



# Attention Battalion!

Newsletter of the United States Volunteers, Third Regiment  
Spring 2007



## USV3B Out On 2007 Campaign!



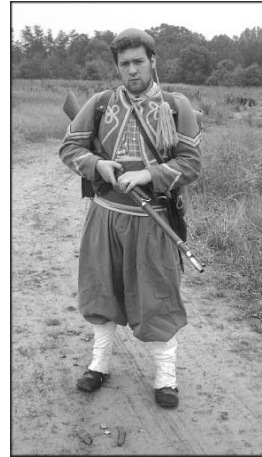
Scot Buffington



Tom Grant "Going In"



Tom Grant "Coming Out"



Zou-Zou-Gruber



Aaron Hooks

### United States Volunteers Third Battalion ANNUAL MEETING MINUTES Jan. 13, 2007 Grantville, PA

The annual business meeting of the United States Volunteers Third Battalion, aka USV3B was held at the Holiday Inn in Grantville, Pa. on Saturday, January 13, 2007. The meeting was called to order by Scot Buffington at 8:30am and introductions were held around the room. Contact information was solicited, and updates to them will be forthcoming.

The 2006 season was reviewed, with the recollections from our events, including Boys of '61 at Ballestone Manor, Essex, Md, Shennandoah '62 at Cross Keys and Port Republic, Va. and the 145th Bull Run Anniversary at CCBF in Middletown, Va. The year was a pivotal one for the battalion, and a grand time was had by all. Remembrance Day in Gettysburg, Pa. in November also brought a strong showing of our faithful for the cause. The 28th Mass. event at

Fredericksburg in December also attracted many USV3B supporters.

The next order of business introduced a new member unit to the USV3B. The Liberty Rifles organization, [www.libertyrifles.org](http://www.libertyrifles.org), is sponsored as a member probationary unit by the 28th Mass.Co.B. for the 2007 season. We have worked with these folks in the past, and have enjoyed the chemistry they provide. LR President Jeff Hayes, [JRH Hayes2001@aol.com](mailto:JRH Hayes2001@aol.com), and LR Commander Jerry Hornbaker, [sniper\\_1938@yahoo.com](mailto:sniper_1938@yahoo.com), attended, and were an asset to the proceedings. The USV congress at large approved their membership in the afternoon. Welcome!, and thanks for casting your lot with our humble band.

The goals and intentions for the USV3B in 2007 were discussed.

The enumeration of the current existing line companies and their line company commanders were presented. No Line Company Commanders changes were made. Several size and attendance factors were discussed. The decision was to continue with the current organization, as potential growth in the near future will require the organization that is currently in place.

We discussed the extreme importance of music to our battalion and the hobby, and the recent renaissance of interest in consolidating these skills. It was determined that the USV3B will hold to their own all musicians so that the daily routines and customary signals may become even more a part of our operations. Our Principal Musician William Jones will accept any correspondence from musician members of our units that may desire to be formally aligned with battalion, or may have skills not yet enjoyed, that can serve in camp as musicians, and still be allowed to field with rifles.

Drill focus for 2007 campaign will be a better orchestration of event portrayals, and prerequisite suggestions for research into the maneuvers that the battalion will be asked to execute on an event basis. More to come from the commander regarding the event scenarios in time to study and prepare, both officers and soldiers. Stay tuned to our assigned portrayals and event scenarios. Check our website often, and look for follow up emails prior to the events.

The desire and need for a Battalion Quartermaster was presented. This can be an officer or and noncommissioned position. It would be a huge asset to the battalion to have someone designated that can show up to events in time to reserve and insure our required ground for quality camps. This includes the appropriate number of company streets by regulation dimension, as well as the best environmental

situation for our targeted portrayals. The QM spot could also expand to serving as the observer of stores available to the soldiers, and recommending the best deals on items of interest. It also could be a battalion focal point for group buys for specific needs for our portrayals.

The next item on the agenda was the proposal to request that the USV3B be allowed a commander at the Lieutenant Colonel rank, and the opportunity to create a Major's position in the coming year. This motion was approved by the USV3B, and the motion was accepted by the USV congress at large in the general meeting. Thank you, Dana, for your motivating words.

The next item was to discuss events for the coming season. The result was that there were three events determined to be the focus events for the 3d Battalion. They include the events that were approved for full USV3B focus.

\* "McDowell, Va", May 5-6, McDowell, Va., and [www.battleofmcdowell.org](http://www.battleofmcdowell.org)

\* "Down the Valley", June 16-17, Middletown, Va., and [www.cedarcreekbattlefield.org](http://www.cedarcreekbattlefield.org)

\* "September Storm", Sept 8-9, Boonsboro, Md., and [www.wmhf.org](http://www.wmhf.org)

Please review these websites for registration information and deadlines, and contact your adjutant with your potential and registered numbers for these three events.

Other auxillary events were discussed including:

- March 10-11 Old Bedford Village School of Instruction, contact Scot Buffington

- June 23-24 Pamplin Park invitation from the 56PA, Petersburg, Va. and [www.pamplinpark.org](http://www.pamplinpark.org), contact Gary Peacock

- Dec 8-9 Fredericksburg invitation from the 28th Mass., contact Mark Herzog or Kevin Air

There will be no Torchlight Tour at Antietam NPS this year due to 145th anniversary reenactments.

Please also provide your adjutant with your member unit schedules and calendars for the 2007 season. This will help keep awareness up so we can also support your local efforts.

The next conversation addressed the need to acquire insurance for the rank and file members of the battalion. The idea of incorporation as a battalion, the application for not-for-profit status, bylaw creation, and the subsequent attainment of liability insurance was discussed. It seems that the majority of member units already provide some protections for themselves, and the pursuit of these goals as a battalion would not be beneficial. The USV at large is now determined to pursue rank and file insurance similar to the ANV member coverage. This is a prime goal for 2007, and Darrell Markijohn is leading the investigation. More details will be provided as the USV brigade situation develops.

The meeting was adjourned at 10:25am, just in time for the hotel to convert our meeting room into a ballroom for the meeting of the congress of the USV.

Respectfully Submitted,  
Your Humble Servant,  
Kim Perlotto, Adj, USV3B  
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**Annual USV Brigade Business Meeting**

January 13, 2007

Holiday Inn, Grantville, Pa.

The annual meeting was called to order at 11:00am. The colors were posted and the pledge of allegiance was recited. Dana Heim spent a few minutes with a farewell speech, saying he was only returning to his home unit, and that he thought the change in command will be a milestone for the brigade. He encouraged all to work and play well together and never to lose friends over the trivia of the organization.

There were no bylaw amendments proposed.

The 2006 minutes were printed, distributed, and accepted into the record. The financial report was accepted as well. The multiple regimental, battalion, squadron, and battery meetings were recapped for the brigade. New member units were introduced, new Line Company Commanders announced, and confirmed schedules were reviewed. New member units were confirmed by the brigade by voice vote, numbering four.

Ray Justice representing the ANV presented Dana with a plaque of appreciation for the joint creation of the North South Alliance. Reg Wirth also received a plaque for his efforts to coordinate commands.

The results of the 2007 USV Elections were presented. The results were: Birdell Waffler, Brigade Commander and SUV President, Mike Naliborski, Treasurer, Mike Chambers, Secretary, Linda Dussinger, Civilian Coordinator, Rick Veen, 1st Regiment Commander, David Childs and Kevin Skaggs, 1st Regiment Battalion Commanders, Rick Dussinger, 2d Regiment Commander, Tom Klein and Chuck Young, 2d Regiment Battalion Commanders, Scot Buffington, 3d Battalion Commander, John Cary, Sharpshooters Battalion Commander, Darrell Markijohn, Cavalry Battalion Commander, and Larry Fischer, Artillery Battalion Commander. These officers were installed immediately after the announcements were made. Thanks to Kevin Skaggs as the Election Committee Chairman for putting together a flawless process, and to the Election Committee Representatives for executing the process at the meeting.

A discussion of the USV website, [www.usvolunteers.org](http://www.usvolunteers.org), was conducted. Kim Perlotto introduced the brigade web team, one focus webmaster for each division. They were: Daryl Miles for graphics and Staff, Jim Hurd of the 1st Regiment, Paul Buckler of the 2d Regiment, Kim Perlotto of the 3d Battalion, Dave Rider of the Sharpshooters, and Frank Bradford of the Cavalry. A new webmaster focal point needs to be identified for the Civilians and the Artillery.

Our biggest thanks and deepest appreciation to Rick and Linda Dussinger for organizing this hugely successful event. Please accept our true compliments.



**145<sup>th</sup> McDowell  
Event Report**

McDowell, Virginia  
May 4-6, 2007

North of McDowell, Virginia  
May 8th, 1862

Dear Friends,

Tensions in the western Shenandoah Valley have erupted in battle over the past several days, and our army is now abandoning the McDowell vicinity. Those that you know are mostly well.

We concentrated the troops of the 82d Ohio Volunteers and the 3d Virginia Loyals here in the little town of McDowell Friday. Our trip up the valley, and then into the mountains to the west was uneventful, but for the wagon we had started on breaking down along the way. After transferring our equipments to a second wagon, we proceeded and made good time on the trip. We arrived in McDowell around sunset, and found our way to our camp or camps as it was. The companies of the 82d were sprinkled in every side yard and open lot from one end of the town, near the white church, to the other, in the side yard at the George Washington Hull plantation. The Hull house is certainly the finest in town, and maybe in Virginia. It is a fine brick manor house of three floors, and large expanse. The first company was camped adjacent to the brigade headquarters, next to the general store. Gen. Watson, making the museum his own, and the staff operations in the front yard. The second company was situated in the garden next to a fine house, adjacent to the white church. Third company was at the Hull property. Our battalion headquarters were in a back yard behind a small house, and next to a brick church.

Arriving, I was greeted by a rather pleased QM Hornbaker, who was in advance setting the camps. He was pleased to hand over all the general and special orders that brigade had been generating for our arrival, and take a well deserved break from all the leg work he had been performing on our behalf. Sgt.Major and I set to pitching our tents and setting up the battalion desk and offices to commence the business of army administrivia. After dark, the Lt.Colonel arrived, and was apprised of the situations and we took a tour of the companies, instructing the officers

and non-commissioned, setting the paperwork and details for our new situation in progress. There was a brigade officers meeting at the white church that evening, and all was in preparation for facing the enemy very soon at this place.

The evening was spent quietly around our fires, and it was a bit strange not to be surrounded by the boys, but rather have to hike to each company. Hal, Nate, Don, and Joe are with the second company, Dan and I at battalion. We chat with them on guard, and sometimes in their streets during the day when time and circumstances allow.

In the morning, Saturday, reveille brought roll calls, and morning reports. Sgt.Major helped me consolidate them, checked the arithmetic, and off to brigade with the reports. QM Hornbaker commenced putting together the company ration returns for the battalion, and detailed men from each company to draw rations. The AAG at headquarters rejected my consolidated due to errors in arithmetic, and I was embarrassed at my lack of sharpness in executing my position. I humbly took the forms back and revised them corrected. In the meantime, QM went to draw first, and was also rejected, due to my errors, and was also sent to revise his forms, with the consequence that the 82d would now draw last. We got through it well, but the rations drawn were only in adequate supply.

The battalion mounted a police guard at 9:00 A.M. and posted six sentries. Guard tent was located at brigade HQ, and the guards were constantly in contact with the women, children, and some young ruffians of the environs. All were treated civilly, but with some caution as to their intentions towards Lincoln's soldiers. Some depredations were reported to HQ, but never confirmed.

The remaining soldiers for duty were drilled in their companies, and otherwise occupied in packing and cooking in anticipation of changing events. Around 3:00 P.M. artillery and skirmishing from the 3d Virginia was heard as the first contact with the advancing Rebels under Jackson arrived in the valley of the Bullpasture river. All forces were ordered into line in full marching order, and advanced to meet the enemy. There was a high bluff to which we faced, and the enemy soon appeared at the top, firing

down on us, and us up at them. They tested our strength, tried to turn either flank, and we were strong enough to hold. They then determined to attack the center, and came charging over the brow, and down the incline in great force. The 82d held, fired, then charged them directly to buy time for the rest to withdraw, before withdrawing ourselves. We beat it to the south along the river, and did not stop until safely out of McDowell. It is now in enemy hands, or taken from enemy hands, depending on your point of view.

We halted, took the rolls, and determined that several of our men were missing, captured, or wounded. We headed south some more, and turned into the forests at the base of a large mountain, to bivouac for the night, most all our baggage being gobbled up by the rebels. At this time it commenced to rain, and not just sprinkle. All the boys set to building shebangs and the like. I completed our ordinance returns, and the Form 22 for casualties. I did not create them in duplicate, but reported them to the AAG, who determined for me to only provide a consolidated count to him, and for me to keep the original forms bearing the names and the dispositions so that the line company commanders could write home to these men's families. Another lesson learned. Still raining, I personally elected to sit under a tree, or just lay with my rubber blanket, as my experiences have taught me that the effort of building any elaborate shelter of such primitive materials does no good over just covering yourself when it is time to repose.

There were detailed from each company in the brigade 6 men for advanced guard. The guard was mounted and marched off up the mountain to watch and warn of the enemies approach for the duration of the night.

The rain continued and there was several that left their bivouac to seek shelter in barns and churches, but the bulk of the veterans just stuck to the camp, and took it all in stride. "All in three years." Dan and I did steal into town, now held by the Confederates. We witnessed blazing fires at our old headquarters, and the rebels dry in our tents. We also witnessed grand hospitality of the citizens of McDowell for the rebel soldier gathered in reverie on every veranda. Now, that was not the reception the locals gave our boys in blue. A rebel officer by the name of Dave asked us in passing in the night if we would care to spend the night in the church. We thanked him for his hospitality, but we declined. We wandered back to our bivouac otherwise undetected and unmolested. About midnight, the rains slowed, the stars came out, and the cold front came on. It continued to sprinkle on and off during the early morning, and I for one was never so happy to

hear reveille that Sabbath morning and bring an end to my wet nap.

The men were put in line directly. I tried to piece together a consolidated morning report without the assistance of the company reports due to the dire circumstances. This was my second mistake at reporting, because in the confusion, I did not account for all the men sheltered away, nor the bulk of the men detailed for advanced guard. In fact, the Lt.Colonel was not present, and so the command of the 82d devolved on Capt. Peacock. My morning numbers did not account for changes since yesterday, and the AAG let me know that. So, the line was formed and the brigade moved out in the direction of the guards, up Sitlington's Hill, towards the expected enemy position.

After marching up and up and up for about two miles, we neared a saddle along the ridges, and deployed into line. Soon, from over the crest of the mountain came the rebel attack, and we stood our ground and fired like fiends at the foe. They attacked us in waves, and we continued to shift our lines to our left, towards the crest of the hill. Soon, they attacked once more, but could not break our lines, and we moved toward the crest, which we obtained. The fight lasted all of about an hour, and that was all. Casualties were moderate on both sides. Our position on the crest was now deemed unsupportable, since the rebels were feared to be bringing artillery to bear on the hill, and upon the town itself. At that point, the military value of McDowell was none, and the withdrawal through town, and to the north towards Franklin was ordered.

We have started our march north, without much encumbrance of baggage, left behind with the citizens of McDowell, but are glad to be on the move, and away from Thomas Jackson and his army. I hope to face them again soon, with a better position and a larger army of our own. We will prevail. The 82d Ohio Volunteers served admirably, like veterans all. I hope that we will not see more of the country, but will end it here in the valley, and be home to the Buckeye state before the harvest.

Your humble servant,  
Seth.



“Buckeyes”

### **An Inside Story...**

It has been some time since I observed a unique experience in the army that I thought I would take this opportunity to share in a letter.

On a recent campaign, our friends in the 82nd Ohio Vols. were occupying the village of McDowell here in the valley. With an overwhelming push, the Confederates were able to force their removal from the town. This action caused the 82nd to abandon its camps and retreat headlong in some confusion.

When the halt was finally sounded, and the stragglers came up, we bivouacked in the woods along a log road and the Bullpasture river.

Then for the survivors, it got a little worse. A cold rain commenced, and the little messes either hurried to put up shebangs or other shelters. Since we had no canvas, we create shanties and evergreen shebangs from rubber blankets. And one young mess struggled to build a log cabin big enough for six. As it rained harder, and their kits got wetter, their attitudes worsened.

When the Sergeant Major passed orders for details for advanced guard, they all rejected the proposition out of hand, but the staying at home looked no better. There was some shortage on detail numbers at the appointed time for formation, when someone came over to the boys, and exhorted them to go on

detail. They stomped and whined. Then this fellow told them something like this.

"No one wants to go, it is true, but we have to fill our detail, we are depended on. We are the Buttonhat Boys and if you are one, you will come with me on advanced guard."

Then one or two of the boys who could not fit into the log affair, and who's gear was already soaked agreed to go. Still some of them did not. So the fellow continued.

"If you came down here to shirk in the rain, fine, but if you came down here to serve your army, no questions asked, and if you call yourselves Buttonhat Boys, well then, by God, we all go together."

That was the trick. All the boys crawled out of the logs, got their accoutrements on, and fell in for detail just in time. They all moved out, soaked in the pouring rain, and they all made the right decision.

I had elected not to build a shelter, and to keep my bedroll and gum rolled until it was time to sleep. Only then, just before it was time to sleep, simply cover myself and make the best of the night. As the camp got quieter around the abandoned log lodge, and the rain came heavier, I contemplated sleep. I was satisfied with what I just saw and heard. "All in three years."

That was one of my true moments and the best example of dedication, motivation, and true leadership I have ever witnessed in this army. I just wanted you all to know that I am proud to know that fellow and count him among my friends.



### **“Down The Valley” Event Report**

Cedar Creek Battlefield  
Middletown, Virginia  
June 15-17, 2007



HOW SI CAME OUT.

Winchester, Virginia

May 24th, 1862

Dear Friends,

I write this letter to you in hopes to inform you at home what has become of your Indiana portion of Banks Corps here in the Shenandoah Valley to dates this spring. Our 14th Indiana Volunteers Regt. arrived here near Winchester, in a small village called Kernstown from guarding the trains heading south up the valley from Martinsburg on Friday afternoon last. We found ourselves situated in a fine camp off the pike and down the hill to a small spot in the meadows, studded with trees, next to a good creek, and with a train track hard by. Up went the tents and flies and off to report to brigade headquarters where we found the "airy" Col. Kimball of our regiment in command. Orders were prepared for a reconaissance in force in the morning, and a probable general engagement with the enemy on the high grounds around Kernstown.

We spent a pleasant night, although the ground was harder than usual, and the morning brought roll, reports, and the general. All was packed and prepared for our move. The brigade was formed, and with the Federal City Brass Band and the Camp Chase Fife and Drums in the lead, we stepped off towards the south on the Cedar Creek road. All our spirits were high, and our step lively, so many thanks to the band for making the miles fade away behind us with cheer. We arrived south of Belle Grove, and went into the woods.

We tramped towards the south still, and came out on a wagon track along a ridge. We were deployed to hold that

ridge, and we of the 14th were on the right flank. Lt.Col. Harrow deployed third company as skirmishers and took the ridge, brought up first company, and built breastworks in the center, and deployed second company to the right. After a quick reconaissance of the right, it was determined that the ridge had a long ravine all along its front, and it wrapped to the rear off our right, making a perfect place to anchor our right flank. All was ready as we heard the enemy approaching from the left and front, engaging the skirmishers of another battalion. Suddenly, the rebel skirmishers appeared to our front, and we immediately engaged. The fight towards the left grew louder, and the aide-de-camp came and passed orders for the 14th to shift to the left, which we did, unmasking the right flank of the lines. It was quickly determined that we ought to stay at our position, and so a foot race to get back was held with the rebels trying to flank through our vacancy. Simply put, we won the foot race.

We engaged with spirit those targets to the front, and they built in force. They advanced to the opposite rim of the ravine, and poured it into us. We were ordered to the advance, and our whole line went forward, third company in reserve, and pushed them back. Those cocky rebels determined to advance also, and pushed to the rim, and into, and almost across to our side. We brought up third company, and hammered them. They turned to retreat, many still in the ravine, and we slammed them hard, shooting like fish in a barrel. That was Lt.Col. Harrow's orders, precisely, "Shoot them like fish in a barrel!". We mounted up their wounded one on top of another in the ravine, and they fell back. They pushed on once more, with valiant effort to turn our right, but it was firmly anchored on the turn of the ravine. Capt. Hooks went back and forth up and down his company line, yelling, "Sh-t!", and moving files this way, then "Sh-t!" and moving files that way. It was very very close to collapsing. We were about to give a little ground, when the rebels all started to do the same. They melted away, and the fight was over.

Rolls were called. Only one name was not answered in Hooks' company, and he was found, shot through the heart, where he had ended his portion of the original foot race. First company had three

wounded, not serious. We withdrew down the hill to the wagon path, and stopped to rest, eat, and breathe once more. The brass band entertained us nicely, and when the Confederate brigade marched through under a flag of truce, they struck up Dixie and other southern airs, and all were paid the compliments we always pay each other upon such close contacts.

After a time, we formed the brigade once more and marched back to the north and to our original camps. We were directed to fall in under arms once more, and deployed on either side of the valley pike. The Confederates approached along our front and opened on our left. We were able to sustain our position on the left for some time with artillery support. It was determined that the enemy was moving to our right, and they raced for a stone wall there. They got there first, and made a good position of it. We were shifted from the left to the right, and were used to engage and overwhelm the wall. The fighting was severe, but after a time, the push from our right was enough to cave their line. They all pulled out and back, and their right back to the valley pike before their route of escaped was also cut off. So ended the battle of Kernstown.

The march back to our camp was severe in the heat and sun, and many a boy collapsed in camp, exhausted at the days efforts. It was a quiet supper, and a quiet evening as everyone turned in to get some well deserved rest. The brass band sounded "Lights Out" precisely at ten o'clock, and continued for some time after with soothing pieces that lulled all to sleep and dreams of home.

Morning reveille called once more, and the morning reports showed some loss from the day before. Yet, breakfast was gotten up, and the tents struck, and the wagons loaded once more. Officers call was at 10 o'clock, and the plans for another attack were laid out. This time we would attack at Winchester. Our ranks of the 27th Indiana Volunteers were formed at 12 noon, and marched to a United States Volunteers dress parade and inspection. The Federal City Brass Band did us the honor of trooping the line, and it had a very fine effect upon the men. All our thanks to the band, and all that they do to lighten our steps.

The 27th Indiana was positioned in reserve in support of a battery near the left center. We could see the battle open to our front, the rebels advancing in large numbers towards our left. They engaged there, and we held for some time, but began to weaken as another Confederate column attacked our right center. We were shifted to the right flank, and we were set upon by a complete Confederate brigade. They advanced upon us, flags flying and muskets

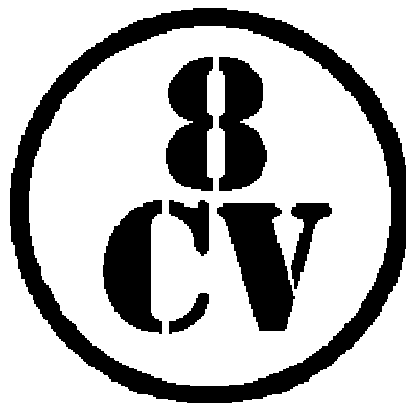
flashing. We poured some well targeted volleys into them at some distance, yet they advanced, and were taking some toll upon us. We also advanced, to the side of a crater or a large sink hole. There we stood as long as we could and they just kept coming. Many were wounded, and many were retreating on their own account. We were decimated, and down to nothing. We tried to hold some line, but we let them get too close, and for a handful of us our only choice was to surrender. They called us through their line in a hurry, and pushed us all to the ground, and put us under bayonet guard. There they held us as the rebel line advanced, and swept all the Union troops from that side of the field. All was chaos as the Union soldiers, guns, horses, and wagons, tried to make a get away through the streets of Winchester and beyond. Several more were captured in the process and the rout was general.

Such is the current state of affairs here in the valley and with Banks command. This army needs more soldiers and supplies since we need to stop Jackson here and now. The rebels we were captured by were more kind than the rest, and let us go to return home to be paroled. Others that were captured in the rout were not treated as well, and it is rumored that both enemy soldiers and citizens committed some atrocities against our men. This I do not know. Others here blame us of the 27th for retreating, and causing the entire right flank to cave. I believe that we received orders to do so, but only the official reports will sort all that out. For now, we are not in a fighting condition, and I do not think we will be chasing Stonewall any time soon.

Your humble and obedient servant,  
Seth



“Hoosiers”



**Connecticut Civil War  
Round Table  
Antietam National  
Battlefield Park**

March 29-30, 2007  
Sharpsburg, Md.

Our 2007 pilgrimage to Sharpsburg was canceled in September this year due to the Antietam Anniversary events that would pull people away from the NPS and the Torch Light Tour. It was convenient to learn of efforts by the Conn. CWRT to make this preservation volunteer work event possible in March. MaryLou and Blair Pavlik had worked with NPS Keven Walker to set up an opportunity to have a team of Connecticut people come for a week and volunteer at the park. About a dozen or more people did work at the park all week, including clearing brush at the Poffenberger Farm. The weekend crew would join them, and the efforts would be turned to clearing all the brush, trees, and all from the banks of the rise that the 11th Conn Vols monument sits upon, some 75 yards from the Burnside bridge. This is to allow full view of the monument from the bridge, and to create the start and end of a new loop trail the park is putting in this summer to celebrate the 145th anniversary. The trail will run from the 11CV monument, along the ridge of the hill on the east side of the bridge, all the

way to the modern bridge on Burnside Road, then loop back again along the front of the ridge, and the meadow that is the floor of the valley, where so many Union troops crossed to to attain the bridge. This project is top on Superintendent John Howard's agenda this year, and so it was our privilege to be the fist volunteers to kick off the project.

Dan, Kim, Hal, and Chris met Scott and the crew at the Visitors Center about 4:00pm on Thursday, and proceeded to a very remote location, off Taylors Landing Road. The road parallels the Potomac and the C & O Canal, a very impressive site indeed. We turned into a private dirt road to a Church of the Brethren camp, called Silver Springs. We were directed to a nice cluster of cozy and clean cabins, and a pavilion in the center with a fireplace and a barbeque grill. We determined to go out to dinner, and after a long tour of Hagerstown, Chris guided us to a fine German restaurant where we all dined and drank with great enjoyment.

In the morning, we went to the Battlefield Market, get coffee, and headed to the bridge in the back of Scott's pickup. Once there, the rangers outlined the plan, handed us saws and clippers, and fired up this massive chipper and dump truck, capable of swallowing an eight inch tree without even burping. Our band numbered 30, and we went at it for about two hours, when break was called, and it was incredible how much had been done. Tress dropping, brush dragging, wood litter raking, and of course the chipping.

Lunch was back to the Battlefield for a few sandwiches, then right back to work. It went about the same, happy, tired, were we all, when at 3:30, we called an end to the day.

After a long, hard day of clearing brush and woods along the sight line from the Burnside bridge to the 11th Conn. Vols. monument at Antietam National Battlefield Park, our band of six gay reenactors determined to walk the land where the 8th Conn. Vols. stood in line of battle at the start of the eventful day. We were armed with a series of Ezra Carman maps locating the positions of the lines throughout the day. We proceeded to the east of the bridge, and up the farm lane of the Henry R. Rohrbach farm. The lane traces a little gully with a branch creek, and also the NPS boundary, on the left. On the right, was a fenced field and woods containing several large beef cattle.

Let me note that the modern topographic map we also had with us showed the H.R.Rohrbach property within the boundaries of the NPS, but upon entering the farm lane, a gate prominently displayed several private property signs, and all the warnings associated. We still strolled up the

lane rather quietly, on our mission, and rounded the bend by the house to look around to see if any residents were at home. We heard a piece of small engine equipment running and figured someone was there. We peeked around the bend and spotted a person rototilling the garden. A short council of war almost determined that we should just give it up and go back from whence we came. Our malcontented comrade was not satisfied by the democratic decision, and piped up that he was just going to go over and ask to walk the land. All instantly agreed that that was the right thing to do, since we had nothing to lose.

We approached the old farmer, and waited until he was heading the tiller in our direction to wave to him, and flag him down. He pulled the machine to a stop, turned it off, and came up to us with a tightened face. I told him we were interested in the Civil War, and if he knew of the locations of the Connecticut soldiers on the farm. He shouted back at us, who were we looking for? I asked him if this was the Rohrbach place, and he said yes. We repeated that we were looking for Connecticut soldiers positions. It became clear that the old fellow was quite hard of hearing, as he shouts back at us, that he has been working the place for over 13 years, and never heard of anyone by that name. We repeated our questions again, and this time we were shouting. It seemed to work. The gentleman brightened, and said that Massachusetts was a long way away, and that we were free to walk the farm. Then he launched into a diatribe about a new black bull he put in with the cattle, and that he could not be trusted. He used some Ethiopian epithets for emphasis. He implored us not to cross any fence lines, for danger of the black bull. We agreed, and thanked him kindly. He told us of letting several friends come on the place, to hunt deer, coons, turkeys, and that he was a great night coon hunter himself. We hoped he did not have a rifle in the pickup today.

We wandered to the crest of the hill beyond the garden, and took some bearings from the map and the land, and locations of the buildings. It

seemed that every fence line had some fancy tree stand on it. We concluded that the Connecticut battle line location was to the east side of the farm, and set off over hill and dale towards that place. We reached a long fence line lined with round bales all along its front. We concluded that this entire fence line was the front of Harland's brigade. We passed to the rear of the line, and surveyed the locations of the artillery and the other positions on that part of the field at the dawn of day, and the opening of the battle. It was quite a personal high point, after years of visiting the battlefield, to truly be standing on the first line of the old 8th. The maps were pulled out, and the retirement from this line contemplated. The line was moved to the rear and to the left, since they were under accurate artillery fire on this line as soon as the sun came up. That movement would have been deeper to the east, and then south towards the Nathan Rohrbach place.

We elected not to walk that way, since we were unsure of the bull's location, and there were fences to cross. We also did not have the energy to double our trip, and the nerve to trespass again. Very elated, we trooped the line, and began our return to the farm and to the lane. As we passed the garden, we thought it would be the neighborly thing to do to go over, and say thank you and goodbye to our new old farmer friend. We approached this time, and gave a shout, which startled him from hoeing, but brought a smile.

He stepped up to the fence, in traditional farmer style, leaned across it to us, and commenced a hearty conversation with us. We were welcome to come back anytime, just tell anyone that Harry Messick said it was okay. He told us he was planting strawberries, and that last year he had set out over two thousand plants. I told him I loved strawberries, and he replied he hates strawberries. He told us that he used to pick apples, and that the owner of the orchard would take an apple, bite it, say they would be ready to pick next week, and pitch the apple on the ground. He said he grows strawberries just so he can pick them. He told us that he always starts early so that he has them first, and is not afraid of the frost, for if the blooms have that little yellow thing in them, they will not freeze. He told us that he likes to trade favors for help, and that he offered a friend to turkey hunt anytime,

but he said the man always comes during the winter when there is nothing he needs help with. Harry also told us that he was an old moonshiner, but had not had a drink since 1953. He told us the last beer he bought cost 16 cents. He always had friends looking for clear liquids in quart bottles. He had West Virginia plates on his old white pickup, and we imagined him racing along the old byways on the hills across the Potomac.

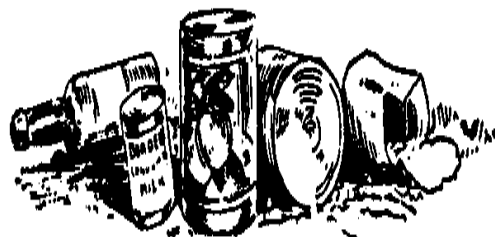
We once again said goodbye and thanks, and we all shook hands, waved as we left, and trudged back down Rohrbach's lane, back to the park, and back to the camp. All in all, it was the best possible outcome of a big adventure with the past and present history of Sharpsburg. We told one of the park maintenance people about our encounter later that evening, and he simply said, "Oh, Harry, you almost have to shout at him...".

Once back at camp, we all took turns hogging the hot water showers, and joined everyone at the pavilion for a hot dog and hamburg cook-out with all the trimmings. It was back to the cabin and to bed, and we got up and made a carbon copy of the day before.

Saturday evening, we invited Rev. Delancy Catlett out to the camp to visit us, and give him an 8CV donation in person to his Sharpsburg UCC Church project to restore and preserve the Connecticut stained glass windows which were installed in the church by Connecticut veterans in 1891. We were please to make his acquaintance and review a binder full of stories about the windows, including the original bill of sale, from Tiffany's, for the amount of \$375. We all had great conversations, and headed off to bead once more.

Sunday morning we arose, packed, and headed off from the hills of Sharpsburg back to the hills of Connecticut. It was a great experience and a wonderful memory of so many friends working together. Our great thanks go out to the NPS and Keven Walker, and to the Pavliks for making it all happen. And thanks to all our friends, now made closer through this special shared experience. This was one of the best trips yet.

Respectfully,  
Kim Perlotto





HDQRS. FIFTY-SIXTH REGIMENT  
PENNSYLVANIA VOLS., Co. K.,  
Near York, Penna.

As of July 1, Company K has participated in five of eleven events, of the 2007 season. Those five events (member attendance) include Neshaminy (7), McDowell (5), Spangler Spring (6), Mt. Zion Church (2), and Pamplin Park (4), total of 24 active members.

*McDowell CWR (May 4-6)*, weather was cool, rain Saturday night. Portrayed 82<sup>nd</sup> OVI. Event highlights included less than adequate rations, campaign and battle scenarios Sat. and Sun. fair, rained Sat. night (slept in church loft), guard mount on the mountain Sat. night (Pvt. Sedlemyer left behind), and I was battalion commander, by default, for Sunday's battle (what a hoot!). Event rating: FAIR to GOOD. Participating were Al, Sid and myself.

*Spangler Spring, (May 18 to 20)* 6th NHVI living history weekend weather was fair. Event highlights included public demonstrations of drill, firings and camp life, Wheatfield death march, and battlefield site seeing. Event rating: VERY GOOD. Attending were Sid, Al, Chuck, Matt, Joe D., and Ken.

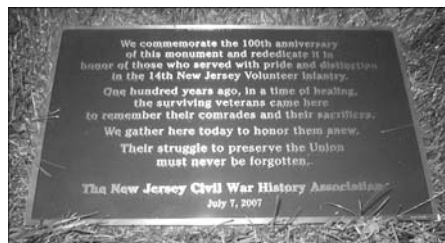
*Mt. Zion Church LH (June 8-10)*, weather was very warm. Event highlights included public cavalry and infantry drill and skirmishing demonstrations Saturday, meal and candle light

tour Saturday evening, and helped raise money for preservation. Event rating: GOOD. Attending were Sid and myself.

11<sup>th</sup> Annual Pamplin Historic Park *Civil War Weekend (June 22-24)* weather fair, warm days, cool nights and no mosquitoes! Event highlights included living history, drill and skirmishing demonstrations, meal Saturday evening, free admission to Museum of the Civil War Soldier (free admission), and toured original battlefield earthworks, rifle pits, and walked hallowed ground of the Breakthrough Point of the Great Petersburg Siege. Event rating: VERY GOOD. Attending were Dave, Jason, Sid, and myself.

Remaining battles and campaigns include Antietam LH Sharpsburg (Md.), Eckley Miners Village LH Hazelton (Pa.), City Point LH (Va.), September Storm CWR Boonsboro (Md.), Cedar Creek CWR (Va.), and Remembrance Day Gettysburg (Pa.).

G. R. PEACOCK,  
Captain, Commanding



### 14th New Jersey Monument Restoration Project

By Ken Coanshock

<http://www.nps.gov/mono/parkmgmt/14th-new-jersey-monument-restoration-project.htm>

The 14th New Jersey Monument was the first of five monuments to be erected at Monocacy National Battlefield. It was dedicated on July 11, 1907 at a ceremony attended by 180 surviving members of the regiment

To commemorate the 100th anniversary of the monument, a ceremony will be held on July 7, 2007. In advance of the rededication, the National Park Service has initiated a restoration of the 14th New Jersey Monument.

One aspect of the project focuses on the removal of lichen and other contaminants from the sculpture and base. In addition, a number of areas of damage - probably as a result of vandalism - are being carefully repaired and restored. The monument's bronze plaques are being cleaned and waxed, and the concrete apron surrounding the base has been replaced. A plaque commemorating the monument's anniversary will be unveiled at the rededication ceremony.



### CITIZEN'S SUBJECTS The Town of Unity

Here is my personal and heartfelt read on the situation facing all the units of all the armies.

This is not unusual. I can understand the issues and pressures that our units are facing. I also feel that we do not need to revert to the old ways we moved away from to get where they need or want to be.

Almost all of our USV3B member units have a dedicated contingent of civilians that probably have not been properly handled in the "military" approach that the USV3B embraces.

These are signs that the relationship of civilians and soldiers needs to be better resolved in our new hybrid hobby. We need to totally empower and engage the civilian portrayals in their own right as an integral part of the hobby. This will

solve many issues in moving the bar higher for us all, both military and civilian.

The USV at large has not yet adopted the current civilian approach very rampant and successful here in New England. Here healthy directions civilians are taking and making a big difference in the hobby local to New England make a totally different dynamic in the family aspect of the hobby. I personally embrace and recommend this approach highly.

What we need to create is a civilian focus that will have them prefer to be in the independent civilian camps, rather than to tag in, cook for, and be an inappropriate presence on the military company streets.

The focus here in NE is something simply called the "Town of Unity". This is a creation, experiment, and success from the efforts and directions of the soldiers and civilians of the New England Brigade organization. This is where at an event, all the sutlers, all the civilians, and the shirkers, form a "camp" all mixed up together that represents a TOWN. There are criss-crossing streets, stores, residences, corners, insurance offices, newspapers, taverns, and churches, all folded into a thing that looks like a REAL canvas town, and they all have a big ball at it. Fronts are front yards, and kitchen fires and the like go in the back yards and back alleys.

They elect a mayor, and have a green where they hear assemblies, demonstrations, orators, and all things good. You should see the provost clearing out the bumper soldiers after midnight . Why is this a stretch to some of us folks waiting 15-20 years in the hobby for people to sort it out. If we ask these folks if they want to join the husbands in the company streets in a military camp, they say, What? We are having more fun and want to do THIS. This is the way to go for us all.

This is indeed the next level in getting this all right, and sometimes, I have not been so sure I was not on the streets of Winchester, than in a civilian town portrayal in the hills of Connecticut.

Our USV3B approach so far has been to tell the civilians that they can

camp hard by, but need to be separate. No structure other than offering some lemonade on a hot day is planned of expected. The initiative is with the civilians. They can have any world they desire to create. There is proof that it can truly be. That is a good improvement over the country fairs and the picnics with guns that we all want to avoid. This Town approach is simply the most unique, and successful way that I have ever seen to make that happen. This is a winner, and I for one see me selling eggs and milk and moonshine in town several years from now if this all works out. My place will obviously be on the wrong side of the tracks.

These are my feeling, aspirations for the future, and hopes that our experiences in the future will be enhanced by the civilian contingent. They historically outnumbered the military by 90 percent, right? To get this right, we NEED them to make it real. Anything that we can do to encourage them to build these towns and make them real will serve both the soldiers and the citizens of the reenacting hobby far better than today.

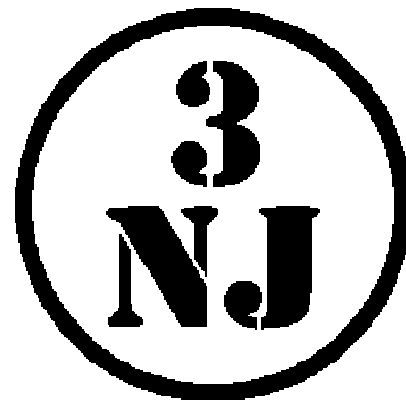
Help sort this puppy out for our USV3B events, and make it a part of our joint organization, and we will all be better off is my belief. It is truly my hope for the future of CW living history for us all. We can have our cake and eat it too. If I am out of bounds, I am sure that my closest friends will not hesitate to tell me. Any and all feedback is truly appreciated.  
Respectfully,  
Kim Perlotto

**Dear USV3B Friends,**

OK, so if you do not send me interesting articles about you recent member unit activities, I will go out to your web sites and steal them shamelessly for the benefit of our band to see what you all do at home. I personally think that it is a good mix of home and abroad that we bring to the hobby, and we all should think more about making al our friends aware of the efforts we expend locally.

Next season it is the will and the directive of the member units to declare some of these local living history events as Battalion Maximum Effort events.

Lets see who is the best salesman !



**St. Patrick's Day Parade  
March 17, 2007**

<http://www.3nj.org/aar07.htm>

To All Members:

It was raining cats and dogs (Lions and Great Danes) when my son JJ and I left the house for NYC Friday morning and as we got farther north it turned to sleet and snow but we went slow and made it into the city. We found a vacant garage, parked the car and walked the two blocks to the 69th Armory. While waiting for the never ending elevator in waiting, Ed Maske found us and introduced us to the Major who was in charge of quartering all the re-enacting troops. The elevator finally arrived, opened and we went up to our room on the fifth floor. The room was a good size with cots all around the walls. There was a small low stage in the room where my cot was. We found out later that the room we were in was made into a chapel, one of two in the armory, so the stage was built to raise the reverend up higher so all could see. Staying in the room was Ed Maske, Bob Costello, Rich Laddusire, My son JJ and myself. Allan Hordof was a few block away staying in a hotel which became our holding depot for our weapons. Ed, Bob, Rich, JJ and myself walked the few blocks where Allan was staying left our weapons there for safe keeping and then we all departed for Mcorley's Ale House for lunch by cab. We sat at the same table that was used by the 3rd when Jake was still alive. It was a miracle that the table was still open and we attributed that to Jake. The food and friendship was great as well as the atmosphere and to top it all off a bag piper came into the ale house and played. You could not ask for anything better. When lunch was finished we departed for our walking tour in spite of the weather. We started with The Cooper Union Institute, a block away, and stood at the podium where Lincoln gave his speech. In the room was a great Lincoln portrait and as expected we took many pictures with that portrait. A big thanks must go to Allan

Hordof who arranged that visit and to his friend Steve who was our own personal guide. We next left for Old St. Patrick's Church. When we arrived Ed made a call to announce we had made it and before long an Polish gentleman showed up who would be our guide. The church was beautiful to say the least and full of history. A mass was given there after the battle of Fredericksburg for all those Irish Brigade members who had fallen and Bob Costello talked about a re-enactment he attended to commemorate that event. What was most interesting is when we went below to where the crypts were. The last crypt we were shown was that of a General Eckert. He was made a General after the war but what was most fascinating was that he was Lincoln's personal body guard. Now how great is that. After the crypt visit we said our good byes and departed for city hall. Along the way we stopped at one of the last tenements in NYC (located in China Town) to see the conditions the Irish lived in and the original Five Points. It was something else. We finally reached city hall and were let in, even with out final confirmation. The people at city hall were great. Inside we proceeded up the stairs to where Lincoln's body was laid out for review by the mourners. Ed had made copies of how city hall was draped in mourning and of the placement of the coffin. We associated the picture with the surroundings, then Bob read Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address after which we said some words, saluted and departed to head back to the armory. Once back again we met Judi Cox who had arrived, went to the officer's club and stayed for awhile before dinner. We all walked the few blocks to McCormick's Restaurant. The food was great, the conversation warm and friendly and it can be said that a good time was had by all. After dinner we walked back to the armory and finished the night in the officer's club before retiring.

Judi and I got up early (I was up at 4:00 A.M. and Judi was up at 5:00 A.M.) to help feed the 69th troops, as well as others, who were marching in the parade. I had the Irish soda bread

station and Judi had the coffee station. When our duty was complete we went back to get ready for the parade. During this time Nora Kenney and Jeff Eidson arrived and ready to march. The re-enactors assembled at 11:30 A.M. Originally registered were enough troops for seven good sized companies but the weather took its toll. The amount was reduced to almost half. The 3rd had 6 military and 3 civilian accounted for. The 9 additional troops from the 116th Pennsylvania could not get to their bus on Friday and had to cancel as well as others from the 3rd. But we fell in with the 61st and 67th NY and thanks to the efforts of our own Surgeon, Allan Hordof, I was made commander of the combined company of the 3rd NJ, 61st and 67th NY who needed an officer. While we were waiting Kevin and Tim Shanahan, who had to turn back home on Friday, arrived and later at the staging point at 47th Street, Hugh and Joey Brennan arrived which gave our company a total of 20 rifles. Unfortunately for our First Sergeant Chris Heran his car spun off the road Saturday morning and had to wait an hour and half before he could be towed but both he and his car are doing fine. Before departing the armory we gave a salute to the troops of the 69th who were returning from the parade. The VMI bagpipers were on the steps playing Gary Owen as they marched up the steps and into the armory. Our group then headed for the subway and with a grand Hurrah stepped into the train which took us to our rally point, 47th street. We arrived at 1:50 P.M. We stacked arms then waited for about 40 minutes after which we were called to assembly to begin our march up 5th Avenue. During our wait Kevin Shanahan was given the honor of carrying the 69th Guidon which he did in the finest traditions. The avenue was as if it never snowed. The NYC Sanitation Department deserves a lot of credit. We marched up the avenue stopping at St. Patrick's where the Cardinal blessed the flags. The march gave one both a rush and chills with all the applause and cheering. We all finished the march, went back to the armory, by subway again, said our good byes and departed for home.

Many thanks must be given to both Ed Maske and Allan Hordof for setting up the tour and making it successful in spite of the weather. Ed was our navigator through

the tour which he did successfully and both Ed and Allan were a wealth of information explaining what we were seeing. I salute them both and give them 3 cheers. The best way I can sum up this event is that "It was a Grand Day Indeed!"

Jim Pepe, Captain Commanding  
Company A, 3rd New Jersey  
Volunteer Infantry



**Battle Hymn  
of the 2nd New Jersey**

Lyrics:

W. Barger, K. Friedman, D. White

[http://www.geocities.com/nj2ndregt/battle\\_hymn\\_of\\_2nd.htm](http://www.geocities.com/nj2ndregt/battle_hymn_of_2nd.htm)

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

We are the fighting regiment called Jersey's  
number two,  
For the love of God and Country we have donned  
the Union blue.  
We'll fight for Governor Olden and our Jersey  
comrades too,  
New Jersey's marching on!

Chorus:

Glory, Glory Hallelujah,  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah,  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah,  
New Jersey's Marching On!

We're among the first of Jersey's patriotic  
volunteers,  
We've enlisted for the lesser of the war or three  
full years.  
So onward now to Richmond and we'll all return  
to cheers,  
New Jersey's marching on!

Chorus:

We are marching into battle with New Jersey's color, Blue,  
Oh, the troubled times have called us  
and we've answered brave and true!  
For Lincoln and for Liberty, we'll do  
what we must do,  
New Jersey's marching on!

Chorus:

Oh, we rallied in to Trenton for to  
answer Sumter's roar,  
Tell Jeff Davis Jersey's coming forth  
to even up the score.  
And when we find the rebels, Bonnie  
Blue will be *no more!*  
New Jersey's marching on!

Chorus:



**Pa. Group Wants To  
Remove Dumped  
Debris from 1759 Fort**

Story by Tovah Pentelovitch  
Apr. 11, 2007

<http://www.nationaltrust.org/Magazine/news/index.htm>

Pittsburgh, Pa.

On Jan. 3, Pennsylvania state-funded construction crews entered Pittsburgh's Point State Park and began burying a 250-year-old bastion to make way for concert and festival grounds.

The Fort Pitt Music Bastion, one of the only remnants of the French and Indian War's Fort Pitt, built in 1759, is now covered with 10 feet of demolition debris and sand. This spring, while work continues on a \$35 million construction project in

downtown's state park, a group of historians and citizens is determined to unearth the bastion.

"Without Fort Pitt, we would probably all be speaking French right now," says Will Rouleau, co-founder of SaveFortPitt.org.

The odds are against Rouleau's group, however.

"There are no current plans to uncover the bastion; however, it was filled and protected in a way that is reversible, so it can be uncovered at a future date," says Jane Crawford, spokeswoman for the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, in an e-mail.

Fort Pitt served as a refuge for 600 men, women, and children in 1763, the last year of the French and Indian War. Until recently, all that remained of the fort was the Block House, built in 1764, and two of the five original bastions. The Monongahela Bastion currently houses the Fort Pitt Museum, and the Music Bastion is no longer visible.

"The excuse they used to bury the Bastion was illegitimate," says Michael Nixon, co-founder of SaveFortPitt.org. "The only reason they buried it was because it was an inconvenience to their motive of building a flat surface for concerts and food vendors."

For Nixon, Rouleau, and at least 2,000 others who have signed the SaveFortPitt.org petition, the bastion stands as a symbol of what lies below it: the footprint of Fort Pitt.

Last week, members of SaveFortPitt.org were surveying the construction site and came upon part of the fort that workers had struck during their digging.

"We made a discovery just the other day of one of the casements—that is, a subterranean room where gunpowder and artillery materials were stored," Nixon says.

Nixon expressed concern that the site is not being properly maintained during construction. "We are keeping the site under observation. There is not an archeologist standing at every site that they are digging," Nixon says.

According to Crawford, "The work is being supervised by the Department of Conservation and Natural Resources and the Department of General Services project staff with oversight of archaeological professionals, as we requested."

SaveFortPitt.org wants to unearth the bastion, restore it to be a grand entrance to Point State Park, and ultimately gain the fort classification as a World Heritage Site.

"Restored, it would be a magnificent edifice," says Richard Lang, an archaeologist who supervised a partial excavation of the fort in 1964.

Nixon hopes that restoration of the bastion will not only serve to celebrate the history of Fort Pitt but will "celebrate what the site means in world history, to Americans, Europeans, African Americans, and Native Americans."

The immediate plan of SaveFortPitt.org is to formally organize as a nonprofit.

"We would like to get the organizations responsible for the demolition of the Bastion to see the error of their ways," Nixon says. "Then we may be able to work together in developing a plan to finish a full restoration of the bastion."



THE DOG OR SHELTER TENT.

“All in three years ! “



FOSTRD.