

Saturday, 27 September 1975

At 12:10 AM a new janitor arrived and put some radio station on through the intercom. After a while I clambered into some clothes and got him to turn it off. On the way back to my quarters (the "hospital") I met Jim Ferguson. There had been trouble on the picket line as some local creeps had wanted to drag through our camp. Our guards stood them off until the state police arrived. I do not know the results, but our camp remained secure. Our best sleep having been ruined, Peter, Terry, and I slept fitfully the rest of the night.

This morning Peter went after my sleeping bag while I repacked my sea-bag. Most of the dampness is gone from my clothes now and the sleeping bag is fairly dry and warm. I had arisen at 6:30.

There was a breakfast of powdered eggs, oatmeal, and coffee from the civil defense van this morning, but I just took two glasses of milk. Terry's cold is pretty bad now, and he plans to see the doctor. I am still holding the line, though Peter thinks I should join Terry. I intend to stay with this army until I collapse and have to be carried away. Otherwise I'll get to Quebec with the rest.

Because of the rain the major has cancelled 8 o'clock assembly.

At 8:45 6 NG trucks and one tow arrived. Terry and I boarded #37 with some of Colburn's boys. After a wait of a few minutes it developed that there were not enough trailers for bateaux, and so the bateau belonging to Dearborn's Co. was shoved into the back of our truck with seven of us jammed around. Better than 30% of its length protruded over our tailgate.

You don't see much scenery from the back of an army truck with a bateau in it. We drove to a wooded river bank, presumably the east, and helped Dearborn's men unload and launch their bateau to Augusta. At this point our driver was unsure where to take us, finally deciding on an area, parklike, with a large granite (?) building. Without much confidence Terry and I walked along and soon discovered Meigs's Division on a street leading up a hill to the right. We were just a little late as most of our company had already arrived. By now Hanchett's Co. showed at least thirty men.

Col. Arnold addressed the assembled army by Carling's loudspeaker and reminded us of the absolute need for discipline in behavior as guests of local people. He then introduced division commanders and staff personnel, each of them receiving a moderate three huzzas. At the conclusion of this bit the Colonel received three hearty, spontaneous huzzas. I believe that he is well liked by most of the army. He does not appear to take himself too seriously.

We set out through the streets of Augusta with moderate numbers of on-lookers, and after about a mile, mostly downhill, we turned right into Ft. Western. The courtyard was somewhat crowded with the whole army drawn up. The colonel was greeted with a speech and introduction of local officials. He responded by praising Arnold's army, but disclaiming any honor to its commander. I dislike this attitude intensely. We are reenacting 1775, and Arnold was as great a patriot as any of them at that time. I believe that the services he performed far outweigh the treason in which he failed.

By 11:45 we had been dismissed for lunch. I promptly got into a line of no more than fifteen people at the post office and spent 45 minutes there. I talked to the wife of a local news reporter during this wait in line. Well, I would have had to wait in a line of 600

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soldiers for a box lunch anyway, so I couldn't complain much. Afterward I quickly got my box lunch: four small sandwiches (egg, ham, tuna, and some other salad spread), potato chips, pickles, two cakes, and coke -- all you could drink. I finished this quickly and then set to taking slides and chatting with tourists. Next to the fort was a hardware store, where I bought some rust inhibitor for my weapons.

At 1:30 all companies were called to order on schedule, but there was a good twenty minute delay before we marched. We marched a good two miles or more through Augusta and up a steep hill to get to Capital Park, a green before the state house. After a short delay here the trucks delivered our gear. For once the rain didn't fall on it. Capt. Davis loaned me his tent and by 4:10 it was ready for occupation. Temperature was 72°.

I was discussing history with a chap from Lewiston, when assembly beat at 4:30. I fell to and continued my chat from the ranks. At length we were marched down the line, placed in lines of ten, and put next to the last unit, McCobb's. We listened to the National Anthem and then a speech by Gen. James B. Reed. The governor managed not to show. After this the entire army marched by divisions and companies in review. It was truly a magnificent spectacle. The sun even threatened. When we had marched off, Major Meigs told us he was damned proud of us. We huzzaed him in response. Morale is really up now that the full army is together.

I volunteered to stand guard over the company camp while Meigs's Division was trucked off to supper at a local school at 6:00. By 7:00 they had returned, and Capt. Davis brought me my supper and relieved me of duty. There had been no incidents during my tour of guard.

I then scoured the camp for Scott's Co. where I might find the suttler offering AEQ pewter mugs. At Morgan's camp I questioned a sentry who called me sir and spoke in a most military manner. In Greene's Division I questioned soldiers who didn't even know the names of their own companies. Quite some contrasts in this camp. (Topham's Co. from Norwich University is the greatest disappointment. Their hair is too closely cropped, some wear dungarees, some carry percussion locks, and some even carry toy guns). At length I was shown the way when I simply inquired after the mugs. I never did find Scott's Co.

When I returned, Terry was not well, so I sought Capt. Davis, and together we sought a doctor. No officers and no doctors could be found. Mrs. Davis, a nurse, took a hand, and Terry can ride in their camper until he is better.

Down by the communications van I inquired for a phone. They had to call the local phone co. to find the nearest public phone, in a place about a mile away. Immediately a civil defense lady got me into her car and drove me there and waited to bring me back to camp. (These people are incredible). I called both my homes and had good chats. By now I really miss my wife. I don't intend to leave her behind me ever again.

When I arrived back at Hanchett's camp, I learned that Terry had been taken to the hospital for X-rays. He returned within the hour and will continue with us under Mrs. Davis's care. In the interim Maj. Meigs and an orderly came through with more beer to make up for our botched rations this night. The major's reputation is on the rise.

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Terry was brought back to camp in an hour or so — bronchitis is his ill.

There has been much talk of keeping our little company together throughout the bicentennial.

Double guards were posted at 2-hour intervals from 11 PM. There was a rumor that some of Colburn Co.'s local friends planned to hit our camps. A few harassing yells were heard, nothing more. I sat through at least one tour just to have some company. I met a Rogers's Ranger from Grand Rapids, Mich. and got some good info. I sacked out around 1:30 AM.

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Tom Reed fified reveille at 6 AM, the first in our army to do so. By 6:15 I was over at the mess wagon just beyond McCobb's camp, halfway across the whole army, and I was among the first ten soldiers to get my two pancakes and syrup. By 6:30 I was rolling up my gear and breaking down my "new" tent. Nothing was absolutely dry, but simple dampness is a vast improvement over our customary situation. A number of men in our company spent the night in Augusta hotels.

Although the sky was overcast, there was no rain as we broke camp. There were even some hints of sun breaking through. As usual, you could see your breath quite easily.

The trucks were on hand at 7:30, and Hanchett's Co. immediately commandeered truck #29, the first in the column. Peter Arnold swung himself up into the back, and we tossed up to him all of our gear for compact storage. After carefully policing our area and even cleaning one area messed up by local civilians, we climbed aboard our trucks to wait.

We received news of a rather serious incident. A mess cook was sleeping on the floor of his van, when a propane leak occurred. He managed to stagger out the door and collapsed. One soldier — whose tent-mate had just become ill on too much beer and made their tent uninhabitable — saw this, as did a park ranger, and they both ran to lend aid. The fellow's heart was palpitating and then stopped. The ranger revived him while the soldier ran to summon an ambulance. At latest report the cook is doing fine and will rejoin the army.¹

At 8:00 our convoy of all three divisions moved out. You can't see much of Maine from the back of one of those trucks. Along Rte 2 the various divisions dropped off for their assigned locations, while we proceeded until a bit before Skowhegan. At 9:15 we stopped and got out under arms. After a bit of delay we were marched to the banks of the Kennebec where the bateaux were launched. Our parade was scheduled for 10:30, so I was in the middle of a sandwich (one of two distributed at breakfast for our lunch) when Major Meigs called us to order at 10:00. While the bateaux were rowed upriver to Skowhegan, the musket companies marched the one and a half miles along the east river bank. Although the sun was starting through, the rain began to fall anyway. We actually marched past one bateau, whose crew eventually turned back. The bateaux were troubled by some rapids in an east channel past a small island. A two man canoe made it through while the bateaux fell back to the west channel.

As we marched past the north end of the island we saw our crew on the island signaling to us that they had broken an oar. Another bateau, which had already landed, raced back with a replacement. We cheered our crew on from the shore as they worked the bateau over a log boom that blocked the landing bay. The captain called for five volunteers and I responded to help carry the bateau ashore. This was the only way to get out of the jam of musketmen along the riverbank. Our crew was drenched. We have a genuine Arnold bateau: it leaks.

Once we got back on the truck — seventeen people in #29 — we were driven through downtown Skowhegan to the fair grounds. Naturally, the sun first showed itself when we were in the truck. At Skowhegan Fair Grounds we pitched our tents on ground littered with broken glass. Here I got a chance to dry my sleeping bag for a few hours in the sun. After pitching "my" tent and getting my gear stowed, I changed my hat

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and got to Mass, which was held in the horse show pavilion, no more than ten minutes late.

There was some free time after this, so I lay on my sleeping bag in the sun and worked on my journal. We were to be mustered for parade at 2:30 and the whole company was on time. We practised the counter-march manoeuvre a few times and then took our place at the tail of Meigs's Division. We then marched out of the fair-grounds at 3 PM and did better than two miles through the streets of Skowhegan. All went well. The sun popped in and out all along, and the day was cool — pleasant marching weather.

At the parade's end we waited a good hour on the streets, in formation, for our supper. We decided that the powdered eggs served by AEQ were truly "eggs Benedict" and that our staple item of diet is to be called "beans Benedict". We also redubbed AEQ-75 as "Arnie's Army". At last we went to the Grange and were treated to hot dogs, beans, cole slaw, rolls, apple pie, and Indian Pudding. The servers were a scratch team called in at the last moment, and they did a fine job. Most of us were trucked back to camp, but a small portion of Hanchett's Co. marched all the way back with the major.

Our two-can beer ration was issued in an orderly fashion as the sun went down. A fire-wood party soon returned and a fine blaze was started. A camera crew from Canada's CBC arrived to photograph our bonfire. Eight of us had volunteered for "sandwich duty" — the making of tomorrow's lunch — earlier, and so we marched in step through camp whistling the "Dwarves' Song" ("Hi-Ho, Hi-Ho"). At the mess wagon we worked in two four-man shifts making 360 salami sandwiches for the 180 mouths of Meigs's Division. It was assembly-line style and went quite quickly, until the bread ran out before the half-way point. Mrs. Milliman, the major's wife, was right on top of the situation, and my shift was finished by 8:30.

I returned to camp to get my camera and journal and then went to the horse-pavilion, where the dancing ("hoe-down") was in progress and light was bright. During the evening an officer from McCobb's Co. presented a "Ballad of Arnold's March" which he had just composed. We hope it will be recorded. I spent the latter portion of this evening with Pete Murray and Joe Rose (who, with Ben Soule, composed this morning's bateau crew).

After the dance, which must have ended around 10:00, I returned to our fire to discover a guard-duty roster of two men on two-hour shifts. I did not draw duty tonight. Pete and Joe went into town, where the VFW has an open bar all night long plus shuttle service to the camp.

I have learned that Colburn's Co. plans to leave in Quebec a memorial casket to one of their men who drowned last summer.

I turned in at 11:15 under crystal skies. I can see my breath.

Notes

- 1: Ken Cookson was the casualty. The details I recount are purely hearsay and were recorded within one day of the event. Later reports claim that Mr. Cookson left the expedition at this point.

Monday, 29 September 1975

Tom Reed sounded reveille at 6:00, once more the first in camp. We arose to find a cold (36°), foggy morning; but it was obvious that the sun would quickly burn through. The guards had kept our fire going all night and so a number of us attempted to warm up a bit. This was the first morning I had worn my scarf and rifle-shirt over my coat. By 6:15 I was on my way to breakfast at the far end of camp. Inside one of the exhibition buildings the Rotary Club provided hot coffee and doughnuts. For once I was glad to have non-Irish coffee. After this I hit the regular mess wagon for "eggs Benedict", oatmeal, and cider. The food wasn't good, but it was hot.

As soon as I returned to camp, I began to break down my tent and stow my gear. Others didn't do this immediately, to their later regret. The sun came through, and there was not a cloud in the sky. At 8:00 we were called to for divisional inspection. This was no surprise since "Little Meigs", the major's son, had been over earlier, harassing our captain's young son about being in full outfit for inspection. We fell to at the center of the division (I served as brevet ensign this day), and we listened to Meigs explain the financial situation regarding dependents. He also indicated his pride in us for our performance. Ours is the largest division. Hanchett Co. passed inspection with a minor warning about frizzen stalls and flash guards. (We can get these from a sergeant in [Colburn's] Co.). At the end of inspection Hanchett's Co. set a record for speed in breaking camp — all other companies had already done so. We got to truck #29 on time and were on the road by 9:30. It was during this ride that I started "The Ballad of Oliver Hanchett".

Within the hour we were in Kingfield and setting up our camp on the south end of the grammar school playground. We are getting quite adept at this and we were set within ten minutes. Two young ladies of the town came by to assign each of us a private home in which to have dinner tonight. Some 270 families have volunteered to take us in. The captain then sent a troop of twenty volunteers to tour the elementary school. I was not one of these today — I figured to take advantage of the sun to really dry out my gear well. Lunch included those "Hanchett sandwiches", cider, and an apple. This is the most beautiful day we have had. I am recently informed that our nickname in camp is "Hen-shit's".

Around 2 PM the assembly drum was beat (This morning we went over the three key drum commands), and Hanchett's Co. responded promptly. The sun was hot enough that I left both coat and rifle shirt behind. We lined up to enter the line of march, and once again the major put us at the end. McCobb's Co., marching just in front of us, had arranged to be followed by a pair of local oxen. We objected and cut in in front of the beasts. As Peter Arnold put it: "We may have to take it in this army, but that doesn't mean we have to step in it!" We console ourselves with usually being last in line by saying that the Major always puts the best last in order to leave the crowd with the best impression. The parade ran some $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles under a cloudless sky. There was a flag presentation at the town hall.

We were back at camp shortly before 4:00, and I started into town with a couple of guys for some beer and film. At Bud's Deli there was no film. The ring came off the pop-top of my Falstaff can, so I turned my bayonet into a can punch — it worked beautifully. I had to give away my second beer as they moved up our schedule for meeting

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our dinner hosts by fifteen minutes. I could be on time and smell terrible, or be late and at least change my clothes. I opted for the latter, and by 5:00 I was at the "First Bank" where I met Mr. Chesley Pinkham. He took Don King and me in his car to get to his home just two houses away. Our conversation at table began quite slowly, much as I expected, but Don and I persisted, and soon everything was quite congenial. We were served browned hamburger and gravy, mashed potatoes, buttered peas, rolls, and banana creme pie. It is interesting that only Mr. Pinkham and his guests ate together. His wife and a grand-daughter stood aside and watched, while most of the family remained elsewhere. At the conclusion of the meal we were offered a ride to a special program at Mt. Abram Regional High School. We decided to walk over and wait for the school busses.

On the bus I sat next to Major Christian Febiger of Arnold's staff. He is a teacher from Dixfield, Maine. He is carrying a special dagger which will be surrendered to a priest in Quebec as a symbol of the army's surrender.

At the school a local girl singing country and western opened the program. Then Col. Arnold was introduced to present awards to children from grades K-8 for "Arnold Trail Posters".... Dick Day of Hanchett's Co., who has come from Denver, Colorado, was called in to make the last of the awards. This ceremony was followed by a performance of Elizabethan and early American songs by a local group, "The Red House Circus". They were excellent, but not appreciated. The c+w singer concluded the program by 9:00 PM. In the vestibule the colonel recognized me and inquired after the progress of my journal. We then bussed back to the camp.

At the camp Mrs. Kidder came around to collect dirty laundry which she took to the laundramat for us. Tom Reed and two others were going to Maxwell's Inn, and I joined them when I learned there was a public phone there. I called home to request a few items and then called Judy. Dearborn's boys had packed the place, but they welcomed the squad from Hanchett's. They were soon singing their "Major Meigs-Yankee Doodle" song. I later learned that this crew snubbed a squad from McCobb's Co., who quickly left.

I returned to the camp to chat with the first guard before the fire and enjoy our extra beer. After a while a serious incident occurred: one of Dearborn's decided to cut through McCobb's camp en route to the latrine. He was challenged by a sentry and, taking offense, took the sentry's musket and through it to the ground. McCobb's Co. responded to the alarm, and threats were exchanged. Fortunately nothing came of all this. At several times during these early morning hours some townies (we believe) hurled firecrackers over McCobb's camp. Several of us later complimented a sentry of McCobb's.

Meanwhile, at Maxwell's, some drifter had entered and removed the hat of one of Dearborn's men. The bartender blew the whistle, and the boys were out in the street and on the culprit. They brought him back into the bar, and Cpl. Dan McNerney compelled him to repent with various threats.

I turned in around 1:00 AM. The night was perfectly clear and cold.

Tuesday, 30 September 1975

The day dawned misty and reveille was again at 6:00. I had already arisen and so enjoyed the spectacle of a camp trying to wake up. Our scheduled march to breakfast was cancelled, and I forewent the pleasure of the church's food. This was the day of the 12-mile march over the Great Carry and we were rushed to break camp. By 8:00 I had my gear on truck #29. The first six trucks in the column were to carry only the volunteer hikers and their gear. Now, the major had made a strong suggestion that we leave behind all muskets, and Capt. Davis passed this on as an order. Most of us disobeyed, not trusting anyone else with our guns; and a realistic reenactment requires their presence.

Major Meigs led the truck convoy by jeep, and we went the wrong way and had to turn around. Some soldiers yelled: "Return, Jonathan" to him as we started back. We had wasted at least 45 minutes in this action.

The trucks took us a good four miles up the Great Carry road before we set out on foot. We started at Middle Carry Pond, some nineteen of Hanchett's men participating. It was 10:55 as we set out. All the way we followed an old logging road, so we had it rather easy. It only became difficult as we climbed a one mile grade past West Carry Pond. Some of Hanchett's Co. straggled, but all arrived safely at the end of eight miles. The only casualty was in Dearborn's Co. where one fellow dropped his knife through his boot. He was brought out by ambulance and he is said to be alright.

At the modern road which intersects the trail we were stood to order and received the major's praise. He claimed that we were not the most beautiful, but we were the most authentic looking division. He was most pleased that we had, by not halting the whole way, caught up to Greene's Division, which had started a half hour before us. Greene was pretty sore, I hear. Behind us Morgan's Division had got lost, and the major cautioned us to go easy on these "Pennsylvania backwoodsmen". Morgan's men later claimed that Meigs's Division had moved the trail markers, but I saw nothing of this and doubt it greatly.

After a lunch of salami sandwiches, beer, apples, and orange juice, we formed once again and followed Greene's Division down the trail to Lake Flagstaff. At a recently placed memorial marker we approached by squads and uncovered our heads in silence. At the lake shore we formed for a prayer, and White Nichols of AEHS informed us of Arnold's activities at this point. We then returned to the "highway" and were trucked to our next stop.

A breakdown of a jeep held us up even more than we were already late, so we missed our divisional parade in Eustis. Of this parade I am told that there were so few of our division available that all units were combined and gave a fine show. At Cathedral Pines we began to pitch our camp around 5:30. Supper was provided by the locals: American chop suey, cole slaw, potato salad, roll, and pumpkin pie. After supper I took a hand in cutting firewood. (The night guards must have a fire). Our beer ration soon arrived (3 cans per man, said the major this day), and by evening's end we had better than 3 cases left over (loaves and fishes indeed!). There was much music in camp this night, from colonial fife and drum to George M. Cohan songs. I wrote in my journal by flashlight.

After a while one of Dearborn's boys dropped in for a brew — it seems the major had called his company to order, chewed them out for various infractions, and withdrew their beer ration for this night.

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Any further incidents, and Dearborn's Co. has all meal cards pulled. We sympathized, for while Dearborn's crew is rowdy, it is also quite colorful — authentically so.

Dan McLaughlin of Brooklyn and I took guard duty from midnight until two. The fire was hot and we were hard put to stay awake. All was quiet, a most unusual situation, and our tour passed quickly. I hit the sack immediately. My tent was no more than ten feet from the fire, but that did not help me find warmth. My blisters are tolerable.

Wednesday, 1 October 1975

Reveille at 6, another clear cold dawn. Almost immediately I could hear Major Meigs down by Dearborn's Co. shouting instructions and encouragement. I think he was trying to raise their spirits after last night's discipline. I heard him offer a twentieth century observation on the upcoming bateau race: "Anything you can get away with has my blessing; but you have to get away with it." The rules of this race are quite restrictive: 4 men required for the crew and no paddles.

We broke camp quickly, as we had been warned last night that an 8:00 AM muster was coming. Breakfast came from the mess wagon: "eggs Benedict", a thin slice of ham, and cider. I hurried back to the campsite and then hauled my kit closer to the road.

By the time of assembly most of Hanchett's Co. was waiting by the road. I was now wearing my bonnet with a 3-prong sprig of evergreen which I had cut at Cathedral Pines. Assembly was on time. Major Meigs blasted a certain minority for its "childish" behavior and listed some specific incidents. (An A.P. reporter in red had sneaked into Col. Arnold's tent last night to spy on a council of officers. We were warned that she is persona non grata. She'd said some nasty things to Arnold). Then Colonel Arnold called forward the wife of Lt. Mel Fuller of [Colburn's] Co. and awarded her daughter, younger than one year, a medallion for being the youngest follower of the army. A lunch was then distributed (two salami sandwiches and an apple) and we boarded our trucks. We no longer worry about truck numbers, someone having chalked company names on the cabs back at Skowhegan. Bateau crews were segregated in special trucks in the rear.

We dropped off the crews near the foot of Natanis Pond and then rode on to its head. The morning was magnificent with sun and foliage in full flame. For the first time we could see it all, because our driver, Cpl. Pete Gannon, tied up the sides of the canvas covering over the passenger compartment. When we had marched from the road to the pond itself, we fell out and several men stripped off their shoes and went wading. We were to wait here to see the end of the great bateau race. Soon Colonel Arnold and a couple of real generals — air force and army — arrived by helicopter. And so we were rudely interrupted from our ease and had to stand to a brief inspection, barefoot men standing in the rear ranks. Then, apparently to clear the landing beach, we were marched and jammed into a small area closer to the road.

Time passed, and finally we learned that the bateaux had accidentally rowed into a cul-de-sac and were thus delayed. I was writing in my journal to kill time, and so I do not know just how much of it passed, when the first bateau was spotted well out in the lead. Dearborn's crew had two men to an oar and made full advantage of this tactic. The only race around was run among the next half dozen bateaux. At length Meigs's Division took five of the first six places. According to the major the results were: Dearborn, McCobb, Goodrich, Hanchett, Topham, and Colburn.¹

The major was in his glory at Natanis Pond.

Our crew had had to borrow one of McCobb's two bateaux. The day before, after a lengthy caulking job had hopefully sealed all leaks, a loose rope lying across the bateaux stacked on a trailer had caught on wheel and been so [taut] as to cut through gunwhales of our boat.

As a climax to all of this drama, the Carling van drove off, having delivered beer rations to all companies but McCobb's, Goodrich's, and

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Hanchett's. Fortunately Dearborn's Co. was generous with its extra beer, and thus we all had a little. We then hurried to our trucks and ate the lunches we had been issued that morning.

I should add that while we sat awaiting the bateaux along the pond, an interprising young man from Simeon Thayer's Rhode Islanders came around offering trinkets for sale: lead stylus pencils and bullet-on-yarn necklaces which he had made himself. He claimed not to have brought any spending-money on this trip, but that his trading truck was doing him very nicely at 35¢ per stylus and 60¢ per necklace.

The convoy arrived at the Canadian border within ten minutes. There was a slight delay while customs men came to ask the number of firearms on each truck. At about 12:40 PM Hanchett's Co. was first to cross the border, just behind Col. Arnold's jeep. Less than one mile down the road, however, our police escort pulled us to a halt. It is said that Major Meigs was the cause of this delay, but I do not know this for a fact. At about 1:20 PM the major did arrive in a jeep, and soon afterward we moved out, our division heading for Ste. Marie.

The convoy moved too quickly for good pictures to be taken from the trucks, so I shall probably have to return on my own to complete my slide collection. This portion of the trip was the most moving so far. As we rode down the highway, the entire army stretching several miles behind our lead truck, the habitants came to their doors and windows. Others were waiting for us along the road. We all waved shouting "Bonjour!" and "Hello!", and by far the majority of the people waved and smiled their welcome to us. Whole schools of children lined the road in towns and waved Quebec flags to us. One woman even flashed the "V" for victory. And hour after hour it continued. We were all struck by the similarity of our experience to that of G.I.'s liberating France thirty years ago.

The sky clouded over by mid-afternoon and it was nearly dusk when we finally reached Ste. Marie. The reception was as fantastic as before, only now the people could speak to us. We pulled into a cleared, sandy area of about two acres, just across a railroad track from a hockey arena. The place swarmed with school children and hardly a word of English. We had to rush to dump our gear (The trucks were to return to St. Georges for the night) and then line up immediately for our parade. As it was, we were several hours overdue (Thanks to the delays of Greene's and Morgan's Divisions). The crowds still waited, and now the major delayed. At any rate it had begun to drizzle just as we stepped off into semi-darkness. The parade ran no more than two miles, but we were still stiff. The Canadians have a custom of honking horns to show pleasure, so our music was lost in parking areas. We marched to Ste Anne Church where town officials and the town pastor greeted us. Apparently no one in Ste. Marie really speaks English. Our officers made suitable replies, one of our staff translating. We were then shown to "La Seigneurie", a very nice restaurant, for a "traditional Canadian meal": bean soup, beans, boiled potato, Swedish-style meatballs, roll, and a desert like apple pan dowdy — I couldn't identify the fruit.

After supper I tried to find a short cut to the campsite, and on a side street met two boys, Alan and Yves, perhaps fifteen years old. They asked to accompany me offering to show me the way, and when I said yes, they adopted me for the rest of the evening. Back at the camp the boys helped me set up my tent, which someone had misplaced away from the company pile. We then went to the arena to watch a

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couple of little league hockey games at which Col. Arnold and Maj. Meigs awarded trophies. I was introduced to several of the boys' friends and we conversed in English, French, and sign language. Joe Rose displayed his talents with a yo-yo. And all of us gave autographs on request — there were many requests.

At about 10:30 I returned to camp, where a severe wind and rain storm had collapsed a few tents and caused some minor flooding. I found my tent to be leaking along various seams, so that wherever I sat I got wet. This being the case I went to the town recreation hall where Ste Marie was providing free beer and soda without limit. Quite a crew had already gathered when it was announced that the rec. hall would remain open as a sleeping area for wet troops. We were also invited to sign the town's "Golden Book", a VIP guest register.

At midnight I was back in my tent to stand guard for two hours, but the camp was well-guarded by moats at this point, so I headed to the rec. hall. Bob Bocko, my partner on guard, decided to take the first hour of our shift, sitting in Tom Connolly's car. However, in about ten minutes he returned, having been relieved by someone in a trailer. The rec. hall was quite crowded that night, but I fell asleep by 1:30 AM despite considerable noise.

Notes

- 1: These results are uncertain. Even as late as the last night in Quebec no one, officers included, could be absolutely positive in listing the order of bateaux at the finish of this race. I was too far from the landing place to be sure of anything other than Dearborn's victory.

Thursday, 2 October 1975

There was no official reveille call in the Ste Marie recreation hall this morning, but people began to arise around 6 AM. I was awakened by the low noises of this activity. It was harder to get out of the sack in a warm building than it is in a cold camp. Cpl. McNerney had some problems rousing some of his younger charges. He also took charge of policing activities, and since I was one of the first men awake, I took a hand. Before we left the hall we had cleaned up everything but the spills and rearranged the furniture.

The camp had dried considerably when I returned, although the sand was damp and sticky. There was a long, and fairly slow line for the breakfast of pancakes and coffee. The sky had a broken overcast, but the temperature was quite moderate, as it had been throughout our stay in Ste Marie. Capt. Davis then called an informal assembly of Hanchett's Co. to explain our procedure for parading into Quebec.

Once camp was broken we loaded onto our trucks and drove off through mobs of waving schoolchildren. Our truck gave a lift to a two-man Canadian camera crew. On the road I had a pleasant historical talk with the mike-man, M. du Saulte. He told me that French immigration to Canada ended in 1760. He is descended from a seigneur, Jean Baptiste Tout-Pain, of the 1650's. (It was 50° outside).

It had misted considerably while we drove to the bridge, but when we arrived, we suffered only a sharp, cold wind. When we halted to form line of march, I shouted for Hanchett's Co. to form right behind the colonel. And so it was that our company, last in nearly every parade to date, was first to march into Quebec. We had tightened our hats to our heads, but the winds, so strong on the shore, were mild on the bridge, and no hats were lost.

At the far side of the bridge, which had been kept absolutely clear for us, we boarded our trucks. I believe our bridge was the Pont de Quebec, which crosses the St. Lawrence into the suburb of St. Foy. We then drove straight to the Manège Militaire where we were dropped off on the wrong side of the building. The major addressed us, warning us against messing up in any way in our neighbor's "front yard".

Upon dismissal we carried our kit around to the front door and set out our sleeping bags by companies and divisions. Capt. McCobb's boys must have trucked in before us, as their beautiful camp was already pitched on the park in front of our armory. The armory dates back to 188-, and its ceiling is quite ornate with great wooden pendants. Hanchett's Co. quickly claimed an area along the southeast corner. I took company guard duty from 3 to 5 PM and worked on my journal. I was told by several men that the people of Quebec City are quite friendly to us. I have even heard that some of les Quebecoise view as "liberators" les Bostonnais who will fight the English "oppressors". A fellow from Greene's Division told me that the mayor of St. Georges had referred to our loss of Canada 200 years ago, saying: "It's no use crying over spilt milk".

Around 5:45 I climbed aboard the O'Keefe's Brewery double-decker bus to take a tour of their facilities in the lower town. At the Voutes Jean Talon they have a small museum of military and brewing equipment, and they offered us all the brew we wanted. On a tip from one of our company I tried Champlain Porter — it was terrifically smooth, like draft Guinness.

I sat with Goodrich's Co. but was not in on the conversation. So when Rev. Samuel Spring (Rev. James Knorr), the army chaplain, sat

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down, I engaged him in talk. He is the direct descendant of Mrs. Jemima Warner, who buried her husband in Sartigan and then carried his rifle to Quebec. He told me that she had come down with pneumonia along the Chaudiere and had been nursed to health by a group of nuns. Yesterday he had visited the area and found the Ursuline Convent where she had stayed. Regretably there were no records or artifacts from this period at the convent.

I returned to the armory too late for regular supper and so got some of Morgan's Division's spaghetti. It was filling. I don't understand why the other divisions got different and better food, and Morgan's men are upset about this.

Guard duty at the front door had been so screwed up that Bob Bocko had stood four straight hours this afternoon. The officers were embarrassed and upset by this mess, and soon Major Febiger was around with a guard duty roster for companies. Hanchett's tour will be from 3 to 6 each twelve hours. I volunteered for 5 to 6 AM tomorrow morning, so I would not have to try to get back to sleep. The rest of the evening I spent on my journal and talking with other folks.

One other incident is worthy of note. This afternoon Terry Crean came in rather upset. He had run into Lts. Kelleher and Hansell and Sgt. Maj. Appleyard in the old city, who "reprimanded" him for carrying his musket in town. Terry had returned to ask if he had missed some special orders on this matter, but we had heard none. A check with Major Meigs revealed that there were no such orders. When the three officers arrived later, I asked them what was going on. It seems there were officers, whom none of them recognized, wandering the town like MP's, threatening to pull the ID card of anyone they found with a musket. The word given Terry was intended as a warning. We talked this over among the company and decided that we take orders only from Arnold, Meigs, and Davis. Any other officer who tries playing Napoleon is getting nothing more than a piece of our minds.

Lights were turned down around 11 PM, and I was asleep by midnight. It was remarkably quiet in this armory containing several hundred soldiers and camp followers (wives and children).

P.S.: It is remarkable also that the invading army has received more attention from the invaded country than from its own. I hear that at Cathedral Pines the ARBA called Col. Arnold at the last minute to ask that one of its flags be carried into Canada. ARBA has snubbed AEQ all along. The colonel, God bless him, said "No!".

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Peter Light awakened me around 4:50 AM to relieve him on guard duty on the 5 to 6 shift. I was on duty by 5:10 and had a pleasant chat with Dick Welch and Peter, who couldn't get back to sleep after their tours of duty. Major Meigs came by and chatted with us for a while. This period is very quiet, as very few people are awake — only four men came through while I was guard. Earlier guards found themselves working as doormen helping the inebriated over the high door-step. Dick says that he asked one fellow for his card and was shown a quarter, so drunk was the man. Fortunately the whole army is taking this security with good grace, and there have been no incidents.

The mess vans had coffee by 5:00 and brought some into the armory for the guards. The dawn was so beautiful and clear that we stood outside for a while in spite of the cold (Some say it was 30°). McCobb's Co. waited in the cold to perform for a camera crew which never arrived. There was no reveille, but lights were turned on by 7 o'clock. Breakfast started at 7:30: real eggs! At 8:30 I responded to the last call and got two fried eggs, toast, french fries, oatmeal and milk. Very good. Tom Reed is now out looking for a copying machine to reproduce our company song.

We — Joe Rose, his wife Winnie, Tom Reed, and I — went to the Citadel at 10:00 to see the changing of the guard; but because of overcrowding there was a delay of some hours, so we continued our walk down Rue St. Louis. A short distance down the street we stopped to photograph "Maison du General", the house to which Gen. Montgomery's body was taken after the battle. While Joe took pictures, Tom stood on the other side of the street and fified "The Death of Wolfe".

We walked to a bookshop near the Chateau Frontenac in order to buy a copy of Canada Invaded 1775-1776 by Stanley. There were none to be had, although a new shipment was expected momentarily. It had clouded over as soon as we had begun this walk and the cold was quite noticeable. We therefore entered a coffee house, "Le Gaulois", and ordered vegetable soup and coffee. Here we were joined by an expatriate French Canadian who now lives in Pennsylvania. He told us that he was borrowing a spare uniform and would join one of our companies on the battlefield — our first ally. He also translated an article from "Le Soleil" which said we were not being well received. If this be true, we'd yet to find supporting evidence.

We then walked to the Quebec Seminary in search of a copying machine. They had none, but we met the president of the regional historical society, the priest who had greeted us at Ste Marie. He went on to relate the story of Mrs. Jamima Warner.

We then walked down to the lower city in order to follow the route of Arnold's attack. We found some confusion in the account of his wounding and will have to research it later. We fell in with five men or so from Greene's Division and proceeded toward Cape Diamond. On several occasions we encountered Frenchmen who were most friendly and wished us success.

On the narrow streets, which many soldiers were touring, we were joined by a number of small children. Tom Reed was the Pied-Fifer of Lower Quebec as he played and was followed by the kids. At #55 Rue Sault-au-Matelot, just beyond the location of the second barricade, we were invited by a woman to see a "300 year old" cannon ball and an ink well which she had found in the cellar. Her house had been built in 1686, two years before Quebec's oldest stone church. She then invited us in to view the architecture. At the back of the apartments the inside walls

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still showed bare stone. We then went upstairs to visit the tenants of the top floor. They welcomed us most warmly. When they heard of the newspaper account of our cool reception, they immediately polished an old pair of silver salt and pepper shakers and presented them to Winnie as proof of the error of the journals. We spent at least an hour with these good people.

As we made our way up the street, Tom fified from time to time. A short distance along we came to Place Royal, a restored area of the old section. Had we more time, we might have stayed there longer. Along the route we began to see the enemy also on tour. Exchanges were far more amicable than they will be tomorrow morning.

We continued around Cape Diamond to the marker for the barricade where Montgomery was killed. It lies on a super highway. By now large drops of rain were falling here and there. We pushed on until we reached the stairway to the Plains of Abraham. We then climbed the 401 steps.

At the Manège I learned that my family had arrived and had been looking for me several times. I was a good hour and a half late because of my tour. I spent a bit more time on editing the company song, and then Tom Reed headed off to the Tourist Bureau in search of a typewriter and copying machine. He was graciously received, and the desired equipment was made available. A photographer was called in to catch Tom at the typewriter, and Tom was given several copies of Canada's AEQ poster, which he later distributed.

I then headed to the Quebec Hilton and met Shin on the street. After a couple of drinks and a hot shower that lasted a good hour, I put on my best outfit including neckerchief, kneebreeches, and white stockings. We then walked up the Rue St. Louis to the Restaurant Continental for an 8 PM reservation. There we joined Paul Hansell, Russ Squires, Dick Welch, Bill Dempster, Al [McKersie], Dick Day, Winnie and Joe Rose, Bob Barnes, and Tom Reed. It was an excellent evening, and after dinner some of us walked down to the Chateau Frontenac in order to take the night air. I was in bed at the Hilton by 12:15 AM. I left a call for 5:45 AM.

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I arose at the call and dressed formally, as I had for last night's dinner. Dr. Joseph Warren set a fine precedent by going out to die on [Breed's] Hill in his finest dress suit. By 6:30 I was at the Manège. A special reveille of massed fifes and drums with all lights flashing on at 6:00 had shocked the army awake and caused some grumbling. Morgan's mess van had broken down, so Morgan's and Meigs's men shared one van. Dick Welch, Bill Dempster, and Al [McKersie] of Hanchett's Co. ran the wagon well, serving scrambled eggs and ham and toast.

Back inside the Manège we were drawn up by Ron Davis to hear instructions for battle order. All ramrods were to be left behind; no bayonets were to be fixed; all firing, even during withdrawal, was to be by volley. We were each issued a packet of about twenty-five cartridges. I noticed that Ben Soule had made a flash guard for his rifle from part of a Budweiser beer can. We all checked our flints and cleaned our vents. The captain had selected volunteers to play casualties, Lt. Bob Lennington being the first to fall dead at the captain's signal. (I suppose most captains have told their lieutenants to "drop dead" from time to time. This time it would be a "legitimate" command). Other casualties were to count to 100 and fall down once a designated predecessor had. Also those whose arms misfired repeatedly were to "play dead".

By 9:30 we had crammed ourselves into the trucks for one last ride. The temperature was moderately cool — a perfect parade day — and there were only a few scattered fair weather clouds. The ride was quite short. We off-loaded on the Plains of Abraham in a small depression along the street named Garneau, perhaps 3/4 mile to the southwest of the Citadel. The entire army lined up by division — Morgan, Greene, Meigs — and then by company. Meigs's line of battle was Colburn, Dearborn, McCobb, Hanchett, and Goodrich. We had decided as far back as Skowhegan that we would prefer to have Goodrich's Co. by us under any circumstances. Not so wild as Dearborn's, not so mechanical as McCobb's, Goodrich's Co. was a regular bunch much like Hanchett's. Our company drew up in a column of threes, as did all others, and then we faced left. To my right was Joe Rose, to my left was Peter Murray. Behind me in the second column was Carl [Zuelke]. In front of us the troops of Gen. Montgomery, mostly continentals, including the Third New Jersey, began to draw up.

At around 10:30 we were ordered to attention. Once again there was confusion since it was impossible to hear clearly orders given to the whole division. We then faced right and began marching off, our music following the beat of McCobb's. The army swung left onto Ontario (street?), but soon left the street to march along the gentle slope to our left. As we marched through thin clumps of young trees, we could see tourists on the crest to our left. There was a brief halt while we were still below the level of the battlefield. We heard the scheduled signal rockets go off (I am told that this was as much as ten minutes prior to the set time), but we could see nothing. We could hear but little of the firing. Someone remarked how much our situation recalled similar scenes in The Red Badge of Courage. There was even the customary "hurry up and wait", as some staff officer with a musket in hand hurried along our column ordering a double-time up the slope diagonally to bring us onto the battlefield. Once we reached the rolling ground of the battlefield we were brought to a halt. Older soldiers who had fallen behind while on the run now caught up with their units.

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As we stood there we were shocked at the sound of artillery on our left. A respectable slope ran off almost perpendicular to our line of march. Perhaps seventy-five yards from us a six-pounder was being handled by York troops, and about thirty yards beyond that what I judge to have been a three-pounder completed our field battery. At each shot a grand huzza went up from Meigs's Division.

Gradually the major ordered us forward, as opportunities allowed, so that we could see the battle. Goodrich's Co. was still left below on the rise toward the field and so saw little. The first thing I saw was Morgan's men. A number of riflemen lay on their bellies at the crest of a bluff to our right front. They were firing, though we could not see the enemy. Their unrammed powder made much smoke but only a puff of sound. Someone remarked that it sounded no worse than the aftermath of a baked bean banquet, and an officer commented that we were in mighty good spirit for men who were "about to die".

As we inched forward I caught sight of Greene's Division directly in front of us. Some of those companies were firing by volley. In front of Greene I finally made out the blue coats of Montgomery's men also firing in orderly fashion. In front of them I saw only the walls of the Citadel and the audience, but no British troops. In a few minutes the field pieces were manhandled down the slope and up to Greene's lines, where they resumed firing.

At this time Meigs's column was bent off to the right at about a [40°] angle at a point between McCobb's Co. and Hanchett's Co. Hanchett and Goodrich therefore faced left and wheeled right to straighten the column, and then faced right. Once again we marched forward, but now we were just tightening the column. The planned manoeuvre of Meigs's Division was theoretically simple: the column would face left and then wheel right until parallel to the British lines, and then would advance. We would fire volleys by ranks. Rank A would fire and then fall to the rear while ranks B and C advanced. While rank B fired, A would prime. B would fall back while C and A advanced. While C fired, A would load and B would prime. And so our advance would roll forward.

When Major Meigs ordered the wheel, the move was less than perfect. McCobb moved forward too quickly while Hanchett moved at a steady pace. Goodrich also hurried ahead, and so a pair of gaps appeared around our company. As the men at the ends of our ranks attempted to keep up with Goodrich or McCobb our line buckled. Lt. Paul Hansell extended his sword along our front to hold us in line and shouted for us to dress on the left. We were all shouting orders to straighten the line, officers or not. It was not until we reached the northwest arm of Ontario Street, our staging point, that we were able to reform.

We had already loaded our musket barrels while standing in reserve. Now that we were about to advance to the battle, we primed our pieces, wasting a good deal of powder from these full cartridges. All muskets were held at poise, and all locks were set at half-cock. It was remarkable how many men did not know the half-cock position. I stood in the front rank for some time, when at length Major Meigs came down the line. His head jutted forward from his collar, as usual; he looked up from under his eyebrows and smiled grimly. At the end of our line he turned back, drew his sword, and ordered an advance. I believe that most modern army officers dream of the lost glories of the old linear tactics, and I think the major was no exception. This was his great opportunity.

At first we moved at a walk, but shortly we were ordered to double-

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time it. I found myself aimed directly at a park bench and undecided as to which way to get around it. Others were headed for trees, and so our line was again in a shambles when brought to a halt after an advance of no more than thirty yards. At this point we began our volley firing. This ended after I had fired only two rounds. Actually the volleys began to break down. Paul Hansell had called repeatedly for a volley but our firing was ragged.

It was Major Meigs who called the halt. In front of us a ridge ran off on a diagonal extending past our right. We could see nothing on or beyond the crest. In the small space between our lines and this slope were three of Greene's companies. First Thayer's Co. fired its final rounds at nothing and withdrew through our lines. Then Topham's Co. and Hubbard's Co. repeated this operation. As they fell back through us, I heard someone say that we'd better move up as there was no one to hold off a British advance.

We stood at poise arms, facing the slope, for several minutes it seemed. Capt. Davis then sent Bob Bocko up the slope to scout out the enemy. Bob was careful to keep his head low, and almost as soon as he had peeked over the crest, he was racing back down to us. The British, who were never to be closer to us than thirty yards, were no more than fifteen yards beyond the crest. Some of us began calling to the major for orders to advance. If the redcoats reached the crest first, we would have to begin our withdrawal immediately. We hadn't come all this way to open our performance by running!

It seemed to take him forever, but the major half glowered and half grinned at us, then waggled his sword and told us to take the crest. No attempt was made to hold formation now. The slope was some 45° to 60°. The grass was slick, the exposed soil was damp and slippery, and patches of fragile shale cropped out here and there. We all but crawled the twenty-odd feet to the top. I could see why we were better off without fixed bayonets on that climb.

I began to crouch as I reached the crest. There they were! Directly in front of me were several ranks of rigid grenadiers. Farther along to my left was a line of Hessians in blue coats and white grenadier miters. I don't know what they were doing there. Beyond them were long lines of MacLean's highlanders, pipes and all.

We commenced firing immediately and gave no thought to volleys but fired as we loaded each at his own pace. No one wished to give up his vantage point on the front line even while loading, so there was considerable crowding from behind as the late comers tried to get off their shots. I had fired no more than twice when I saw Bob Bocko, the second man to my right, fall on his back with his elbows cocked up by the sides of his head — he was grimacing with pain. My first thought as I moved toward him was that he had been shot and burned. But as I looked at him, I could see no marks about his head and no blackened areas on his white rifle shirt. By now several men had gathered around him. It was Dick Day, an old hand at black powder shooting, who first diagnosed the problem and told us all to back off and let Bob be. In the crush at the front where Bob was crouched close to the ground, someone had fired a double-loaded musket only a few feet over Bob's head. The ringing of his ear was surprising and painful. We began to shout along the line for single loads only, and Lt. Paul Hansell continued to call us to keep our muskets pointed upward.

I now understand that we were not to fire "at" the enemy line, but

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I know there was scarcely a man who did not pick his target. Amid all this "slaughter" we were most careful to place the empty cartridge papers back into our pockets so as not to litter the lovely Plains of Abraham. Through all this the grenadiers remained quite unperturbed like rows of scarlet tenpins. Indeed it was only after I had fired some half dozen rounds that I noticed them fire one careful volley. That must have done the trick, for I never saw them fire another round, yet soon we were being withdrawn from the ridge.

We did not wish to look like beaten rabble, but it was most difficult to maintain a dignified posture while heading back down that steep slope. Once at the bottom we reformed our lines in the same positions as just prior to our advance up the slope, and we primed and loaded once again.

All was quiet in our sector when I glanced to my left and saw a troop of perhaps thirty Canadian militia in blue frocks and long, red stocking caps descend down a small "valley" at the end of our ridge. These men were as mechanical and stiff as Hessians, and at first I wasn't quite sure for whom they were fighting. They soon formed up facing us, so I yelled to Capt. Davis that they were turning our left flank and we had better act quickly. At length the major noticed this development. There was no time for a proper wheeling manoeuvre, the orders for which got badly confused; so we simply reformed our lines on a perpendicular to the ridge and began firing at will. This militia remained as disdainful of our efforts as had the grenadiers.

After several rounds had been fired by each man, we received the call to withdraw from the field. There was no longer an attempt by officers to order volleys, so it became somewhat tricky to fall back in safety. Men to the rear were firing without moving to the front; and men at the front, not wishing to lose a good firing position, remained in front to reload. More than once I had to push aside loaded muskets pointed toward me from behind. And through all this confusion the officers continued to shout for withdrawal. But no one wanted to fall back while he still had cartridges to fire. There was a touch of anarchy about the whole affair.

As we grudgingly walked backward, pikemen from McCobb's Co. rushed out between us and the redcoats, kneeling with pikes extended outward to hold off an enemy advance upon our muskets. Many men with small cartouches were now without ammunition. I handed out at least four rounds to those around me. I noticed that we were leaving behind us at the foot of the slope a considerable number of "wounded".

The division's flag was planted just across Ontario Street, and at the captain's orders we quickly reformed in our original three ranks behind this flag. Some of us still had some cartridges left and were eager for one last chance to burn them. Perhaps the major sensed this or had heard the rumor that we would not be allowed to carry cartridges back into the States. At any rate he came along our lines to ask if we still had powder. He then gave the order to burn it all as quickly as possible, and we gladly complied. I handed out a couple of my cartridges to friends who were empty and then fired a shot from the front rank and fell back quickly, reloading as I went. By the time I was once again in the front rank I could hear the order to cease fire. Not wishing to waste a shot by dumping it, I pulled to full cock — but the cock slipped and set off the charge just as I released my hold, and my right hand felt the flash. I was not the last to try a late shot.

We then dumped our barrels by holding them muzzle down and banging

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them against our feet, and we secured our locks by replacing our frozen stalls. As we went about this business, Ben Soule came limping back to our lines with a great bandana wrapped around his head. We gave a cheer at this sight. Another of our "casualties" was Andrew Davis, the captain's young son. He, also, had wrapped a white bandage about his head. I don't think "Drew" had cared for the sound of gunfire, for as we had manoeuvred in front of our ridge earlier, I had noticed him lying face-down on the field with his hands over his ears.

A check of my cartouche box showed four rounds left.... Of my seventeen shots I had had but one flash in the pan. The Brown Bess is a reliable arm indeed.

As closely as I can determine our battle ended around ten minutes after noon. The closing actions had taken place after our final rounds had been fired. Somewhere before us, on the field from which we had recently withdrawn, Captain Morgan and some of his men had been cut off by the advancing enemy forces. After declining to surrender his sword to any officer, the captain consented to deliver it to a French priest. With this capitulation on the field of battle the reenactment came to a close.

The victorious troops then filed out by us, marching down Ontario St, into Georges VI St. and back to the Grande-Allée. Of the vanquished, Morgan's Division had the honor of marching first from the field. Major Meigs kept up our rivalry with Greene's Division at this point by insisting that we get into second position in line of march despite the fact that Greene's men were already in line to follow on the heels of Morgan. The major warned the captain of our leading company that he'd be a buck private by nightfall if we didn't get ahead of Greene, and so we stepped right in where we wanted to the major's obvious pleasure. I can't vouch for Greene's feelings in this matter.

Once we had reformed from line of march on the green in front of the Manège, we were told to be back on the green by 1:30 for an afternoon parade through the old city. Capt. Davis wanted Hanchett Co. back by 1:15 for a company photograph. While the rest of the army went into the Manège for lunch, I headed back to the Hilton. Time was so short, however that my lunch turned out to be a 7-Up and a pair of candy bars. I then hustled back to the green with a few minutes to spare. There was considerable picture taking and talking with tourists. Once again we heard in no uncertain terms the feelings of a "Frenchman" toward the "English". These attitudes are difficult for a Yankee to comprehend. I have heard much about oppression or exploitation of the French, but not once in Quebec Province did I meet a native speaker of English or detect signs of English presence, let alone control. It's a situation worthy of some study. It is strange how often the French express the belief that their lot would have been improved had Arnold and Montgomery succeeded 200 years ago. Under the British the Quebecois have maintained all aspects of their original culture to a most remarkable degree. Yet within a generation of moving down among the Yankees, my family has all but lost all sense of being French — even the name is altered.

By 1:30 the army was in parade order on the green, and once again there was some confusion as we could not hear the major's orders. Hanchett Co. was located toward the end of our division, and well back from Col. Arnold, so we saw nothing of the various ceremonies held along the parade route. The victorious forces led the entire parade as was their due. The American forces were allowed to carry their firelocks

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and colors — "honors of war" —, but as the vanquished we could carry no blades — swords or bayonets — unsheathed.

We marched down the Grande-Allée toward the St. Louis Gate and through the walls which Arnold never passed. Not far inside the walls we passed "Maison du General". As we continued down Rue St. Louis, we approached a restaurant called "Aux Anciens". Along the sidewalk stood a number of waitresses in old habitant costumes. As we approached them, Capt. Davis ordered a present arms — eyes left salute to the ladies. Along the route there were numerous halts, for whatever reasons we were uncertain, and at these places our music entertained the crowds.

At the Place d'Armes in front of the Chateau Frontenac we turned left onto Rue du Fort and then left again onto Rue Buade. At a halt on this street, as we waited next to the Basilica, we were approached by Carl DeSuzé of WBZ Radio. We had already learned that Carl had been reporting our progress daily to his audience and offering selected readings from Kenneth Roberts's Arundel. For his services to our cause Hanchett Co. gave him a loud three huzzas.

We then marched counter-clockwise about the monument to Cardinal Taschereau and then west along the Côte de la Fabrique and then into the Rue St. Jean. A short distance down this way we swung right into the Côte du Palais heading northwest toward the city's cliffs. At the end of this street is a fairly wide gap in the wall at the top of the cliff. Just outside this opening the Côte Dinan heads down to the right across the face of the cliff. At the bottom of this street the Côte de la Canoterie angles off to the right and back up across the face of the cliff. At the corner of these two streets we were halted and again we were warmly greeted by the residents of the lower city. One of our brief acquaintances of our Friday tour recognized us, and several men offered us cigarettes and attempted conversations.

Not far up Canoterie the street divides at the end of a rampart wall, the [right] fork continuing up to the ramparts, and the [left] fork leading back down. Again we marched down and quickly entered that very narrow street between the cliffs and the old tenements. These are the streets along which Arnold's assault force quietly made its way through the snowstorm to attack the barricades.

Shortly after turning to the right under the head of the cliff a quick left and right took us into the Rue Sault-au-Matelot. At #55 we exchanged greetings with our hostess of yesterday. Farther down the street I could see someone in a fourth story window tossing loads of confetti down on us — our own ticker-tape parade! At this point our route headed southeast. A quick turn to the right and then left and we were marching up the Côte de la Montagne. This street is quite steep and half-way up the face of the cliff it turns right and curves around until the upper city is reached. At the top we swung left around the Laval Monument and once more onto the Rue du Fort. From here we simply marched out along the Rue St. Louis, through St Louis Gate, and back along the Grande-Allée.

At the far end of the Manege green we marched left onto Rue George V and then right onto Avenue Laurier. After no more than 100 yards the major brought us to a halt. After a few words of gratitude from officers we were dismissed from this, our last official duty. Before we departed there was a distribution of tickets for this evening's banquet.

Back at the Hilton I discovered one blessing which I had never expected to get from the expedition. When I put on the television there was only a choice between news shows. Even the local Canadian news was depressing,

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and the U.S. news was intolerable, although there was no terribly shocking story to stand out from the others. For the past two weeks we had escaped from the various insanities of the twentieth century. It was worth all of our discomforts and losses to achieve this freedom. I almost regret the return to "normal".

By 7:45 Shin, Dottie, my mother, and I set out for the banquet which was being held in Government Building G, a modern affair almost directly across the Grande-Allée from the Manège Militaire. The line for the banquet extended outside the building, and several men of Hanchett Co. determined individually to seek dinner elsewhere. Those of us who stood in line were entertained for a while by a piper and dancer from MacLean's outfit. Once inside I began to walk along the line seeking signatures of members of Hanchett Co. for my copy of Smith's Arnold's March From Cambridge to Quebec.

We actually spent no more than 20 minutes waiting before we reached the cafeteria. I took the Beef Burgundy offering. Deep-fried salmon was the other choice. I then found a table where Tom Reed, Joe and Winnie Rose, and Bill Dempster had already begun the meal.

The program had already started even as I sat down to eat. There were numerous speeches including valedictions by division commanders. Several awards were presented for extraordinary service by individuals. The four members of Dearborn's bateau crew were specially recognized. Major Meigs in particular became choked up in his farewell address and had difficulty in finishing his speech. The singer from McCobb Co. then got to the microphone and offered us "The Walls of Quebec". I was then embarrassed to hear my name called for the singing of "Old Oliver Hanchett", a distinct change of pace. Having no option several of us got up to the head table and clumsily got 19 verses across. Dearborn's boys reacted most favorably to the whole thing. I am told that most of the assembly could not hear us anyway. Meigs, Arnold, and Fr. Provost each requested copies of the words which I did provide. Our French interpreter later approached me to request that a copy be sent to the AEHS for publication in the journal.

The finest presentation of the night was made to Col. Arnold by his staff officers and division commanders. They had contacted the Kenneth Roberts estate and acquired the large oil portrait of Peter Merrill which was prepared for the first edition of Rabble In Arms. This was an extraordinary gift and one well befitting a fine commanding officer and gentleman.

On a more somber note the names of three soldiers — Dave Eneguess of Dearborn's, Mark Perry of Colburn's, and James June of Scott's — who had died prior to the start of our campaign were read to the assembly.

When the banquet ended, company captains distributed our Warrants and Bicentennial Philatelic Passports. The postmaster told one of our officers that he had already received an offer of \$300 for one of those 700 passports. Before departing I obtained the signatures of the Colonel and the Major.

Once outside I headed to the Manège to get other signatures for my book. On my way I encountered a rifleman who was pleased to give me his full background. He was from Ross's Rifle Company, the biggest troublemakers in Washington's camp at Cambridge. He seemed to take a perverse pride in being descended from the Paxton Boys. At length I broke away and got my business done.

It was about midnight when I settled to bed.

The Fleet for AEQ-75

Vayu 28' ketch Newburyport (Maryland)
Eastward 32' sloop E. Boothbay Roger Duncan flag
Dorothy 36' gaff schooner Newagen, Me Donald C. Duncan
Susan 28' schooner Jones Cove, Me Wm. Peterson
Cockle 30' gaff sloop Spar Cove, Me Widgery Thomas
Spindrift 34.6 sloop Marblehead A.J. Morency
Ebony Queen 42' gaff sloop Boston Rich. Piper
Mary Anne 30' friend. sloop Damariscotta Jos. Griffin
Truant 55' gaff schooner Gloucester Paul T. Harling
Glad Tidings 46' gaff brigantine Belgrade Bruce Trembley
Schoodic 32' friend. sloop Winter Harb. Bruce Lanning
Charming Sally 34' ketch Newburyport Max Scholz
Pilama II about 44' sloop Pleasant Point, Me John Bartlett

OLDE OLIVER HANCHETT

A Ballad of the Grand Army of the Kennebec

(Sung to the tune of "Sweet Betsy From Pike")

1. Olde Oliver Hanchett went into the woods
With thirty-odd men and a passel of goods
To take Quebec City in spite of the rains —
Olde Oliver's boys made a mish-mash of Maine.
2. To the Common at Cambridge we marched one hot day;
We snarled traffic in a spectacular way;
From taverns the tipplers poured out to the street,
When they heard our fifes shrilling their music so sweet.

Chorus:

Sing MEIGS, ARNOLD, HANCHETT, and ON TO QUEBEC!

3. Now Rowley's a fine town with scenery galore;
We saw scenery plenty and then more and more;
From Ipswich to Newbury takes a good while,
And we grew our first blisters on the great Rowley "mile".
4. The boys took the boats out of Newburyport,
Expecting to get them two full days of sport;
When the skippers called, "Heave!", the boys did not delay —
And all of our lunches went into the bay!

Chorus

5. At Phippsburg we settled us down to a camp;
It rained all night long, which did make things quite damp;
Contending with cold and with mildew and rust,
We shouted our motto: "In Carling We Trust!"
6. On the Kennebec River the very next day,
Pilama did start up a grand naval fray;
With grapnels of water the boats did wage war,
'Til Meigs could absorb not a single drop more!

Chorus

7. At Bath we took "showers" all out in the street,
The puddles all flowing well over our feet;
The Elks, they did feed us — it tasted right good,
And we all had "Bath-water" to wash down our food!
8. We were joined by McCobb's here, a real dandy crew;
They look just like Hessians in all that they do;
"Professional soldiers!", admirers do say;
"Too bad their ancestors turned back just half-way!"

Chorus

9. At Colburn's we met Hendricks' rifleman crowd;
They're pushy, drink bourbon, and cuss right out loud!
But they're friendly, outgoing, and will share their food,
If their sour-mash whiskey puts them in the mood!
10. The army did gather to wait in the rain;
Meigs looked for perfection, but he looked in vain;
We camped for the night in the great Richmond bog,
Where the only one happy was Dearborn's red dog!

Chorus

11. Now Dearborn's a dandy, a real cavalier,
With his high boots, and red dog, and neatly trimmed beard;
His men ain't so fancy, they don't go for show;
But the oarsmen do row them one damn fine bateau!
12. The Major did cuss us and bless us in turn;
Just what he thought of us we never did learn;
An army of critics, we all had our say;
And the poor Major's ears must have burned all the way!

Chorus

13. Fort Western did treat us in mighty fine style;
The rain even stayed off our heads for a while;
The D.A.R. ladies gave us a fine lunch;
Dear ladies we think you're one helluva bunch!
14. We camped in Augusta's fine Capital Park,
Where townies harassed us till long after dark;
The governor snubbed us, the crowds they were few —
Augusta, you pikers, here's looking at you!

Chorus

15. At Skowhegan our crew rowed too close to the shore;
Ben Soule pulled so hard that he broke off an oar;
The drama breath-taking, they gave a grand show;
And like Arnold we still have our leaky bateau.
16. Whoever thought we'd learn so much about beans?
At dawn all the boys were lined up at latrines;
The Colonel planned well his great northern campaign;
And gas warfare was waged upon Abraham's Plain!

Chorus

17. At Kingfield they camped us out in the school yard;
The sunlight was gorgeous, the march not too hard;
They fed us at home the best meals that we'd seen —
Except for the poor lads who got pork and beans!
18. We trod the Great Carry at a right lively pace,
The Major determined we should win the race;
It surely did please him we'd caught up with Greene,
And his praise was the most lavish we'd ever seen.

Chorus

19. On the pond of Natanis there was a great race,
Where Dearborn's bateau set a mighty fast pace;
And Meigs was so pleased at the speed of each crew,
That we got extra rations of O'Keefe's fine brew.
20. Now Ste. Marie town was a good stretch away,
And folks waited for us all through that cold day;
They wined us and dined us and made it quite clear
That the natives were glad Arnie's Army was here.

Chorus

21. The battle raged outside the Citadel walls;
'Twas good for the British we'd no musket balls;
If we'd hadn't our orders it was all in fun,
The stars on Old Glory'd now be fifty-one!
22. And now in Quebec we are all settled down,
The "hit" of the press and the talk of the town;
We share a fine banquet on this, our last eve,
And regret in our hearts that tomorrow we leave.

Chorus

23. And now we have come to the end of our trek;
We've honored our heroes who'd come to Quebec;
I suggest, since our fortnight was fun down the line,
That we all re-enlist in 100 years time!