

# The Springer

The Newsletter of His Majesty's 10th Regt of Foot in America, Inc.  
Volume XXXVIII Number 8 August 2011

## A Word of Thanks

Written by Serj. Major Charles Ziniti

Fifteen years ago this month a quiet and unassuming young man handed over \$100 to the paymaster and signed onto the muster role of His Majesty's 10th Regiment of Foot.

In 1996 I visited the Regimental drill in July at the invitation of one of my distant relatives Rene Robillard. I found out about the Tenth at a family reunion at the end of June. Rene was talking to my mother and asked her about what the kids were up to. She mentioned that I was looking into joining a Civil War reenactment group. Rene's eye lit up and he told her about the Tenth. I was quickly called over.

Rene and I sat down and he regaled me with stories about the Tenth and all the different experiences he had as a member of the organization. He gave me directions to the next drill and told me and my parents to stop by. I thanked him for the information, but I wasn't really sold on the idea of joining a British regiment from the Revolutionary War. What did I know of the American Revolution?

My love affair with history is as old as I can remember. Like most people, my fondness for the subject grew from family stories. My paternal grandfather was a medic during World War II and he always shared his stories with me when I was a child. Every time we'd visit my grandparents' house I'd go into the basement and put on his army jacket and play around with an old German sword he obtained during the war. I'd also play around with a bolt action training rifle he had in the basement. As the years went by, he began to give me some of his books on World War II. They were rather large books, and I spent most of the time looking at the pictures and reading the captions.

I never met my mother's parents as they died before I was born; however, my mother and my uncles would always tell stories about them, so I always had a connection to my past.

The concept of learning about people who lived before me has always been a part of my life. For me, history was personal before it became professional.

In 1989, I was eight years old and just completing the first grade when the movie *Glory* came out in theaters. A few years later I was over my friend's house and his Dad was

## Table of Contents

4. The Poacher Profile
5. The Battle of Wyoming
10. Old Sturbridge Village
13. The Paymaster's Report
14. The Regimental Return
16. The Back Page

watching the movie on his VCR. We sat down and watched it with him and in an hour and a half I fell in love with the Civil War. After that day, I read all the books I could on the Civil War, and I enjoyed watching programs such as Ken Burns' *The Civil War* and *Civil War Journal* hosted by Danny Glover. When we were studying U.S. history in fifth grade my teacher asked me and another student if we would like to teach the class about the Civil War as she knew we both loved the subject. We agreed, and we divided the project between the two of us: I told the story from the Northern perspective and he from the Southern. It was my first experience as a teacher.

As the years went by I continued to develop my understanding of the conflict. In my history classes I always wrote about the Civil War. In my art classes I drew pictures of battles and sailing ships; in English I wrote poems about the war and read historical fiction novels such as *Rifles for Watie* and *Charley Skedaddle*. During this time my parents also took me to my first Civil War reenactment. I liked looking at the uniforms, hearing the cannons and rifles fire and watching the troops march past. I decided that when I was old enough I wanted to become a reenactor.

In the summer of 1996 I was fifteen years old, and I felt I was ready to join a unit. My parents were supportive of the idea, and together we visited a Civil War reenactment in the area. While we were there I spoke to a few members of the Union army and expressed my interest in joining. They said I wasn't old enough to fire a weapon but I told them I'd be happy carrying a flag or playing a drum. The recruiting sergeant gave me his card and I rode home as happy as a clam in high tide. However, my happiness was to be short-lived as the sergeant never returned my calls. It was soon after this experience that I first visited the Tenth Regiment of Foot. When my parents and I arrived at the drill hall that July we were approached by many friendly faces. People took the time to introduce themselves, show me a musket and explain what the troops were practicing. I was impressed by the personality and the professionalism of the Regiment.

That summer I said good-bye to the Civil War as I handed in my \$100 and became a member of His Majesty's Tenth Regiment of Foot. When I joined, I had never seen the regiment in the field -- not even a red coat -- but I guess it was love at first sight.

I have now spent half of my life in the ranks of His Majesty's Tenth Regiment of Foot. And, all I can say to its members, past and present, is, "Thank you." In the Tenth I found a group of people I could connect with, a place where I could be myself, feel accepted and have

## *Coming Up. . .*

27-28 August: Battle of the Rose Farm, Bolton, CT

21 September: Drill

24-25 September: Mount Harmon Plantation, Earleville, MD - British Brigade Event (Volunteer)

1-2 October: Fort #4 Charlestown, NH

19 October: Drill

29-30 October: Red Horse Tavern Tactical, Wayside Inn, Sudbury

16 November: Drill

19 November: Parade - Plymouth

fun. Many of you have known me now for fifteen years and have been with me every step of the way as I progressed from being a teenager to an adult. I remember Paul and Diane picking me up for my first Brigade event as my family was gathered on the front lawn to take pictures with my sister who was attending her senior prom that evening.

In short, the Regiment has always been there for me in times of need. When my mother passed away in February 2005 my family and friends were amazed to see how many members came through the receiving line wearing the blazer badge of the Tenth Regiment. For me it was comforting to see so many friendly faces and hear so many words of encouragement and support. Unfortunately, I experienced the loss of my father two years later in August 2007 when he passed away sud-

denly of a heart attack. I remember it was the third Wednesday of the month and, as always, we had drill. I don't know if I was in shock, but I remember calling Paul O'Shaughnessy and telling him I was sorry as I could not attend drill that night as my father had passed away. When I called Ed Scull all he said was, "I'll be right over." In about an hour he was sitting with me on my front steps as I sat smoking a cigar wondering what I was going to do next.

That weekend the Regiment had a reenactment down in New Bedford. The members of the Regiment who were not able to make the event attended the wake in order to pay their respects. Again my family was impressed by the Regiment's show of support. I remember all the cards I received in the mail, especially the two I received from the Banatoski boys. Their cards were hand drawn and contained pictures of muskets, swords, Colours and Light Infantry helmets. They were moving as only personal mementos can be, and I have held onto them ever since.

My father's funeral was on Monday morning and when I entered the church escorting his casket my eyes were met by heartfelt expressions of sympathy from my family, my friends, and you guessed it, members of His Majesty's Tenth Regiment of Foot. I honestly couldn't believe it. The men and women of the Regiment had been away from work and home since Friday but here they were, in Nashua giving me hugs and lightening my mood with stories from the weekend.

It has been an honor to serve the Regiment all these years, and I look forward to many more. From my oldest comrades, to the newest recruit, you are all a part of what makes this unit such a joy and privilege to work with. The Tenth has influenced my studies in college, set me up with girlfriends and summer jobs and has given me friends who I hold dear to my heart. You have become a second family. In fact, as my relationship with Beth continues to grow she has learned more and more about my family and "the family."

As a member of His Majesty's Tenth Regiment of Foot I enjoy reenacting history while at the same time creating new memories. With gratitude and respect for your kindness and dedication all these years, I am

Your Servant,

Charles William Ziniti

Serjeant-Major

His Majesty's 10th Regiment of Foot

Regimental Number 233

My Grandfathers:

Charles F. Ziniti Jr.



William E. Duffy Jr.



# *The Poacher Profile*

**Tim**  
**“Tim Bits”**  
**Lee**



**Current age:** 13

**City & state residing:**  
Lexington, MA

**Occupation:** Student at the Clarke Middle School, 8th Grade

**Present rank and company:** Private, Light Infantry

**When and why did you join the Regiment?** November, 2009. I've gone to re-enactments for as long as I can remember and I've always loved the British uniforms and drill. My brother joined before me and was in the Regiment for about a year before I decided I would do it to.

**Name 1 thing that we don't know about you:** I play jazz in Harvard Square with my brother.

**What do you enjoy doing when you're outside the Regiment?** I like to play music, play Airsoft and paintball, and make short movies.

**What is your favorite thing about the Regiment?** My favorite thing about the Regiment is that we can look good and drill well, and still have a good time.

**What is your favorite memory of the Regiment?** My favorite memory is wading through the river at Old Sturbridge Village in 2010

**What are your likes?** Tim Horton's Timbits.

**What is your favorite movie?** *Anchorman: The Legend of Ron Burgundy*

**What is your favorite song / style of music?** My favorite style of music is jazz.

**What is the one thing that you would like to accomplish before you die?** I would like to have a mullet for a day.

# A Dispatch From the Battle of Wyoming

16-17 July 2011

Written by Serj. Major Charles Ziniti

18 July 1777

Captain Falotico,

Sir, it is my pleasure to inform you of the actions that transpired between His Majesty's troops and those of the rebels these past few days. As you are aware, the army retired to Rhode Island after our failed attempt to retake Boston in May. Shortly after you were ordered to London with dispatches the army sailed for New York. Whilst in garrison General Clinton ordered troops into the surrounding countryside so as to confuse Mr. Washington and force him into a general action.

Our column was comprised of Regular, Hessian, and Provincial troops as well as some Indian scouts. We numbered close to six hundred men. We marched west for fifteen days before we came across substantial enemy resistance near Mount Cobb, in Northern Pennsylvania. The route of our march I am sure may come as a surprise to you, as what objective could be accomplished by marching west into the frontier? From the earliest days of this war we gained the knowledge that six hundred men could not successfully operate on their own in this country for fear of rebel militia which stalks these lands like the Banshee of old. I am in agreement that a more direct route would have better served any intended objective but alas, I do not know much above my place in this army. I can only assume that by marching west the Rebels would be left to wonder if our intent was to swing north in order to support St. Leger or if we sought to turn south and bear down on Philadelphia.

Our Loyalist scouts and Indian allies first made contact with the Rebels on the 14<sup>th</sup> instant when they stumbled upon an encampment of considerable size. The standard *Petite Guerre* ensued as our scouts made contact with the enemy's piquets. The army began to assemble at the base of a hill, on the edge of a forest. No immediate action was taken as the column was strung out over several miles and our remaining stragglers did not arrive in camp until two days later.

On the 16<sup>th</sup> our scouts reported that the enemy was advancing towards our encampment and the army formed for battle. The army was divided into three brigades; the First included elements from



The Regiment at the Battle of Wyoming in Mt. Cobb, PA, 17 July 2011  
Photo courtesy of Pte. Kelsey Brennan, Staff Photographer

the Guards, the Royal Highland Regiment, The Royal Welsh Fusiliers, The Royal Highland Emigrants and the Hessians. The Second included companies from the 10<sup>th</sup>, 9<sup>th</sup>, 35<sup>th</sup>, 22<sup>nd</sup>, and 64<sup>th</sup> Regiments of Foot, while the Third was composed of various companies of Loyalists.

The army took up a strong position at the edge of a clearing. From this position we could clearly see the rebel advance while our forces were concealed by the trees and the uneven terrain. While we waited, the enemy brazenly advanced across the field to our front. The order came for the companies to fire five volleys and then advance upon the enemy. Our fire and subsequent charge had its intended effect. When the enemy came within forty yards of our position we commenced our fusillade which caused the enemy to become disorganized and hindered their progress. Before their officers had a chance to close and redress their lines our troops sallied forth from the forest with a hearty cheer and put them to flight. The enemy took to their heels and retreated down the reverse slope of the hill from which they started their advance.

We continued our pursuit of the rebel force; the Light Infantry of the 10<sup>th</sup> along with a company from the 9<sup>th</sup> Foot supported the Hessians and the Rangers as they sought to turn the enemy's left flank. The men were brave in the face of the enemy and sedate under instruction. The terrain made it difficult for us to maneuver and thus we were not able to turn their flank. The enemy was also able to bring up reinforcements while we were extending our lines. With cartridge pouches almost empty and the men becoming fatigued under the noon day sun and in the face of growing resistance, the command was given to halt and we withdrew our forces to the crest of the hill. From this position the officers could see the enemy's camp and prepare the next phase of our advance while the men rested and consumed their victuals.

Unfortunately, I must confess that this is when the bumbling and stupidity of our commanding officers began to take a toll on the army. Instead of using the respite to scout the enemy's position they amused themselves with food and spirits as they looked down upon the rebel encampment. No doubt the stupidity of the rebels, the casualties they sustained and the haste with which they withdrew served to reinforce the contempt our Officers had for them. By the end of the day I was convinced the spirits they consumed also added to their *élan*.

Soon the army was formed again and we advanced down the hill towards a bridge that crossed over a creek and surrounding marsh. Our lone piece of artillery was placed at the end of the bridge and the First Brigade formed to its right while the Second Brigade formed on the left. The Loyalists and Indians were placed on each flank. As soon as we made it into position the cannon fired a round across the bridge. We did not see them at the time but the enemy was advancing across the bridge as he did not see us and before he realized his mistake it was too late. As the enemy advanced the gunners quit their piece and ran back to the safety of our lines. Just as they cleared the field of fire the rebels came forth from the bridge. Their cheers were quickly silenced as successive orders were given to fire. The enemy being so close and disorganized and our men, being eager to use the bayonet, broke ranks and charged the enemy without orders. Men from various regiments jammed together on the bridge, the fields on either end and the bridge creating the perfect hour glass. Their eagerness to advance was as fool hardy as the enemy's had been for on the opposing side of the bridge the enemy positioned three pieces of artillery. Displaying a courage and coolness not usually found in the rebel army, they waited until a large body of our men had made it into the opposing field or were herded together on the bridge before they gave fire. Their line opened with a blast of cannon and musketry which tore many gaps in our lines and devastated many companies. Our men quit the field in great haste, re-crossing the bridge and forming again on the other side. There our leaders decided that we should again cross over the bridge and advance against the enemy. Where the Loyalists or Indians were at this time I know not, if they had been an observant lot they would have scouted another path for our army to take

instead of advancing across that bridge and into eternity. As many have stated before, our allies in this war cannot be trusted.

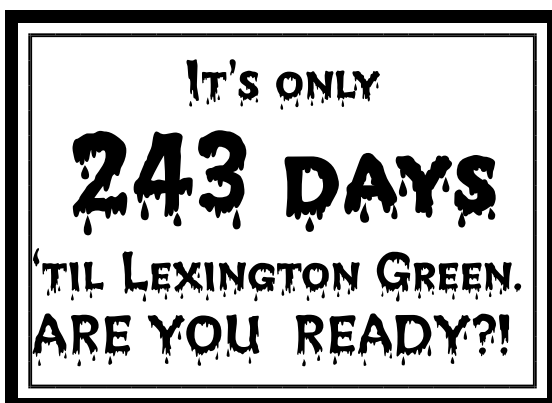
The officers arranged the brigades into columns of companies and directed each line of advance. The Second Brigade was to advance across the bridge and form front to the left while the First Brigade took the right. Our cannon fired a load of grape to clear away the rebel marksmen and the army advanced. Again we were subjected to the most withering fire and the advance was slowed as men in the rear had to navigate through the mass of corpses that lay before the bridge. We eventually reformed our lines but we were unable to drive the enemy from the field. The situation became perilous as we gained ground on our left but the rebels were able to pressure our right and threaten our access to the bridge. The order was given to retire towards the bridge and our men, seeing that they may be cut off, broke into a run as the rebels continued to weaken our ranks with musketry and collapse our right flank. Our retreat turned into a rout and again that cursed bridge was the scene of much confusion and death. The army made it over the bridge, but some were too slow and were captured by the enemy, including five men from our Light Infantry Company. Mistakes were made during the withdrawal as we did not reform on the advantageous ground at the top of the hill but retired to our camp at the base of another.

Whilst in camp our troops rested and our officers plotted. We prayed that their efforts would result in battle rather than murder. Our army was only saved from complete destruction by the efforts of the subalterns and noncommissioned officers who unfortunately sustained the most egregious casualties. Our encampment was poorly planned as we were some distance from any water, all of which is malodorous in this country. In the afternoon volunteers were collected to gather canteens and obtain water in order to relieve the suffering of the wounded. I volunteered to lead a section from the 10<sup>th</sup> Regiment to gather water. We were supported by the Indians and the Loyalists. Some distance from camp we fell victim to an ambush. The rebels were undisciplined and opened fire at the head of our party. We were able to send out flankers and drive the rebels before us. We routed the enemy and accomplished our task without any further disruptions.

During the evening our rest was interrupted by the sounds of musketry. The rebels were making an advance towards our piquets. Serjeant Graves organized a section of troops and advanced in order to strengthen our lines. His company made contact with the enemy and dispersed them with several well placed volleys. More enemy troops took the field and the action appeared to become general but soon the musketry ceased and the majority of our troops returned to their quarters. We reinforced our piquets in order to protect against any further encroachments.

The enemy, becoming disorganized, broke off the attack but their commander still possessed a spirit for action in the morning. However, poor planning meant that he could not replicate the success Mr. Washington achieved against the Hessians last year. If one wishes to attack an enemy in the morning they must do so at first light, before a majority of the troops are awake and ready for action. Due to some miscalculation, the rebels commenced their attack at nine o'clock. The drums began to roll and

officers and men scrambled for their arms. The companies of the 10<sup>th</sup> were dispersed at the time of the attack. As men gathered in the company street Serjeant Graves took one section, consisting of both Grenadiers and Light Infantrymen and I stayed behind to gather the remaining men. Serjeant Graves advanced his men and fell into line with Lieut. Colonel O'Shaughnessy. Once my section was formed we began our advance. Once we cleared our encampment we were told that there were a number of enemy troops in the woods to our right. We moved forward



in order to support the rangers and natives who had sighted the enemy. Upon entering the woods I formed the section in a skirmish line and waited. Soon a body of men appeared to our front. We could not discern their loyalty as each man was dressed as Joseph. Their demeanor also confused us as their advance was languid and when they halted they were facing away from our camp. Our men were poised with loaded arms so I felt no danger in revealing our position. I hailed the men before us demanding, "What Regiment is that?"

The reply was the Yorkers. They had been one of the companies sent out the night before to support our line of piquets. As strange as it may seem, they were unfamiliar with the attack now being commenced by the rebels. With our right flank thus secured we moved towards the sounds of battle which were growing fainter. When we reached the field we could see our troops returning to camp. Apparently the enemy did not possess the strength to carry on the attack. As we were marching towards camp we received word that a group of rebels was near our camp and retiring through the woods. A body of men from the Royal Highland Regiment and the 10<sup>th</sup> and 35<sup>th</sup> Regiments of Foot formed and marched with all haste to a position surrounding the rebels' line of march and set an ambush. Our men, being more disciplined than the enemy held their fire until the rebels were surrounded. Our company was positioned on the rebel's left flank and rear, while the highlanders and the loyalists attacked their van and right flank. The men of the 10<sup>th</sup> Regiment performed their duties with alacrity. They closed upon the enemy in pairs, firing and advancing as they moved forward with the agility all dwellers of the forest possess, be they deer or savages. The enemy column was obliterated. Most were killed, and a few were taken prisoner, others managed to flee.

Flushed with victory the whole of the army formed once more for battle. We knew the enemy was beaten. He had expended all his energy during the night and had failed in his attempt to destroy us at dawn. Now we would advance and finish the work we had started the day before. The army advanced rapidly towards the enemy camp as it was our intent to catch them while they were still disorganized from the morning's action. Again we advanced up the hill that lay before the enemy's camp. The rebels had failed to fortify the position in our absence and we were able to look down at the bridge and see that the rebels were not holding it in strength as they had the day before. The Second Brigade advanced down the hillside and formed column of companies. Again we were to storm across the bridge and attack the enemy's position. Our cannon gave a mighty roar and the Second Brigade advanced



Victorious! The troops after successfully fending off a Rebel incursion into our camp  
17 July 2011. Photo courtesy of Pte. Kelsey Brennan, Staff Photographer

across the bridge at *March, March!* Before the cannon fired I ordered the Light Company to form *Indian File* to facilitate our movement across the bridge. When we reached the other side we formed front and fired successive volleys into the rebels positioned before us. The enemy being tired and dispersed from the morning's action, gave way before our advance. The First Brigade, no doubt seeking to relieve the pangs of defeat continued to drive the enemy from the field.

The army was in a position to cut the rebels off from their camp when a body of rebels appeared to our rear. The Light Company and two other companies from the 23<sup>rd</sup> and 84<sup>th</sup> were ordered to the rear to secure our communications across the bridge. When we arrived at the bridge the rebels were withdrawing from their position. It was then that we noticed that they had captured some men from 84<sup>th</sup>. The Scots were desperately trying to reclaim their men but could not bring the rebels to action. I detached a section of men under Serjeant Graves to support the 84<sup>th</sup>. It pleases me to report that their labor resulted in the rescue of our men and the capture of several rebels. The officers and men of the 84<sup>th</sup> gave a hearty thanks to our men and Serjeant Graves returned to the company with all his men. We continued to guard the bridge until the Loyalists and Indians arrived and stated that the enemy had fled and our lines of communication were open. We were then ordered to the left of our line to support the Guards and the 22<sup>nd</sup> Regiment of Foot. We joined the advance and the army continued to drive the rebels from each successive position they held until they were routed and quit the field. We were left in possession of the rebel camp from which we were able to resupply our men with powder and victuals. As of this letter being written we are still in our position at Mount Cobb.

In two days of battle our army has lost 47 killed, 113 wounded, and 12 listed as missing. Of that number the Light Infantry lost 9 killed, 12 wounded, and 5 men being captured by the enemy. In our first actions with the enemy we have lost nearly one third of our number with no hope of reinforcement. The enemy's losses are not known as the forest conceals their corpses. However, we know that their numbers can be replaced with drafts from the militia. In spite of the great victory achieved by our arms I believe the only course of action we can take is to retire to New York. Further excursions into the interior of this country will only result in ruin.

I am Sir, Your Servant,

Charles Wm. Duffy  
Serjeant-Major, H.M. 10<sup>th</sup> Regt. of Foot.



The Battle of Wyoming ushered in the "Floppy Hat Craze" in fatigue-wear. Sporting their new caps from L to R are (no, not the Beatles) Ptes. Dylan Potter, Kelsey Brennan, Jack Dallmeyer and Shaun Timberlake. Didn't that "One Way" sign point in the other direction? *Photo courtesy of Pte. Kelsey Brennan, Staff Photographer*

# Rebels and Redcoats: Old Sturbridge Village

5-6 August 2011

Written by Pte. Dylan James "Snipe" Potter

The 10th participated in the annual Rebels and Redcoats event held at Old Sturbridge Village in Sturbridge, MA. The weekend was



a little cloudy on Friday afternoon; Saturday was in the 80's and humid, and it started to rain on Saturday night; Sunday was extremely wet until 1 PM, then the sun came out and it was hot and HUMID!



Serjeant Major prepares for the duel.

*Photo courtesy of Pte. Kelsey Brennan, Staff Photographer*

We came in on Friday afternoon and set up the camp until the beer truck made its way around, at which time the majority of the adults took a break. That night sounded a lot like a Saturday night at an event!

The next morning we were involved in a street skirmish, then a battle in the afternoon. After the battle, it was the 10th vs. the Navy and the Marines in a brawl over two chickens. Serjeant Major fought the Ma-

rine serjeant to protect Matt Lee from the Marines, but Serjeant Major lost a fake fight in front of his girl-friend!



Serj. Eddie Scull attempts to check on the Serjeant Major.  
*Photo courtesy of Pte. Kelsey Brennan, Staff Photographer*

To resolve the issue, a duel was arranged the next morning between the two serjeants, in which both were wounded. Then they had to appear before officers in a court-martial. Both serjeants were demoted, and we still did not get our chickens!

At 1:30 PM on Sunday, after the rain, there was a street skirmish and



Captain Falotico presides over the Court Marshal.  
*Photo courtesy of Pte. Kelsey Brennan, Staff Photographer*

we captured a rebel and two savages, one of which was a chief. After the battle, we packed up and went home later in the afternoon.

I did like the event because in true 18th-fashion despite the rain, we still managed to have fun and kill a few colonials, and the Lights returned to the river during Saturday's battle. A little water and mud never hurt anybody!

I did like the event because in true 18th-fashion

I would do the event again because I have been going to this event for 5 years, and I have never had a bad experience at this event. I even en-

joyed the soaking rain on Sunday morning. Also, the set-up of OSV really adds to the re-enactment in that it feels like you have stepped



back in time to a rural New England town in the late 18th Century/ early 19th Century.

I would have to say that there were a couple of memorable moments. One was the "chariot" race

Drummer Matt Lee attempts to charge Pte. Ian Banatoski.

*Photo courtesy of Pte. Kelsey Brennan, Staff Photographer*

with the carts. Tim Lee and I almost hit a road block. The other was Kelsey's "race" with Eddy Scull on Friday night, which she lost miserably. (Sorry for reminding you, Kelsey!)



The Lights fire a smoky volley.

*Photo courtesy of Pte. Dylan Potter*

# The Paymaster's Report

By Pte. Shaun Timberlake, Paymaster & Corporate Treasurer

## Statement of Financial Income and Expense - 01/01/2011 - 07/31/2011

CLEARED BANK BALANCES AS OF 07/31/2011: CHECKING: \$ 4,255.17 SAVINGS: \$3,764.48		TOTAL
<b>Income</b>		
45000 · Investments		
45030 · Interest-Savings, Short-term CD	3.25	3.25
Total 45000 · Investments	3.25	3.25
46400 · Other Types of Income		
46420 · Inventory Sales	7,403.88	7,403.88
Total 46400 · Other Types of Income	7,403.88	7,403.88
49000 · Special Events Income		
49010 · Special Events Contributions	100.00	100.00
49020 · Special Events Sales (Nongift)	6,300.00	6,300.00
Total 49000 · Special Events Income	6,400.00	6,400.00
80001 · Non-Tax Deductible Donation	235.00	235.00
<b>Total Income</b>	<b>14,042.13</b>	<b>14,042.13</b>
<b>Cost of Goods Sold</b>		
50000 · Cost of Goods Sold		
50001 · Wool/Fabric	1,385.56	1,385.56
50002 · Leather	672.58	672.58
50003 · Metals/Brass/Etc	958.35	958.35
50005 · Headgear	566.00	566.00
50006 · Item Buy-Backs	0.00	0.00
50007 · Tailoring/Fabrication	1,137.00	1,137.00
50008 · Guns/Gunsmithing	2,281.85	2,281.85
50009 · Tents/Poles	1,421.40	1,421.40
Total 50000 · Cost of Goods Sold	8,422.74	8,422.74
<b>Total COGS</b>	<b>8,422.74</b>	<b>8,422.74</b>
<b>Gross Profit</b>	<b>5,619.39</b>	<b>5,619.39</b>
<b>Expense</b>		
60900 · Business Expenses		
60902 · Credit Card Fees	22.47	22.47
60910 · Bad Debts	596.00	596.00
60940 · Sales Tax	58.77	58.77
Total 60900 · Business Expenses	677.24	677.24
62800 · Facilities and Equipment		
62830 · Donated Facilities	300.00	300.00
62840 · Equip Rental and Maintenance	27.47	27.47
62890 · Rent, Parking, Utilities	650.00	650.00
62800 · Facilities and Equipment - Other	257.16	257.16
Total 62800 · Facilities and Equipment	1,234.63	1,234.63
62810 · Vehicles/Trailers	293.46	293.46
65000 · Operations		
65001 · Gun Powder / Cartridges	1,125.00	1,125.00
65005 · Music Equipment	857.90	857.90
65006 · Camp Equipment	148.80	148.80
65020 · Postage, Mailing Service	231.57	231.57
65030 · Printing and Copying	222.28	222.28
65040 · Supplies	124.69	124.69
Total 65000 · Operations	2,710.24	2,710.24
65100 · Other Types of Expenses		
65110 · Advertising Expenses		
65111 · Internet/Website/Elec Media	309.43	309.43
Total 65110 · Advertising Expenses	309.43	309.43
65120 · Insurance - Liability, D and O	561.92	561.92
65150 · Memberships and Dues	51.00	51.00
65160 · Other Costs	10.00	10.00
65170 · Staff Development	140.00	140.00
Total 65100 · Other Types of Expenses	1,072.35	1,072.35
68300 · Travel and Meetings		
68310 · Conference, Convention, Meeting	55.00	55.00
68320 · Travel	190.00	190.00
Total 68300 · Travel and Meetings	245.00	245.00
80000 · Donations/Gifts Given	450.00	450.00
<b>Total Expense</b>	<b>6,682.92</b>	<b>6,682.92</b>
<b>Net Income</b>	<b>(1,063.53)</b>	<b>(1,063.53)</b>

# His Majesty's 10th Regiment of Foot American Contingent

## Regimental Return 31 July 2011

**Commanding Officer**

Lieutenant Colonel Paul O'Shaughnessy

**Staff & Additional**

<p>4 wanting 3 for 7 + 4 additional = 8</p> <p>Officers 7 Warrants 1 <b>Staff 8</b></p>	<p><b>Staff</b></p> <p><b>2IC</b> Major Richard Amsterdam</p> <p><b>Adjutant</b> Major Richard Amsterdam</p> <p><b>Quartermaster</b> --vacant--</p> <p><b>Surgeon</b> Lloyd Klickstein</p> <p><b>Chaplain</b> Scott Williams, Gentleman Volunteer</p> <p><b>Surgeon's Mate</b> --vacant--</p> <p><b>Additional</b></p> <p><b>ADC</b> Lieut Col &amp; Capt Winston Stone</p> <p><b>ADC</b> Michael Coppe, Gentleman Volunteer</p> <p><b>Paymaster*</b> Pte. Shaun Timberlake (Light Infantry Co'y)</p> <p><b>Quartermaster*</b> Serj Edward Scull (Grenadier Co'y)</p> <p><b>Colour Ensign</b> Capt William Desmond</p> <p><b>Colour Ensign</b> Capt Lincoln Clark III</p> <p><i>* Counted in their respective companies</i></p>
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**Light Infantry Company**

23 wanting 6 for 29

Officers 4  
Serjeants 2  
R&F 20  
Music 3  
**Co'y 29**

<p><b>Captain</b> Robert Falotico</p> <p><b>Lieutenants</b> ---vacant--- ---vacant---</p> <p><b>Serjeants</b> Charles Ziniti (RSM) Michael Graves</p> <p><b>Drummers</b> Anthony Jenkins (DM)(SDOC) James Banatoski Matthew Lee</p> <p><b>Musicians</b></p> <p><b>#1 Platoon</b> Corp Noah Martin (L/Corp) Ptes Dylan Potter Michael Federico Shaun Timberlake Khalid Antar David Driscoll Kelsey Brennan David Parker Bugler Nicolas Federico</p> <p><b>#2 Platoon</b> Corp Ken Mental Ptes Eric Westerberg (OC) Christopher Migala Anthony Federico Sarah Vedrani Timothy Lee Jacob Gruber Marc McVicker (Rct)</p>
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**Grenadier Company**

21 wanting 8 for 29

Officers 3  
 Serjeants 2  
 R&F 21  
 Music 3  
 Co'y 29

**Captain**  
**Lieutenants**

David Kinghorn

---vacant---

---vacant---

**Serjeants**

Ed Scull

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**Drummers**

Evan Hodges-LeClaire (SDOC)

Thomas Stone

**Fife-Major**

Mary Stone

**Fifers**

Nathaniel Williams

Johaness Wesselhoeft

**#1 Platoon** Corp Jeffrey Meriwether  
 Ptes Mike McComas  
 Scott Smith  
 John Fitzpatrick  
 William Hough  
 Gary Mezack  
 Robert Lee

**#2 Platoon** Corp Ian Graves (OC)  
 Ptes Paul Dooley  
 Robert Edmonds  
 Michael Foley  
 Jack Ryan Dallmeyer  
 Eric Niehaus  
 Ian Banatoski

**Regimental Return Summary**

51 wanting 44 for 95

	Effectives	Re-enlist	Recruits	OC	CL	SDOC	DS	HP	Totals
<b>Grenadiers</b>	18	0	0	2	0	1	-	-	<b>21</b>
<b>Light Infantry</b>	20	0	1	1	0	1	-	-	<b>23</b>
<b>Staff</b>	8	0	0	0	0	-	-	-	<b>8</b>
<b>Totals</b>	<b>46</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>52</b>
<b>Additional Co'y</b>	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	0	<b>0</b>
<b>Civilian Re-enactors</b>	20	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	<b>20</b>

**Changes** *Changes since last return [effective 5 July unless otherwise noted.]*

		Staff	
Officers	10	none	
Serjeants/Warrants	5	Grenadier Co'y	Pte. Scott Smith On Command
R&F	31	Light Infantry Co'y	none
Music	6	Civilian Re-enactors	none
<b>Now</b>	<b>52</b>	Additional Co'y	none

Co'ys	4	3
Officers	17	16
Serjeants/Warrants	10	8
R&F	84	63
Music	9	8
<b>Full</b>	<b>120</b>	<b>95</b>

**Regimental Women & Civilian Re-enactors**

Kira Bailey (Lieut)	Steve, Doris & Sarah Banatoski	Edmund & Tammy Bressler
Deb, Margot & Claire Fate-Mental	Joan Federico	Susan Feist
Stuart Gralnik & Ann Swartzell	Valerie & Natasha Graves	Richard Kaskeski
Diane O'Shaughnessy	Darlene Wigton	Alison Falotico
Joan Niehaus		

# The Back Page

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## Hey, Mario!

Serj. Major Charles Ziniti finds a new friend in young Cameron of H. M. 9th Regt of Foot at Mt. Cobb, PA.

(Sorry, Charlie!)

*Photo courtesy of Pte. Kelsey Brennan, Staff Photographer*



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