

Dragoons,

I will just write a few words about the Lake City SC event 2/2-2/3/19.

While we originally had about 8 troopers who indicated interest in attending, due to various other life challenges and obligations, we were able to field 4 dragoons on Saturday and 5 on Sunday. As expected, the hospitality was nice. The site provided pancakes both mornings for participants, though no one from our camp was willing to eat pancakes when they knew Chris Puckett would be cooking.

We did have hay and water available. The organizers (the Graham family) were happy to see us, even though I told him we would be between 8 and 10 riders, he's now been introduced to reenactor attrition rates.

The 2nd SC and the 2nd NC were on site as were the 33 British and the lowcountry legion group (the ones who are hosting the John's Island event in a couple of weeks). All told, we had around 40 to 45 men at arms (one gun, 5 ponies). There were about three sutlers there and the SC military vehicle association put on a display which was nice to see.

The battles were small affairs, though the one on Saturday was quite hot. (There are some photos below.) The British forces attacked a supply depot with some patriot guards as well as women. The British harassed the women while the patriots bravely ran away. Luckily the withdrawing patriots found some friends on the road, who possessed a gun and more infantry and a cavalry escort. The horse charged in to give the women an opportunity to escape, firing pistols into the unformed infantry. They then retired and infantry and the gun came on line. There commenced a firefight. Our horse were employed on another three charges. For the last two, we were able to attack at a full gallop (and then run by the side of the small group of deployed footmen). I am still hoarse from screaming at the British. Toward the end of the battle, we chased the British foot completely off the field, pursuing them all the way to their camp. It was pretty fun.

Sunday threatened rain, we broke camp early to get the canvas out of the wet. It did drizzle on us during the battle and started raining in earnest thereafter. The Sunday fight had about the same number of participants, but the weather made firing difficult. In the middle of our attack, I realized we had a hot tube and had to delay our charge until it could be fired. With the rain, they had much difficulty keeping the priming powder dry, so we were in an uncomfortable limbo for about a minute. Anyway, Sunday didn't work out as well as Saturday as far as the battle went, but we all seemed to think that for a small event, we really got our blood up on Saturday.

One of the best things about Lake City is the open fields. While these were wetter than last year, we were still able to find higher ground and drilled at the walk, trot and canter. We could ride at the canter for about a quarter mile before having to slow down. The fields are large and without holes, being plowed regularly in season.

Evening jollification was fun, of course. We socialized with members of the SC and NC regiments, the property owners showed up and even professional Irish singers from Canada to trade verses with Addie O'Kelley. We made sure to give the owner's son a trail ride on reliable old Red, and Jesse and I made a midnight ride after being sufficiently lubricated with patent medicines (aka Ed's Jamaican Rum punch). A good time was had by all. And, I suspect everyone made it home in time to watch super bowl LIII.

The end,

Edward L. Harrelson