

# 53rd Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry

## Company C

"The Sentinel" March 2020

Newsletter of The James Creek Guards



"Clubs Are Trump!"

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*I am always looking for newsletter content, so please forward your articles, book reviews, event summaries/photos, stories, etc. to me for inclusion in a future edition of "The Sentinel". – Matthew Steger, editor*

## 2020 WINTER DRILL SUMMARY

On February 1<sup>st</sup>, the unit held its annual winter drill at Landis Valley Museum. We had a good turnout and went over quite a few topics out in the field including basic manual of arms, wheels, company-into-line, by-file-into-line, skirmish drill, bayonet drill, and more. We were led in the field by 1<sup>st</sup> Sgt. Fasnacht. Sgt. Benedict also discussed tentage. We also had a visit by past member Stu Richards.

In attendance were: Fasnacht, Benedict, Espenshade, Steger, Kramer, Zinkus, the Porterfields (Zach and Travis), Bohnenblust, Raab, Shick, Ford, and Williard. A bunch of us stayed the night in the cabin and had a good time including a game of "Civil War Music – Name That Tune". Sgt. Fasnacht and Corp. Steger defeated the Porterfields. Zinkus played the quiet observer and Corp. Espenshade played the music. This was followed by Corp. Steger providing a short extension of the game on violin before everything broke down in chaos.

Various photos from the drill are included on the following pages. The photos were provided by Richards, Ford, Shick, and Steger:



The men in formation with arms stacked.



Doing a presentation of stacking arms and then some marching, firing, and bayonet drill.





Lunch time.



Ghostly Espenshade during "Name That Tune- Civil War Edition"



## HONORING OUR FALLEN DEAD – THE MEN OF THE ORIGINAL 53<sup>RD</sup> PVI

Thanks to Marc Benedict for sharing:

**Daniel King** - born on Oct. 11, 1839. He was 39 and a laborer when enrolled at New Brighton, PA on March 22, 1864. The same day he mustered into Co. A, 140th PVI as a private for 3 years. He had brown hair and eyes, a ruddy complexion and was 5' 6". He was transferred to Co. H, 53rd PVI on May 30, 1865 and finally discharged by General Order on June 3, 1865 being sick since March 29, 1865. He died Sept. 20, 1911 and is buried in Edgewood Cemetery in Montoursville, PA.



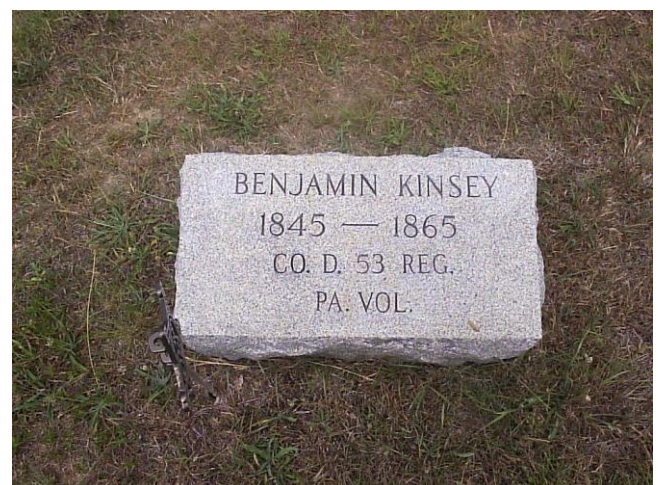
**Erastus King** - born Jan. 1, 1832. He was living in Spring Mills, PA and employed as a tailor when he was drafted on Aug. 15, 1863 at the age of 31. He mustered in as a private in Co. E, 148th PVI on Aug. 30, 1863 in Sunbury, PA. He was 5'10" with brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. On June 1, 1865, he was transferred to Co. E, 53rd PVI and mustered out on June 30, 1865. He died Jan. 15, 1910 and is buried in Greenlawn Cemetery in Roaring Spring, PA.

**George Trimble Kinter** - born in Pennsylvania on July 30, 1846. He was living in Perchistine, PA. and worked as a laborer when at 18. He enrolled on Feb. 24, 1864 in Indiana, PA. He was 5'7" with light hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. He mustered in the same day in Co. K, 53rd PVI for 3 years in Greensburg as a private. He mustered out June 30, 1865. He died on April 30, 1881 and is buried in Clarksburg Presbyterian Cemetery in Clarksburg, PA.



**William H. Kinkead** -born in 1842 and resided in Glenhope, PA. At 19, he mustered in on Oct. 16, 1861 for 3 years as a private in Co. D, 53rd PVI. He was promoted to Sergeant on July 1, 1864 and then to 1st Sergeant on Sept. 1, 1864. He re-enlisted at the end of his initial service in Stevensburg, VA. He mustered out on June 30, 1865. He died in 1882 and is buried in the Philipsburg Cemetery in S. Philipsburg, PA.

**Benjamin H. Kinsey** - born in 1845. At 18, he enrolled himself as a substitute. He enlisted for one year as a private in Co. D, 53rd PVI on Sept. 2, 1864 in Reading, PA. He died on April 17, 1865 of wounds received in action. He is buried in Spies Zion Cemetery, Alsace Manor, PA.



## THE CIVIL WAR LETTERS OF LEVI J. FRITZ

(thank you to Rich Sauers for providing this series)

[Note – any grammatical and typographical errors were kept intact as they are original to the letter - editor]

Levi J. Fritz served in Company A, 53rd Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. He enlisted in 1861 and was mustered out with the regiment in July 1865. During the course of the first three years of the conflict, Fritz wrote a number of lengthy missives to the *Montgomery Ledger*, a Pottstown newspaper.

Headquarters 53d Regiment, P. V.,  
Camp at Harrison's Landing, Va.  
Sunday, July 6, 1862.

Messers. Editors:—The army, after a week of unparalleled vicissitude in the field and on the march, is once more in the enjoyment of a temporary rest, and we therefore take advantage of the opportunity to continue our correspondence.

On the 26th ult., Gen. Hooker attempted to advance his picket line. His command laid to the left of Richardson's at Fair Oaks. The enemy made a strong resistance, and ere noon matters looked as if a general engagement were portending. According to orders we moved from our camp and took position along the inner line of entrenchments, in support of Gen. Hooker. Gen. French being officer of the day, the command of the brigade devolved upon Col. Brooke. Having posted ourselves behind the parallels, with loaded guns and anxious hearts we patiently waited to take an active part in the conflict, but our aid was not needed, as the brave troops in our front not only successfully coped with the enemy in the woods, but drove him back several miles, and succeeded in penetrating to and destroying one of his camps. About 4 o'clock the engagement ended. We were held in position, however, until near night fall, when we marched back to camp. At one time during the battle the bullets freely flew over our heads, and a shell that had evidently lost its way and its explosive "innards," fell into the ditch outside of the entrenchments and sprinkled the boys with mud extensively. It appeared that the movement of Hooker on the left and the shelling in front of our own division was merely a feint to prevent the enemy from moving his columns in force against Gen. Porter, who was forcing in their left. In the evening the troops were officially notified that Gen. Porter had gained a "superb" victory, and that our hopes of speedily occupying the rebel capital would soon be realized. The bands played national airs and the wildest excitement and hurraing pervaded the camp until midnight. Early the next morning we were roused up and put under arms. We were marched to the entrenchments in front of our division and kept under arms during the whole day. From early morning a heavy cannonading was heard on the right. Gen. Porter, who had advanced the day before, was now being driven back, and rumor said that "Stonewall" Jackson had reinforced Lee and that the enemy with overpowering numbers were gradually but surely turning our right flank. About four o'clock, orders came for Richardson's division to reinforce Gen. Porter. The line of march was quickly taken up, and coming over a dusty road for three miles and a half we passed over the Grapevine Bridge, and were at once on the other side of the Chickahominy and on the battle field. Over the bridge we passed those who were wounded and falling back. After we had crossed the river, the scene—exciting as it was presented to our eyes—appeared to be more like a battle field as we had imagined it years gone by, than anything we have witnessed during the campaign. The battle ground was in several narrow valleys and on slight elevations. As we marched in, amidst the cheers of the soldiers around, the Penna. Reserves had just driven the enemy a half mile back from his first position on the hill at Mechanicsville. But the Rebels had planted their cannon on a hill half a mile beyond, and as we marched up, column closed in mass, a heavy cannonading was going on. The line of cavalry opened to leave us in, and at double quick, in good order, under a heavy fire, we entered the field of slaughter. Arriving at the bottom of the hill, the line of battle was formed—our brigade being placed on the left and the Irish brigade on the right. But the enemy, pressed hard by the brave Penna. Reserves, were on the retreat. We laid on the battle field until midnight, when we we-marched over the bridge, and at daybreak arrived in our camp at Fair Oaks, hungry and tired.

We had calculated upon a day of rest, but, alas! For human hopes, scarce two short hours had passed by, when we received orders to prepare to move camp. We were to evacuate our strongly entrenched position in the front of Richmond and fall back to the James river. Immediately we were all engaged in taking down tents and packing knapsacks, and ere three o'clock everything was ready to move. The 52d N.Y. and our regiment were detached to act as rear guard to the army. In the course of this letter, my reading friends will see what a very important, dangerous and wildly exciting position this was. We marched to the battery on the line of intrenchments on our front and took our position. The retreat then commenced. First went the long train of wagons, loaded with all the goods and stores that could be put on. A great deal however was left behind and burned in camp. A little after dusk the last file of the last brigade had passed us, and we were left alone in our glory in the silent and lonely entrenchments. The heavy guns had all been removed from the battery, and the excellent field artillery of Company B, 1st N.Y. Artillery, Capt. Pettit, partially supplied its place. Hour after hour passed—our soldier friends were miles in our rear, and at our post of duty we stood, few in numbers, but resolved to do our duty or die—the whole rebel army was before us—solemnly slow waved the hours—not a picket shot disturbed the stillness of the gloomy woods beyond which lurked the rebel foe—an unusual quiet reigned all around us. Midnight passed, and in a few hours the sunlit hands of blushing morn slowly unfolded the shrouds of the exciting night, when the low whispers of the officers called us into ranks and the line of retreat was taken up. We proceeded down the railroad and at

Fair Oaks Station we noticed an extensive pile of straw, to which the fire brand was ready to be applied. About a mile below the station we came upon the main body of our troops, who were forming in line of battle on a large open country, known as Allen's Farm. The enemy was endeavoring to cut off our retreat and here we were to make the first desperate stand. After the serving of several rounds of artillery, the 71st Penna. (California Regiment) and ours, were advanced about half a mile in front of the main battle line. We had barely taken our position when the enemy opened upon us with a brisk fire of grape and shell from his battery, Capt. Pettit replying with deadly effect. Without regarding the storm of deadly missiles that flew around us, we marched up to our designated position, immediately in rear of Allen's House. The regiment formed in divisions, then were ordered to rest while the 71st Pa. went some fifty yards in our front to engage the enemy. This was on the 29th ult. A heavy artillery and infantry fire were kept up for an hour, when our regiment was ordered to the front to relieve the 71st, who had nobly stood their ground. Without confusion, Col. Brooke formed the regiment in line of battle, and we marched toward the enemy. We commenced firing by companies. Fifteen minutes afterwards the enemy's fire entirely ceased. We waited some time (occasionally firing a volley) to see if the enemy had really fallen back. Drawing back our lines, the enemy again opened upon us with a cross fire of artillery. Capt. Pettit, with his unrivalled battery of ten pounder guns, galloped up, and unlimbering his pieces, opened a quick fire and soon silenced the enemy's guns. Thus ended the battle of Allen's Farm. The regiments engaged were the 71st, 53rd and 64th Pennsylvania. The engagement lasted from 9 o'clock, A.M. to 10½ A.M. Our loss was but seven wounded. The enemy suffered severely, both from our musketry and shells. Immediately after the close of the action, Gen. Sumner rode along our lines and highly complimented us, saying—"53d, you have done nobly, but I knew you would do so." Meanwhile the army was passing on, and ere long we again took our position in the line as rear guard. Proceeding several miles further, the whole column was again halted and formed in battle array at Savage's Station. The enemy was coming fast upon our rear. Our brigade was formed in and along the edge of a wood, facing the railroad. With our loaded rifles in our hands, ready for instant use, we laid flat upon the ground, anxiously peering through the brush to catch the sight of the first advancing foe. While waiting for the enemy's attack, on our right flank, in the wood, a terrific battle was going on in the front. The enemy was in strong force, and for a while, fought like so many incarnate fiends, but the steady bravery of our troops, most of them Pennsylvanians, resisted all their efforts to break through our lines, and after the engagement had lasted for nearly two hours, the bayonet was brought into requisition, and the enemy gave way. They were driven back several miles, we capturing a battery and a large number of prisoners. The enemy's loss was heavy. Our artillery mowed down whole ranks at a discharge.

While this brilliant victory was being won in our front, we lay quietly in the woods, undisturbed save by the enemy's shells and grape that sometimes seemed to take a notion to rake us. About 6 o'clock, P.M., we made a charge through the woods to the railroad but failed to start up a rebel. Coming back again—it was now twilight—we found that the army was again moving off. Finally all had gone and we were left once more along with the skulking enemy and the deep shadows of night around us. We were the last of the Mohicans. We waited until midnight on the battle field of Savage's Station, when we quietly took up our line of march. Quickly we go forward over muddy roads and through black and ominous looking woods, not knowing what moment the rebels in numbers strong, would open a devastating and deadly fire upon our devoted, brave, but little band. Still we gallantly forwarded on under the lead of our vigilant Colonel, who proved himself as able to conduct a dangerous retreat, as he was to heroically lead the advance in the strife of contending armies. The road was filled with stragglers from the main column, that the fatigue of the hasty march had forced to fall back and linger along the road. Most of these worn out men were asleep when we came along. We waked them up, and told them to hurry along with us, as we were the rear guard and behind us were nothing but desperate foes and death. These arguments were irresistible, and they crowded in our ranks and pressed upon our flanks to the number of thousands. All the time we were moving over the road as fast as we could possibly could: we did not know at what fatal moment the rebels would attack and endeavor to completely cut us off from our friends in the front. Day was just breaking as we came in sight of the Chickahominy. Waiting for an hour or more until a number of teams and a crowd of stragglers had passed over the bridge, we finally filed across. We had barely landed on the other side, and we had not time to form the regiment in line and see whether all were present, ere the 53d were ordered to cut away and burn the bridge across the stream. The boys set to work and in a few hours the bright lurid flames of the burning bridge timbers were shooting upwards towards the blue clouded heavens. This being done, our regiment, with the rest of the brigade, moved back about half a mile on the highlands, a very airy and beautiful place for a camp, known as Nelson's Farm. Here we rested for several hours. The men were enjoying what they so much needed, a goodly dose of that "sweet restorer, balmy sleep," when the rebels opened upon us, from batteries on the other side of the stream, a sweeping and deadly fire of shell and grape. The cannonading was, in its commencement, fearful. They appeared to do point blank firing, but threw their shots indiscriminately. The air was filled with exploding shells, and the ugly fizzing of shot was heard all around one. The earth was torn up, and mud, dirt and dust thrown up, and things looked as if a certain black horned cloven foot was indeed loose. For awhile it seemed as if there would be a general panic and stampede. There was a large number of teams on the ground, and these, in endeavoring to get to the rear and out of danger, came very nearly throwing the soldiers into a panic, but, thanks to the coolness of our officers, and the sound, sober second thought of the men, this was prevented; and the different regiments formed in splendid style, and were soon out in position to support our batteries or to resist movements on our flanks. While the infantry was forming, a battery was got into position and returned the fire of the enemy. The cannonading was the most terrific we ever heard. The earth trembled, the heavens were clouded with the cannon's smoke, and we inhaled the gunpowdery air. Our regiment was lying flat on the ground on the gentle declivity of a hill,—shot and shell were falling around and in our ranks. We were not more than six feet from the young and brave Jonas Bickhart, of Company A, when he was struck by a solid shot and dangerously wounded. Soon after a ten pound ball struck the gallant, ever ready and unflinching soldier Corporal Abraham H. Wein of the same

Company, mortally wounding him. Other casualties occurred in the other companies of the regiment which we will notice in place. The most heart moving sight we have yet witnessed, we notice. The 2d Delaware (our brigade) were in line a few yards behind us. A solid shot came along; we knew by its fizz that it would strike some place near our rear. Glancing around, we noticed the deadly iron messenger strike the head of a young man in the 2d Delaware, and scattered the barins on his comrades around—nothing was left but a bloody, headless trunk. The soldier, strange as it may appear to our friends who know not the sang froid of one whose art is war, was *asleep* at the time. Solemn thought—to be ushered from the temporary repose of earth, to the everlasting repose of death. The cannonading had continued for two hours when our battery was forced to retire. Most of the officers and more than half the men and horses of the battery were slain, and the ammunition was spent. Things looked gloomy, when—hark! we hear the rumbling noise of cannon thundering along, we look, when, happy hour, the day was not yet lost. There was Pettit—the invincible Pettit—our Pettit the brave with his death-dealing Parrotts—hurrah for Pettit—our hearts beat lighter—even the silken banners of the stars, the white, the red, the blue, seem to welcome Pettit and his iron children, for they seem to float in the air more freely. Forward goes Pettit, and like lightning he chooses his position. The guns are unlimbered, and with a few feeling shots he discovers the enemy’s position. He pours in his one, two, and threes and his thundering broadsides. The enemy knows and, still worse, he *feels* that Pettit is at work, and he gradually draws back his guns, and at last skedaddled out of range altogether. The rebels know full well that when Pettit sends his balls along, they are no *pretty* ball for them. The battle, which was an artillery duel, lasted nearly four hours; we were all that time under fire but did not fire a shot. Our regimental loss was two killed and a number wounded. The loss among all our troops engaged was pretty severe. Being assured that the enemy was silenced, at least for a time, the column once more began to move toward the James River. Our brigade with Capt. Pettit’s battery, covered the retreat. The artillery stationed on the bank of the stream kept up a regular fire. “The shades of night were falling fast,” when Gen. French was informed that the enemy was endeavoring to rebuild the bridge across the river. Col. Brooke was ordered forward immediately with orders to harass the enemy and, and at whatever cost, prevent him from rebuilding the bridge. Silently we marched to a position on the hill in front of a house. Company A, Lieut. Potts commanding, were thrown in our front as skirmishers, and they soon became briskly engaged with the enemy’s outposts at the bridge. The well directed shots from the rifles of the Pottstown company, together with the beautifully served artillery of Pettit, prevented the enemy for the time being, from accomplishing his object. About midnight we were ordered to withdraw. Silently marching to the rear, we took position behind the battery. We lay flat upon the ground with the bright side of the rifle barrel turned down, and a breathless silence was maintained. The work of drawing off the artillery then commenced. With the least noise possible, piece after piece was limbered up, and quietly withdrawn. The 66th, 57th and 52d N.Y., and 2d Delaware proceeded, followed by the artillery. Some time after we followed as the rear guard. So confidently was it expected that the rebels would cut off our retreat and capture us or cut us to pieces, that Capt. Pettit was requested to spike his cannon, and thus should they fall into the hands of the enemy, to prevent their immediate use against ourselves, but the gallant Captain refused, preferring to stand by his favorite guns to the last, and Colonel Brooke’s Fifty-third swore to sustain him to the bitter end. We start forward on the perilous march in the stilly midnight. Friends from whom no succor could be expected far, far ahead; a host of embittered foes pressing on our rear. Could we avoid them or defeat them? We resolve to do one or the other, or willingly accept the last alternative—death. The better to deceive the enemy, our small force divided, and part proceeded with the artillery caissons one road, and the remainder with the cannon go another. Onward we go through the dismal foreboding swamp—mysterious gloom of dark tangled forests—seemingly primeval with the birth of horror, surrounded us with its unwelcome shade on every side. We move along as fast as wearied limbs would carry us—now and then double quicking over the dusty roads. Here we enter a forest cavern through whose leafy arch not one lone, dim star ray smiles upon us. Thick Egyptian darkness prevents us from seeing a friend but one pace in front. From the foreboding gloom any moment, may open upon us the deadly lightning flashes of the ambuscaded foe—we march through a valley of the Shadow of Death. Silently we go on,—mile after mile is safely and hastily passed over, and by the time the first welcome beams of morn invited us to view the vermilion tinted eastern sky, we were comparatively out of danger. Resting for a few moments on the roadside, we again moved on, and about 7 o’clock arrived in the general camp on the James River. About 2 o’clock the regiment was moved out in the reserve line of battle. Early in the evening the retreat to this point commenced, the battle of Malverston was fought, the rebels whipped, and through a heavy shower of rain the army successfully succeeded in falling back to this place. Our retreat, or rather strategical flank movement, will be recorded in history as one of the most brilliant and successful ever attempted by any solitary leader. Our loss during the execution of the hazardous manoeuver will probably reach fifteen thousand—the rebels cannot be less than thirty thousand. The part performed by the 53d was the most dangerous and important, and we have been credited with doing nobly and well. We performed the retreat without sleep and almost without food, and yet under even the most disparaging circumstances, every one of the 53d stood bravely by the old ship. We participated in four battles and yet the whole loss of the regiment sums up but 29 in killed, wounded and missing, as follows:

Company A—Jacob Bickhart, wounded badly; Corp. Abraham H. Wein, mortally wounded; Andrew Missimer, taken prisoner.

No casualties in Company B.

Company C—John Noland, wounded severe; Elijah Crownover, wounded slight.

Company D—Sergt. Calvin B. Wilson, killed; Thomas Stollen, Chas. Dorrey, John M. Test, wounded—not dangerously.

Company E—Sergt. Robert Tait, Wm. Stebbins, wounded.

Company F—Henry Hoover, Washington Larrick, wounded.

Company G—Lymen C. Perry, A. S. Raddle, Nelson Cronell, wounded.

Company H—Orderly Sergt. S. T. Piat, Harvey Geiger, John Witherill, William Moffit, Theo.

Scott, wounded.



Company I—John Reese, Joseph Holman, Benj. Clemens, wounded.

Company K—Jefferson Lewis, David Gilmore, Ezra Smith, Harry Kern, wounded.

We are very pleasantly camped at this place and are taking things quite easy. Enough for the present. The army is in happy spirits.

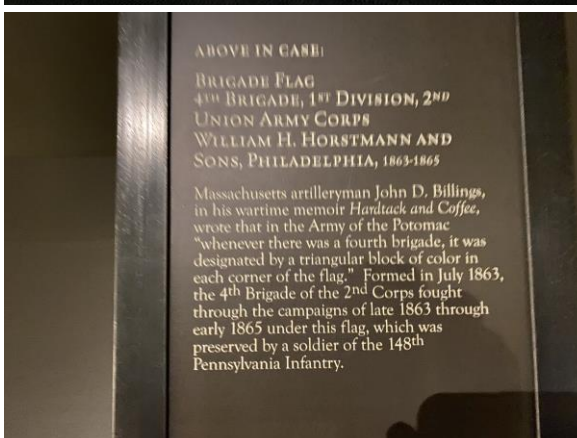
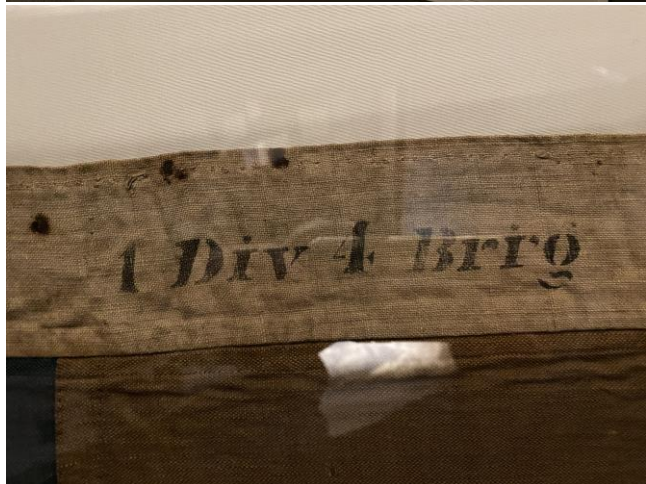
Yours &c.,

L.J.F.

[Ledger, July 22, 1862]

### **BRIGADE FLAG THAT THE 53<sup>RD</sup> PVI SERVED UNDER -**

I visited the Gettysburg NPS Visitor Center recently and noticed this brigade flag.. 2<sup>nd</sup> corps, 4<sup>th</sup> brigade, 1<sup>st</sup> division. Manufactured by Horstmann (Phila.). It was difficult to get photos without glare due to the plastic covering and nearby display lights.



## Upcoming events –

### **29 Feb – 1 March – National Regiment’s School of Instruction -**

Each year, the NR puts on this training exercise for NCOs and officers. In past years, presentations on clothing/uniforms, sewing/period clothing repair, period food, properly packing your knapsack, gum blankets/ponchos, weapon care, tentage, etc. were given.

The 2020 agenda includes sessions on wing commanders, brigading with other units, social media, swords, blanket roll, late war small arms, manual of arms, and more. Also, a field trip to the Wheat Field is scheduled to be hosted by our very own John Heiser.

It is always stressed that NCOs and officers know the responsibilities of the rank above them in case of a vacancy out in the field. Privates are also invited to attend the NR School as they assist NCOs and the officers when we practice drill plus privates can learn important info especially if they have an interest in moving up the ranks in the future. A lot of what we learn at the School (drill-wise) will be put into practice at the NR Camp of Instruction in May at Gruber Wagon Works in Reading.

The event is held at the Gettysburg Fire Hall on Stratton St. beginning at 7AM Sat. (breakfast and lunch are provided). Sat. evening, a show-and-tell of Civil War ‘stuff’ is planned; they normally get pizza brought in for dinner. Or you can venture into town on your own for dinner. The Sunday session runs from 7:30AM~10:30AM (again breakfast is included) and includes an NR business meeting and the field trip noted above.

If you would like to attend, please let Eric know ASAP. The unit pays for a single hotel room for Sat. night for those would like to attend this event. Uniform is sack coat or frock, musket, headwear, and leathers/accountrements. You can wear period uniform trousers or modern pants (such as jeans). No CW booties or shoes that will scuff the firehouse room’s floor. Sneakers or similar footwear should be worn.

Registration is \$35 per person however the 53<sup>rd</sup> PVI re-imbuers our attendees this registration fee. If you arrive before I get there, **DO NOT** pay your registration fee as I will be paying for each of us with a single check.

### **14 March – Cartridge Rolling Party – 1<sup>st</sup> Sgt. Fasnacht’s Home (Kleinfeltersville)**

Time to make rounds for the 2020 campaign. We normally start around 10AM making rounds and cap packs. Please bring something to share for lunch as well as any round-making tools you have. Scissors, glue sticks, etc. are also needed. Let Mark know ahead of time what you plan on bringing (food-wise) so we aren’t all bringing the same thing to eat. Additional info will be provided as we get closer to mid-March.

## The Civil War Merchant -

*(if you have something for sale or are looking for something, email me to include it in a future edition of “The Sentinel”)*

### **For Sale –**

Listed by Rick Kramer for a friend. All items in good shape unless noted otherwise. Contact Rick directly for any inquiries/questions - [auction8@comcast.net](mailto:auction8@comcast.net)

Unlined Sack Coat (approx. XL)	30.00		
Keune McDowell Kepi some brim cracking	20.00	Grey Blanket with black stripe	50.00

***If you have not submitted your “Get To Know who have yet to share theirs with their pards. This isn’t meant to pry into your private life, but simply a fun way of letting your pards get to know you more.***

## 2020 Calendar of Events -

~~11 Jan. - Annual Holiday Party - Dobbin House (Gettysburg)~~  
~~1-2 Feb - Winter Drill (Landis Valley)~~  
29 Feb - 1 March - National Regiment School of Instruction (Gettysburg)  
14 March - Cartridge Rolling Party (Sgt. Fasnacht's home)  
4 April - Adopt-A-Position - 53<sup>rd</sup> PVI Spring Monument Cleanup (Gettysburg)  
2-3 May - National Regiment Camp of Instruction (Gruber Wagon Works) **53<sup>rd</sup> PVI MAX Effort**  
16-17 May - USAHEC Event - **53<sup>rd</sup> PVI MAX Effort** (paid event) (Carlisle)  
25 May - Hummelstown Memorial Day Parade  
18-19 July - Landis Valley "Civil War Days" (Lancaster) **53<sup>rd</sup> PVI MAX Effort**  
29-30 Aug - Gettysburg Living History (Spangler Spring - Gettysburg NMP) **53<sup>rd</sup> PVI MAX Effort**  
12-13 Sept. - Burkittsville Re-Enactment (Burkittsville, MD) - **53<sup>rd</sup>/NR Max Effort**  
17-18 Oct. - Cedar Creek Re-Enactment (Middletown, Virginia) **53<sup>rd</sup>/NR Max Effort**  
7 Nov. - Adopt-A-Position - 53<sup>rd</sup> PVI Fall Monument Cleanup (Gettysburg)  
21 Nov. - Remembrance Day Parade (Gettysburg)  
5 Dec. - 53<sup>rd</sup> PVI Annual Meeting (Sgt. Fasnacht's home)

### Secondary Events -

~~3-5 April - Lee's Last Stand Re-Enactment (CANCELLED)~~  
8-9 August - Cedar Mountain Re-Enactment (1<sup>st</sup> MN)  
5-6 Sept. - Bedford Village (1<sup>st</sup> MN)



### 53<sup>rd</sup> PVI Contacts

President: Eric Ford ([reenactor53@gmail.com](mailto:reenactor53@gmail.com))  
Vice President: Pete Zinkus ([zinkusp@gmail.com](mailto:zinkusp@gmail.com))  
Treasurer/Secretary: Matthew Steger ([n3ntj@comcast.net](mailto:n3ntj@comcast.net))  
Newsletter Editor: Matthew Steger ([n3ntj@comcast.net](mailto:n3ntj@comcast.net))  
Webmasters: Steve Dillon ([steve@gofoxpro.com](http://www.gofoxpro.com)) and Matthew Steger ([n3ntj@comcast.net](mailto:n3ntj@comcast.net))  
Website: <http://www.53rdpvi.org>  
Sergeants: Mark Fasnacht and Marc Benedict  
Corporals: Mike Espenshade and Matthew Steger  
53<sup>rd</sup> PVI Member Facebook Page: <http://www.facebook.com/groups/53rdPVI>  
National Regiment Phone line: 800-777-1861 (code 61) NR Website:  
<http://nationalregiment.com>

