A Journal of
The Treaty of Paris - 83
as Kept by
John F. Denis
of the
Concord Minute Men

Friday, 19 August 1983

This is the great day for the Concord Minute Men, the day which sees nearly three years' preparation come to its realization in the departure for "Europe '83." The families of Capt. Gary Puryear and Sgt Major Bob Childs have already set out for Scotland on the 16th so that Bob and Gary might have the chance to look after assorted details such as the handling of our muskets by customs.

The Company's rendezvous was at the parking lot of Concord-Carlisle High School, where by 4:30 PM a large portion of those traveling had already gathered. It was a sunny afternoon but not uncomfortably hot. Luggage was lined up alongside one of the wire fences, and new arrivals were quickly questioned by bus captains Rene Robillard and Skeezie Viles about their passports. A photographer from the Beacon papers was hovering about for special shots for next week's edition.

The only thing lacking was a bus. Loading was to have begun around 4:15, but it was not until 5:05 that two Commonwealth Coaches arrived.

Boarding went smoothly, and by 5:20 we were en route to the town green for our formal send-off, only a half an hour behind schedule. Making our way through the rush hour traffic, we pulled up along the north side of the green, where fifty or sixty well-wishers were waiting. Most of this crowd was comprised of family members or minute men who could not be with us.

Someone was passing out canned soft drinks, which were most welcome. Then around 5:33 we were called to gather near the obelisk to hear a valedictory address by Rev. Dana Greeley, in which he mentioned that we would be the first Concord delegation to visit Odell in twenty-five years. Jim , Chairman of the Board of Selectmen made a brief statement about how proud the town was to have the Company act as its representative. Ensign Adjutant Vern Potter — commanding officer of our group while in transit and brevet-Lieutenant for the course of the trip — expressed the Company's thanks; and finally Father Rogers offered his best wishes.

It was just after we had reboarded the busses that we found that VIP #5 — the second and non-smoker bus — would not start. VIP #11 then swung around the green and backed up so as to be able to provide a jumpstart. At 6 o'clock precisely we were able to move out for Logan Airport.

Our drivers took us out Cambridge Turnpike and Rte 2 to Rte 128, and then into Boston along the Mass Pike. Even with the absence of toll booths the bottleneck of the Callahan Tunnel caused us delays, and it was nearly 7 o'clock when we approached the Northwest Orient terminal.

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But our wayward bus had yet one more trial to offer us. While the lead bus (#11) took an offramp too early, our driver quite properly followed the signs to Northwest only to find the overhead clearance too low. As we hummed "You take the low road, and we'll take the high road," Frank Cannon got out and worked at stopping traffic so that old #5 could back all the way down to that original ramp. Be it noted that few Boston drivers seemed to care that Frank was signaling them to go around the bus, and one woman drove at him to within a foot before stopping. A medal of some suitable sort to Past Captain Cannon for efforts above and beyond, intrepidity, and conspicuous etc.

By 7:10 the second bus was unloading on the lower level. Happily all of our heavy luggage was to be sent directly by bus for loading onto the plane. Furthermore, our boarding passes had already been filled out with seating assignments, and so we easily went straight ahead through security and into the waiting area at Gate 20.

The boarding process began on time and went smoothly with Rene and Skeezie again checking us off on their lists as we passed by. The minute men appeared to have drawn most of the seats in the center portion of the 747.

There was plenty of time for us all to settle comfortably and then yet more time for us to grow uncomfortable. Eventually we were informed that the delay was being caused by the amount of traffic typical of a Friday evening.

At 8:32 we began to taxi away from the gate, but it was not until 9:03 that we lifted off. Once aloft I was easily able to make out the Bunker Hill Monument off to port, and Fenway Park was easily distinguished in the distance. Within minutes I could only guess at the landscape below.

The drink cart slowly made its way toward my row — I'm always at the wrong spot for this kind of service. Then just as we were being served, about 10 PM, turbulence hit to such a degree that the cart was quickly hustled away and the stewards and -esses were battened down for the while. I found that with a Scotch in hand and a Dvorak symphony on the headphones I really didn't care about the weather.

Eventually matters calmed and the meals began to be served — a choice of breast of midget chicken or a seafood newburg. As such things go, the meal was not bad.

Soon after the clearing of the trays there began a showing of the Richard Pryor-Jackie Gleason film "The Toy." Oddly there was not a charge for either the headsets or the film. I tried a few minutes of the show but decided that I needed sleep more. In the end I got very little of this.

Saturday, 20 August 1983

When the movie had started, we were requested to lower the shades on all of the windows to reduce the interference from the rising sun. I was skeptical, but just after the closing credits I found that the sun was indeed up, and we were making our approach to Prestwick, Scotland.

Even though most of the passengers aboard were heading for Gatwick and London, by some mystery of stringpulling Flight 48 had been rescheduled so as to land first at Prestwick for the benefit of the Company.

Promised flight time had been 5 hours and 26 minutes, and we were but slightly late when we touched down at 7:36 AM local time.

At Prestwick there are no fancy disembarking devices and one must walk across the open concrete to reach the terminal. But the cool, damp air was just the thing to revive us. Our baggage was immediately available on the conveyor belt, and we were quickly cleared through the passport check. The men at the customs tables all but ignored us.

In the main lobby Gary Puryear was waiting to greet us all and direct us to the two waiting busses. There was a little delay while many of us cashed travelers checks. Then at 8:43 we moved out for Edinburgh with Gary following in the Ryder rental lorry with all the luggage.

The guide on our bus — the non-smoker — introduced himself as Chris Fagin and explained that we would be taking a brief side trip at first to the birthplace of Robert Burns in Alloway, which was just up the road apiece. There we left the coaches in a car park and strolled the half block to the Burns cottage, which is on a lovely street. One of the villagers proudly displayed his fine flower garden and engaged Colin Chisholm in conversation. Several of our number found an open shop and purchased refreshments.

Within about fifteen minutes we were back aboard and moving out for Edinburgh. The morning was sunny and it was not long before some of us were drowzing in the warmth. We had to backtrack some through the city of Ayr and then headed out through Kilmarnock.

There had earlier been inquiries about a breakfast stop, and now somewhere along the A71 — in the vicinity of Newmilns, I think — our driver pulled into the lot of a small roadside "truckstop." Chris Fagin stepped in first to see if the proprietor was prepared to face our numbers, and from the way the lights inside the restaurant flashed on we could tell the answer.

Here we spent about half an hour. The food was simple but very tasty, especially the hot Danish with cream. The payment was on the honor system with the tally being taken after the food had been eaten.

On the next leg of the trip most of our party fell asleep. Although at first I was determined to see all that I could, eventually I too dozed off. The route took us through the city of Hamilton, where I began to notice that some shops really take their time in opening up on a Saturday morning.

By the time we had reached the outskirts of Edinburgh, the sky had a definite overcast. I began to notice quite a few youngsters wearing sweaters or scarves of maroon and white, and I later learned that they were in fact fans of a particular football club.

Saturday, 20 August 1983

The Caledonian Hotel, located on Lothian Street near the corner of Princes Street, is an old establishment in the grand style. Over the past couple of years it had undergone extensive renovation, and it was now quite impressive. For most of us there was little difficulty in signing in, but some had been assigned rooms which were found to be still occupied.

Judy and I had room 522, which was on the back part of the building and faced west. These quarters were rather interesting as the bathroom seemed nearly as large as the bedroom. From our windows we could look out across the roofs of our neighbors to the several church steeples which chimed hours and quarters.

By coincidence Judy's mother was traveling with another tour, which was in Edinburgh for this one day, and so she was at the Caledonian just as we arrived. Despite our weariness it was agreed that some of this "free" afternoon ought to be used in shopping and exploring. Following the advice of Marcia Puryear we took a cab to the Abbotsford pub on Rose Street for our lunch. This place was quite crowded, but it was well worth the effort to get in and find seats.

Most pubs stop serving lunch at 2 PM and our first worry was that we would miss the deadline. In fact we were well within the time limit, but several of the favorite dishes were no longer available. Since the steak and kidney pie was gone, I ordered the curried eggs — hard-boiled eggs in a mild curry sauce on a bed of rice. Draft Guiness stout goes very smoothly with curry.

As I expected, there were only communal tables, and we were lucky indeed to get three seats located together. To one side sat a fiftyish gentleman and to the other a chap in his early twenties, and soon we were all swapping bits of conversation as if old acquaintances.

It was around 2:30 when we finished dining and the waitresses were closing up the food service. Stepping out onto Rose Street we made our way westward and then crossed over to check out some of the department stores which front on Princes Street. But our weariness some overcame us, and we began to walk down Princes Street in a light rainfall before securing a cab back to the hotel.

There we rested as best we could before the evening dinner, but I don't think we dared fall asleep for fear of missing this special meal.

At 7 PM, a little late, I hurried down to a special informational meeting for all minute men and dependents in one of the function rooms on the first floor. By the time I arrived, every seat had been taken. Captain Gary Puryear was emphasizing the absolute need for punctuality over the next few days because our schedule must mesh with those of many other units. As I stood to the rear of the room listening, I was approached by one of the agents from Raymond and Whitcomb, our travel agency, who requested that I open the equipment trunks by such-and-such a time. Once again I was being taken for Bob Childs, Sgt. Major and keeper of the keys.

The evening's festivities opened in the main lounge on the ground floor with a cash bar. It was here that I first discovered what was later verified elsewhere: that British bartenders are quite vague about "Collins" drinks. Just the party of Concord Minute Men

managed to crowd the place sufficiently to prevent the chance of overindulgence.

A little after eight o'clock we began to make our way into the main dining room. Circular tables had been set for eight each, and there was exactly enough room for the full Company. We began with smoked trout and then went on to roast lamb in wine sauce. It was all very satisfactory. The dessert was a delicious concoction of pears in butterscotch.

Then came the entertainment, complete with piper and two highland dancers. I do not recall the names of any of the performers, if they were in fact given, but there was a world champion accordion player and a drummer with the name Pete Irvine on his bass and the kilted master of ceremonies. The performances were quite pleasant, and the dancers were particularly good. At one point individuals from the audience were pressed into singing "Loch Lomond," and all were good sports about it.

By 10:30 we began to clear out of the dining room to make way for a radio show which is regularly broadcast from the hotel.

Sunday, 21 August 1983

Our official day was to begin with an 8 AM bus tour of Edinburgh, so any hope for an adequate amount of sleep was lost if one wished to get breakfast. To complicate matters another tour group was trying to get its food at the same time and place as we, and therefore there was quite a line waiting for tables.

The service was buffet, and since the serving tables went around a corner it was difficult to make reasonable choices. I started out by taking sliced ham and cheese and bread, assuming that there might be little else of interest, and ended up with a second plate filled with proper breakfast items such as sunnyside eggs, bacon, and a couple of types of Scottish sausage with black pudding. The ham and cheese I made into a sandwich for passing the time while on the tour. It was a real rush to eat and get to the bus on time.

But for all the previous night's stern warnings about punctuality it was nearly 8:20 when the busses finally moved down Rutland Street, around Rutland Square, and up Shandwick Place to Princes Street. We began with an excursion through "Newtown," an 18th century development to the north of Princes Street. Cruising along the streets and around the squares we would stop briefly before the home of such a celebrity as Alexander G. Bell or Sir Walter Scott. Our guide, a kilted young chap, had a sense of humor but became quite seriously engrossed in his presentations at specific homes. In front of Robert Louis Stevenson's place he began to go on about how Stevenson pater had designed light houses. A quizzical look crossing his face, Bob Marshall asked what a lighthouse was, and the guide had almost completed his first sentence of explanation before he realized that he was being had. At this he smiled and then pulled the sgian dhu from his hose while advising against further highjinks.

With a steady overcast this wasn't the prettiest of touring days, but the city was impressive nonetheless. We stopped briefly on Princes Street to take a look at the flowered banking at the northeast stairway leading down into the gardens. Here we waited a minute or two for the hour to strike on the floral clock and the appearance of the electronic cuckoo.

The tour then took us up by the Castle and down along the Royal Mile, past Canongate, and to the Palace of Holyrood House. Here we took a twenty minute break to stroll through the grounds and enjoy the gardens. Since the Royal Family was not in residence at this time, it would be possible later in the day to tour the royal apartments if there were time.

And there was little enough time. En route to the Caledonian there was a brief stop for photographs of the statue of Greyfriars Bobby. As soon as Doc Rooney got up to the bronze dog, he lifted his leg against the statue's base.

It was around 11 o'clock when we returned to the hotel to begin our preparations for the afternoon and our first performance. "The Presidential Suite," at the far end of the second floor, had been reserved as a kind of headquarters and depot for the Concord Minute Men. Here were the eight costume boxes containing our 18th century clothing and the three weapons crates with muskets and bayonets. Once we had changed into uniform in our rooms, we made our way down to the suite to procure our arms. Company policy would be to have

weapons in hand only when absolutely necessary in order to maintain security and to keep the neighbors from having fits.

Gradually our numbers made their way through the main lounge, out past the gazebo, and into the back car park, where our busses were waiting. Around 12:50 all were aboard and we were on our way to the staging area. Gary had given us the good word that the organizers of the parade had decided to locate us just eight units behind the parade's front division so that we might have an opportunity to watch the parade when our march was finished.

Our busses took us around to Princes Street and then eastward toward Regent Road. Along the way we caught the notice of many pedestrians. I noticed how many gentlemen were sporting kilts even though not certainly connected with parading units.

Around 1:15 our busses dropped us off on Regent Road just opposite a memorial edifice to Robert Burns. A large, portable sign identifying us was waiting for us here. What surprised me most about the Festival Cavalcade Parade was that rather than being traditionally Scottish it contained elements more fitting to Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

On the Europe '83 Expedition the ladies and the children were to be active participants in all phases. Today they would parade with us just behind the muskets.*

Now the Captain called us to fall in on the street in a column of threes, and Sgt. Major Bob Childs assigned to the musket men the positions which they would take during each performance through Paris. The left file was headed by Sgt Bob Bowen, the right by Past Captain Frank Cannon, and the center by me. Ensign Adjutant Vern Potter, acting-Lieutenant for the duration of the expedition, was at the head of the muskets. In front of him stood our five fifes — acting-Music Master George Kinney, Quartermaster Fred Donnelly, Ensign Paymaster Jim Kelly, Don King, and Pat Ferrante — and our two snares — Jerry Revere and Jay O'Neil — and our one bass drum — Larry Mounce.

To the front of the music marched the color guard with the addition of Skeezie Viles carrying the Bedford flag which was on loan from the Bedford Minute Men. And the Captain and Sgt. Armorer Jack Chisholm with the guidon led the whole procession.

Rather than waste the period of waiting, Bob Childs decided that the contradancers should take this opportunity for a practice session. Jerry Revere, George Kinney, and Pat Ferrante warmed up with a tune which George had put together for our dancing, and the dancers lined up for a go at "Fisher's Hornpipe." We started out well enough, but between the noise of nearby float-lorries and the music of the pipe band behind us we soon lost the beat of our own music. Only by shouting out a cadence could we recover somewhat, and we soon gave up the effort.

The parade appears to have started on time for it was very shortly after 2:30 that we began to move out. There were two or three delays, the last and longest running a good three minutes or more, presumably to allow floats to settle into the line of march.

But once we hit the straightaway on Waterloo Place, there was but a single further delay. And what a parade! Spectators filled the sidewalks from curb to storefront, yet no one attempted to get

onto the road. Perhaps the police officers stationed every twenty yards or so had much to do with this orderliness. Yet beyond their good manners the spectators displayed rousing enthusiasm. They clapped along with "Yankee Doodle," sang along with "The Battle Hymn," and went crazy for "British Grenadiers." I later heard that the locals were particularly taken with our ladies and the children.

The sun had begun to shine through the haze just as we had first stepped off, and it remained with us the whole way. As we passed the Royal Scottish Academy, we gave "eyes left" salute to the parade officials on the front steps. One of these "dignitaries" was Ronnie Corbett of the "Two Ronnies" show, which had run on PBS a couple of years back.

At the end of Princes Street the parade turned left onto Lothian Road and passed by the Caledonian Hotel. Tex and Gladys Jones had taken great vantage points in the windows of our Presidential Suite and got tape recordings as well as photos of our performance.

Again we turned left onto the downward path of King's Stables Road for the final leg of the parade. This road runs down into a kind of valley with the slopes of the castle hill to the left and a multilevel parking garage to the right. As we approached the tunnel beneath Johnston Terrace bridge, I noticed all of the spectators on the slope above the tunnel's mouth, kept from falling down onto us by a chainlink fence.

Once out of the tunnel I began to notice more spectators who were dressed like participants, and so I guessed that we must be rather near the parade's end. A number of clowns were cavorting in the street and challenging us to mock battle. And a short way beyond our column turned left into the terrace called Grassmarket and halted to hear the Captain's words of praise.

We could have remained here to see the rest of the parade, but the travel weariness was beginning to tell and most of the Company began the hike back to the Caledonian. Once across the parade route our path led up West Port, right on Lady Lawson Street, right again on Spittal Street, and quickly left onto Castle Terrace. As we walked along Castle Terrace, we could hear the parade off to our right. A number crossed the road and walked through the car park to join the spectators at the far railing. From this vantage it was possible to look down onto King's Stables Road, but the crowd was too thick along the rail and most of us continued then up to Lothian Road.

At the end of Castle Terrace we were standing directly in front of the Caledonian, but because of the throngs standing on the sidewalk we could not hope to make it to the front entrance. Undaunted, we began to make our way around to the rear car park, and so we returned by way of the gazebo to the main lounge.

The first order of business was the returning of our weapons and flags to our "armory." Then came high tea. The Bowens, the Rudds, Judy and I were able to squeeze onto a small collection of sofa and chairs while less fortunates had to put up with a lengthy wait in the lobby. While the others ordered tea, I took matters into my own hands and walked out to the "Pullman" bar at the other end of the lobby to get a pint — the only thing after a parade. I was

better off, for service in the lounge was quite slow.

Order of the evening was "fend-for-oneself." Gary and Bob Childs had made reservations for a full table and more for a "Scottish Banquet" at the North British Hotel, and so around 7 o'clock several taxi loads of us headed up Princes Street for dinner. Gary had worked out a special deal so that we paid a bargain rate of £11 per person.

It was while we were in the payment line that we heard of little Cory Puryear's afternoon adventure. It seemed that on the way back from the parade he had become separated from those he had started with. There was much frantic searching along Princes Street and the calling of the police. At length it was found that Cory had simply let himself back into his room at the Caledonian and spent the rest of the afternoon there. Clearly Gary and Marcia were in need of a good night out this evening.

The dining room had a number of very long tables, some of which were not conveniently placed. Our table was so close to its neighbor that the waitresses had difficulty in getting through.

The entertainment was provided by a singing m.c. in kilts, who was backed by a three-man combo. A female vocalist appeared from time to time, and there were three ladies dancing on occasion. On the whole the show was a bit too slick. The dancing had seemed far more "authentic" the previous night.

The first course was a creamy leek soup — quite delicious. Then a piper entered the hall, skirling away and followed by a waiter with a great haggis on a platter. The platter was brought before the m.c., who then recited a Bobby Burns ode to haggis, at the conclusion of which he slashed open the steaming sausage with his dirk and we all drank the toast "slantcha" with drams of good Scotch. As soon as the toast was drunk, the waitresses rushed out of the kitchen with their own platters, from which they scooped haggis, turnip, and mashed potato onto our plates.

Now there was much giggling and the like concerning the haggis, for many of our party were ignorant of its contents. The greater question was whether the knowledgeable would eat it. Having dined on sheep's brain once, I was certainly game for giving this dish a fair trial, and I found it to be delicious. The sheep's stomach in which it is cooked is nothing more than a natural sausage casing from which the edible meat and oatmeal is taken. It looked rather like a dark brown hash and smelled wonderful. There was a light spicing, apparently pepper, and when I'd finished my portion, I was glad to accept Judy's offer of hers. Shortly the waitresses came around again to offer seconds, and again I was happy to oblige. Care is taken that there are no leftovers.

Throughout the period of the meal the band provided music. From where we sat I was able to look out through the great windows toward Edinburgh Castle and the setting sun — all quite lovely.

The main course I recall only vaguely now — a roast of some sort, I think. I know that it was very good. By the time dessert — a trifle-like custard — was served the entertainment was begun again in earnest. The female vocalist was very good, but the best of it was the piper, who was on all too infrequently.

It was around 11 PM when the evening ended. There was some talk

of walking back along Princes Street to the Caledonian, but in the end most appeared to be taking taxis. Judy and I joined Bob and Audrey and took the walk, for it was a very pleasant night.

I should add a quote from our guide on the morning tour before I forget it. Many of our party were as ignorant of the traditions of kilt wearing as they were of the making of haggis. The question had been raised about the wearing of nether garments, to which our guide replied: "Seeing is believing, but feeling is the naked truth."

Note

*: Several of our ladies would actually march at the head of the Company and carry the large, horizontal sign identifying "The Concord Minute Men." Apparently at one of the several halts, one reported hearing a female spectator turn to a friend and declare: "Migh-newt men? They look rather large to me!"

Monday, 22 August 1983

There should have been sufficient time for extra sleep this morning since our first performance of the day was not until 11 AM, nevertheless an early start seemed best in order to guarantee time for breakfast and the gathering of guns and such. Furthermore, our disastrous try at contradancing the previous afternoon had prompted Bob Childs to call for a 9:30 practice session in the hotel car park this morning.

Lack of sleep had now gotten to Judy, and she decided to eschew the morning's activities in favor of extra sack time. At breakfast I found no crowd as yesterday's, and I had time to visit the news shop across from the hotel's entrance and purchase the local papers in a search for archives material.

After returning to Room 522 and donning my uniform I went down to the "armory" for my weapons and then made my way out past the gazebo to the car park. I should note a surprising incident which occured as I was coming down the stairs into the lobby area. A small party of locals was there by chance, and a gentleman stopped me to inquire about the Company. When I mentioned Concord, he immediately rattled off the first verse of "The Concord Hymn" and asked "That Concord?" How many minute men could do that much?

The contradance drill was something less than had been hoped for as only six couples showed up in time to participate. Nevertheless it did provide the music a chance to work out performance details.

A little after 10:30 the busses departed for Parliament Square, which is on the Royal Mile. Our schedule was to be especially tight since a church service was to start in St. Giles Cathedral not too long after our arrival, and we would have to be done and out of the square by then to avoid disturbing the faithful.

Our coaches pulled up alongside the kirk and we were quickly disembarked to form up in the driveway behind St. Giles. Here Sgt. Armorer Jack Chisholm distributed to the shooters two cartridges each which we immediately loaded in order to cut the time of the performance. Among the spectators here was a fair number of sailors from an Italian warship. One wonders what they made of all this.

For all the concern with timing it seemed an awfully long wait behind the kirk. When we marched out, our column moved around the south side of the kirk through a narrow passage formed by the front of the parliament building and then into the paved square in front of the two buildings. Behind the lines of minute men came the ladies led by Tex Jones in his minister's garb. We marched straight to the end of the square, halted, and faced right, and the ladies then filed in behind us.

In front of the kirk's facade and close to the road stands a large sculptural monument. To the left of this was set up a microphone where stood the Lord Provost Tom Morgan. Along the sidewalk folks going about their business on this workday stopped for a while to see what was going on.

The Captain opened the ceremony with greetings from the State of Massachusetts and the Town of Concord and the presentation of a suitably inscribed liberty bowl from the state and a silver bicentennial medal from the town. From the Company there was a presentation of an autographed copy of the Company album and a copy of Shattuck's <u>History of Concord</u>. The Lord Provost had some difficulty

in handling all of the goodies, but his little a.d.c. was right on hand with a blue plastic shopping bag.

Gary also spoke of old Concord's Scottish connections from some notes which I had gathered a few weeks earlier. As I had understood it, this research was to have provided some justification for our including Edinburgh in the itinerary beyond its being a charming place to visit. Scottish immigration to Concord in the first two centuries was quite thin according to surviving records, and in order to raise the number of Scots to a mere five I had had to include Major Pitcairn and a certain prisoner of war.

The Lord Provost then responded with some warm words of welcome and then made the Company the present of a framed print of old Edinburgh. Jimmy Kelly served Gary as his a.d.c. at this time.

Our military performance now began with a brief manual of arms. Wisely several of the manoeuvres which had troubled us all summer in our drills were left out of the performance now. Extra care had to be taken to avoid problems with the primed and loaded muskets.

There followed the trooping of the colors to the playing of "Yankee Doodle." Finally there was the salute to the colors: the playing of "God Save the Queen" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." The firing of the salute which immediately followed pleased the crowd greatly.

Now, perhaps it seemed that there was extra time available to us, for Gary called out the contradancers for a round of "Market Lass." Frankly, I held my breath as the music struck up its special dance tune, but to my considerable surprise the dancers moved as elegantly as ever they had and there were no errors. Again the crowd was pleased.

The dancers quickly returned to the ranks and retrieved muskets from their gun holders. And straightaway we faced left, wheeled off by the right in column, recrossed the square, and followed our original path to the rear of St. Giles.

No time was wasted in getting us back aboard our coaches for a quick run back to the Caledonian. There was a great urgency to get to Princes Street Gardens and set up our equipment in the Ross Band Shell for the afternoon's show. Our schedule had been set now to fit in a two-hour program before clearing out to make room for other performers.

It was 12:05 when the bus stopped before the hotel entrance, and we were told that the busses would depart for the gardens at 12:15 sharp. I understood that for once the schedule meant business; I also understood that there was no way that I could prepare myself in time to ride the bus and therefore that Judy and I would have to walk to the band shell.

When I arrived at the room, Judy was beginning to get ready. She would wear her day dress and I would put on my burgundy suit since we were to participate in the colonial life program. It was nearly 12:30 when we finally set out from the hotel lobby to follow the doorman's directions.

Along the way down Lothian Road we were spoken to quite cordially by several pedestrians who asked our business and then wished us well. Following the erroneous directions we turned through the gate to the cemetery and shortly found ourselves blocked from the gardens by the churchyard walls. A gentleman who was on his way into the

stone chapel down there redirected us back up to King's Stables Road and through the next gate along and so successfully into the back of the gardens.

The path was paved and easily followed, but soon we came upon a large tent and a snack pavilion which had quite a few minute men around it. It did not look like the band shell as I recalled it, and when a policeman inquired about our outfits I got from him the directions to the shell. Somehow my appearance made the officer think of Davy Crockett.

At the Ross Band Shell most of the display boards and paraphernalia had already been set out in the orchestra area directly in front of the stage. There was still some bustling about with equipment, but the spectators had already begun to take seats. Since this was a working day in Edinburgh, the numbers in the stands were thin.

Our performance was to begin at 1 PM and run until 3. I did not record the time when we began, but before too long the Captain called the troops to fall in on the walk which leads into the band shell area for a march in. In our standard marching formation we reentered the orchestra area, halted, faced left toward the audience, and then dispersed to our various activities.

The displays involved four triptychs which were covered with photos, drawings, and small utensils and tools, all of which presented some aspects of life in 18th century Concord. Frank Cannon had designed and constructed these fine triptychs so that each set of boards folded into a secure, portable package and all four packages fit snugly together.

While some of us made preparations to greet the public, the members of our singing group took to the stage to present two songs. Then Gary addressed the audience, inviting them to come forward to inspect our displays and talk with us, and they did not hesitate to do so.

Judy and I were taking the parts of school mistress and master in order to provide information about childhood in colonial Concord. We shared one side of a triptych with Tex Jones, who had a display on quill making, and Jane Mounce, who was practicing calligraphy. During our preparations earlier in the summer, Judy had been quite concerned about having to talk with the public. Now there was such a crowd gathered around Jane that we could scarcely get near our material. In the end we managed to display a few children's toys, which the younger set enjoyed playing with.

I recall one child in particular, Jason Ashton. Jason was about nine and would be entering the hospital later in the day for the removal of some teeth. He was quite adept at handling the "buzzer" and was very proud of the manuscript of his name with which Jane presented him.

I was especially pleased to see Don Forgue, a former teacher and colleague who now lives in Scotland during the summer. We made some tentative plans to get together on Tuesday, our one full free day in town.

It seemed that almost no time had passed when the word went out for the contradancers to fall in to the front of the orchestra area. This time Judy and I were in the performance. We took "four hands

from top" and then stepped off with "Fisher's Hornpipe." This is our oldest dance and with over two years of practice we felt confident about it. Yet within two rounds something had gone badly wrong on the lower end of the line. It appeared that the unfamiliar cadence had been lost. Yet we made a neat recovery when the lower half of the line simply ceased to dance and waited for the clear beginning of the next round to take up the dance once again. In the end all came out just fine.

We followed with "Market Lass" and did this perfectly. All told it was a relief to have finished, and we now returned to our displays. It was probably at about this time that one of our ladies was informed by a local that the Festival of recent years had emphasized the modern far too much and that it was wonderful to see the old-fashioned celebrated for a change.

Shortly the men were called out to perform the military program, which ran effectively along the lines of this morning's Parliament Square ceremony. Sixteen musket men, who had drilled the manoeuvre and were prepared for firing duties, performed the formation of the square. Since each man had an assigned position in the formation, there was a reduced chance of messing up, and indeed the thing was carried off nicely.

I noticed only one problem. My non-uniform outfit is on the elegant side, and the flaring shirt cuffs extend well beyond the wrists. Too late I realized that the right cuff might catch some of the flash from my priming, as in fact it did. The damage did not seem to be severe, and hereafter I took care to tuck the cuffs into my coatsleeves.

We had no sooner dismissed from formation when we found that our two hours had run out and that we must begin repacking the displays. The officers were quite concerned that many of the folks who were not involved in the colonial life activities but who had obligations to help in the handling of the equipment had earlier opted for the role of tourist and had left the work to be done by a handful of performers. Commands were a bit sharp this time as efforts were made to get everyone into the picture.

Our impedimenta were quickly secured and stowed aboard the rental truck, parked behind the band shell. Then the troops moved out for the coaches, which were waiting up along Princes Street.

Tex and Gladys Jones preferring a less steep path, Judy and I offered to show them the path by which we had come, which was a pretty walk anyway. As we made our way along, we were stopped by several of the natives who amiably inquired about our clothing. When we explained who we were, one fellow asked if we were associated with Paul Revere, for he was an English teacher and presented the Longfellow poem to his classes each year. Remarkable! After offering a few pointers about the poem's inaccuracies we continued out to King's Stables Road and so back to the Caledonian, by which time the sun had finally broken through.

At the hotel I again secured my weapons, and then Judy and I changed to 20th century and went down for high tea. Of course I went for the pint of lager. Service was not so hard pressed this day.

We returned to our room to rest for a while and to clean up. I

began to jot down some of the first pages of this journal.

Judy having decided that high tea would provide her sufficient sustinence, about 5:30 I set out in search of a reasonably priced supper. Not feeling like too much of a hike, I circled the block in front of the hotel, where I found about a half dozen restaurants. I entered one only to find that it would not begin service for another twenty minutes. So at length I settled on a place which was obviously part of a chain, not unlike Friendly's in several respects. I got away cheaply enough with a burger, chips, and a cola.

When I returned to the room Judy was sleeping, so I took the journal and went to the "Pullman" bar for a pint and a chance to write. The words came much too slowly, and I could already tell that I was not going to manage the pace of recording each day before turning in. How right I was — it is 22 September as I write these words.

There was a major treat in store for this evening in that the city of Edinburgh was treating each member of our expedition to a ticket to the Royal Military Tattoo performance at the Castle. We had already picked up our blue tickets from the travel agency's courtesy desk after this afternoon's performance. Shanks mare was our mode of transportation for this occasion, although our agents had worked for and got official permission for some of our less mobile members to take a small coach to the Castle.

It was suggested that we depart the hotel around 8:15 in order to make the 9 o'clock performance. It was also suggested that we dress quite warmly, for although the daytime temperatures had hovered in the delightful mid-70's, by night on the rocky heights "you can get quite a frosty draft up your kilts."

The evening had gone overcast once again and frankly was threatening. The path we followed was up Lothian Road and left onto Castle Terrace, and then left again onto Johnston Terrace, which climbs upward along the foot of the volcanic cliffs on the south side of the Castle.

Halfway along Johnston Terrace our brisk walk was brought to a sudden halt by the mob of people waiting along the sidewalk in front of us. We now began to appreciate why forty-five minutes were recommended for covering so short a distance. I became a little anxious as the wait dragged out through several minutes. But shortly the line began to move a little and then we advanced steadily.

At the top of the terrace it meets the Royal Mile and there is a very sharp left turn onto Castlehill. It was at this point that our line flowed into an even larger mass moving up the Royal Mile. By now it was quite dark. The crowd filled the street as it moved the final two blocks to the entrance to the Castle esplanade.

As we walked under the endzone stands, I took the advice of several signs and rented a couple of seat cushions for 25p each. It turned out to be a worthwhile investment. The seats in the stands were made of a network of steel strands.

Just before the opening of the performance a drizzling mist settled down on us for a short while, but once the pipe bands began to march onto the esplanade it didn't seem to matter. The bands of the 4th Royal Tank Regt, 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, 1st Battalion The Royal Scots, Cameron Highlanders of Ottawa, Scottish University

Officer Training Corps, and the Boys' Brigade Edinburgh Battalion were massed in formation. By my best count there were eighty pipers, and, oh, it was heavenly.

Photography was a questionable enterprise. Even with all of the vari-colored spotlights, things were a bit dark and the light meter tended to register the darkness more than the light. Furthermore, the seating was so cramped that it was rather difficult to aim. And yet one could not let such an opportunity pass without a good try.

The bands were replaced by two or three light-weight construction vehicles which were taken through an obstacle course and other paces at high speeds by drivers from the Royal Engineers.

This year is the 350th anniversary of the mustering of the Royal Scots, the senior regiment in the British Army, and therefore much of the show was dedicated to honoring the regiment. And so the next performance was by the pipe band of the Royal Scots, to which music the ladies of the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society and men of the regiment danced an elegant reel.

Next the Royal Engineers returned to present a "Medium Girder Bridge fast-build competition" between two teams from the British Army. According to the program notes on another evening we might have seen a United States Army team from Hanau, West Germany, in competition. In fact the contest was rather exciting, and all participants seemed to come away with full sets of fingers.

The Lochiel Marching Team next performed "maze marching" to music by the Cameron Highlanders. The twelve ladies of the team come from Wellington, New Zealand, where maze marching must be a rather big thing as this team has won the national championship nine times. Their precision and the intricacy of their steps were quite amazing, and we feared that the Sgt. Major might be getting some new ideas for the musket men.

The Royal Engineers returned a last time to perform a demonstration of mine clearing as is still being carried out in the Falkland Islands a year after the war. They also trotted out a young German Shepherd, Satan by name, who demonstrated his ability to select a suitcase in which a submachine gun had been hidden. We were to find that terrorism is a concern everywhere in Europe these days.

At the withdrawal of the engineers the massed bands of the Royal Marines — three separate units — marched onto the esplanade from the Royal Mile. Theirs is strictly brass band music, but it was lovely nonetheless. It occurs to me that the very best military band of a nation belongs to its marine corps.

Toward the end of its standpiece the band played the "Skye Boat Song." As they did, a small boat on wheels — and presumably motorized — appeared along the side of the arena. Kilted figures climbed aboard, set the sail, and then set out toward the esplanade exit. This must have been a reenactment of the departure of Prince Charlie after his loss at Culloden.

The finale was quite special because of the Royal Scots' anniversary. The massed bands formed once again along with the other performers, including the engineers. Poor Satan did well to maintain his composure with so much noise just behind him.

The highlight was a tribute to the Royal Scots. As a narrator

presented a history of the regiment, a spotlight picked out soldiers standing along the Castle battlements in uniforms from each period of the years 1633 to 1983. A mist had already begun to settle onto the upper works of the Castle and fit beautifully with the mood of the night.

As part of the finale all in the audience joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." It must always be New Year's Eve in Edinburgh, for this was the third of our three nights in the city when we had been called on to sing the tune.

At 11 o'clock the evening closed as the pipe bands marched off to "The Black Bear." The announcer had read from his prepared script something to the effect that they had kept the audience long enough, but I'm sure that everyone in the audience was wishing that the show would run another two hours.

And so we made our way out of the stands. Beneath the west stands is an equestrian statue of General Haig of the Great War. Its head juts forward in such a way that the general seems to be ducking just beneath the girders. At the nearby booth I purchased a copy of the Royal Scots' anniversary album for £5.

After the walk back to the Caledonian Judy and I stopped in the lounge to order a pot of hot chocolate. We've never had better. However, we stayed a little too long. I'd wanted to photograph the hotel with its façade lighted, but by the time I got back outside with a new roll of film the lights were off.

Tuesday, 23 August 1983

We awakened to find that our one free day in Edinburgh was beginning with rain. There was again no chance for extra sleep. At 9:30 we were to meet Don Forgue in the hotel lobby and he would then take us out toward St. Andrew's for a tour of the seacoast and some of his favorite villages.

After breakfast we sat in the lobby but there was no sign of Don. At Judy's insistence around 10:15 I placed a call to Don and learned that the overnight rain had caused a short-circuit in his car and that he was stranded at home in Glenrothes. He suggested that we take the train out, but that would take 45 minutes. We considered the options and realized that most of our day would be lost in travel. Regretfully we decided that we had best stay in town and see what we could.

Before leaving the hotel we spoke with Bob and Audrey and set a schedule for the afternoon. Bob and I were planning to shop for kilts, and today would offer our only chance.

In the meantime Judy and I would tour Edinburgh Castle. There we entered the regimental museum in part to get out of the rain. Because our time was so short we could not check the details of the displays. In fact we did not even get around to looking into the crown jewels of Scotland. I suspect that our weariness kept us from caring that we might be missing anything.

Although the overcast remained rather thick, the rain had ended before we departed from the Castle and set out for our luncheon date. Descending the Royal Mile once again we turned right onto George IV Bridge Street. By chance timing Bob Childs met us just after we had turned the corner and we continued together to Greyfriars Bobby Pub on Candlemaker Row. This pub had caught our eye during the Sunday morning bus tour and so we had established it as this afternoon's rendezvous.

Audrey and Marcia Puryear were to join us here, so we first looked about for them. Having determined that they were a bit late, we had the good luck to find a table being vacated. Within a few minutes the ladies arrived and we ordered lunch. Since this would in all likelihood be my last such opportunity, I ordered haggis and turnips with my ale. Again it was quite good.

Our first stop after lunch was at a small bookshop where Audrey sought and found a local cookbook with a haggis recipe. From here we set out back up George IV Bridge in search of tartan shops and kiltmakers.

Our first stop seemed a promising place right on George IV. While not crowded it was quite busy and I always felt as though I was in the way. We went to the small "books" of tartan samples and began to search for something suitable. After ten minutes of this I had just about lost interest, but I hadn't the heart to tell the others and so I kept on. In the end it was Judy who found the tartan which best satisfied our needs: Urquhart ancient, with modern colors. The modern colors imply a darker shade — navy instead of sky blue, forest instead of light green, and red instead of orange. Cutty Sark has no tartan, and since it is the closest Scottish relative either Bob or I have our choice was wide open. I could think of no blot against the Urquhart name, so we agreed upon it. Bob and I felt that if we were to take different tartans it

would simply obscure the traditional confusion folks have had in identifying us.

Our plan was to select a tartan, get prices, be fitted, and prepare an order to be sent later, when finances were a bit more settled. The shopkeeper who finally assisted us gave us a price list and a check list for measurements which we would take ourselves.

From here we went back up to the Royal Mile to check some other shops. Judy was looking for a scarf in the Douglas (ancient) tartan which would match a skirt of hers. Bob and I checked the kilts in another shop, but found nothing better.

At this point Bob and Audrey set off down toward Canongate to check out other shops. Judy and I began our walk back to the hotel. We decided to continue up George IV and then head west along Princes Street as this would give the opportunity to check out some other shops en route home. Indeed at one shop she did place an order for the scarf in question to be shipped to Lexington.

By the time we had reached the Caledonian the sun was beginning to show in the west. We rested for a while and then began to prepare for dinner, which this evening would be extra special. On their scouting trip of May 1982, Gary and Bob had been taken by the travel agency to Prestonfields House for dinner. So impressed had they been that they had booked reservations for a number of tables for this evening. Despite warnings about the potential price of a meal at this place, Judy and I had decided to accept an invitation to join the party.

Around 7:15 PM we all gathered in the lobby and then stepped outside to get a small fleet of taxis. Judy and I shared a cab with Roger and Mimi Urban. By now I had developed a preference for riding in the jump seat since you get a longer view of the scenery when riding backwards.

A ride of not more than ten minutes to Dalkeith Road in the southeast section of the city, below the Salisbury Crags and within sight of Arthur's Seat, a high peak, the remains of a 300 million year old volcano. We entered an area which appeared to be a park or a horse farm and soon turned up the drive to Prestonfield House.

The house is three stories high with twin gable ends on the front. The style of those gables was influenced by 17th century Dutch architecture and so the roof line was bow-shaped rather than straight. The house was built in 1678.

In the formal garden to the side of the house and on the front lawn a number of peacocks and -hens were going about their business. Too late we discovered that a stroll through the gardens required the eventual use of a boot scraper, for the birds are not housebroken.

By now the sun was shining brightly and the evening was quite beautiful. Upon entering the house we were directed down the hall to the "Peacock Bar" where we would have the time to peruse the menu without being restricted in our movements. After we'd had enough time for a drink, the headwaiter entered the bar to distribute the menus — those with prices to the men, those without to the ladies. At this time he assigned to each couple a number so that all checks would be separate and that the food would be served without confusion.

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Thus we were left for a goodly length of time before the headwaiter returned to take orders, and there we remained again until the headwaiter summoned us as our dinners neared readiness. This is by far a better system than sitting at the table all this time.

From the bar we were led down the hall to the Old Dining Room at the northeast corner of the house. According to the brochure this room can handle sixty diners. The walls were almost covered by 17th-19th century paintings. The outer wall was bayed with three floor to ceiling windows looking out to the Salisbury Crags and the garden. Lighting was provided by candles.

I had ordered curried prawns and Scotch broth to begin the meal, and somehow the broth had been forgotten. There was much embarrassment for the staff when I mentioned the oversight, but upon tasting the broth I was glad that I had insisted. My main dish was a venison stew — its official name I do not recall. The meat was not at all gamy in flavor and was incredibly tender. I had ordered a peculiar potato dish called "nutty tutty" which was mashed potato rolled in chopped almonds and then baked. I intend to make those at home. As is traditional over here, dessert was ordered from the cart.

There was no rush to the meal, for there is only one evening sitting at Prestonfield House, and so we had plenty of time for conversation at the table. I was almost overwhelmed by the pinot noir since Judy had only a little. At the meal's end, when we were led upstairs to the drawing room for coffee, I had wine to bring along.

The upper room is called the "Leather Room" for its tooled leather paneling. Here we sat on sofas and stuffed chairs, nibbled on biscuits, and sipped coffee or tea. Later the bills were quietly distributed and paid. It was about midnight when the taxis arrived to take us back to the Caledonian.

It was a wonderful evening. Although I doubt I shall ever indulge in this fashion again, it was well worth the £55 to do it once. Yet to dine in this fashion without friends would be worthless.

Wednesday, 24 August 1983

Our last morning in Scotland began with an overcast sky once again. There was little free time even though we had risen early enough to get our bags into the corridor before 6:30 AM. Shops didn't open until 9 o'clock and we were supposed to board our busses for the railway station at 11:00.

The previous evening Bob Childs had told me of yet another kiltmaker whom he had found after our parting that afternoon. Following his directions Judy and I took a cab after breakfast. The driver was a little inclear and the traffic was a bit thick, so we ended up walking the last few hundred yards to Paisley Close on High Street.

The particular close was easy to find because of a small spinning wheel standing at its entrance. Stepping down the alleyway into an open court we found the Celtic Craft Centre. Up we stepped into a small shop. Upon making inquiry about the kilts I was directed into a back room where there was quite a display.

Now Bob was to meet us here at 10, but he had not yet arrived. While I waited Judy stepped up the street to a bakery to pick up a few snack items for the train ride. Shortly afterward Bob arrived.

We immediately noticed a different style about this place. First the clerk explained about the three different grades of wool available, pointing out that the heaviest weight would not lose its pleats regardless of wear or laundering. Next he took the necessary measurements. Finally he had us try on the kilts so that he could double check the measurements.

Even with the heaviest grade of wool the price was surprisingly a little lower than that of what we'd seen the day before. And so in the end I placed the order for kilts, plaid, and sporran and paid with plastic. Bob went for the whole kit, including the Balmoral bonnet and purchased extra tartan material from which Audrey could make a skirt.

Time was now growing short for us so Judy and I set out for the hotel and were lucky to find a cab quickly. Since Bob had already seen to his personal kit, he could go directly to the railway station at his leisure.

Fortunately I had already seen to the final bill before we had first set out, so now we merely had to go up to 522 to gather our hand luggage. The coaches set out down Princes Street about 11:20 and took us to Waverly Station. Upon disembarking we were directed off to the left where the train was waiting. Two second class cars had been reserved for us and we quickly filled them.

At noon the train pulled out of the station and followed its tracks toward the coast of the North Sea. There was a brief stop at Dunbar. Here I recalled that it was prisoners from this battle in 1651 who had been sent to work at the Saugus iron works, some of whom may later have been the first Scots to settle in Concord. Perhaps old John Law, of Law's Brook Road reknown, had come from this place.

Soon we were hurtling along the cliffs above the sea — a fine sight indeed. It was too bad that the overcast was still holding, although it would hardly have seemed like Britain without it.

We crossed into England at Berwick-on-Tweed and soon began to

move inland en route to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where we had a good ten minute stop. From here we went straight on to York, where we arrived around 3:05.

Just outside the station we found two Epsom Coaches waiting in the carpark. Time was taken to distribute room keys on the coach and by 3:15 we were on the way to our digs for the night.

I was concerned that we get settled quickly for a special reason. Bob had told that on his last visit to York in May he had found an 18th century Latin grammar for sale at a very reasonable price. He was to take me to that shop first thing after our arrival. Such a book would be a valuable addition to my schoolmaster equipment for colonial life activities.

The Viking Hotel is located right on the Ouse River and within the walls of medieval York and is quite modern in design. The rental truck, which had left Edinburgh with our luggage and impedimenta early this morning, was waiting for us at the front door. The hotel staff was already taking the bags to the rooms as we were heading upstairs.

Judy and I took just enough time to check into Room 401, which overlooks the river, and then we headed back to the lobby to meet Bob. It was not a very long walk to O'Flynn's bookshop, but the proprietor could not remember the book and it was soon clear that the book was long gone.

Bob had to leave us quickly to make yet another officers' meeting. But if such meetings were cutting into his free time, for Gary it was twice as bad. For most of the train trip our Captain had been huddled in a meeting with the travel agency reps.

A couple of two-hour walking tours of old York had been arranged for us, and Judy and I joined the one that set out around 4:20. We walked up the path alongside the Ouse to Ouse Bridge and then crossed the river to the heart of the old city. Walking up Low and then High Ousegate, we passed All Saints Church with its lantern tower — an openwork structure in which lanterns used to be hung as a beacon to pedestrians on the unlighted streets of earlier years.

We crossed Parliament Street at the traffic light and continued a short distance along the left hand side of the street until our guide stopped us for a brief lecture. I thought it interesting that in a city which was a center of Viking settlement the local accent seems to have a few Scand navian touches.

Our party now moved up into the Shambles a winding lane of antique buildings with upper stories that extend out over the street. As of old these structures are in commercial use on the ground floor. Our guide now turned us loose for fifteen minutes of shopping. The street was so crowded with tourists that it was quite difficult to photograph any particular place or person.

Having reassembled at the north end of the Shambles we were led out into King's Square. But noticing that Bob and Audrey had not yet returned from shopping, Judy and I lingered awhile so that we might direct them along the right path. We took this opportunity to buy a very good ice cream cone from a pushcart vendor. It was at this time the Bob and Audrey found us and we realized that we had lost the tour. Agreeing that this was a small loss, our foursome continued its own leisurely way.

Wednesday, 24 August 1983

We strolled up Goodramgate and then crossed over to College Street, which leads to York Minster, the great cathedral. On this street stands St. William's College, a living quarters for priests which dates back to 1453. It was possible to step through a passageway in the front of the building and enter a courtyard where it appeared that lunches are served. Here and there along the half-timbers, carved grotesques and other figures could be seen.

Continuing up along the east end of the cathedral we noticed a narrow street running off to the right, Chapter House Street. A sign noted that this was a part of one of the two main roads of the original Roman fortification. So we strolled along this way and then back out to Goodramgate.

Faced with a question of which way to turn we decided to try for a walk along the top of the medieval wall. A block away was Monk Bar, a medieval gate and tower. Here we were able to climb a stone staircase within the tower and thus get onto the wall. From this point we began our tour of the north corner of the fortifications.

The wall is not of impressive height, rising no more than ten feet above the earthen rampart along which it runs. The walkway is wide enough to allow two to walk side by side. On the outer side runs a crenolated wall, on the inner a modern steel railing to keep the hiker from tumbling into someone's garden.

In this particular neighborhood, which lies between the cathedral grounds and the wall, the homes are quite stately, and the huge backyard gardens are clearly showpieces. In the bastions are placed wooden park benches for the weary, and it is only from these bastions that it is possible to get a view along the outer wall and rampart.

We continued along to Bootham Bar where the wall has been broken to allow the passage of St. Leonard's Street, one of the main roads to enter the old city. Here we ended our tour of the wall in order to see more of the city proper. At a tourist aid office we picked up some literature for later visits to York, and then we*

Along Blake Street we found Rooney's Restaurant, and after taking a photo for Doc's scrapbook, we decided to try this eatery for its fish and chips. The food was good, the vinegar weak, and the service far from enthusiastic. Audrey inquired about purchasing one of the establishment's aprons for Doc, but the very idea of selling one seemed to strike the waitress as most odd.

After supper we strolled up some of the old side streets to window shop. We took a turn by the cathedral to shoot some gargoyles and then headed straight down to cross the Lendal Bridge on our way back to the Viking.

Bob, Audrey, and I were planning to head back out to pub crawl, but the weariness hit us all shortly after reaching the hotel. For Judy and me the day was over by 9 PM.

Note

*: The sentence ends abruptly at this word. I have no idea why.

Thursday, 25 August 1983

It was a very early call once again this morning so that we could get our bags out for pick up. Breakfast was served in two shifts, by busses. Outside we could hear George Kinney playing the pipes along the river walk. I could just imagine the local comments over the breakfast table: "Gawd, Millicent, they're over the border again!"

By 8:26 our busses were en route for Odell in Bedfordshire. As we moved out toward the suburbs we passed a Trenholme Avenue, and Judy was of course quite interested to see her maiden name. Her family is of Anglo-Danish descent, and it seems possible then that they may have spent some time in the good old viking town of Jorvik.

Our route took us toward Leeds on the A64 and then south on the A1 toward Doncaster. From here we turned onto the M18 to connect with the M1 outside Sheffield. We continued past Nottingham and at Leicester Forest pulled into a highway restaurant area where a box-lunch was to be served to us. It was 10:45 when we pulled in — a bit early for lunch for some folks.

The lunch was quite impressive in fact. There were a piece of chicken, two sandwiches, salad, rolls, and a dessert along with a can of soda. For many the quantity was simply too much, but the quality was surprisingly good.

It had been planned for the contradancers to put in a short practice after lunch, and since Bob Childs had traveled ahead to Odell with our baggage, I was left in charge of the practice. It seemed to take forever to get the dancers out onto the lawn behind the restaurant, and in the end only a small portion of the troupe got into "Fisher's Hornpipe." The drill did not come off well.

At 12:08 our two busses were back on the M1. Beyond Northampton we turned off the motorway and onto secondary roads for the last leg to Odell. Watching for signposts I discovered that one must be on the village border before finding a sign to Odell. Only on an ordinance survey map is it possible to find the village marked.

This region to the northwest of Bedford is rolling farm country through which narrow roads link small villages of brick houses and thatched roofs. As we turned onto the last hedge-lined road — the main street of Odell — we began to see bright orange placards advertising our performance. It was a little after 1 o'clock when our busses pulled into the drive leading up to the Village Barn.

There was a little delay and then the Captain came aboard to explain the procedures for our preparation. Across the yard to the east was the Village Hall, what we might call the grange hall. This was a modern structure with a single long room which had been divided by screens into dressing rooms: ladies to the left, gents to the right. The costume boxes were waiting to the right and it was some business to find and distribute particular items. Because of the character of today's performance, the troops would wear colonial life outfits rather than our strict uniforms. Muskets, etc., were in the crates outside the hall's entrance.

By the time Judy and I had gotten outfitted, there was little time for viewing the village. We strolled down to the street and turned left toward Odell's center. A few steps along and we passed "The Bell," the pub downtown, though not the only pub in town. As

we had first ridden in I noticed "The Mad Dog," a place of doubtless charm. Regretably I found time to try neither.

At the direction of some of our friends who had already done the tour, we continued down a side street — one of the only two of which I became aware — to see a certain garden. This street ended at a garden wall in which was a fine, blue and gold painted, iron gate through which we could see the flowers. And as we looked, the owner stepped from his house to invite us into his yard. The house, he said, had been a gristmill, and he showed us the rusted water wheel. The river Great Ouse, which oddly enough flows through York as well, is a lazy stream across the back of this garden.

Thanking our host, we now set out to return to the area of our performances. A garden party had been prepared by the people of Odell, and we feared to miss this if we tarried any longer. The party was held in the yard of a house just beside the village land upon which we would perform. Long tables had been set out bearing various sweets and sandwiches, and several local ladies were serving tea, lemonade, or punch.

It was here that I met Peter Arnold, namesake of Concord's own Peter Arnold and member of the Sealed Knot, more about which below. This English Peter had been touring Quebec about a year back when he found our Peter's name on the roster of the Arnold Expedition to Quebec of 1975. Through the Arnold Expedition Historical Society he opened a correspondence with our past-Historian, who sent along the descriptions of several of us who were signed on for Europe '83. And so here waited a gray-coated cavalier, the first of the men of the Sealed Knot to arrive on the scene to participate in the day's festivities.

This Society of the Sealed Knot is an organization which was formed in 1968 to commemorate the activities of the English Civil War of the 1640's, and in a sense its members are cousins of ours. Early in our planning of Europe '83, Michael Rudd had contacted the Knot, and on their first scout to Britain the Captain and Sgt. Major had met some of the Knot commanders with a view toward preparing a joint-performance — possibly a battle reenactment at a place like Runnymede. In the end our ambitions had to be curbed somewhat, and the Knot decided to send a contingent to Odell to act as the home team.

It must have been a little after 3 PM by now, and Judy and I set out for the performance area. On the slope behind the village hall stands a large, open barn. It is on two levels, each roofed with what seemed to be surplus quonset hut walls. On the lower level we had set up our triptychs and placed our equipment on tables provided by Odell. To the back side of this level, local hobbyists and craftsmen had prepared their displays.

I had no sooner begun to get my desk set up than I was introduced to , a local historian, who was quite excited about a discovery he had made thanks to some of the materials which we had shipped from the Concord Free Public Library a month before. He ushered us up to his display to point out some lines in a photostat of a document of the Rev. Peter Bulkeley in which one George Bunker is noted as an agent of the good reverend. He went on to speak of other evidence that around 1633 this Bunker had been sent

by his employer to Masstts Bay to procure a house, in return for which the employer was to purchase land for the employee. There were still a few connections to complete, but our friend believed that the purchase was made in Charlestown and and still bears the name of its original tenant as Bunker Hill.

As at Edinburgh the crowd quickly gathered around Jane Mounce and her calligraphy, and there was little room for me, so I took my camera to catch some of the activities this time. Eventually I was able to get to my table and introduce some of the local lads to the 18th century toys.

In what seemed to be no time our musket team was being called out to perform the manual of arms, form the square, and fire a salute. There was some little problem in the formation — I don't recall what — but the spectators were quite impressed, and I heard one exclaim that he could see now why the Colonies had been lost.

Our fifes and drums then began to jam just outside the barn, and very good they did sound. I was introduced to a couple of other members of the Sealed Knot, royalist officers in fact. One of them apologized for making the observation but went on to point out that although our brochures proclaimed the Norfolk Manual of Arms, it was not the Norfolk which we performed. Admitting to this, I inquired whether in his organization old traditions, however erroneous, were defended by certain parties in the face of all reasonable evidence. With a smile he conceded the point, and we soon were finding much common ground in our experiences with the resurrected military.

A little before 5 o'clock we began to fold our triptychs and lock up our displays. The afternoon had passed far too swiftly. Then the Company was called to fall in on the field behind the barn for the march to All Saints Church. This march took us directly across the field and up to the side of the church. Having stacked our weapons in a trailer to the rear of the building, we then filed into the church through the side door.

The congregation had already pretty effectively filled the place, and the sexton was at some pains to seat the troops, but he managed nicely. In fact we later heard that this had been the largest turnout in the parish in some time. For all the concern with stacking muskets outside, I had forgotten to remove my bayonet and tomahawk, which made sitting and rising just a touch awkward. Fearing that I had committed a gaff, I was later relieved to see that both our Captain and Lord Luke* wearing their swords.

The "commemorative service" was scheduled to begin at 5:15, and I suspect that it did just so. Reverend Anthony M.G. Wells, the rector, opened with a reading from a passage in <u>The Covenant of Grace Opened</u>, the book of sermons which Peter Bulkeley** had composed in Concord, and then offered some thoughts on this pilgrimage of ours.

The congregation sang John Bunyan's hymn, "He Who Would Valiant Be," and then prayers were offered. Then Lord Luke, the village landlord, fully decked out in a surprisingly conservative 17th century suit — there must be a Puritan strain in him — climbed to the pulpit and read <u>Genesis</u> 17:1-8.***

In the next portion of the service, Rev. Harry G. Jones — our own Tex — in his 18th century ministerial garb made the address

on the theme "The Choice Seed." The thundrous delivery so common in the States was quite a new experience in this quiet village, and afterwards I overheard one of the locals comment on Tex's "vigorous style."

We sang the 16th century hymn "All People That on Earth Do Dwell," and then the service closed with a final prayer and blessing. With the evening light softening it was all quite lovely here, and it was quite easy to wait for others to file first from the church.

During the service I had felt a bit awkward about taking photos, and therefore I had kept my camera in the haversack. Now I attempted to make up for the lost opportunities, and there was time enough although I would have no chance to tour the church thoroughly.

As all began to file from the church, George Kinney, high atop the bell tower, piped "Amazing Grace." And so we stepped out into the churchyard and the soft evening, the likes of which must have moved Thomas Gray.

There was much shuffling about as we retrieved our arms and then fell in with the ladies to the rear. Once we stepped off we marched to the tap of a single snare. Lord and Lady Luke were to ride in an open coach behind us, and we wished to take no chances on skittish horses. Providing escort for the coach were eight men of the Knot in half armor and bearing 16-foot pikes. I'd not have wished to challenge that crew.

Thus we advanced the 200 or so yards down the narrow and winding main road to the village center, a small greensward in front of "The Bell." The Concord Minute Men halted in front of the pub and then faced right. The ladies then took position to our right so as to gain a good view of all the proceedings, but unfortunately they had to look almost directly into the setting sun.

We presented arms as the coach passed by, and once the lord and lady had alighted their pikemen joined the musketeers of the Sealed Knot in formation on the green facing us. They were as fascinated by us as we by them.

The Captain joined Lord Luke at the microphone off to our left and opened this ceremony by presenting greetings from the Commonwealth and the town of Concord and then presenting the Revere bowl and other gifts. His Lordship responded by expressing the gratitude of the village. His manner of speech was remarkable, and I began to think that we had marched into a novel by P.G. Wodehouse.

The national anthems were played by our music — "God Save the Queen" caught the spectators by surprise. Then the muskets fired the salute, which really caught the crowd by surprise.

At one point during the speeches a pikeman standing just across from me stepped forward into the children sitting on the curb before him and seemed to trip and then fell on his face in the road. The sight of his pike falling toward us gave me a real start. It was later reported that the fellow had in fact fainted and was thoroughly mortified at this.

At the conclusion of the salute our parade resumed and took us up to the drive at the Village Farm. Here we fell out to repack our arms and flags before heading up to the cookout at the back of the barn.

Thursday, 25 August 1983

[I resume this account on 7 April 1986. I shall not attempt to find an explanation for this delay, since that might only convince me to drop the whole matter.]

The sun was below the horizon when we returned to the upper level of the village barn, where lines were formed for the hot food. It was a sort of barbecued chicken, as I recall, and somewhat tangy in flavor. Each of us was issued a ticket for one glass of beverage, and I was pleased to exchange mine for a pint of the local product: Bombardier Ale from Chas. Wells, Ltd, of Bedford. An excellent brew this was. Our only difficulty was in finding places to sit while balancing our plates and mugs.

Bob Childs and I began to exchange views with several members of the Sealed Knot — Roger Hart of Prince Rupert's Horse is one whose name I noted. Considering the S.K.'s well-deserved reputation for rough-and-tumble, full scale battle scenarios, complete with cavalry charges and hand-to-hand pike combat, I had felt just a bit squeamish about our rather small-scale performance of this afternoon. Nevertheless our hosts were quite warm in their praise for our precision in both manoeuvring and volleying. When they asked about our style in combat, I explained with a touch of apology that our 18th century forces simply wheeled from column of march into 2- or 3-rank firing lines, exchanging company or battalion volleys across safe distances and never closing to hand-to-hand contact. They seemed quite astonished that any large bodies of volunteers could be trained to act in unison, and noted that the S.K. officers often can barely move the troops out of the beer-tents on schedule.

Truly this evening ran by too quickly, and around 10 PM we were being ushered off to our waiting motor coaches for the final leg to London. Of course there were some who could not be torn away from the festivities, and for those obedient types who had boarded the coaches on time there was a great temptation to dismount and resume the revelry.

As we sat wondering at the delay, a lady of Odell — one Mary Rogers, as I learned in 1985 — entered our coach and took up the microphone to express her thanks for our visit and her wish for our eventual return. Her speech was quite brief, and she concluded by singing to us the chorus of the old Jacobite lament "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" —— the most moving moments of our entire trip.

Well after schedule our officers boarded and counted heads, and then we drove off for Bedford and the road to London. This was a ride filled with quiet reflection.

It was some time after midnight when we arrived at the Royal Lancaster Hotel, and there was of course a lengthy delay in the lobby with so many keys to be distributed. We quickly learned that the elevator service was inadequate to the number of guests.

Sleep was oh so welcome this morning.

Thursday, 25 August 1983

Notes

*: Lord Luke's backstory is amusing. His was the corporation that produced "Wheatabix," a wildly popular breakfast cereal. For his business success he was made a peer by the Queen. But the idea of playing the role to the hilt was irresistable to the new peer, and he had agents approach several small villages with the following proposition: He would in effect bankroll public projects for the village, if in return the village would allow him and Ladt Luke to be their "nobility" on appropriate ceremonial occasions. Odell accepted the deal.

**: Peter Bulkeley had been the pastor at Odell's All Saints until his Puritan theology got him removed in 1635. Coming to Massachusetts that year, he was one of the two principal founders of Concord — hence our "pilgrimage" to this lovely place. A signboard in the church lists all of the pastors and their years of service back to the 12th century. It was fascinating to see Peter Bulkeley still on the roster.

***: Wherein God makes His covenant with Abraham and his descendants, including the promise: "And I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession." Perhaps these words were cited by Puritans to justify the creation of a New England across the ocean.

Friday, 26 August 1983

The first day in London was essentially free. Several tour packages were available to members of our party, but being somewhat familiar with the highlights of London, Judy and I had other plans. Her mother happened to be in town on another tour this day, and we all determined to do some shopping. After breakfast in the hotel's Mediterranean Cafe we secured some local currency and then walked to Mrs. Trenholm's hotel. From there we took a taxi down to the vicinity of Harrod's and began our little spree.

The one store that I do recall visiting was Foyle's, where I spent some time in the afternoon checking through both the history and classics departments. There was virtually nothing about the American Revolution in either the history or the military section. I did find many items of real interest, but both budget and luggage limitations held me back.

That evening the three of us went to Bumble's, a favorite restaurant from our '76 visit. Again the food was very good and reasonably priced.

Because of the busy schedule for the next day, we turned in early.

Saturday, 27 August 1983

This was a beautiful morning if a bit hazy at first. Our coaches went through moderate London traffic toward Dartford, and, as with many urban areas in th States, it was difficult to tell where one political division ended and the next began. I recall being rather impressed with the view of Rochester and its old castle overlooking the Medway. Once on the M2 we were able to move along very nicely.

The main line of roads in Canterbury still follows the medieval town plan, and so the chief means of motor approach is along a circle of major streets which run along the outside of the old city wall. Our coaches stopped by a parking area on Broad Street, along the eastern portion of the old wall by what I believe is called the Quenin Gate, a very small aperture.

We were on a tight schedule at this point, and the merest delay to snap a single photo of the gardens brought rebukes from our guides or officers. Our route took us past some ruined arches at the east end of Canterbury Cathedral and the so-called "Dark Entry" — a covered way — to the cloisters and then into the Chapter House. It was both a remarkable sight and sensation: so many 20th century Yankees, wearing 18th century clothing, and standing in a magnificent medieval hall. Only the minute men and several officials of the cathedral were here, the families having been escorted directly into the cathedral.

We received copies of a printed program of this "Civic Service for the Concord Minute Men," and it is to this that I refer to refresh the memory. The schedule is quite precise, and I believe that we were required to hold to it. At 10:05 our procession — a "Virger," the Company, the Civic Party, the Mayor of Tunbridge Wells, Lord Cornwallis, and the Mayor of Canterbury — advanced along the south aisle of the cloisters and moved around to the main, west entrance. (Of course no arms were carried at any time during this ceremony.)

At 10:12 the Rev. Mervyn Smith, Rector of Horsmonden, and the Rev. Arthur MacDonald Allchin, Vice-Dean of the Cathedral, met us at the door and led us in procession through the nave and into the Choir. It was a sight to startle many a casual tourist. Within the Choir the minute men sat in the north pews, family members in the south.

After a few words of greeting from the Vice-Dean, the organ played "Ein Feste Burg" and we sang a translation that begins "A safe stronghold our God is still." There was next a reading of Ezekiel 37:1-14,* then the singing of "Oh God, Our Help in Ages Past," and then the Address (of which, I regret, I remember not a word) by Rev. Allchin. A Puritan would rightly observe that I was so lost in the magnificence of the place as to miss the point of my being there.

There followed a set of prayers "for our countries and their governments,""for social justice," and "for peace," concluding with the Lord's Prayer. It seemed incongruous to hear the organ now strike up the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" — a tune with which the organist was not quite familiar. Again the tourists must have been surprised.

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The ceremony concluded with "The Blessing," after which the Virger led a procession of all parties down from the Choir and into the Crypt on the south side to view the memorial to Simon Willard, founding father of Concord, Masstts.**

This trip to Canterbury had been undertaken initially because our earliest research had traced Major Willard's Old World experiences only as far as this marker of 190-. By the time we had discovered the village of Horsmonden as his early home, plans were already well along to bring our show to Canterbury. Our initial error was much to our benefit.***

Rev. Allchin now offered a brief prayer for "Simon Willard and all those men and women who went from this country to be founders of New England."

As we crowded around the marker, I discovered that I had left my camera in the Choir. I had to dash before the Choir was locked shut and was lucky enough to make it in time.

I now made my way out to the cloisters, where preparations were under way to form for our parade through the city.

While the coaches were being brought up for the off-loading of muskets, flags, and instruments, there was just a little chance to look around the south exterior of the cathedral. The haze had long ago disappeared — perhaps it had just been London smog — and the day was quite gorgeous.

In short order we began our march, departing the cathedral grounds through the early 16th century Christ Church Gate and continuing straight down the Mersery to the High Street, where we turned right toward the Westgate. As this happened to be a Saturday on which the city had scheduled a charity carnival for the afternoon, the locals were not too surprised at our appearance.

Our immediate destination was the Westgate Gardens, a small public park alongside the narrow River Stour. The chief feature of this neighborhood is the Westgate, the only survivor of the medieval entrances to Canterbury. Its narrow gate allows one-way motor traffic only, but another lane sweeps around the flank of the tower, where the defensive wall used to stand.

Near the gate and on the left side of the St. Peter's Street stands an impressive, though not overpowering, old house which belongs to the city. Behind this house is a terrace and just below that a long lawn bordered by very well kept flower beds. The whole section is open to the public, and it was on this lawn that we performed.

I no longer recall the order of our performance. There were words of welcome from the two mayors, one of whom briefly alluded to less-than-pleasant experiences with American troops during WW II. Lord Cornwallis was most gracious, and there was an exchange of gifts and documents. The Company received a beautiful crystal punch bowl.

(A word about the presence of Lord Cornwallis: During our preparations I had been asked to prepare some notes on both Peter Bulkeley and Simon Willard, and it was then that we first ran across that fact that the Major had come from the village of Horsmonden, not the city of Canterbury. After a brief logistics review, hampered by the fact that Horsmonden, like Odell, does not appear on most maps, our steering committee agreed that Horsmonden might be included. At the

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Captain's request I wrote an introductory letter and sent it to the vicar — the only village office which I could be reasonably sure even existed — at Horsmonden.

It was a pleasant surprise to receive a response just a few weeks later from Rev. . In his letter he suggested that the man to contact for the planning of a visit would most likely be the Chairman of the Horsmonden Parish Council — Lord Cornwallis, descendant of the chap who had commanded the losing team at the siege of Yorktown.

The situation from the first struck most of us as being terribly awkward, but then the British do enjoy a reputation for pulling through with aplomb in the stickiest goings. And Lord Cornwallis was certainly up to this tradition.)

Our performance included several tunes by fifes and drums, trooping of the colors, formation of the square, and volley firing. All this seemed to go well enough. Then the chorus sang a hymn and the contradancers tripped the light fantastic for a measure or two.

With the close of this activity there was a brief time for a reception, to be followed by independent dining and/or touring. For the minute men the first order of business was the securing of arms, instruments, and colors aboard the coaches, which stood along a street just across the Stour from Westgate Gardens. Spare cartridges were opened and the contents offered to the old river god — of course we pocketed the papers.

Back at the reception I found that all the wine had already been consumed. The berobed officials were patiently standing at the edge of the terrace to have their photos taken with various groups of minute men. I first hesitated to trouble them, and then, once I had decided — at Judy's urging — to take a pose with this group, they were off with the Puryears and Childs for an official lunch.

Now one of the local ladies began to chat with us, and we took the opportunity to ask for a recommendation of a local pub. She was quite positive about the quality of "The Miller's Arms" and gave us a set of directions, which I could remember fairly well.

There was quite a little party of us, including Bob and Jackie Bowen, by the time we set out to find our lunch. I must have memorized the directions correctly, for despite several crossings of the Stour, which is quite a lovely stream and particularly where its banks are wooded, we reached our pub on St. Radigund's Street without any difficulty. "The Miller's Arms" was not too crowded, and in its back room we found seats and quiet and enjoyed the "Ploughman's Lunch" of bread, cheese, and chutney.

Our afternoon offered only a bit of free time. We would be heading for Horsmonden, which was thought to be a good hour away over secondary roads. More importantly, at (I believe) 2 PM the streets of Canterbury would be closed for the carnival. Our coaches had to be under way before then.

Therefore minute families scattered through Canterbury to see what they might, leaving the officers to fret whether all would return in time.

I suppose that most of us headed back to the cathedral area.

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The afternoon sky was beautiful — perfectly planned to set off the exterior of the cathedral and illuminate the interior. The two gift shops within the cathedral precinct attracted quite a few from our party.

Reluctantly then we returned to the High Street to begin our return. I had not planned well ahead for this day and so had to visit a camera shop for an extra roll of film. Happily they had just the kin that I required.

I suspect that Judy and I were not the only ones adding Canterbury to a list of "places deserving a return visit." My final image of the city that day is the beautifully tended bank of flowers along the river in Westgate Gardens.

Wonder of wonders! All aboard and just in the nick of time. The coaches crossed the Stour by the Westgate and swung westward along St. Peter's Place even as the carnival was beginning.

Of th route from Canterbury to Horsmonden I know very little. Even at the time I did not know the route numbers. The whole of it seemed to be through rolling farmlands. We were told that this part of Kent has become popular with those w o prefer commuting to living in London. Even oasthouses — the old beehive-roofed structures for drying hops — are being converted into dwellings.

In due time we arrived at Horsmonden, a small village with a large rectangular green. Everything seemed to be closed and few citizens in sight. Certainly there was no sign of St. Margaret's Church. Seeing an unexpected arrival of tourists, a small shopkeeper opened his establishment and did a brisk trade in snack foods.

After about ten minutes or so our officers were able to obtain the correct directions to our goal. It seems that history had played a trick on us. During one of the onsets of plague centuries ago, the village of Horsmonden was so ravaged as to be abandoned by the survivors, who resettled a short distance north of their old homes and retained the old village name. Therefore, a brief ride over country roads brought us to St. Margaret's, which stands at the end of a farm lane. Our hosts were awaiting us in the unpaved carpark.

According to the program which we were issued at this time, the service was to have begun at 5:15 PM. The time in fact I cannot recall, but certainly the sun had declined more than halfway from the meridian. I suspect that we were just a little late.

We were ushered into the church, where Councillor V.T.G. Liles, Deputy Mayor of the Borough of Tunbridge Wells — the largest city close at hand — offered official greetings. (Again I am following my printed program, but nothing in it strikes me as amiss.) We then stood and sang "Once to every man and nation / Comes the moment to decide."

Lord Cornwallis read the "lesson": Ecclesiasticus 44:1-14,**** and again we rose to sing "Soldiers of Christ arise,/ And put your armour on." Rev. Smith gave the address, we knelt for prayers, all sang "Praise my soul the King of heaven," and we received the blessing.

There was now time for a casual tour of the church, which I found to be quite interesting. The rector pulled back a protective

rug from one section of the floor so that we might view a medieval brass engraving which was set into the flag stones. Another feature of special interest to us was the "Willard window," a stained glass donated by the Willard family association in America. In one of its lower segments is the shield of the Commonwealth of Masstts. It was one of the few windows to survive a nearby bomb blast during WW II.

We also learned this day that in his old home turf the Major's surname takes the accent on the ultima: Wil-LARD.

As this was a special occasion, the bell tower was opened for the adventurous ones who wished a better view of the county. I, the acrophobe, surprised myself, among others, when I eventually decided to take the risk and walk up the ninety-odd worn stone steps. The view was indeed worth it — the moreso if I stayed well back from the parapet. In the churchyard below both sheep and minute men browsed among the stones. I consoled myself for the nervous agitation with the thought of how unlikely I should be to travel here again.

The sun was getting quite low to the horizon as we began to reembark. I thought of going over to speak to his lordship and expressing my thanks, but I still felt a keen twinge of embarrassment at our having imposed upon him. How <u>does</u> the man feel about that war of independence/rebellion? How would folks in Atlanta feel about a Sherman family reunion in the Omni?

Now we began the return to London with a scheduled stop in for a pub supper. With our numbers it was necessary to reserve seatings at two pubs in this town. Even at that we were quite crowded. The principal ingredients of our set fare were sausage and chips. The sausage not being to the fancy of some of the ladies in our entourage, Bob Childs and I came away from the table quite satisfied.

We reached London without further incident.

Notes

*: This is the passage wherein the prophet is taken to "the valley which was full of bones" and prophesied, "O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord."

**: Simon Willard is also the man who was authorized to lay out the original boundaries of Sudbury.

***: At some point early in 1983 I had been requested to research Simon Willard, and at the Muster of 9 February I submitted my report, containing the fact of his birth at Horsmonden. Captain Puryear suggested that I write to our contact in Canterbury, who gave me the address of the Rector at St. Margaret's Church in Horsmonden. On 5 March I wrote to this cleric. His response was cordial, but he suggested that we should make arrangements for ceremonies with the parish council chairman: Lord Cornwallis, eighth in descent from the fellow who surrendered his army at Yorktown. I confess to feeling embarrassed, but all further correspondence fell to our officers.

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****: "Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us."

Sunday, 28 August 1983

This was another free day in London, and I recall almost nothing of it. I believe that Judy and her mother took a tour out to Winsor Castle. Gary and Bob had some early business and were to meet me at the National Army Museum in the early afternoon. Since the weather was still quite fine, I walked along the Serpentine through Kensington Gardens and then down Sloane Street. There were two disappointments: I did not find Gary or Bob, and several of the display rooms were closed. I did purchase a few items in the museum shop.

By around 4 PM I was back at the Royal Lancaster to attend to one very important task. Our uniforms were to be sent out for a group rate dry cleaning — very important at this season even in temperate old England.

I believe that it was on this day that I first heard of the difficulties which Gary was having to spend his free time with. And our ability to go to France was hanging in the balance.

Our Company was the first organization to undertake even preliminary efforts to establish an overseas celebration commemorating the Treaty of Paris of 1783. It was the legwork and salesmanship of Gary Puryear in particular that first got the French government conscious of the approaching anniversary. Once the pump had been primed it was amazing how many strangers showed up bearing buckets.

"Expedition Liberté," an organization formed in large part from individuals in the Rochambeau and Yorktown activities of 1981, arose to assume center stage for 1983 activities in France. In time the Concord Minute Men became a part of this machinery. Coordination of our activities with those of all other units, which would travel to France only, was in the hands of one Wm. Brown, a BAR-type from Virginia. All documentation to allow the "E.L." units to bring firearms into France had to be sent to this Brown for processing. This Gary had taken care of well in advance of the deadline. Now we were informed that the documentation had been mislaid, and that if we continued to Paris it would be without arms.

Now Gary was required to employ virtually all of his free time at the U.S. Embassy in London in a desperate attempt to get this situation resolved. It was an anxious time for all of us who were aware of the problem. How it would turn out no one could reasonably guess.

Eventually it would turn out that this was only the first of three occasions when said Wm. Brown failed — sabotaged? — the Concord Minute Men. Ian Fleming once wrote to the effect: once is happenstance, twice is coincidence, third time is enemy action. If ever a bastard deserved a "Hillsborough treat," ...*

Note

*: Named in honor of Lord Hillsborough, Secretary of State for the Colonies (1768-1772), it was the application of outhouse byproduct to doors and windows of those suspected of supporting Parliament's tax policies in Boston.

Monday, 29 August 1983

It was a bit murky overhead this morning as Bob Childs and I set out for Paddington Station and the train to Rugby. During our talks with the lads of the Sealed Knot in Odell, we had been invited to come down to Naseby for their weekend of battle re-enactments. In fact the initial invitation was for the whole Company to come along and display its skills and perhaps join in the skirmishing. Just the thought of those pike blades caused us to scramble for excuses, and we were able to point out, oh so regretfully, that our uniforms would be in the laundry on the days in question.

A social call was nonetheless in order, and so Bob and I — old veterans of the bicentennial campaigns — had to see the Knot in action. And so around midmorning we boarded our train for a ride of about an hour.

The first difficulty with the town of Rugby is that the railway station is not at the center of things. Next, there are no signs to direct the newly arrived to the center of things. To complete this scene we found no taxis on hand. It was by sheer luck that we set off afoot in the right direction.

The great problem facing us was how to reach Naseby. A cab seemed the only way to go, and after several minutes' brisk walk we found a stand with three waiting taxis.

We had brought no map, but as Naseby (the battle) is the English equivalent of Gettysburg and lies but a few miles outside Rugby, the need never occurred to us. Now we found a cabby quite willing to carry us except for the fact that she'd no idea of Naseby's location — although she was sure that her father had taken her there some 30 years back. A quick convention with the other two present drivers brought only disagreement and further puzzlement. Still the lady was game if we were. Tally ho.

The sun was quite breaking through by now, and this was a pleasant jaunt through the country. And then we began to see cars bearing pikes or towing artillery parked by country pubs, and we knew that we'd reached the right neighborhood.

The reenactment site was well away from any village, amid rolling fields set off by stone walls and green hedges. There was a New England quality to the place and I felt rather at home.

Great, white canvas tents were set up in a cluster and beyond them were the food vendors in trailers and the suttlers at tables. The latter really caught our interest, though at this time we did not want to be encumbered with bundles.

Having made a few inquiries, we were directed to Dr. Alistair Bantock, a commander in the S.K. and one of the fellows with whom we had spoken in Odell. Regretting that more minute men had not come, but pleased at our presence, he took us in tow to introduce us to some of the masters of this day's ceremonies. Brig. (ret.) Peter Young, military historian and founder of the S.K., was in this party. The host was a certain Sir Charles ————, who was obviously enjoying himself immensely and offered us a drink, "Whisky or gin?" As the day was a bit warm, I thought a cold gin and tonic would be just the thing. I was handed a 12-ounce tumbler half-filled with straight, warm gin. A drink to be sipped slowly.

Monday, 29 August 1983

As the officers had some final details to review, Bob and I said thanks and so long and then made our way to one of the great tents, which was in fact a beer tent. By fine chance we almost immediately met Roger Hart, who introduced us around while we sipped pints of the local.

At some point during this part of the afternoon we learned the reason for this reenactment of the Battle of Naseby. The government had some plans in the final stages to build a linking road between two major highways and run it right across the middle of the battlefield. Such disregard for historical landscape made me wonder if HM government didn't have American advisers. When we were approached with the petition against, we observed that we lacked local voting rights and were assured that such was no problem. So we proudly subscribed the list and added the name of the Concord Minute Men.

Before the troops were being assembled, Bob and I set out to find likely vantage points. Because each had a camera with full set of lenses, we agreed to separate so as better to cover the action. Later we would combine the collections of slides to form a more complete record of the event.

The spectators were to stand along the west side of the battlefield, and I moved northward toward a hedge which bisected the field east-west. Bob moved southward, and — as he later told me — soon found himself at the rear of a mass of spectators.

Suddenly Sir Charles and his party came along and the S.K. attendants made a path for them to the front row seats of honor. Taking a chance, Bob called out a hello to Sir Charles, who probably remembered him as the bloke who had requested the tumbler of whisky, and who instantly called him forward to join his party. Therefore Bob not only got to the front row, center of the line but received a chair as well. He was later able to repay this favor by giving Sir Charles a roll of film, just as his supply had given out.

I have taken out from my collected documents just now the "Official Souvenir Programme" for the "Battle of Naseby, August 28th & 29th 1983," published by The Sealed Knot Society. Its Foreword deals with the issue of the future of the battlefield, and Sir John Betjeman observes: "Politicians and Bureaucrats are temporal — Naseby is not .... Leave well alone."

The Programme page lists several events to precede the battle, particularly "Sheepdog Trials" and an "Aerobatic display." Much of this must have been completed by the time of our arrival, but I do recall seeing one aircraft buzzing the area early on.

The battle itself is listed as having begun at 3 PM and continued until 5:30. Perhaps so, but I cannot recall checking the actual schedule. It was soon after I had found my post along the low hedge that the King's troops began to march out from the musterfield and then turn left to advance behind the line of spectators toward the northern end of the battlefield. From the diagram in my programme, I believe that today's action took place exclusively on the western portion of the original field.

Eventually mounted royalist scouts appeared before us. The parliamentary forces were so far off to my right that I could see little

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of them, and I hoped that Bob was in better position.

Of the battle I shall not attempt a full account. Certainly my memory has scrambled the exact sequence of events, and my slide collection better conveys the details. Instead I shall try to record a few observations.

The advance of either army was made all the more striking by the ensigns' custom of flourishing the great flags — actually sweeping the staffs about in great figure-eight arcs.

The cavalry was not there just for show. There were great, sweeping charges around the periphery of the infantry, and then the buffs and blues would mix in general melee with plenty of good, solid sword-swinging. I saw no one use firearms from horseback.

Musket companies were no larger than a dozen men, carrying a variety of arms from matchlock to Brown Bess. Those with the matchlock usually applied the loose end of the match by hand rather than engaging the serpentine with the trigger. I suspect that this makes for a cleaner connection between match and priming. For all of this motliness of equipment, the volleys seemed sharp enough.

On the matter of safety I did not notice much care in maintaining safe distances between musketeer and target. Even the artillery seemed to show little concern in this area.*

Bob explained to me an odd thing about much of the artillery: the barrels are chiefly of fibreglass. The expense of casting brass or iron pieces being so great, the S.K. armourers came up with the idea of taking a steel cylinder of appropriate length and then shaping fibreglass around it. The resulting gun is quite capable of firing powder charges, most convincing in appearance, and very easy to manoeuvre.

The "push of pike" was something to behold. Pikemen slowly move together, lowering staffs to about 45°, gently making contact, and then pushing for all they are worth. It all has the appearance of an overgrown rugby scrum — very appropriate to this neighborhood.

The polearms come in various styles. The shorter arms — halberds and half-pikes — were 5 to 7 feet long. Most of these had wooden blades painted silver. The full pikes are a good 16 feet high, and while many have wooden points, plenty bear leaf-shaped, steel heads, about 6 to 10 inches long and quite sharp. That would be enough to keep <u>me</u> off the field.

In the closing minutes of combat, the parliamentary horse moved in to surround a small band of royalist pikes, which then formed a "hedgehog" defense by presenting the pikes at the horizontal. This move easily stopped the cavalry at a respectful distance.

The victory of the Parliamentarians was marked with a disorderly withdrawal and pursuit, including several cases of hand-to-hand combat. A short distance in front of me a vigorous two-handed broadsword duel broke out. Moments later two characters got into a wrestling match, and when one was thrown to the ground the victor flourished a dagger and then drew it across the victim's throat. A scene to give an American battle coordinator heart palpitations.

The battle was scheduled to end at 5:30. All troops moved off

to the northern end of the field and then formed by companies for a ceremonial march around the perimeter of the battlefield and a passing in review before Sir Charles and his party. Each unit was announced over the p.a. system.

One of the armies had already passed by when I began to wonder about the number of participants this afternoon. I now attempted to estimate groups of ten as the troops moved past. I believe that the total for this second army was around 1300.

With the end of the review, the spectators dispersed, and I soon found Bob. We had limited time before having to consider means of getting back to Rugby, and we returned to the suttlers. Records, t-shirts, and addresses for future reference were our acquisitions.

Walking along we again chanced upon Dr. Bantock, who invited us back to his camper a short distance away and was kind enough to offer us a ride back to the railway station in good time for our trip back to London.

In the camp area we were introduced to a certain Col. Nicholson (as I recall his name) who had been an active S.K. cavalryman some years ago but had now retired for reasons of age. Nevertheless he still enjoyed following the summer campaigns.

The Colonel regaled us with a tale of one of his early battles. The S.K. strongly advises that swordsmen avoid any body blows and restrict themselves to striking sword and sword only. Now the Colonel had trained and served in the Indian cavalry and therefore was accustomed to real sabre work. Somewhat carried away in one re-enactment encounter, as he admitted, he could not resist delivering a solid whack upon the helmet of his Roundhead opponent. Untrained in the fine points of the art, the intended victim attempted to parry the blow, but with the point instead of the edge of the blade. Of course the point pierced the Colonel's hand. When the shocked Roundhead let go of his sword and left it dangling from the Colonel's hand, the Colonel shouted, "Return at once, sir, and withdraw your sword!" The Colonel then displayed the scar on his right hand.**

Dr. Bantock returned us to the rail station via a quick auto ride, and after a round of hasty farewells we reached the platform just minutes ahead of the London train.

Notes

*: In England an adult who willingly engages in an activity which is inherently dangerous has no legal right to sue if he is injured.

**: One of the Sealed Knot tents is actually a field hospital with surgeons on duty. Most injuries are broken bones, but the staff of this MASH unit can handle open-heart surgery if need be.

The date is 7 January 2015 as I take up my pen and attempt to close out this final journal. Why I have let this go so long I cannot say.

I am relying upon the printed schedule of events for the Concord Minute Men to give structure to my memories. Those memories are by now somewhat disconnected, yet in numerous cases they remain quite vivid.

Tuesday, 30 August 1983

This day was a free day in London, and I have no record of how I spent the time. Even my slide collection has no image taken on this day. Most likely this is the day when our outfits were returned by the dry-cleaners. Certainly by this day the Captain's diplomatic offensive had paid off and we were cleared for France.

Wednesday, 31 August 1983

Early in the morning we departed London by coach for Dover and the hovercraft to Calais. The sky was hazy. The "flight" of the hovercraft is smooth, but the cushion of air throws up so much spray that the horizontal view is utterly obscured.

From Calais we rode motor coaches to Paris and the PLM St. Jacques Hotel on Boulevard St. Jacques. I liked the coincidence that the home in Springfield where I grew up is also on St. James Boulevard.

At supper in the hotel dining room, I tried out some of the French which I had acquired this summer in lessons arranged by Palmer True for men going to Paris. Our waiter was less than impressed.

Thursday, 1 September 1983

The day started with a coach tour of major tourist sites in central Paris. The afternoon was potentially free, but officers had to report to Versailles for a run-through on the ceremonies there on the following day. One can tour Paris any time one's in town, but this activity at Versailles would be once-in-a-lifetime; so I tagged along. While the Concord men were in civvies, most other units were fully uniformed. Saintonge was present in good number, but there was no chance to visit.

The sky was overcast and at one point we were rained on and took shelter in a wooded area of the gardens. Eventually we withdrew to an auditorium to conclude our rehearsal. Afterwards, the sky having cleared somewhat, we were taken on tours of the palace interior and were allowed to walk the grounds.

Friday, 2 September 1983

Our published itinerary (dated c. 30 June 1983) states that this morning was to have begun with a ride "to Versailles for official ceremonies marking the Bicentennial of the Treaty of Peace." Of this I have no recollection nor any photographic evidence. My slides argue that these ceremonies were on this day transferred to the

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afternoon.

So our day began in sunshine in formation with all other units on the plaza in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. In we all advanced in procession for the service called the "Te Deum" which, I was informed, is offered in time of victory in war. The last time it was heard in this place was after the liberation of Paris in 1944. It was something worthy of note to be, not merely a tourist, but a participant in my first and possibly only visit to this celebrated place.

After our procession from the cathedral, the whole entourage crossed the Seine and made its way to the Hotel de Ville, or city hall, for a luncheon reception. Quite the location: rich wood paneling, floor length mirrors, crystal chandeliers. And filled with men and women in 18th century clothing. We dined on pate, rough bread, and champagne.

For the afternoon the motor coaches took us to Versailles, and they were escorted by motorcycle gendarmes bearing submachine guns. The ceremonies took place in the courtyard appropriately called the Place des Armes. I recall no details, but I have the feeling that Concord was placed as far to the periphery of the action as possible.

Because the troops would be participating in the "Festival de Versailles" this evening, we were fed supper in an adjacent building. For some reason that I do not now recall, I had to change from the Concord uniform to my burgundy suit for the "Festival." So I went out to the parking area and our motor coach where I encountered a mother and her young son. She was eager for me to explain things to this 6-year-old. Falling back on the terminology from the Saintonge manual of arms, I was able to explain to the lad the procedure for using a flintlock musket. The mother was very pleased.

The "Festival" was unbelievably complex. As I review the cast list in the official "programme" I find fifteen actors portraying "le Roi," Washington, Franklin, La Fayette, et al., plus fifteen others providing voices for these figures over the p.a. system. 750 Americans are credited to "Expedition Liberte." There are "Comediens de Versailles-Theatre," "Ballets de l'Academie Royale de Versailles," and "Le Corps de Ballet de l'Academie Royale." How all of these performers fit into the ceremony I do not know. We were off in the wings and could see nothing.

The show included eighteen "Tableaux," scenes from aspects of the revolution — ours, not theirs — with actors playing various parts. Tableau 12 was a reenactment of the night assaults on Redoubts 9 and 10 at Yorktown, and here the Concord Minute Men were given a role: the redcoat defenders. (Behind the redoubt walls, our uniforms would be well covered.) Each musket man was issued two cartridges, and for ea e in retrieval I put them into my coat pocket. I suspect that the propellent in the cartridges was not black powder but pyrodex, which is fine in a percussion firearm but is not so reliable with a flint ignition. I loaded my Charleville and at an appropriate point pulled the trigger — spark but no ignition. A second try and again no success. Tableau 12 was over quickly, and all I could do was dump the load. (My last shot of the Bicentennial, and it was a dud.)

The evening closed with a firework display prepared by the same company which had provided the fireworks in 1783. So I was told.

Saturday, 3 September 1983

This, the 200th anniversary of the Treaty of Paris that guaranteed the independence of the United States of America, was an overcast day in Paris. Our one function was a parade down the Avenue des Champs Elysees to the Arc de Triomphe. All units formed on the sidewalk on the north side of the avenue. During the lengthy formation period I was interviewed by a representative of one of the news organizations back home. It turned out that she had grown up on Mass. Avenue in Lexington in a house located just east of the site of Raymond's Tavern.

We marched up the Champs Elysees, at the tail of the formation as expected. The parade circled counter-clockwise around the triumphal arch and halted with the Concord Minute Men on the south side of the circle. The big-wigs with many of the colors gathered beneath the arch, and so we could see nothing of the ceremonies. There was plenty of time for taking photos.

Our original printed schedule reported this to be a free afternoon. Instead we were treated to a reception in the backyard of either the U.S. Embassy or the ambassador's residence. The trip to this location was wild, with our motorcycle escorts speeding through traffic and kicking on car doors to make them pull aside. I don't think that we made any fans among Paris commuters. Apparently all participants in "Expedition Liberte" were invited, but many were already scheduled to fly home.

There was American cookout food under the pavilions, and there was champagne. There was no interaction between militia and Continentals. So it always will be.

For our final evening together, there had been plans for dinner on bateaux mouches, those glass-covered barges which cruise the Seine. For some reason this possibility was canceled. In its stead we were taken for dinner to the Moulin Rouge. I'm not sure what I expected, but certainly some of our ladies were a bit shocked. Various dance routines, acrobatics, and even a dolphin in a glass tank with a "mermaid." In almost all cases the female performers were, or eventually became, topless. The male performers seemed a trifle effeminate in appearance, and some wag suggested that les femmes were topless so that spectators could tell who on stage was which: not unlike a basketball game with teams designated shirts and skins. With wives present, all minute men behaved with proper decorum. I don't remember anything about the meal.

Sunday, 4 September 1983

Homeward bound, but no memories of it. According to our schedule we flew from Paris to London's Gatwick around 10 AM. About 1:40 PM we were to fly Northwest Flight 49 to Boston, where we were to arrive at 3:50 PM.

Some of our party were going to stay in France or in England for extended vacations, but the school year would start for Judy and me in two days. We needed the time to shake off jet lag.

P.S. Some days later we went — probably to Bob Bowen's garage — to retrieve our 18th century clothing, musket, and accoutrements. When I reached into the pocket of my burgundy coat, I found that second, unused cartridge from "Festival de Versailles." I don't

care to speculate on the hassle for everybody had security detected it. Well, now it is one of my Bicentennial souvenirs.