay in Camp exceeds a reasonable time for the transaction of their business—and is accompanied by any suspicious circumstances—but in all cases, the character of the party, and such authentic credentials as may be possessed of, are to be attended to. As it is impossible to make General Rules which will apply to every particular case that may occur much must be left to your own discretion, but you will always remember that you are as careful to avoid laying innocent free citizens under any unnecessary restraint and inconven-

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ience, on the one hand as risking any mischief to the Army from ill placed lenity on the other.

For the purpose above-mentioned your corps is to be distributed into convenient number of parties, and an officer appointed to each to patrol the Camp and its vicinity in the front and in the rear, for certain distance beyond the pickets, according to the enemy—at different hours by day and sometimes by night; carefully avoiding any fixed times for making the rounds, that they maybe as unforeseen as possible.

As the booths of the unlicensed Suttlers are a great source of disorder and riot, you are to confine all such as have not proper permission to suttle agreeable to the General Orders of—For your direction in this point it will be necessary for you to keep a regular list of the licensed Suttlers—you are likewise when the Army arrives at a new encamping ground, to give notice to such housekeepers as sell liquors either to obtain the Quartermaster General's license—or discontinue the Sale of their Liquor and in the case of their neglect to seize and report it to the Commissary General.

On a day of March you are to remain on the ground with the Provost Corps till the Columns and baggage have moved off in order to bring on all soldiers that have loitered in Camp. During the March you are to patrol on both flanks and in the rear of the columns and take up all stragglers, under which description are included all soldiers absent from their platoons without a Non-Commissioned Officer to conduct them. You are likewise to pay attention to the columns of baggage and take up whatever men and women may be found transgressing the General Orders for the regulation of the baggage on the march.

On a day of action you are to post yourself in the rear of the second line or reserve and send patrols on the roads to the right and left in order to rally and collect all fugitives till a superior officer arrives to take command of them.

You are not to omit having a copy of General Orders each day—and it will be proper that you should take extracts at the orderly office of all standing orders, that you may serve more minutely to point out the offenses which fall under your cognizance.

You are not to apprehend any offenders that are within the encampment of their own Regiments as they in that case will be within the Jurisdiction of their own Quarter Guard—but all offenders that may be found in the encampment of a Regiment to which they do not belong or in the purlieu of the Camp out of reach of their own Quarter Guard—fall under your notice. The persons you apprehend are not to be ill treated by words or actions unless they attempt to escape, or make resistance in which case should your own force prove inadequate, you are authorized to call for assistance from the troops nearest you, but otherwise they are to be conducted peaceably and committed to the Provost Guard, which will be quartered near you for this purpose, and will be under your command.

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You are every morning to deliver in a written report of the prisoners confined the preceding day, with the charges against them, to the Adjutant General: and you are to consider yourself as being under his immediate command.

The Executions, etc. are to remain with the Provost Guard and a detachment of the Marechausee will attend the prisoners to the Place of Punishment.”

Washington also called upon the Marechausee to act as an honor guard, and on infrequent occasions members of von Heer's Provost Corps acted as a body guard for the commanding general. The Marechausee has the distinction to be one of the last units discharged from the Continental Army after hostilities had ceased.

THE FIRST ACTIONS OF MARION AND THE 2ND SOUTH CAROLINA

ERICK NASON

2ND SOUTH CAROLINA REGIMENT

After the 2nd South Carolina was formed, the first order of business for Captain Marion was to recruit men for the regiment. So he traveled back to his home area of St. Johns and recruited amongst the Huguenots, Scotch-Irish and the English who lived along the Santee, Black and Peedee Rivers. Marion was able to recruit sixty men, to include his nephew Gabriel Marion. By September 1775, Moultrie ordered that Marion's, Pinckney's and Elliot's companies to be immediately filled to fifty men each and made ready to march. At eleven o'clock at night, Marion with Pinckney and Elliot launched for their first offensive operation of the war. They were ordered to secure Fort Johnson which covered the approach into Charlestown Harbor.

Fort Johnson was Charlestown's principal fort which had been built back in 1747. The fort was located on James Island and had been named after the Proprietary Governor Sir Nathaniel Johnson. The fort was heavily armed, with 7 26-pound, 12 18-pound, a single 12 and a single 9 pound cannons. Additionally, Fort Johnson was the main supply point for Charlestown's heavy artillery powder stores. The caretaker was a man known as "Gunner" Walker who was no friend of the patriot cause. He had been tarred and feathered by a patriot mob in Charlestown, as well as force to drink "damnation to them all."

On August 31st, both the 1st and 2nd Regiments were authorized to raise grenadier companies, the grenadier company commanders authorized to hand-selected men from the other line companies. These men would become elite units who would be used for dangerous assignments. For the assault on Fort Johnson, Marion would lead his company of light infantry, Elliot would lead his company of grenadiers, and Pinckney would lead his company of grenadiers. They were to conduct an amphibious landing at night to secure Fort Johnson on James Island which covered Charlestown. Fearing the enemy's cannon, the boat captain did not land but anchored a little ways off shore. By morning, only the grenadiers were ashore, Marion was still on the water. Motte decided to attack anyways and divided his force into three columns. Each column was to attack a side of the fort, however when they arrived, the fort's gates were wide open. Gunner Walker and five sailors from the *Tamar* was the only garrison there.

All of the guns had been removed from their carriages, but had not been spiked. The garrison had retreated to the British sloops *Tamar* and *Cherokee* except for a small stay behind force of sailors. The Royal Governor of South Carolina, Lord William Campbell dissolved the Common House of Assembly and fled to the *Tamar*.

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After taking Fort Johnson, everyone thought the British would leave Charlestown Harbor. The guns of Fort Johnson were repaired and made ready in case the British attempted to retake the fort. Additional men manned the walls and were deployed to meet any British invasion. Instead of attacking, the sloops moved out of range and anchored in Rebellion Road. Both the Provincial Congress and the military authorities began to discuss on what their next course of action should be. They knew that something had to be done to remove the threat of the British naval superiority. They debated if they should construct a fort on Sullivan's Island, besides Rebellion Road. Lieutenant Colonel Motte was sent to Fort Johnson and another detachment was sent to Mount Pleasant and Sullivan's Island. This was not done in any secrecy, seeing it was published in the Charlestown paper. During this time Operational Security was never considered like it is today.

The South Carolinians flew their first flag over Fort Johnson on September 15th. The flag was made of blue, with a large silver crescent in the Dexter corner. Colonel Moultrie had the flag made to honor the men of the 1st and 2nd regiments, blue for the uniforms and a silver crescent which the men wore on their helmets. On September 18th, Captain Thornborough of the British Sloop *Tamar* understood the importance of Sullivan's Island and sent a detachment to keep the island under British control. To cover the British landing, the *Tamar* fired grapeshot from her 6-pound cannon and from several swivel guns to insure no patriot forces were on the shore. After securing the beach head, the British detachment began to chop down the trees to prevent them from being used in fort construction.

The *Tamar* was reinforced when the British sloop *Scorpion* arrived. On September 19th, Lt. Col. Motte captured a boat bringing supplies to the *Tamar* by firing one of Fort Johnson's 6-pounders, then boarding the boat. They captured twenty-one casks of water, once case and two bottles of liquor and some brown sugar. Thornborough was outraged and initiated a blockade of Charlestown harbor with his meager fleet of three sloops.

On September 23rd, the *Tamar* captured the sloop *Polly* because she was found to be transporting a quantity of shot on board. The *Polly*'s owners, Benjamin and Isaac Huger were angry, stating that the shot was being used as ballast. Thornborough didn't buy it and the *Polly* became a tender for the *Tamar*. Some of the *Tamar*'s crew, who had been captured at Fort Johnson, told the patriots that three more warships and a bomb ketch were on their way to Charlestown to attack Fort Johnson. Along with attacking the fort, the ships were going to attack and burn Charlestown like they did up in Boston. The South Carolina Council of Safety took this threat seriously and declared a state of emergency.

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Marion's next action was to move with Captain Huger's company to Dorchester and reinforce the troops stationed there. Dorchester was a pivotal village some thirty miles up the Ashley River. There, not only were supplies and ammunition stored, but the public records for Charlestown was sent to be safeguarded. There was a local garrison of militia, but there were rumors of Loyalists planning to raid Dorchester. The Loyalists under Colonel Scofield and his Back Country militia were rumored to be preparing to launch this raid. Therefore it was decided to send Marion and Huger there to protect this strategic village. Moultrie himself had selected Marion to lead this important mission.

Captain Marion, along with Lieutenants Baker, DuBose, and Shubrick with sixty-four men of Marion's company, and thirty-eight men from Huger's company marched off to Dorchester. Soon the town and its important arsenal was secured and put into a sound state of defense. However, the Loyalists failed to appear and the men began to settle into guard duty. This duty soon began to become monotonous and by December 10th, 1775 Marion had lost forty-five men to sickness and desertion. It was around Christmas that Marion had enough of guard duty and requested to be re-assigned. Colonel Moultrie consented and ordered Marion to return to Charlestown to help rebuild Fort Johnson. Soon the men of the 2nd South Carolina along with their other comrades would soon face the British in a real fight.

Major General Charles Cornwallis had begun preparing five regiments for a campaign in the southern colonies. Governor Rutledge decided to fortify the harbor entrance to Charlestown, and ordered the 2nd South Carolina to move to Sullivan's Island. On February 10th, 1776 Marion and the same men he had commanded in Dorchester, encamped at Haddrell's Point. Understanding they needed more men for the defense of the city, two regiments of riflemen were ordered to be formed. The members of the Provincial Congress selected Colonel Isaac Huger, Lieutenant Colonel Alexander McIntosh and Major Benjamin Huger for the 1st Regiment of Rifles. Thomas Sumter was selected as Lieutenant Colonel of the 2nd Regiment of Rifles. With the promotion and transfer of Major McIntosh, there was an opening in the 2nd South Carolina. Due to his reputation for hard work, faithful service and seniority, Francis Marion was promoted to Major in the 2nd South Carolina



Left:

On 10 May 1776 Jacob Shubrick became a first lieutenant in the 2nd South Carolina Regiment and was in the battle of Fort Sullivan on 28 June 1776.

He was transferred to the regiment's light Infantry company 16 July 1777 and was promoted to captain on October 1777 when Captain Oliphant resigned.

He died on 27 April 1778 of smallpox.

Right:

Chart showing Fort Johnson situated in Charlestown harbor.

Due to the forts commanding position within the harbor, it is easy to see why it had to be taken.



I WAS THINKING ABOUT GUILFORD TODAY . . .

BERT PUCKETT

IISC REGIMENT

I was thinking about Guilford today. It really got me down, thinking about it. The interesting thing is what got me out of it.

Fire

We walked back into Camp Eggers after being at the ANA Air corps Airfield, trying to come up with a technique to rappel out of a Soviet Mi-17 without killing someone. The day was a drizzly mess. Rain, in this country, turns an already colorless landscape into a deeper shade of khaki. The mud permeates everything; you can't seem to escape getting it on you wherever you go. The cold only makes the day that much drearier. I was thinking about my family in Greensboro this weekend at the reenactment of Guilford Courthouse, and it only made my mood a little darker for the fact that I couldn't be there.

I walked past my AF Senior Master Chief's desk and he said that the camp band, in which he played lead guitar, would be playing tonight at the clam shell by the AAFEE's Coffee house. He asked me if I would come out and support them. "Sure," I said. "Music might be just the thing I need tonight."

He laughed and said, "Kabul starting to get you huh?"

"No," I lied. "Just a crappy day."

I called my wife at about 1830 local, which is about 0900 EST. When she answered I could hear the fire popping in the background and could picture her alternately bending over the fire to turn bacon or stirring a big pan of scrambled eggs, all the while wiping the tears from the smoke out of her eyes, along with a loose strand of hair straying from under her cap. She passed the phone around the camp so I could talk to a few of the people that make up my very strange extended family. I savored hearing them talk about what was happening at the event, and how many vehicles got stuck in the mud while they set up camp. In the middle of talking to them, two had to run off to the Commanders' Meeting. So I talked to my wife a bit longer, and finally got off the phone and reflected on how much I missed all of them.

After a fairly short time of feeling sorry for myself, I went to the chow hall to get whatever slop was being served. The fact that they were serving corned beef and cabbage reminded me that it was St. Patrick's Day. St. Patrick's Day and Guilford Courthouse in one weekend, and me in Kabul. Great. Nothing like slapping myself back down the rabbit hole of "poor little me" and making myself hate

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the day even worse.

Music is what I needed. So, down to the other side of camp I walked. The drizzle lightened up to nothing and I actually could see a star or two. I could already hear the band warming up when I rounded the corner toward the “Clamshell.”

The “clamshell” is a large frame tent that can be used as a small hanger or a motor pool garage. In this case, it is used as a meeting place, a conference room and a chapel on Sunday. Tonight it is a concert hall for “Commander Solo and the FUBAR fighters.”

The band was playing its first song as I walked around the corner. The version of the Rolling Stones “Satisfaction” was recognizable, at least. I walked into the coffee shop across the street and bought a medium coffee. I then went in to the open end of the clam shell to lift my spirits with a little music. Since the lead Guitar works for me I pulled out my camera and took a few shoots for him and even tried out the video feature.

Then I walked out side to throw my coffee cup away.

There was a fire.

I guess one of the contractors in camp had made it. It was built in a large, square, iron brazier that could fit an entire wood packing pallet at once. Around the fire was a ring of people in various uniforms. Army, Marines, Navy and Air Force mingled in with civilian contractors in civilian cloths. Everyone was drinking free non-alcoholic “Beck’s” beer. Now, I really am no fan of “Beck’s,” and I am really not a fan of non-alcoholic beer. But it was BEER. And there was a fire. The two just seemed to go together, at least in my mind. So I grabbed one and sat down in one of the old rusty patio chairs that probably was shipped here by the Russians, and stared into the roaring fire.

I sat listening to the music. The band was playing Clapton, “I feel wonderful tonight.”

I sat thinking about all the fires I had known, and why I was drawn to this one. The feeling of staring into the fire suddenly made me feel safe and comfortable. The first fire I remember being like this was when I was very small. An ice storm hit Columbia and the power shut down. The inside of the house was like an ice box. I remember standing at the sliding glass door in our living room wondering why Momma wouldn’t let me play in the snow. Well, I know now it was because it was sleet. I remember watching her split a few pieces of wood in the ice while I entertained my brother and sister. Then the fire, the glorious fire that warmed the whole room. The three of us slept in the den that night on the floor next to it. I remember it as great adventure: Camping In The Den.

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The band played “867-5309.”

Then there was the fire that I wasn't supposed to have. I was in Ranger School in Florida Phase. We had been walking all night, which was pretty normal for Ranger school. The Ranger Instructors were as tired as we were, and maybe almost as frustrated. My Ranger Buddy and I were soaked to the bone and it was a nice, balmy 45 degrees. I suggested that we start a fire and maybe we could at least have a dry pair of socks and maybe a t-shirt. He was shocked at the suggestion and told me that if I got caught, “You are on your own.” I thought about it long and hard - for about 30 seconds. Then I pulled out my Army Issue E-tool and started digging. The hole was as wide as the blade and as deep as the e-tool. I made two chimneys for air, then piled as much dry wood as I could break off in the bottom and lit it with torn-up MRE boxes. I took pine straw and covered the chimneys up to try to disperse the smoke. Once I got it started, I sat with my legs crossed Indian style and wrapped my poncho around me to cover it up and not let any of the heat or light out. In 30 minutes I was dry and warm. The only problem I had was trying to stay awake. I can still hear the RI talking to his partner. “Do you smell smoke?” and walking around the patrol base trying to find the source.

As I looked around the fire, what struck me the most was the faces. Everyone was smiling and laughing, and in the dark you couldn't tell that the beer was non-alcoholic. That took me to the thousands of reenactments, in a thousand different camps. The images that rolled through my head were overwhelming.

The smell of wool impregnated with smoke.

The sound of bacon frying and popping.

The loud, stern voices of any number of women, running me away from the “kitchen.”

“It'll be ready when it's ready!”

Faces long past, and present, laughing and telling jokes.

Filling a beer mug and drinking deeply. Then doing it again and again.

Lessons taught and learned that a classroom couldn't hold.

Your body warm on one side freezing on another.

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Cider and spiced rum heated with a red hot poker.

Pat's really silly, white, Rabbit fur hat. "The white side is so people don't trip over me when I pass out in the company street."

The band started in on "Sweet home Alabama" and I thought to myself, "Now, that's just not fair." But the images kept flooding over me.

Walking from fire to fire, camp to camp on a Friday and being welcomed as a long absent family member.

The sound of fifes and drums in the distance, the low thrumming of a guitar.

A burst of involuntary laughter in the fire light, sincere in its origin.

The taste of hard liquor for the first time, stolen while I thought no one was looking.

The vision of bodies wrapped in blankets, rolled up as close to the fire as possible on a blistering cold night.

The band was playing "Pretty Woman." More Van Halen than Roy Orbison, but not bad. The rain started again. A slow drizzle, but I didn't really care. It made more memories flow over me.

The smoke from many fires, on a damp cool morning, hanging close to the ground.

Gathering the courage to jump out of my blankets and run to fire. But looking out of tent to make sure it was roaring first.

The picture of my little sister trying to thaw out her frozen hair while standing in the freezing rain and sleet in Annapolis.

Either of my sons on my lap, passed out from exhaustion after a day of assaulting the hay bale fort with the other children of our strange hobby, 500 times that day.

Tears of joy.

Tears of grief.

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Soul-cleansing stories of pain and suffering, in war time. Side-splitting stories of military life that only the ones that have done it really “get.”

Wedding proposals.

Drunks falling into the fire.

“SHUT UP AND GO TO BED!!!!”

I looked and smiled as Sgt Stokes walked up to me. He is a good kid, a paratrooper from the 82nd that was in my BN. Last time we were here.

“What’s up, SGM?”

I smile up at him. “Not much, bud. How’re you doin’ tonight?”

“You know SGM, living the dream.”

“Yep,” I said, “it is hard to believe we get paid for this shit sometimes, huh?”

He looked at me funny. “SGM, you got something in your eye?”

“No man it’s just the smoke. It makes my eyes water like that all the time. I am just enjoying the music and staring at the fire. You want one of these make-believe beers?”

“No,” he said, “I am gonna get out of the rain.”

I looked around and realized I was the only one left sitting there. The fire was being slowly smothered by the soft drizzle of rain. I was wet, again. I stood up and drained the dregs of the really nasty, wanna-be beer and said, “Well bud, you have a good night. I will see ya tomorrow.” Then gave him my best, happy, shit-eating grin. He gave me the cursory, “Roger SGM, take it easy.” I looked back at him and said, “Shit bud, it don’t get no easier than this.”

But as I left the fire, I couldn’t help but think what an awesome bed of coals that would be in the morning to cook on. I resisted the urge to bank them so they would last through the night.

I walked back to my room with the stark reality of being back in Afghanistan smacking me full in the

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face, shaking me out of the dreams I had been living while awake. But I was smiling.

A good fire will do that, it will make you smile.

© Bert Puckett
IISC

MAKING A GROUND CLOTH

Items needed to start the project

Latex out door paint Barn Red in color -

The amount of paint needed will depend on the amount of work you will be doing. In most cases half of a gallon will be enough for the average ground cloth. **DO NOT USE GLOSS PAINT!**

1 to 2 tubes of DAP water soluble calk -

The calk will make the ground cloth very pliable. It does not matter if you use clear or white calk, however white calk will lighten the color of your paint.

1 Roller brush

1 gallon size plastic bucket

1 Roller paint brush rolling tray

Light weight Duck weight canvas cloth-

The amount of cloth will depend on how big you are going to make your ground cloth.

After sewing the ground cloth to the desired size sew pieces of canvas tape (About ½ an inch wide and 4 to 6 inches long at each corner) the tape will be used to tie your cloth into different configurations.

Next prep your paint in the following manner. Take the DAP calk and place it into the plastic bucket then add a small amount of warm to hot water into the bucket with the calk and mix until the calk is fully dissolved.

Place your ground cloth on a hard flat surface such as your drive way and with the roller brush paint one side of your ground cloth; after it has fully dried paint the reverse side. After the second side has fully dried check for small pin size spots that have missed being painted and then paint said spots.

Tip-

It will be very important that you only place one coat of paint on each side of your cloth as this will keep the cloths weight down. It may sound silly, but if you start doing a lot of campaign type events or get to the point that you walk into an event only with what you carry on your back you will learn to love a light weight ground cloth.

THE CARE & FEEDING OF YOUR COOPERAGE

Follow these simple guidelines to ensure the longevity of your cooperage:

A rule of thumb for wet cooperage is: once wet always wet. You may store your vessel filled with water indefinitely. Simply change the water monthly and add a teaspoon of bleach or baking soda to the water to ensure the wood remains sweet.

If you do not have facility for keeping your cooperage wet, at least keep it damp by storing it in a cool, damp place (basements or showers are great), fill with water weekly and allow to sit for the day and then dump the water.

Do not store your cooperage outside in freezing temperatures since the wood will expand and may crack.

If storing a vessel outside during warm weather do not allow to remain on the ground for a long period of time, since this will encourage wood lice and other critters to feast on your cooperage.

If your vessel has stood empty and dry the staves and pieced bottoms may be loose and the vessel more like a colander than a watertight vessel. One way to season it is to simply place the vessel in a large heavy-duty garbage bag, fill both the vessel and the bag with water in full sun, close up the bag and allow to sit for 24 hours.

This will create an atmosphere in which the wood can again absorb water and ensure the vessel is watertight. Wood is porous, so to ensure a food vessel does not become contaminated with detergents. We recommend you use one vessel for detergent wash water and one for potable water.

Iron hoops will naturally rust. If you wish to maintain some preventative measures, use any food safe oil on the hoops such as tung oil or vegetable oil.

Do not paraffin or in any manner attempt to seal the wood of your cooperage. This will destroy the wood's natural ability to absorb moisture and thereby keep the cooperage tight.

If you own wood hooped cooperage you must always keep the vessel wet or damp, or the hoops, over time, will burst.



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