

DUNLAP'S

Pennsylvania



Watchet

OR  
GENERALTHE  
ADVERTISER.235<sup>th</sup> Anniversary March to Trenton!

10 Jerseys go ALL the WAY!



Jan'y 2<sup>nd</sup> 2012 - *After Action Report* - It was dark as the Blackball on my *straight last shoes* when Pvc. Larry Schmidt and I arrived at the rally point for the March to Trenton in the predawn hours of Dec. 31<sup>st</sup> 2011. Larry led us a roundabout route to the parking area - right across the Lawn & the buried Assumpick River - no doubt intending to Confuse any Hessians who might have deigned to *stir themselves* after Much Indulgence and revelry whilst we poor soldiers went without drink, there being but *Little chance for Relief* on the March we were soon to make back to this very spot. Here we found other

*stalwart men and true from the Jersey Blues*, including 9 from our own good 1<sup>st</sup> New=Jersey Battalion (Col. Ogden's) along with Sgt. David Skorka from our fifter regiment ("*the Sloppy Seconds*"), clad in a faded regimental that looked to have more mileage on it than even he. But that was soon to change, with 9 + miles ahead.



**Honor Role of the Gallant Marchers  
of Ogden's 1<sup>st</sup> New=Jersey!**

*Sgt. Edward Koenig  
Cpl. Michael Fesberger  
Fifer Lawrence Schmidt  
Pvc. Tim Abbott  
Pvc. Mark Dwyer  
Pvc. Kevin Gavin  
Pvc. Andy House  
Pvc. Glenn Schumacher  
Pvc. Eric Turner*





We were unable to leave our vehicles in the lot, nor to move them until a State employee was available to let us into the underground parking at 6:00 a.m., and the active and former service personnel in our ranks attested it was just like the real arm - hurry up and wait. Sgt. Ed Koenig brought a second musket onto the bus for a no show and wisely passed it out the window to be stored behind rather than humped all the way from the

Crossing. The bus was crammed with 70 or so marchers, not counting the 4 on horseback with the General.

When we did head out upriver to McKonkey's Ferry, we were told to cross the bridge and march right into the boats to recross the Delaware, but much to everyone's regret the river was deemed too high for a safe (and dry) crossing and only the Marbleheaders and His Excellency's entourage went over and back by that route. We formed up in the road by 7:00 a.m. in the faint light of dawn, mustering behind the



Lights and rifles and the 11<sup>th</sup> PA. We were 10 *Ferfeymen together*, as well as the odd Delaware in a blue coat who we soon lost track of along the march.



The first leg of the March was not *too* difficult (the blisters & tendons hadn't had the chance to make their presence known) and people along the way came out to cheer us on. The Sun came up over a misty field where the local horses came trotting over to inspect the mounts of Genl. Washington's party. Pve. Dwyer paid a short visit to a farmstand that boasted a sign with the laudable charge to "*Save our History!*"



While marching south on Bear Tavern Rd., we found a table with provisions and snatched a *muffin or two* before making a detour to ford Jacob's Creek, the bridge being out. We crossed in single file, keeping our feet and powder dry.





A steep incline on Bear Tavern Road presented a fearful challenge to our torrid 3 miles per hour pace, and the column *soon broke up* into separate fections. Ours was bolstered by the marching airs of Larry's wife and the *dulcet singing* of Sgt. Skora and Pve. Turner, the latter a sometimes privateer who favors Halyard chanteys and the defiant ballads of Irish Rebels.



In West Trenton, but still in Ewing Township, we turned left in the footsteps of Greene's column,

forfaking Sullivan Way. We halted for about 20 minutes at the West Trenton Fire Station, where there were Facilities & Refreshments. We had marched half the distance to our objective.



The next leg of the March we were a determined *Band of Brothers* as the miles and blisters took their toll. There were still playful japes from the second rank, however, and numerous calls of "Dad, are we there yet?" The neighborhood changed as we neared the City, and I lead us all through



the full 8 verses of the Ballad of Skorka's Raiders, so spirits were still high.





At last – *O Blessed Sight* – the Monument came in view! We marched the *last long blocks* and up to the heights where Knox and his guns played havoc with the Hessians those many years ago. We lost about a dozen of the marchers on the way, but **All 9 of us from the 1<sup>st</sup> NJ** and Skorka from the 2<sup>nd</sup> made the whole *9.5 mile* March to Trenton to arrive at 10:30 : half an hour before the first Battle was scheduled to begin! We took advantage



of the respite to find a friendly bench or enjoy a well earned smoke as each preferred.



We were reinforced by our fellows – another company of 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Jerseys and the Commander of the 3<sup>rd</sup>, Elias Dayton. The fresh troops were eager for the fray, but we whose feet were in a world of pain were right on their heels as we drove the Hessian foe from the



streets of Trenton.

*Huzzah for the Men who made the March! Huzzah for Col. Ogden's 1<sup>st</sup> New-Jersey! Huzzah for the Jersey Brigade!*

