



Loyal American Regiment

Completely useless trivia about the LAR:

- Eneas Lapee, a drummer with Capt. Hatch's company, was black – an unusual occurrence. After the war, he settled in Canada .
- Bev Robinson Jr.'s dining room table is on display at King's Landing in New Brunswick.
- The Bull's Head Tavern, mentioned as a recruiting center for the LAR in NYC, was so well known that it was part of a common phrase, "from the Battery to the Bull's Head." It was located in present-day Chinatown.

Quick News

The unit meeting for next year will be the second weekend of February. The site to be determined.

Hats: Let's conform

Based on numerous period descriptions of campaign hats, our hat brims should be 4" on the up-turned side, tapering to 3" the rest of the way around. For next year, let's make sure this is our standard.

Captain Joshua Barns' Company of Marksmen

God Save the King!

After-Action Report: Hope Lodge PA



From the desk of the company commander

Tom Briggs

I think we made quite the impression at Hope Lodge this year with our early, early war impression. The "battles" were fun this year, as opposed to merely adequate and the shopping was, as always, exceptional. Although the weather was brisk, it wasn't as biting cold as it has been in previous years.

Our intention was to do something different and portray the LAR as it might have looked on March 16th, 1777 before they got their first clothing issues. Looking at the pictures of us as a group, I think we managed to look even more disreputable than the rebels.



"We look like regimental bags of crap." – Serjeant New at Hope Lodge

With white arm bands to distinguish us from rebel militia and looking like country bumpkins down on their luck, I think we annoyed everyone.

One of the truly extraordinary things about Hope Lodge this year were the tacticals on Saturday. I've never had so much fun running around in that field. The first bat-

tle had the jaegers and LAR open the action as skirmishers, then retire to the right flank of the rather small British force. We then swept the left flank of the rebels, cleared the riflemen and pressed their light infantry. Somewhere along the way, out of direct view of the public, the action took a decidedly odd turn. It started with Mr. New taking an impressive

fatal shot, then staggering to join us again. He took another hit, screamed horribly and fell into a muddy trench, making certain he caked himself in mud in the process. He climbed out of the trench and joined us yet again in line, only to fall flat on his face seconds later, eliciting laughs from both sides. This effectively ended the action for us – both sides were

God Save the King!

Hope Lodge (continued)

too busy laughing to fight.

For the second action, we were sent out early to set an ambush for the rebels at the opposite end of the field. Unfortunately, we were sent to the wrong spot and we had set our ambush behind the British troops! Since neither the British nor the rebels knew where we were, we had Lou guide us around to the railroad tracks that border Hope Lodge. We crept down the railway until we were opposite the rebel force ten feet below us. Of course, we had to

wait some time for a train to pass before we could cross the tracks and attack the rebels. From the embankment some ten feet above the field, we caught the riflemen in the brush below us totally unaware. We fired some shots, and then found a path down to the field. Richie and I went down immediately, followed by Chris and Lou. We faced equal numbers, but they were better than I had anticipated, because they counted shots. They waited until they thought all of us had fired (and were unloaded) then they rushed

us. Ian, fortunately, had stayed above us on the embankment and when he fired from the height, it brought them to an abrupt halt.

As always the shopping was good at Hope Lodge. The second day saw diminished numbers on all sides and the standard Hope Lodge boxing match for a battle. All in all, I had a great time. Though I wouldn't want to wear civilian clothes on a regular basis, I thought it was quite fun for all.

2002: Damn, What a Season!

This has been one of the best years in recent memory for great battles and events. There was Batsto, NJ where we utterly destroyed the game plan of the 4th Continental Light Dragoons. At Head of Elk, we pummeled riflemen in the woods who were totally unaware of our presence. No one will forget the massive show at Saratoga. And finally, there was Hope Lodge where we once again

hit the riflemen hard with a sneak attack. Another memorable event was the garrison at Fort Frederick.

Only Richie, Darron, Vincent and I went to Fort Montgomery, but I want to mention it because Vincent and I hiked the trail from Doodletown to Ft. Montgomery along the same path that our alteregos had 225 years previously. For me it was a step back in history that I really enjoyed. Vincent en-

joyed the experience, but he's really taking his reenacting too seriously. He didn't tell me that his blisters had broken and had started bleeding until we reached Ft. Montgomery.

I didn't cover all of our events, but in general you can see that it was a great year. You all did a great job and I feel privileged to have been your commander.

Chris' second of three horrible deaths



Photo: Lou

Very cosmopolitan!



Photo: Lou

