

53rd Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry

Company C

"The Sentinel" May 2020

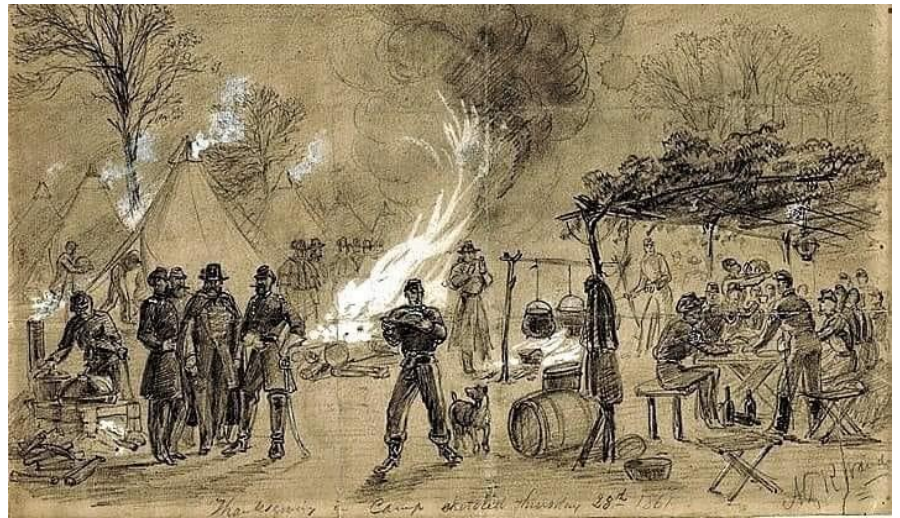
Newsletter of The James Creek Guards



"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, 53rd memories, etc. to me for inclusion in a future edition of "The Sentinel". Matthew Steger, editor

THE LADY SLOCUMB: HOW MOBILE, ALABAMA, LOST ITS MOST FAMOUS CIVIL WAR CANNON TO NEW ORLEANS By Paul Brueske (reprinted from *Blue and Gray Dispatch*)

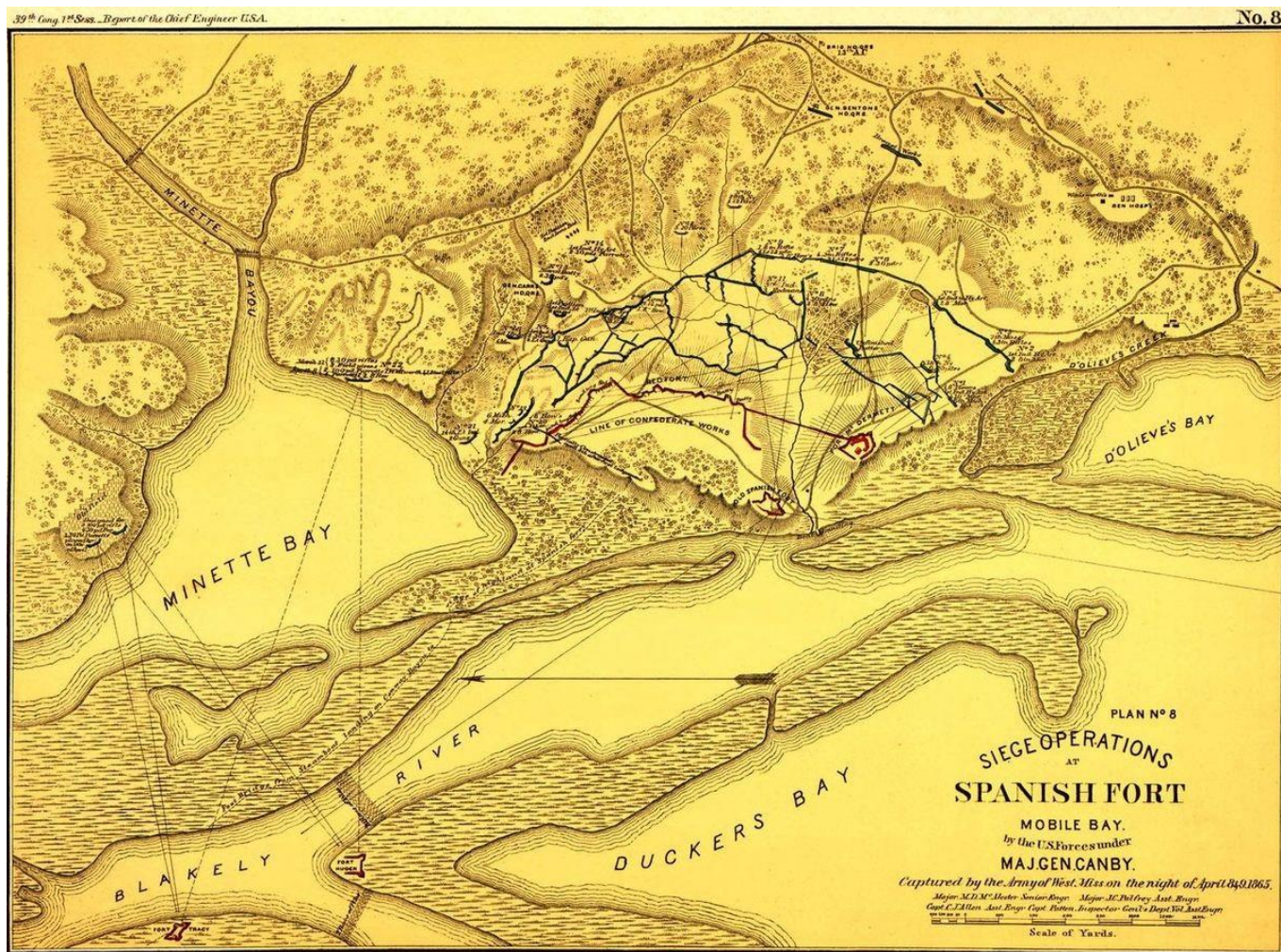


The Lady Slocumb, Confederate Memorial Hall Museum, New Orleans

Many fascinating stories were produced during the campaign for the capture of Mobile in March 1865. One of the more interesting tales related to the last siege of that terrible war, involved the fate of a Confederate cannon that was used at the siege of Spanish Fort called the Lady Slocumb. In the 1890s this cannon was displayed prominently on Mobile's Government Street but vanished before the turn of the nineteenth century, ending up in New Orleans.

During the siege of Spanish Fort, the big cannon was located at a redoubt known as Battery Blair. The big gun was manned by the Washington Artillery's Fifth Company, which named it the "Lady Slocumb" after their captain's wife. The cannon caused the besieging Federals much suffering until two Union shells disabled it and killed three Southerners. The dismantled gun was placed on the ground nearby, where it rested for

nearly 25 years. Before the cannon was moved to the city, a charge of canister in the barrel was discovered by the old veterans and removed.



Spanish Fort plan, 1865 | Library of Congress

After the war, the Blue and Gray Veterans Union, a group of Union and Confederate veterans living near Mobile, was organized on July 4, 1890, on the battlefield of Spanish Fort, Baldwin County, Alabama. It was there the veterans, to their amazement, discovered the old Lady Slocomb cannon—a big 8-inch Columbiad built at Tredegar, Virginia. On March 7, 1891, Augustus Sibley, owner of the land where the battle of Spanish Fort took place, sold the title to the cannon to the Blue and Gray Union for one dollar. The following week the big gun, at a cost of \$285.25, was transported to downtown Mobile, where it was dedicated as a monument commemorating the “Valor of American Soldiers and the Sweet Dawn of Peace.”

Mobile residents, Dr. Seymour Bullock and Thomas P. Brewer, were instrumental in forming the Blue and Gray Union and bringing the old cannon to Mobile. Bullock was the president of the organization and a Union veteran from New York relocated to Mobile to practice medicine. Brewer, an ex-Confederate, was vice president and had served as a captain with Hood’s Texas Brigade. The two became friends through their association with the Blue and Gray Union and even traveled together to Washington, D.C., where they received confirmation that the Treasury Department had no claim to the title of the gun. However, a falling out in their friendship occurred, causing them to become mortal enemies. Their feud led to a tragedy at Navy Cove, 4 miles from Fort Morgan, where both men had summer cottages.

As Brewer fished from the shore on Thursday, October 15, 1891, Bullock approached in his boat and fired his shotgun, missing Brewer due to the rocking of the boat. Before he could shoot again, Brewer returned fire with his shotgun and killed Bullock. Following the shooting, Brewer surrendered himself to the sheriff. There were no witnesses; however, a subsequent investigation found both double-barreled shotguns had discharged one round. Brewer never served time, as it was determined to be a case of self-defense. He went on to become treasurer of the city of Mobile.

It is believed this tragic duel led the Blue and Gray Union to dissolve, allowing the veterans of the Washington Artillery in New Orleans the opportunity to make a bid for the Lady Slocomb. Henry Badger, a Confederate veteran, had paid for the transportation of the cannon from Spanish Fort to Mobile. When the Blue and Gray Union ceased to exist, ownership of the big gun was transferred to Badger, since he had paid for it to be transported. After he passed away on May 28, 1896, newspaper reports indicated his estate proposed selling the Lady Slocomb.



Capt. Cuthbert Harrison Slocomb, for whose wife the cannon was named

Washington Artillery veterans had wanted the cannon in New Orleans ever since it came to Mobile. They, with the assistance of Louisiana Senator Randall Gibson, the former commander of the Spanish Fort defenders, had even petitioned the Secretary of the Treasury for the right to purchase it, but were denied. When Badger's estate offered the cannon to the highest bidder, they made every effort to acquire it. After much deliberation, it finally was decided the cannon should be sold to this group. In March 1899, the veterans from New Orleans arrived in Mobile to complete the purchase. After the big gun was moved to the Crescent City, at an unveiling ceremony on September 19, 1899, it was dedicated to the memory of Capt. Cuthbert Slocomb and "the men who gave their lives for its defense."

Today, the Lady Slocomb can still be seen outside the Confederate Memorial Hall Museum on Camp Street in New Orleans, directly across the street from the World War II museum. Many citizens of Mobile resented the removal of the old gun, and the topic remains a bitter subject to some.



The Lady Slocomb at Confederate Memorial Hall, New Orleans, between 1900 and 1906 | Library of Congress

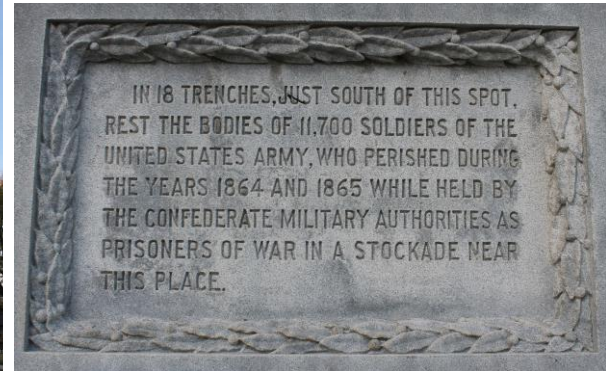
HONORING OUR FALLEN DEAD – THE MEN OF THE ORIGINAL 53RD PVI

Thanks to Marc Benedict for sharing:

Pvt. Francis S. Garber - born in 1838. He resided in Pottstown, PA and worked as a farmer. He was enrolled in Co. A in Pottstown at the age of 17 on Jan. 26, 1864. He was 5'3" with hazel eyes, dark hair and a light complexion. He was mustered in as a private on Jan. 30, 1864 for 3 years in Harrisburg. He deserted but returned and mustered out with the company June 30, 1865. He died in 1910 and is buried in Saint Luke's United Church of Christ Cemetery, Trappe, PA.



Pvt. Samuel J. Rager - enlisted at 18 in Bellefonte, PA on Feb. 10, 1864. He mustered in as a private for 3 years on Feb. 25, 1864 in Harrisburg, PA. in Co. B, 53rd PVI. He was wounded and captured Oct. 27, 1864 on the Boydton Plank Rd., VA. He died of disease while a POW in Salisbury, NC on Jan. 27, 1865. He is buried in a trench, unmarked, in Salisbury National Cemetery, Salisbury, NC.



Pvt. Andrew T. Roberts - born in 1840. He was living in Norristown, PA when drafted. He was enrolled as a private in Co. G, 145th PVI on Aug. 21, 1863 at the age of 21. At an unknown date, he was transferred to Co. A, 53rd PVI and mustered out on June 30, 1865. He died in 1903 and is buried in Saint John's Lutheran Church Cemetery, Center Square, PA.



Pvt. William Riley - born in 1834. At 30, he mustered in on Sept. 3, 1864 as a substitute in Co. A, 53rd PVI for one year at Scranton, PA where he lived. He was discharged by General Order at U.S.A. General Hospital, Philadelphia, PA. He died in 1905 and is buried in Saint Anthony's Catholic Cemetery, Brisbane, SD.

Pvt. William Harrison Rodgers (also Rogers) - lived in Cortland County, NY. and made a living as a 18 year old shoemaker. He had sandy hair, sandy complexion, blue eyes and stood 5' 7". He enrolled on Jan. 29, 1864 and mustered in as a private in Co. C, 53rd PVI on Jan. 1, 1864 in Harrisburg, PA. He was promoted to corporal in May 1864 and transferred to Co. I. He was wounded in the right and left side at Cold Harbor, VA and sent to a hospital in Philadelphia. He was discharged for his wounds May 30, 1865. He attended the 1913 Gettysburg Reunion. He died in 1920 and is buried in the Westminster Presbyterian Cemetery, Mifflintown, PA.

(related - please also see "Recently Seen On eBay" on page 8)



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.

From Harrison's Landing, Va., to Middletown Heights, Md.

Messrs. Editors:—We wrote you from Newport News, but it seems the letter never came to hand. Presuming that even at this late day, an account of the vicissitudes we experienced in moving from Harrison's Landing to the northern part of Maryland, will prove readable matter, we will endeavor to give you a short account of it.

On Sunday, August 10th, we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, with two days rations in haversacks and four days provisions in bulk. The tents in old Harrison's Landing camp were immediately struck, knapsacks packed, and we were ready to "forward on." Patiently we waited all day but no marching orders came. The next day our knapsacks were loaded on wagons and taken away. Where we were going to, that was the question. Some contended that we were about to advance against Fort Darling or on Petersburg, while others still talked of falling back to Williamsburg or Yorktown. For a week we lay under orders ere the line of march was taken up. In order to have a better opportunity for observation, and for examining deserted homesteads, and the country in juxtaposition to the road over which we passed; as well as to post ourselves with regard to the manoeuvring and conduct of an army wagon train—we started out with the baggage teams in advance of the main army. Porter's corps had gone ahead to ensure the safety of the way. The regimental teams under the charge of Lieut. Weaver, acting Q.M., and Q.M. Sergeant Ludwig, moved out of camp about 10 o'clock, August 15th. After several hours of tedious delay, the various brigade teams were assigned their position in the division train, and we moved about two miles, which brought us to the line of breastworks. Here our train was halted in order to permit the train of Key's corps opportunity to get ahead. Thinking the halt was but for an hour or so, we walked ahead, and soon arrived at the outpost of the 6th Conn. Night had by this time well set in—the air was becoming raw and chilly, and the bright blaze of the picket fire was very welcome. Here we waited for hours—midnight had passed, and yet stone-still stood the train. We felt very drowsy and yet it would not do to sleep for the train might start at any moment. We could not resist the temptation presented to us in the shape of two rails, with the corners well worn, lying side by side near the fire, and we spread our mortality upon them, determining at all hazards, to fall promiscuously into the arms of Morpheus. Hardly had our eyelids closed when a gruff voice aroused us—"Hello, comrade, get up there!" As the mandate was accompanied by a dexterous spreading of the rails in such a manner that it left us descend to the ground between them, we concluded we had better get up, which we did. We did not exactly like this style of getting a fellow out of bed, but as he evidently had a prior claim, and measured at least six feet, we were, like Doesticks, magnanimous enough to leave him alone.

Just as the first streaks of light in the eastern sky betokened the approach of day—the train commenced moving. The next six miles we passed through what is termed the "Garden of Virginia." Here were old plantations, that were in a high state of cultivation at the time of the Revolution. We of course viewed this fertile track under the most unfavorable circumstances. Deserted mansions and weed grown fields, spoke a sad tale of the devastating effect of grim visaged war. Passing up a beautifully shaded roadway we found ourselves before a large two-story mansion that was probably built during the last century. The family had skedaddled to Richmond, leaving some

dozen slaves behind. From these we learned that the place belonged to one Christian, a rich old bachelor, and a lenial descendant of the F.F.V.'s. On entering the house we found that the old secesh must have lived in splendid style. Of course the most valuable "house hold goods" had been removed. The finest kind of chinaware, was scattered around, all broken. In the rooms were left sofas, lounges, and centre and side tables, as well as well thumbed novels; English and Italian music. On descending to the cellar we found that it had been used exclusively as a place to store liquors. Here were hundreds of bottles that spoke of "old rye," while empty baskets smelt of champagne, not to mention the musty looking stoneware, marked "Scotch Ale," "London Porter," &c. In the language of the "poic,"

We tread alone some banquet hall deserted,
Whose ale has gone and whiskey fled,
And all but bottles departed.

Another mile brought us to Charles City C.H. This place consisted of two old houses, what was once a store or tavern, the court house, a small building, built of brick, brought from England, and a jail, about the size of a common sized country butcher shop. On entering the building we found everything topsy-turvy. Bushels of old public documents and archives were scattered on the floor; and we spent more than an hour looking over old deeds, wills, &c. We found minutes of several meeting of the Charles City Company of the 52d Regt. Va. Militia, bearing date of 1797, providing for the payment of fifers, drummers, fining members for absence from drill, &c.

The train was now going over what was considered the most perilous portion of the road, and the drivers were ordered to put their teams to it, and at a flying speed the jolting wagons are dragged over the dusty road. Mules died from over exertion but this caused no other delay, then the time required to take the defunct animal from the harness and roll him out of the way. It was nigh ten o'clock at night when the teams arrived on the banks of the Chickahominy at its mouth. Here we found a beautiful and substantial pontoon bridge thrown across the stream. It was at least two thousand feet long, and was the handiwork of the Engineer Brigade. Two gun-boats protected the structure. The train passed over and was packed for the night on the south bank of the river. Early the next morning we moved on. We entered the city of Williamsburg at noon. The first building that attracts the attention is the college of William and Mary. This ancient and venerable institution, that has graduated four Presidents, we found very unclassically used as a commissary storehouse. There are several fine looking churches and private residences in the place, but upon the whole it is a very common looking city-town we could call it in Pennsylvania. The train was halted for several hours a mile beyond town, thus giving us an opportunity of visiting the battle field, and examining the defenses of the place. Eight forts and redoubts, at an average distance of eight hundred yards, and arranged in a semicircle, protects the approach to the place from Yorktown. Fort Magruder an irregular but strong work, guards the Yorktown road. Two old smooth bore 64 pounders were lying in the fort, and a heavy weight of shot, shell and grape scattered around loose.

The next morning, Monday, the 18th, the train was again moving forward. At noon, we passed the strong fortifications of Yorktown, and soon after our own counter entrenchments. Here the surroundings appeared familiar. On our left, in the ravine Prof. Lowe had his balloon, "Intrepid." On our right a little further on was the old saw mill in front of which gallant "Daddy" Heintzelman had established his headquarters, in full view of the rebel works, and under the range of their guns. There was what was once the camp of Hooker's Division, now all lonely and deserted. A few miles further, over the Corduroy road that the boys of the 53d help to construct, and we passed what remained of the camps of the Telegraph and Signal Corps. At sundown the train was halted within twelve miles of Fortress Monroe. The mules had been on the go all day on a dusty road, making a distance of thirty miles without water or feed. At ten o'clock, we hitched up again, and went forward. By early morn we arrived at Hampton. My readers will recollect that this "loviest village of the plain," was burned at the commencement of the war, by order of the drunken sot, Magruder. It is on the Hampton river about three miles from Fortress Monroe. We were here until the following Friday, when the train was ordered to Newport News. Driving through a drenching shower of rain, a short distance of eight miles, we arrived about mid-afternoon and joined our Division, that had just arrived and was going into camp. The boys had a pretty tough time of it of the march from Berkley; rations, as is always the case on a march, were scarce, and green corn had to suffer. In four days they marched about eighty miles, and they were certainly tired when they reached the high and breezy banks of the James at the News. But we were not to rest here long, for on Sunday, the 22d of August marching orders were received, and we were marched to the landing, and after the usual delay, taken on board the steamer Long Branch, and from it reshipped on board the new and ocean going steamer United States. The 64th N.Y. and Gen. French and Staff completed the passenger complement of the boat. We lay at anchor off Newport News until Tuesday morning. A few hundred yards from us was the wreck of the unfortunate Cumberland, that was sunk in the memorable combat with the rebel ram, Merrimac. The anchor was raised and we steamed down the river. In an hour we had rounded Old Point Comfort, and was fairly in Chesapeake Bay. The weather was somewhat squally for a while, but it soon gave place to a gentle breeze. By noon we arrived at the mouth of the Potomac-up the river we headed and by sundown we arrived off Acquia Creek where we anchored. The next morning about 10 o'clock, the steamboat Highland Light came alongside, the troops embarked aboard of her and were taken ashore. About mid-afternoon and when nearly all the baggage had been unshipped, orders came to re-embark as quickly as possible. By 6 o'clock we were all again on board the United States, and heading up the river, about midnight we reached Alexandria. The following day, Thursday, we went ashore, and were marched several miles out of town and went into camp on the Parade Ground of old Camp California, near Fort Worth, where we lay during the night. The next day about 2 P.M., the line of march was again taken up-marching some twelve miles we halted at midnight on Arlington Heights opposite

Georgetown. Saturday morning we moved about a mile and pitched our tents near the Aqueduct Bridge. But there was to be no rest for the weary, for scarcely had we time to munch a cracker, ere marching orders were once more received. This time we were wanted on the field of battle. A fight was going on at Centreville—things there were beginning to look blue, and as a matter of course, our corps, “Sumner’s Flying Infantry,” as we are termed, must go up to Jerusalem at a double quick. We, tired as we were, started forward at a quick time that surprised the new recruits around. By sundown we had made Fairfax Court House—fourteen miles—going four miles beyond we bivouacked for the night in the dusty road. Early next morning we forwarded and by noon arrived on the high hills of Centreville—but the battle was over. McDowell had a command in the fight and as a matter of course we were whipped. Our division was deployed in line of battle on our right which position we held during the night. The day next commenced the evacuation, about midnight our division, moving in double column, began falling back towards Fairfax, and a miserable march it was. The roads were muddy, rain was falling and it was dark as Erebus. We kept our files well closed and pushed on. By eight o’clock Wednesday morning, we reached Fairfax. Passing through we went about two miles further, when the enemy’s cavalry was reported in sight. Taking positions in lines of battle we halted for the main army. By three o’clock the principal part of the army had passed, and our corps commenced moving in three columns abreast. At sundown we passed through Vienna. A mile beyond we passed through a rugged defile, it was now dark, and we were just at the point where it was expected that the rebels would endeavor to cut off our rear. A rear guard was wanted—of course the old 53d was in for anything in that style—and it was not long before Col. Brooke received orders from “Fighting Dick” to move his regiment with two pieces of Pettit’s Battery, up the Leesburg Pike, and hold the position until the army had passed, so said so done, with that quickness of movement which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of our Col. The cannon were planted to cover the road with A., and F., companies as supports, while the remainder of the regiment, protected the left and a dense wood guarded the right. In this position we waited for any secesh cavalry that might fancy galloping down on us. An hour passed, when an Aid rode up to Col. Brooke and informed him that the last of the column was passing. Scarcely had the information been given when volley after volley came upon our ears. The rebel cavalry had gone round the hill, had fired upon and cut off not only the rear guard of cavalry, but us also. Here was a go—but our Colonel was equal to the emergency. Instead of endeavoring to cut our way through the enemy on the Chain Bridge road, we took the Alexandria Pike, and going almost all the time at the double quick—we evaded the enemy and reached our outposts at Falls Church a mile beyond which place we bivouacked for the night, or rather for the morning, for it was past midnight when we arrived. We had marched from Centreville twenty-eight miles, without sleep, and green corn and apples for food. The next morning a four miles march brought us back to the Aqueduct Bridge. At four o’clock in the afternoon we passed over the Potomac to Georgetown and then going two miles further reached Tennallytown, the place we started for originally. Here we joined the corps and went into camp.

We spent two nights in camp at Tennallytown when march was the word. Taking the Frederick pike we went some ten miles and bivouacked for the night. The next day we passed through Rockville and camped in position of battle on the hills about two miles beyond the place. Here we heard that Jackson was at Frederick. This was called Camp Defiance. Here on Monday, Sept. 8th, Gen. French was relieved of the command of our Brigade, in order to assume the command of a new Division organized chiefly of new troops. By special orders from Headquarters the command of our Brigade was given to Col. John R. Brooke. In the evening at dress parade, gallant Gen. French took leave of his old command, addressing them as follows:

Soldiers of the Third Brigade:—Having been assigned to the charge of a Division by the General commanding the army, from the brigade with which I have been so long connected, I am compelled to leave a gallant corps to organize another. But in so doing, although rank is obtained, the parting from so many brave officers and men with whom I have shared the privations of several campaigns, fills me with strong emotions of regret.

Soldiers, you understand why, when the enemy was in front this Brigade led the advance; when the enemy was behind, the Brigade was in the rear; when the enemy was on the flank, this Brigade was still interposed. The post of honor has always been yours, and you have always justified the selection.

Our country, in this hour of her severest trial, to such troops as compose this glorious old fighting Brigade, she continues to look for support and safety.

I always will take deep interest in my old command, and hope to serve near it, and not entirely break the associations which have been so agreeable, despite the bars of discipline and hardships of war.

Col. Brooke at once entered upon his new duties as commander of the Brigade. Among others Lieut. J. F. Potts of the Pottstown company was appointed to his staff as Aid-de-Camp. The command of the 53d has devolved permanently upon Lt. Col. McMichael.

On the 9th, the line of march was again taken up, and we proceeded as far as the heights of Monocacy, and bivouacked for the night. The next day we passed through the city of Frederick. The Rebels had left this place in a hurry. In anyone thought Frederick a rebel city all such ideas would have been dispelled by witnessing the splendid ovation extended to our troops on passing through this place. The Star Spangled Banner with its bright, heart cheering colors, was spread to the breeze from almost every house. Cheer after cheer greeted us. Beautiful ladies waved their handkerchiefs and bid us God speed in our efforts to “deliver,” “Maryland, my Maryland,” from the polluted footsteps of a rebel horde. This brilliant outpouring of generous patriotism, put new spirit and life in our breasts, that had not been felt for months before. The army just then felt as if they could whip a myriad of Jacksons, behind as many “stonewalls.”

May the smiles of Heaven ever rest upon the patriotic, Union loving people of Frederick. We bivouacked for the night near the city. The next day we passed over the mountain and reached the little village of Middletown. All day Burnside and Hooker had been engaging the enemy, who had planted

himself in strong position on the Middletown side of the South mountain. We were marched forward to the aid of Hooker, but the day was already ours—our victorious soldiers were driving them up the mountain and down the other side, with fearful slaughter. The day was ours. The first battle on Maryland soil was a victory for us.

Sour readers will see that since we wrote last we have emphatically been on the move. In but a few days more than a month, we have marched nearly two hundred miles, some of which was the severest kind of forced marches, performed under circumstances of the greatest privations. From the southern part of Virginia—we are called to the northern extreme of Maryland. Whenever Country and Duty calls there will be Col. Brooke's gallant old 53d ever ready to do or die for the Union she has sworn to protect.

Yours, &c. L.J.F.

[Ledger, October 7, 1862]

Recently seen on eBay -

This is a large tintype of William Rodgers (or Rogers). It measures approximately 7 1/4 x 5 3/8 inches.

Note that he's double-armed: pistol, and rifle with bayonet.

This is a vintage tintype, likely copied from another as most of these large tintypes were.

Pretty darned strong! Great display piece.

The tintype comes with a G.A.R. certificate. It certifies that William Rodgers was in Company C 53rd Regiment Pa. Vol. Infantry; was mustered in at Harrisburg, Pa., on January 30, 1864; was wounded at Cold Harbor sometime between June 1 - 12, 1864 "by gunshot in right and left side;" and was honorably discharged on May 30, 1865. The certificate is sealed in a plastic sleeve. It appears to be trimmed, and there is another thin piece which can be seen on the back. Approximately 8 7/8 x 11 inches. Please see scans.

We found information on William Rogers - note the difference in the spelling of the last name - on the Civil War Database, Historical Data Systems, Inc. The only other difference is which Company, but otherwise, it corroborates the information on the certificate: William Rogers; Enlisted on 1/30/1864 as a Corporal; On 1/30/1864 he mustered into "I" Co. PA 53rd Infantry; He was discharged for wounds on 5/30/1865.



Proper Saluting Of A Civil War Officer -

I recently ran across this good video done by Company D, 2nd USSS illustrating the proper ways and proper scenarios for saluting a Civil War officer. We should all be familiar with these protocols:

Watch this link:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZFDEi0N1cO4&fbclid=IwAR2jKeBDsuOEbkQ5IOx5FsVrH0bSDxGXPIFjifLQgM_79yOoh-5S-LyT0mk

From The Desk Of The President –

Pards,

First, I hope that this finds all of you well. To say the past six weeks has been challenging would be an understatement. I, like all of you, am hoping that we can see some light at the end of tunnel soon and can resume a "normal life". I've been fortunate to remain working through this situation but I know there are some who have not. With a little good fortune, everyone will be back to work in the near future. As you all know, our friend Doug Raab was hospitalized and tested positive for Covid-19 a few weeks ago. I can tell you that speaking to Doug several times through his experience that I was worried for him. Doug was fortunate enough to pull through and, after two weeks of quarantine, he reported to me earlier this week that he's symptom free and has "moved back in" with Darlene. Answered prayers!

As move into the month of May and over the next several weeks I hope to know more about the upcoming schedule. Mike Espenshade reported that there will be a decision made on May 8th regarding the status of the Memorial Day parade and service in Hummelstown, I'll pass along the info as soon as I get the update from Mike. AHEC has been CANCELLED for 2020. I spoke with Tim Essig from Landis Valley a couple of weeks ago and he tells me that unless they are still shutdown by the Governor's orders, the Civil War Days event is still a go. I assured him that if the event happens, the 53rd and our friends in ELF, will be there. I know nothing beyond this event and it's a little premature at this point to speculate. With a heavy schedule lined up for the second half of the season, I hope that we'll have plenty of time around the campfire.

I encourage you all to remain patient and understanding as we begin to move through the reopening process. Regardless of your personal feelings, this is a real situation and it impacts everyone differently. Until we're able to meet again, I wish each of you to remain healthy and safe.

Eric

Upcoming events –

2-3 May – National Regiment Camp Of Instruction – Gruber Wagon Works (Reading)

Cancelled

16/17 May – USAHEC “Army Heritage Days” – Carlisle

Cancelled. USAHEC has announced that there are now no plans to reschedule this event later this year as was previously reported. They are now planning for the event in May 2021.

25 May – Hummelstown Memorial Day Parade

The 53rd PVI has participated in the Hummelstown Memorial Day Parade for at least 25 years (and likely more) according to Mike Espenshade. This year, something very special is planned. Corporal Espenshade will be the keynote speaker in the cemetery ceremony at the parade's end. We are asking all 53rd PVI members to please put this on their calendar for a great turnout to hear Mike speak. Honoring the men of the original 53rd PVI, and all who fought in the Civil War, is exactly why we do this hobby. Afterwards, a picnic lunch is planned at the American Legion and then the important debriefing at Corporal Espenshade's CW hut.

As usual, we park in the Olde Factory Antiques/Rita's parking lot (or the adjacent street to the south of the building) and then we form up outside the NW corner of the Olde Factory Antiques building for weapon's inspection, etc. Please arrive by 9:30AM. Parade commences at 10AM. Polish your brass and bring 3 rounds and at least 6 caps. We will fire a double-round in the Square and a single volley in the cemetery. Please stay posted as any updates will be supplied on the Facebook page and via email.

The Civil War Merchant -

(if you have something for sale or are looking for something, submit it for inclusion 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 - auktion8@comcast.net

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

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 - 53rd PVI Spring Monument Cleanup (Gettysburg) - **(CANCELLED)**
~~2-3 May - National Regiment Camp of Instruction (Gruber Wagon Works) - (CANCELLED)~~
~~16-17 May - USAHEC Event - 53rd PVI MAX Effort (CANCELLED but may be rescheduled)~~
25 May - Hummelstown Memorial Day Parade
18-19 July - Landis Valley "Civil War Days" (Lancaster) **53rd PVI MAX Effort**
29-30 Aug - Gettysburg Living History (Spangler Spring - Gettysburg NMP) **53rd PVI MAX Effort**
12-13 Sept. - Burkittsville Re-Enactment (Burkittsville, MD) - **53rd/NR Max Effort**
17-18 Oct. - Cedar Creek Re-Enactment (Middletown, Virginia) **53rd/NR Max Effort**
7 Nov. - Adopt-A-Position - 53rd PVI Fall Monument Cleanup (Gettysburg)
21 Nov. - Remembrance Day Parade (Gettysburg)
5 Dec. - 53rd PVI Annual Meeting (Sgt. Fasnacht's home)

Secondary Events -

- ~~3-5 April - Lee's Last Stand Re-Enactment (CANCELLED)~~
~~18-19 April - Spring Drill at Ft. McHenry (ELF) (CANCELLED)~~
8-9 August - Cedar Mountain Re-Enactment (1st MN)
5-6 Sept. - Bedford Village (1st MN)

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