



GAZETTE FRANÇOISE.

Du Mars 2004.

Du BUREAU du PRÉSIDENT, from the President's Desk

Bonjour,

I have just returned from my two week vacation in Europe. The first week and a half was spent in Paris, where the temperature was in the 50's, the grass was green and the flowers were out. The rest of my vacation was spent in Belgium; even though it was slightly cooler, it sure beats the weather we have been having here. I have lots of pictures to share with everyone, which I will post as soon as I get a minute. A few are included later in the newsletter just to give you a taste! Happy March and see you all at the annual meeting!

Your Humble Servant,

Dana Rock

Président du 85^{ème} Régiment de SaintOnge

Le RAPPORT du CAPITAINE, Captain's Report

*Winter Camp
Framingham on the Sudbury*

Hi Folks,

We have a very busy month coming up as our season begins to wind up. Dana and the Regimental Staff have put together our preliminary schedule for the year. We'll also have some more to add based on the CL meeting and some recent schedule additions. Looks like a full year with the events being spread evenly throughout the year. With the schedule is the slate of officers for the coming year. Thanks to the folks who have volunteered for staff positions this year.

This coming month starts the beginning of the year's events. We have the South Boston Parade and Freezer Jam in Wisconsin with our friends in the Royal Deux-

Ponts. There are plans this coming month a distaff movie night, workparties, and other stuff in the works.

Next month we have an event at the Hartwell Tavern which is being hosted by us, as the Fourth Middlesex, the Second Mass. Regiment, and our "loyal opposition". Both Myles and Bill Rose have been working behind the scenes to develop programs for the day. We have also been receiving suggestions from various folks in different Regiments for program ideas. As the event develops, we'll be asking folks to help out during the day. Myles, Bill, and I will be presenting our ideas for the event at the upcoming meeting.

For those who are members of the BAR, the dues are due. I'll bring the forms with me to the March meeting.

That's all for now and I look forward to seeing you all at the meeting on Saturday!

*Pour le Roi et le Régiment,
Steven*



ÉVÉNEMENTS PROCHAINS, Upcoming Events

REGIMENTAL DRILL, ANNUAL MEETING & BOD MEETING, Saturday, March 6. ~ Arrival: PLEASE NOTE - THE LOCATION HAS CHANGED!!! The location will be the Meadow Brook Village Community Center in Berlin, MA. A drill at 10am will start the day, followed by a potluck lunch at 12noon, the annual meeting at 1pm and a BOD meeting will conclude the afternoon.. **Directions:** The Community Center is at 59 Brook Lane, Berlin, MA. (Almost next door to Frank Marini!)

Frank's number is (978) 838-2112 - just in case! From Sudbury, Framingham, Concord: Take Route 62 through Hudson. Stay on RT 62 through Rotary. You will come to a three way fork in the road. Take River Street on Left. Travel for about 3 Miles. Look for Meadow Brook Village on the right. Turn Right onto Brook Lane. Travel ¼ mile down Brook Lane. It's #59 Brook Lane on the Right. From 290 and 495: Take 290 to the Solomon Pond Mall Exit. Turn Right at end of Ramp. Stay in far Left Lane. Travel straight for 1 mile. You will come to a rotary; take first right onto River Road. Travel for about 3 miles on River Road. You will pass the 1790 Farm. Meadow Brook Village will be on your Left. Turn Left onto Brook Lane. Travel 1/4 Mile down Brook Lane. It's #59 Brook Lane on Right. **Details:** This is a meeting you won't want to miss! Hear the latest information from the Continental Line meeting and get all the details for the events in 2004. This is your chance to voice your opinions about this year's schedule and vote for the 2004 Board of Directors. Spend a few hours catching up with friends and hearing the plans for work-parties, drills, recruiting, reenactments and other special events taking place in 2004. Your opinions matter – make sure you're there to voice them! A BOD meeting will take place after the annual meeting has ended.

DISTAFF MOVIE NIGHT: THE PATRIOT & SWEET LIBERTY, Friday, March 26. ~ **Arrival:** The evening of movies will begin at 6pm and you can show up anytime after 5:30pm. (no one will be home before that!) The gathering will be at Steven & Carrie's place. The movies will probably finish up around 11:00 so please plan accordingly. **Directions:** Take 495 to Route 20 East or Route 128 to Route 20 West. Follow Route 20 into Sudbury. At the set of lights immediately after the Shaw's Supermarket Plaza (heading east) or Sudbury Farms (heading west), turn onto Nobscot Road. Follow Nobscot Road into Framingham. (*It turns into Edgell Rd in Framingham*) Look for the Framingham Animal Hospital on your left. You will take the first real left after the Animal hospital onto Treeland Drive. (*Don't take the hairpin left turn onto Harrington.*) Follow Treeland Dr to the end, take a right and then a quick left onto Janebar Circle. Follow Janebar Circle down the hill and around the bend, take your first right onto Roundtop Road. #79 on the right, light grey with dark grey shutters. Park on the street. **Details:** Come spend a night watching 'classic' revwar movies! *The Patriot* and *Sweet Liberty* will be the focus of our attentions. Bring some sewing or whatever project you fancy, some munchies and drinks and enjoy the company of fun flicks & friends! Critiquing of authenticity will be highly encouraged... Please RSVP to Carrie at cdmidura@earthlink.net. Hope to see you then!

*4th MIDDLESEX MILITIA,
Steven's Recent Research Notes*

I recently had a chance to visit to my local historical society to do a little research on Thomas Nixon. Thomas was a fifer in Framingham who left behind one of the few existing fife manuscripts from the American Revolution. As I did more research I found that Thomas and his Company of South Framingham Militia hooked up with the South Sudbury Militia under Col. Ezeikiel Howe. Both companies remained together throughout April 19, including the action at the Bloody Angle. Both the Framingham and Sudbury Companies (including a Company from Marlboro) remained together until individuals began to return home after encircling Boston. Individuals from these three companies, including men from Stow and Lincoln, made up both the 4th Middlesex and 5th Continental Regiments. Thomas eventually joined the 5th with his father Thomas and his uncle, General John Nixon of Sudbury. I'm continuing to look into the 4th Middlesex Roster and I'll post my findings as I get them.



*GALERIE des IMAGES,
Picture Gallery*



FOR YOUR INFORMATION

☼ Our most heartfelt condolences are extended to Audrey Childs for the recent passing of her father, Tex Jones. Our thoughts are with Audrey and her family during this time.

☼ The Ballot for the 2004 Régiment Saintonge Board of Directors appears later in the newsletter. If you won't be able to attend the annual meeting on March 6, please be sure to get your ballot to Dana prior to the meeting.

☼ Are you interested in receiving your newsletter electronically? By receiving the *Gazette Française* via email, you are helping to save money for the Regiment since postage and copying costs are always increasing! In addition, by sending the newsletter through email, we can include color pictures and detailed images that don't always fare well in the copier. Just send an email to Dana at stonge85@comcast.net and let him know!

☼ Do you have suggestions for the editor? Is there anything you would like to add or change to the new *Gazette Française*? We're looking for contributors – photographers, writers, critics – any and all are welcome! Email gazettefrancoise@earthlink with your ideas.

EXERCICES et PRATIQUES, Drills & Practices

Date	Unit	Event
Jan 10	85e	French Drill (10-12) - Stow Town Hall, no musicians
Feb 7	85e	French Drill (10:30-12:30) Stow Town Hall, Stow, MA
Mar 6	85e	French Drill (10-12) Berlin, MA
Apr 3		Drill (TBA)
May 8		Drill (TBA)

Work-parties and additional drills will be scheduled throughout the year. If you have a specific project you would like to work on – let the captain or president know. Getting the French uniform and accoutrements in order will take top priority as the French prepare to take the field again this year!



Lafayette's Grave Site
Courtesy of Dana Rock



Louis XIV Cannon Detail

*Le PROGRAMME,
the schedule for 2004*

The events listed below are current possibilities for 2004 - the official schedule will be printed in the April newsletter after it has been approved by the membership at the annual meeting. Questions and suggestions may be directed to members of the BOD. It should be a great year !

Date	Unit	Event
Jan 12	BOD	BOD & Officers Meeting (Postponed) Berlin, MA
Feb 7	All	Work Party at Bill Rose's Bolton, MA
Feb 17	BOD	BOD & Officers Meeting Berlin, MA
Feb 28	Distaff	Fabric Shopping Road Trip TBA
Mar 6	All	Regimental Annual Meeting Berlin, MA
Mar 6	BOD	BOD & Officers Meeting Berlin, MA
Mar 20	Music	Freezer Jam Michigan
Mar 26	Distaff	Movie Night Framingham, MA
Apr 13	BOD	BOD & Officers Meeting TBA
Apr 17	4th	Battle Road/Hartwell Tavern Event Lincoln, MA
May 30	85e	Memorial Day Parade Somerville, MA
May 31	85e	Memorial Day Parade Andover, MA
May 31	85e	Memorial Day Parade Medford, MA
Jul 31 Aug 1	85e	À l'Assaut de la Capitale! Québec City, Québec, Canada
Aug 28- 29	4th	225th Anniversary of Newtown, NY Elmira, NY
Sep 6	85e	Marlborough Labor Day Parade, Marlborough, MA
Sep 6	All	Post-Parade Cookout TBA

Sep 25	85e	Colonial Faire & Muster Sudbury, MA
Oct 10- 11	85e	225th Anniversary -Siege of Savannah Savannah, GA
Nov 20	?	Military Timeline Plymouth, MA

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CASTLE OF OTRANTO

by Horace Walpole

(continued from the February *Gazette Française*)

Isabella, who gathered courage from her situation, and who dreaded nothing so much as Manfred's pursuit of his declaration, cried -

"Look, my Lord! see, Heaven itself declares against your impious intentions!"

"Heaven nor Hell shall impede my designs," said Manfred, advancing again to seize the Princess.

At that instant the portrait of his grandfather, which hung over the bench where they had been sitting, uttered a deep sigh, and heaved its breast.

Isabella, whose back was turned to the picture, saw not the motion, nor knew whence the sound came, but started, and said -

"Hark, my Lord! What sound was that?" and at the same time made towards the door.

Manfred, distracted between the flight of Isabella, who had now reached the stairs, and yet unable to keep his eyes from the picture, which began to move, had, however, advanced some steps after her, still looking backwards on the portrait, when he saw it quit its panel, and descend on the floor with a grave and melancholy air.

"Do I dream?" cried Manfred, returning; "or are the devils themselves in league against me? Speak, infernal spectre! Or, if thou art my grandsire, why dost thou too conspire against thy wretched descendant, who too dearly pays for--" Ere he could finish the sentence, the vision sighed again, and made a sign to Manfred to follow him.

"Lead on!" cried Manfred; "I will follow thee to the gulf of perdition."

The spectre marched sedately, but dejected, to the end of the gallery, and turned into a chamber on the right hand. Manfred accompanied him at a little distance, full of anxiety and horror, but resolved. As he would have entered the chamber, the door was clapped to with violence by an invisible hand. The Prince, collecting courage from this delay, would have forcibly burst open the door with his foot, but found that it resisted his utmost efforts.

"Since Hell will not satisfy my curiosity," said Manfred, "I will use the human means in my power for preserving my race; Isabella shall not escape me."

The lady, whose resolution had given way to terror the moment she had quitted Manfred, continued her flight to the bottom of the principal staircase. There she stopped, not knowing whither to direct her steps, nor how to escape from the impetuosity of the Prince. The gates of the castle, she knew, were locked, and guards placed in the court. Should she, as her heart prompted her, go and prepare Hippolita for the cruel destiny that awaited her, she did not doubt but Manfred would seek her there, and that his violence would incite him to double the injury he meditated, without leaving room for them to avoid the impetuosity of his passions. Delay might give him time to reflect on the horrid measures he had conceived, or produce some circumstance in her favour, if she could--for that night, at least--avoid his odious purpose. Yet where conceal herself? How avoid the pursuit he would infallibly make throughout the castle?

As these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, she recollected a subterraneous passage which led from the vaults of the castle to the church of St. Nicholas. Could she reach the altar before she was overtaken, she knew even Manfred's violence would not dare to profane the sacredness of the place; and she determined, if no other means of deliverance offered, to shut herself up for ever among the holy virgins whose convent was contiguous to the cathedral. In this resolution, she seized a lamp that burned at the foot of the staircase, and hurried towards the secret passage.

The lower part of the castle was hollowed into several intricate cloisters; and it was not easy for one under so much anxiety to find the door that opened into the cavern. An awful silence reigned throughout those subterraneous regions, except now and then some blasts of wind that shook the doors she had passed, and which, grating on the rusty hinges, were re-echoed through that long labyrinth of darkness. Every murmur struck her with new terror; yet more she dreaded to hear the wrathful voice of Manfred urging his domestics to pursue her.

She trod as softly as impatience would give her leave, yet frequently stopped and listened to hear if she was followed. In one of those moments she thought she heard a sigh. She shuddered, and recoiled a few paces. In a moment she thought she heard the step of some person. Her blood curdled; she concluded it was Manfred. Every suggestion that horror could inspire

rushed into her mind. She condemned her rash flight, which had thus exposed her to his rage in a place where her cries were not likely to draw anybody to her assistance. Yet the sound seemed not to come from behind. If Manfred knew where she was, he must have followed her. She was still in one of the cloisters, and the steps she had heard were too distinct to proceed from the way she had come. Cheered with this reflection, and hoping to find a friend in whoever was not the Prince, she was going to advance, when a door that stood ajar, at some distance to the left, was opened gently: but ere her lamp, which she held up, could discover who opened it, the person retreated precipitately on seeing the light.

Isabella, whom every incident was sufficient to dismay, hesitated whether she should proceed. Her dread of Manfred soon outweighed every other terror. The very circumstance of the person avoiding her gave her a sort of courage. It could only be, she thought, some domestic belonging to the castle. Her gentleness had never raised her an enemy, and conscious innocence made her hope that, unless sent by the Prince's order to seek her, his servants would rather assist than prevent her flight. Fortifying herself with these reflections, and believing by what she could observe that she was near the mouth of the subterraneous cavern, she approached the door that had been opened; but a sudden gust of wind that met her at the door extinguished her lamp, and left her in total darkness.

Words cannot paint the horror of the Princess's situation. Alone in so dismal a place, her mind imprinted with all the terrible events of the day, hopeless of escaping, expecting every moment the arrival of Manfred, and far from tranquil on knowing she was within reach of somebody, she knew not whom, who for some cause seemed concealed thereabouts; all these thoughts crowded on her distracted mind, and she was ready to sink under her apprehensions. She addressed herself to every saint in heaven, and inwardly implored their assistance. For a considerable time she remained in an agony of despair.

At last, as softly as was possible, she felt for the door, and having found it, entered trembling into the vault from whence she had heard the sigh and steps. It gave her a kind of momentary joy to perceive an imperfect ray of clouded moonshine gleam from the roof of the vault, which seemed to be fallen in, and from whence hung a fragment of earth or building, she could not distinguish which, that appeared to have been crushed inwards. She advanced eagerly towards this chasm, when she discerned a human form standing close against the wall.

She shrieked, believing it the ghost of her betrothed Conrad. The figure, advancing, said, in a submissive voice -

"Be not alarmed, Lady; I will not injure you."

Isabella, a little encouraged by the words and tone of voice of the stranger, and recollecting that this must be the person who had opened the door, recovered her spirits enough to reply -

"Sir, whoever you are, take pity on a wretched Princess, standing on the brink of destruction. Assist me to escape from this fatal castle, or in a few moments I may be made miserable for ever."

"Alas!" said the stranger, "what can I do to assist you? I will die in your defence; but I am unacquainted with the castle, and want--"

"Oh!" said Isabella, hastily interrupting him; "help me but to find a trap-door that must be hereabout, and it is the greatest service you can do me, for I have not a minute to lose."

Saying these words, she felt about on the pavement, and directed the stranger to search likewise, for a smooth piece of brass enclosed in one of the stones.

"That," said she, "is the lock, which opens with a spring, of which I know the secret. If we can find that, I may escape--if not, alas! courteous stranger, I fear I shall have involved you in my misfortunes: Manfred will suspect you for the accomplice of my flight, and you will fall a victim to his resentment."

"I value not my life," said the stranger, "and it will be some comfort to lose it in trying to deliver you from his tyranny."

"Generous youth," said Isabella, "how shall I ever requite--"

As she uttered those words, a ray of moonshine, streaming through a cranny of the ruin above, shone directly on the lock they sought.

"Oh! transport!" said Isabella; "here is the trap-door!" and, taking out the key, she touched the spring, which, starting aside, discovered an iron ring. "Lift up the door," said the Princess.

The stranger obeyed, and beneath appeared some stone steps descending into a vault totally dark.

"We must go down here," said Isabella. "Follow me; dark and dismal as it is, we cannot miss our way; it leads directly to the church of St. Nicholas. But, perhaps," added the Princess modestly, "you have no reason to leave the castle, nor have I farther occasion for your service; in a few minutes I shall be safe from Manfred's rage--only let me know to whom I am so much obliged."

"I will never quit you," said the stranger eagerly, "until I have placed you in safety--nor think me, Princess, more generous than I am; though you are my principal care--"

The stranger was interrupted by a sudden noise of voices that seemed approaching, and they soon distinguished these words -

"Talk not to me of necromancers; I tell you she must be in the castle; I will find her in spite of enchantment."

"Oh, heavens!" cried Isabella; "it is the voice of Manfred! Make haste, or we are ruined! and shut the trap-door after you."

Saying this, she descended the steps precipitately; and as the stranger hastened to follow her, he let the door slip out of his hands: it fell, and the spring closed over it. He tried in vain to open it, not having observed Isabella's method of touching the spring; nor had he many moments to make an essay. The noise of the falling door had been heard by Manfred, who, directed by the sound, hastened thither, attended by his servants with torches.

"It must be Isabella," cried Manfred, before he entered the vault. "She is escaping by the subterraneous passage, but she cannot have got far."

What was the astonishment of the Prince when, instead of Isabella, the light of the torches discovered to him the young peasant whom he thought confined under the fatal helmet!

"Traitor!" said Manfred; "how camest thou here? I thought thee in durance above in the court."

"I am no traitor," replied the young man boldly, "nor am I answerable for your thoughts."

"Presumptuous villain!" cried Manfred; "dost thou provoke my wrath? Tell me, how hast thou escaped from above? Thou hast corrupted thy guards, and their lives shall answer it."

"My poverty," said the peasant calmly, "will disculpate them: though the ministers of a tyrant's wrath, to thee

they are faithful, and but too willing to execute the orders which you unjustly imposed upon them."

"Art thou so hardy as to dare my vengeance?" said the Prince; "but tortures shall force the truth from thee. Tell me; I will know thy accomplices."

"There was my accomplice!" said the youth, smiling, and pointing to the roof.

Manfred ordered the torches to be held up, and perceived that one of the cheeks of the enchanted casque had forced its way through the pavement of the court, as his servants had let it fall over the peasant, and had broken through into the vault, leaving a gap, through which the peasant had pressed himself some minutes before he was found by Isabella.

"Was that the way by which thou didst descend?" said Manfred.

"It was," said the youth.

"But what noise was that," said Manfred, "which I heard as I entered the cloister?"

"A door clapped," said the peasant; "I heard it as well as you."

"What door?" said Manfred hastily.

"I am not acquainted with your castle," said the peasant; "this is the first time I ever entered it, and this vault the only part of it within which I ever was."

"But I tell thee," said Manfred (wishing to find out if the youth had discovered the trap-door), "it was this way I heard the noise. My servants heard it too."

"My Lord," interrupted one of them officiously, "to be sure it was the trap-door, and he was going to make his escape."

"Peace, blockhead!" said the Prince angrily; "if he was going to escape, how should he come on this side? I will know from his own mouth what noise it was I heard. Tell me truly; thy life depends on thy veracity."

"My veracity is dearer to me than my life," said the peasant; "nor would I purchase the one by forfeiting the other."

"Indeed, young philosopher!" said Manfred contemptuously; "tell me, then, what was the noise I heard?"

"Ask me what I can answer," said he, "and put me to death instantly if I tell you a lie."

Manfred, growing impatient at the steady valour and indifference of the youth, cried -

"Well, then, thou man of truth, answer! Was it the fall of the trap-door that I heard?"

"It was," said the youth.

"It was!" said the Prince; "and how didst thou come to know there was a trap-door here?"

"I saw the plate of brass by a gleam of moonshine," replied he.

"But what told thee it was a lock?" said Manfred. "How didst thou discover the secret of opening it?"

"Providence, that delivered me from the helmet, was able to direct me to the spring of a lock," said he.

"Providence should have gone a little farther, and have placed thee out of the reach of my resentment," said Manfred. "When Providence had taught thee to open the lock, it abandoned thee for a fool, who did not know how to make use of its favours. Why didst thou not pursue the path pointed out for thy escape? Why didst thou shut the trap-door before thou hadst descended the steps?"

"I might ask you, my Lord," said the peasant, "how I, totally unacquainted with your castle, was to know that those steps led to any outlet? but I scorn to evade your questions. Wherever those steps lead to, perhaps I should have explored the way--I could not be in a worse situation than I was. But the truth is, I let the trap-door fall: your immediate arrival followed. I had given the alarm--what imported it to me whether I was seized a minute sooner or a minute later?"

"Thou art a resolute villain for thy years," said Manfred; "yet on reflection I suspect thou dost but trifle with me. Thou hast not yet told me how thou didst open the lock."

"That I will show you, my Lord," said the peasant; and, taking up a fragment of stone that had fallen from above, he laid himself on the trap-door, and began to beat on the piece of brass that covered it, meaning to gain time for the escape of the Princess. This presence of mind, joined to the frankness of the youth, staggered Manfred. He even felt a disposition towards pardoning one who had been guilty of no crime. Manfred was not one of those savage tyrants who wanton in cruelty unprovoked. The circumstances of his fortune had given an asperity

to his temper, which was naturally humane; and his virtues were always ready to operate, when his passions did not obscure his reason.

While the Prince was in this suspense, a confused noise of voices echoed through the distant vaults. As the sound approached, he distinguished the clamours of some of his domestics, whom he had dispersed through the castle in search of Isabella, calling out -

"Where is my Lord? where is the Prince?"

"Here I am," said Manfred, as they came nearer; "have you found the Princess?"

The first that arrived, replied, "Oh, my Lord! I am glad we have found you."

"Found me!" said Manfred; "have you found the Princess?"

"We thought we had, my Lord," said the fellow, looking terrified, "but--"

"But, what?" cried the Prince; "has she escaped?"

"Jaquez and I, my Lord--"

"Yes, I and Diego," interrupted the second, who came up in still greater consternation.

"Speak one of you at a time," said Manfred; "I ask you, where is the Princess?"

"We do not know," said they both together; "but we are frightened out of our wits."

"So I think, blockheads," said Manfred; "what is it has scared you thus?"

"Oh! my Lord," said Jaquez, "Diego has seen such a sight! your Highness would not believe our eyes."

"What new absurdity is this?" cried Manfred; "give me a direct answer, or, by Heaven--"

"Why, my Lord, if it please your Highness to hear me," said the poor fellow, "Diego and I--"

"Yes, I and Jaquez--" cried his comrade.

"Did not I forbid you to speak both at a time?" said the Prince: "you, Jaquez, answer; for the other fool seems more distracted than thou art; what is the matter?"

... *To be continued...*

85ème Régiment de Saintonge
2004 Governing Board
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Event Schedule for 2004

March 20	Freezer Jam Michigan	July 31 & Aug 1	À l'Assaut de la Capitale! Québec City, Québec, Canada
March 21	Evacuation Day Parade South Boston	Aug 28 & 29	225th Anniv. of Newtown, NY Elmira, NY
April 17	Hartwell Tavern Muster Lincoln, MA	Sept 6	Marlboro Parade
May 1 & 2	Tactical Sutton, MA	Sept 6	Post Parade Party TBD
May 1	Fife & Drum Muster Lexington, MA	Sep 18 & 19	2ndMass/Danvers 30th Anniv. Danvers, MA
May 30	Somerville Parade	Sept 25	Colonial Faire & Muster Sudbury, MA
May 31	Andover Parade	Oct 10 & 11	225th Anniv. -Siege of Savannah Savannah, GA
May 31	Medford Parade	Nov 20	Military Timeline Plymouth, MA
June 19 & 20	Parade & Encampment Biddeford, ME		
June 26 & 27	275th Anniv. Town Encampment Westfor, MA		



*February 2004 - Versailles at Dusk
Courtesy of Dana Rock*

*85ème Régiment de Saintonge
Post Office Box 854
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