



David's Dispatch

1st Lt. David Richard Reynolds Camp
Sons of Confederate Veterans
Mount Pleasant, Texas



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COMMANDER'S CORNER

by Larry "Joe" Reynolds



Happy New Year!!! As the Holidays come to a close and we start a new year, I look forward to working with each of you in order to help you and the Camp grow.

Our first year we were able to give out four (4) food baskets, including a turkey, for Christmas to needy families in Mount Pleasant, Talco, Omaha, and Naples. Hopefully next year we can expand this number and I would even like to find perhaps one family that we can also present with a cash gift to help them with their Christmas Presents.

I have lots of ideas that I feel will benefit the Camp and hope that each of you will also contribute your ideas with our members. I truly feel that by working together and as Committees we can do great things in the Upcoming New Year!

I am expecting our Camp Number to come back at any time so for now, I would like for everyone to start thinking about and looking for new members. I'm setting a goal of 50 members this year. Having 50+ members takes you from a the ranks of a small camp, and I think we can do it!

UPCOMING EVENTS

NEXT MEETING

Monday, January 4th, 7:00 p.m.
Refreshments at 6:30 p.m.
Old Union Community Center
Hwy 67E, Mount Pleasant, Texas

Program

Garrett Glover - Percussion Altered American
Shoulderarms

2016 TEXAS REUNION

June 3-5, 2016

YO Ranch Resort and Conference Center
2033 Sidney Baker (TX Hwy 16)
Kerrville, TX 78028

See <http://hillcountrycamp.org/2016-texas-reunion>
for full information

2016 NATIONAL REUNION

July 13th – 17th, 2016

Renaissance Dallas Richardson Hotel
900 E. Lookout Drive
Richardson, Texas

See <http://scv2016.org/> for full details.

DAVIDRREYNOLDS.ORG

This month the following changes have been made to our web site: <http://www.davidreynolds.org>

- I've added the CSA Army Service Medal to our front page and to the On-Line Store. I think this is going to be a big success.
- I added another bio for one of our ancestors. I'm still looking for biographies of your Confederate Ancestor. Please try to come up with a short bio that we can put on-line.

If you have any suggestions, recommendations or comments you can send me an email to: Joe.Reynolds@davidreynolds.org and I promise to give it my full consideration.

“[T]he contest is really for empire on the side of the North, and for independence on that of the South, and in this respect we recognize an exact analogy between the North and the Government of George III, and the South and the Thirteen Revolted Provinces. These opinions...are the general opinions of the English nation.”

London Times, November 7, 1861

Our Charge...

"To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will commit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles which he loved and which you love also, and those ideals which made him glorious and which you also cherish. Remember, it is your duty to see that the true history of the South is presented to future generations!"

*Lt. General Stephen Dill Lee, Commander General,
United Confederate Veterans,
New Orleans, Louisiana April 25, 1906*



ANOTHER CHRISTMAS STORY

“Hey Johnny!” the blue clad soldier shouted across the river to the man in gray. Merry Christmas!”

“Whats that ye said thar Yank?” the man in gray said loudly, gruffly as he instinctively turned his rifle in the direction of the voice.

“Aww, put down that gun ya dern fool!”, called the Yank as he stepped from behind large rocks, his own rifle shouldered, nonthreatening. “I said, Merry Christmas! It's Christmas Day, don't ya know.”

The Reb relaxed, grounded the butt of his rifle, and scratched his chin. “I reckon I know what day it is. What of it?” the Reb spat a mighty stream of tobacco after the words.

The Yank studied the Reb for a minute or two, the Reb slowly worked his quid, and glowered at the Yank. He could not understand how this man in blue could be so friendly, so cheerful, standing picket out here in the cold, and only weeks after one of the hardest fights the Reb had ever been in. He had seen a lot of fighting and dieing since the Spring of '61. He had joined the Army of Virginia even before Virginia had cast its lot with the Confederacy. He scratched his chin again, puzzling over this blue clad stranger.

“I got nothin' to trade with Yank. 'Sides, my mess mates are tradin' with some of your fellers down the river a piece.” The Reb decided that was why the Yankee was being so friendly. He had heard they would trade for just about anything, but most times it was to their advantage.

“That's all right, Reb. I ain't lookin' to trade. I just wanted to talk a spell. It beats slingin' bullets at each other don't it? And after all, it's Chri...”

“I know what day it is! But what has that got to do with all of this? It doesn't matter to them that lay up thar 'neath that stone wall, or behind it. Just because it is Christmas will those fellers be celebratin'? No! And it durn sure don't mean we'uns ain't goin' to be killin' each other come sundown, or tomorrow, or the next day. And it sure ain't keepin' me warm!” The Reb pulled his coat closer to his neck and blew on his hands. He had never been so cold so far as he could recall. “Blamed fool.” he muttered. “How long you

been in Mister Lincoln's army anyway?" the Reb asked bitterly.

The Yank smiled. A quiet face, slightly cherubic, a look that never changed. No stain of anger, or arrogance rested there. It was peaceful yet resolute, and the smile it bore was sincere. "I been in since August this year, but we didn't join the brigade until October. What regiment are you with Reb?"

The man in gray leaned on his rifle, scowled, and sent another stream of tobacco juice into the river. "Blamed fool." he muttered. Shouting now he said, "Yank, I don't believe I need to be tellin' you that!" The Reb was certain now the Yankee was a scout, putting up a dodge to get information. The question was innocent enough, but the Reb still was wary. "All I can tell you is I fight with General Lee! But I reckon you already know that, and that's all you need know."

The Yank chuckled. "All right then. Just trying to be friendly. It being Christmas and all. How many messmates do you have?"

At this the Reb quickly hoisted his rifle to his shoulder and took steady aim on the man in blue.

"Now look here, you no good scoundrel! I've had a belly full of your questions and about all I can mortally stand of you and the rest of you black hatted fellers! If you don't move on down the bank I'm of a mind to plug you, Christmas or no! Now git!" He cocked his rifle to emphasize the point.

The Yank, still smiling, said calmly, "Alright Reb. No offense intended. I will be on my way. Merry Christmas, Reb." He then strolled down the river bank, whistling merrily, and disappeared.

The man in gray spat. "Peculiar feller that one." He lowered his rifle and began to trudge down the river. Thirty yards this way, thirty yards that way. He would pause occasionally to listen for sound coming from the far bank. He heard nothing in the chill air save for someone singing "Silent Night" somewhere in the distance. He could not tell from which bank it came from or if it was just hanging in the air

indifferent to the men that heard it. It sounded as if it came from nowhere and at the same time from everywhere at once. "As if the very angels of heaven are singing." the Reb muttered as he shivered. "Cold. I never been this cold." He cursed; the army, the cold, Jeff Davis, and that blue clad soldier.

He thought about the Yank. "That feller sure was peculiar. Never quit smiling even when I had him in my sites. Nary a flinch either. Merry Christmas he says. Thunderation it's cold! Christmas again and me nowhere near home. I want to go home! I'm sick of the cold, I'm sick of death. I want to go home! But I can't rightly see how I can go." The Reb shivered again and wiped tears from his eyes. "Blamed fool. Christmas! Bah!"

A clear, cheerful voice called across the river. "Hey Reb! Catch!" It was the same Yank, wearing the same smile on his face as before. He was kneeling at the waters edge, holding a small, sturdy boat filled with goods.

"Now hold on there, Yank! I told you to git! Whats this?" the Reb questioned angrily. "I told you I got nothin' to trade!"

"I didn't ask you to trade, Reb!" the Yank shouted as he launched his boat. "You can keep the boat if you want. I won't need it again."

The Reb scratched his chin and glared at the Yank. "Obliged to ye Yank. But why?" he said coolly. "Tomorrow will be the same as yesterday or the thirteenth. You remember the thirteenth, don't you Yank?" The Reb expected to anger the blue soldier with this last question, delivered maliciously, but it drew no response. The Reb was perplexed. Any soldier would have answered angrily at this intended insult, but not this man. The Reb spat.

"I remember it well, Reb." the Yank said gently "You boys sure gave us a time that day. I will never see another day like it."

The boat was at the Rebs feet in seconds as if it were guided by unseen hands. It contained five pounds of good coffee, a good wool blanket a handful of

buttons. “Hurumph! Federal buttons!” the Reb growled. Then he smiled as he looked at the empty places on his coat where those Federal buttons would help close it against the winter chill.

“I thought you could use those.” called the Yank.

“Mighty kind, Yank. But you still ain't told me why you are doin' this.” said the Reb, his words softening a bit. “You are a perplexing feller. I can't see rightly how you can be so all fired friendly in the middle of a war, especially after...” The Reb stopped abruptly at this, his mind returning to the scenes of that day, a scant two weeks before. He had not been in that fight, there at the wall, but he had had plenty of fighting on his end of the line, and had seen plenty of the Yankee boys fall. Rebs too. The following day he was detailed to carry a message to the left, and he had to travel near the spot. The scene he beheld was so frightful that he was sickened by it. The men in blue lay so thick in front that the ground appeared, in places, to be a solid mass of blue, and in other places the rows of dead looked like stalks of corn laid low by a scythe. He felt a chill sweep over him, and he had not been warm since. Tears flooded his eyes, and he could not speak. The Yank was watching him intently, still smiling. He uttered not a word in reply but nodded his head slightly, knowingly.

“You don't suppose they will make us fight today, do you Yank?” the Reb asked with trembling voice.

“Today? Naww. I don't believe they will make us fight today.” the Yank said. “Tomorrow, next day, maybe. Not today.

For unto you is born this day, in the City of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.

There will be no killing and dieing today, Reb.”

“That is if the generals go along with what the Good Book says. Sometimes I wonder about 'em.” grumbled the Reb.

“I think they will heed the scripture today of all days.” the Yank said cheerily. “I suppose I should be getting back to camp. Again, Merry Christmas Johnny!”

“Merry Christmas Billy Yank. Lets both hope for a blessed new year!” said the Reb as he turned to renew his lonely tramp along the river. Thirty yards this way, thirty yards that way. He could not help thinking about the Yank. He still could not understand how anyone, of either army, could be so pleasant and cheerful in this cold, in this war and so far from home, but that smile the blue clad soldier bore haunted him. It was always there, never a trace of bitterness removing or even diminishing it. Peculiar.

Suddenly he heard voices singing “Angels! We Have heard on High!”, many voices. Then it struck him. The face of the Yank could have been that of an angel! He laughed at himself, then shivered. He turned to the opposite bank and laughing, called out, “Hey Yank! Do you believe in angels? Yank?”

There was no reply.

I found this at <http://wwwthepicket.blogspot.com/>

Our Honored Ancestors

T. J. “STONEWALL” JACKSON GENERAL, CSA

Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson (January 21, 1824 – May 10, 1863) was a Confederate general during the American Civil War, and the best-known Confederate commander after General Robert E. Lee. His military career includes the Valley Campaign of 1862 and his service as a corps commander in the Army of Northern Virginia under Robert E. Lee. Confederate pickets accidentally shot him at the Battle of Chancellorsville on May 2, 1863. The general survived with the loss of an arm to amputation, but died of complications from pneumonia eight days later. His death was a severe

setback for the Confederacy, affecting not only its military prospects, but also the morale of its army and of the general public. Jackson in death became an icon of Southern heroism and commitment, becoming a mainstay in the pantheon of the "Lost Cause".

Military historians consider Jackson to be one of the most gifted tactical commanders in U.S. history. His Valley Campaign and his envelopment of the Union Army's right wing at Chancellorsville are studied worldwide even today as examples of innovative and bold leadership. He excelled as well in other battles: the First Battle of Bull Run (First Manassas) where he received his famous nickname "Stonewall"; the Second Battle of Bull Run (Second Manassas); and the battles of Antietam, and Fredericksburg. Jackson was not universally successful as a commander, however, as displayed by his late arrival and confused efforts during the Seven Days Battles around Richmond in 1862.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was the great-grandson of John Jackson (1715 or 1719 – 1801) and Elizabeth Cummins (also known as Elizabeth Comings and Elizabeth Needles) (1723–1828). John Jackson was a Protestant (Ulster-Scottish) from Coleraine, County Londonderry, Ireland. While living in London, England, he was convicted of the capital crime of larceny for stealing £170; the judge at the Old Bailey sentenced him to seven years of indentured servitude in America. Elizabeth, a strong, blonde woman over 6 feet (180 cm) tall, born in London, England was also convicted of larceny in an unrelated case for stealing 19 pieces of silver, jewelry, and fine lace, and received a similar sentence. They both were transported on the prison ship *Litchfield*, which departed London in May 1749 with 150 convicts. John and Elizabeth met on board and were in love by the time the ship arrived at Annapolis, Maryland. Although they were sent to different locations in Maryland for their indentures, the couple married in July 1755.

The family migrated west across the Blue Ridge Mountains to settle near Moorefield, Virginia (now

West Virginia) in 1758. In 1770, they moved farther west to the Tygart Valley. They began to acquire large parcels of virgin farming land near the present-day town of Buckhannon, including 3,000 acres (12 km²) in Elizabeth's name. John and his two teenage sons, were early recruits for the American Revolutionary War, fighting in the Battle of Kings Mountain on October 7, 1780; John finished the war as captain and served as a lieutenant of the Virginia militia after 1787. While the men were in the Army, Elizabeth converted their home to a haven, "Jackson's Fort," for refugees from Indian attacks.

John and Elizabeth had eight children. Their second son was Edward Jackson (March 1, 1759 – December 25, 1828), and Edward's third son was Jonathan Jackson, Thomas's father. Jonathan's mother died in 1798 and his father remarried three years later. His father and stepmother had nine more children.

Thomas Jackson was the third child of Julia Beckwith (née Neale) Jackson (1798–1831) and Jonathan Jackson (1790–1826), an attorney. Both of Jackson's parents were natives of Virginia. The family already had two young children and were living in Clarksburg, in what is now West Virginia, when Thomas was born. He was named for his maternal grandfather. There is some dispute about the actual location of Jackson's birth. A historical marker on the floodwall in Parkersburg, West Virginia, claims that he was born in a cabin near that spot when his mother was visiting her parents who lived there. There are writings which indicate that in Jackson's early childhood, he was called "The Real Macaroni", though the origin of the nickname and whether it really existed are unclear.

Thomas's sister Elizabeth (age six) died of typhoid fever on March 6, 1826, with two-year-old Thomas at her bedside. His father also died of a typhoid fever on March 26. Jackson's mother gave birth to Thomas's sister Laura Ann the day after Jackson's father died. Julia Jackson thus was widowed at 28 and was left with much debt and three young children (including the newborn). She sold the family's

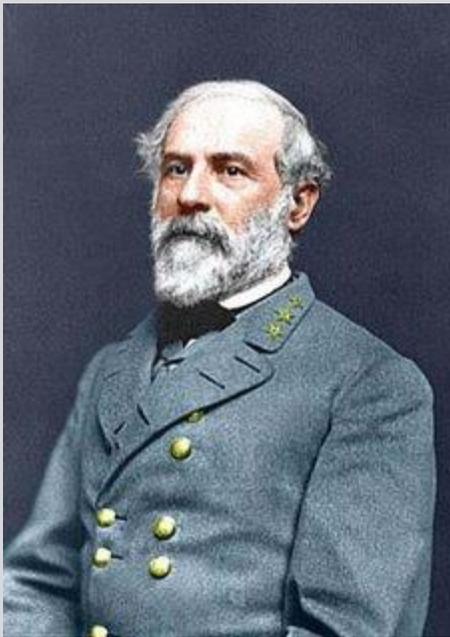
possessions to pay the debts. She declined family charity and moved into a small rented one-room house. Julia took in sewing and taught school to support herself and her three young children for about four years.

(Continued next month)

LAST CAMP MEETING

Our December meeting was our Christmas Dinner, we didn't have a program scheduled, however we did hold Roll Call for our honored ancestors. We had several guest and a couple of possible new members. I'm sorry to say that I did not bring my camera and there were no pictures taken.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE



President Dwight Eisenhower wrote the following letter in response to one he received dated August 1, 1960, from Leon W. Scott, a dentist in New Rochelle, New York. Scott's letter reads:

Dear Mr. President:

At the Republican Convention I heard you mention that you have the pictures of four (4) great Americans in your office, and that included in these is a picture of Robert E. Lee.

I do not understand how any American can include Robert E. Lee as a person to be emulated, and why the President of the United States of America should do so is certainly beyond me.

The most outstanding thing that Robert E. Lee did was to devote his best efforts to the destruction of the United States Government, and I am sure that you do not say that a person who tries to destroy our Government is worthy of being hailed as one of our heroes.

Will you please tell me just why you hold him in such high esteem?

Sincerely yours,

Leon W. Scott

Eisenhower's response, written on White House letterhead, reads as follows:

August 9, 1960

Dear Dr. Scott:

Respecting your August 1 inquiry calling attention to my often expressed admiration for General Robert E. Lee, I would say, first, that we need to understand that at the time of the War Between the States the issue of Secession had remained unresolved for more than 70 years. Men of probity, character, public standing and unquestioned loyalty, both North and South, had disagreed over this issue as a matter of principle from the day our Constitution was adopted.

General Robert E. Lee was, in my estimation, one of the supremely gifted men produced by our Nation. He believed unswervingly in the Constitutional validity of his cause which until 1865 was still an arguable question in America; he was thoughtful yet demanding of his officers and men, forbearing with captured enemies but ingenious, unrelenting and

personally courageous in battle, and never disheartened by a reverse or obstacle. Through all his many trials, he remained selfless almost to a fault and unflinching in his belief in God. Taken altogether, he was noble as a leader and as a man, and unsullied as I read the pages of our history.

From deep conviction I simply say this: a nation of men of Lee's caliber would be unconquerable in spirit and soul. Indeed, to the degree that present-day American youth will strive to emulate his rare qualities, including his devotion to this land as revealed in his painstaking efforts to help heal the nation's wounds once the bitter struggle was over, we, in our own time of danger in a divided world, will be strengthened and our love of freedom sustained.

Such are the reasons that I proudly display the picture of this great American on my office wall.

Sincerely,

Dwight D. Eisenhower



Camp Commander Larry Joe Reynolds with the Harrington & Richardson 1871 Pardner® Pump Shotgun that he won with a Raffle Ticket purchased from Red Diamond Camp in Texarkana, Texas.

UNIT SPOTLIGHT

NINETEENTH TEXAS INFANTRY, WALKER'S TEXAS DIVISION

The Nineteenth Texas Infantry Regiment, organized in the spring of 1862 under the Confederate States of America's Trans-Mississippi Department, consisted of men from the counties of Northeast Texas, including Davis (now Cass County), Franklin, Harrison, Hopkins, Marion, present-day Morris (was Titus during the war), Panola, Rusk, San Augustine, Titus, and Upshur. Richard Waterhouse, a prominent merchant from Jefferson in Marion County, held the commission from the state of Texas for the contingent's creation and oversaw the establishment of the original ten companies (A through K) between February and May. When the mustering was complete, elections were held among the 886 men that made up the Nineteenth on May 13, 1862. The field officers selected were Col. Richard Waterhouse, Lt. Col. Robert H. Graham, and Maj. Ennis Ward Taylor. With elections complete, the men assembled at Camp Waterhouse and formed into two battalions. The first was composed of companies A through D (the first four mustered) and F (mustered in Jefferson), and the second consisted of E and G through K.

In June 1862 Colonel Waterhouse received orders to march to Little Rock, Arkansas, from Brig. Gen. Henry E. McCulloch, commander of all units in Northeast Texas. Both battalions, marching at separate times, reached Camp Josephine McDermott near Rondo, Arkansas, by August 29. The Nineteenth remained at Rondo for more than a month, during which time an outbreak of measles, dysentery, and diarrhea killed twenty-four men and

necessitated leaving between thirty and forty sick behind. After arriving at their destination, Camp Nelson in Little Rock, Arkansas, on October 24, the Nineteenth Texas Infantry remained in the region for more than two months. During this time, more men died from inclement weather, lack of equipment and food, and disease, bringing the total losses from their beginnings at Jefferson to the end of the year to 119.

Toward the end of 1862, McCulloch's eleven regiments and one battalion from Texas, including the Nineteenth, were divided into three brigades and placed under the command of Maj. Gen. John G. Walker, where they remained for the duration of the war. What came to be known as Walker's Texas Division was the largest individual unit of Texans and the only one from either the North or the South consisting of regiments from a single state in the Civil War. The Nineteenth Texas Infantry was assigned to the Third Brigade, which was put under the command of McCulloch upon Walker's arrival in Arkansas in early January 1863.

Due to indecisiveness by the Confederate commanders of the Trans-Mississippi Department, in the first few months of 1863, Walker's Texas Division was sent from Vicksburg to northwest Arkansas and back again five times before being ordered to central Louisiana on April 23. There, the artillery of the Third Brigade exchanged volleys with a gunboat at Perkins' Landing on May 31, which marked the first military engagement witnessed by the Nineteenth—more than a year after mustering. Two days later, Walker's Texas Division boarded transports once again heading for Vicksburg. Because of all the marching and countermarching during the first six months of 1863, which totaled nearly a thousand miles, Walker's Texans acquired the fitting nickname, the "Greyhound Division."

At Vicksburg on the morning of June 7, the soldiers of the Nineteenth and the rest of Walker's Division participated in their first major engagement of the Civil War. The Third Brigade, attacking a Federal camp at Milliken's Bend on the west side of the Mississippi, drove the Union forces to the river

before heavy naval shelling compelled General McCulloch to withdraw his troops. When both sides counted their killed, wounded, and captured/missing, the Federals lost 652, or half their garrison, compared to the Confederates 185, or 12 percent of the soldiers involved. The Nineteenth Texas reported 2 killed, 11 wounded, and 6 missing after the battle. In his official report of the battle, General McCulloch noted that "Colonel Waterhouse with his [19th Texas] regiment distinguished themselves particularly."

After Vicksburg, Walker's Texas Division spent the next four months in northeast Louisiana and endured the most miserable conditions encountered during the entire war. This was due to the humid and disease-infested lowlands of the state, indecision by the Trans-Mississippi command, the falling of Vicksburg and Port Hudson to the Federals, very low rations, and lack of pay for more than a year. In the Nineteenth, at least fifty men deserted that summer; one was executed, and two took the oath of allegiance to the United States. There was also an issue with changes in the division's hierarchy. On July 22, General McCulloch was transferred from Walker's Division, and Col. George M. Flournoy, the senior regimental commander, was temporarily put in charge of the Third Brigade. In October of that year, Flournoy was replaced by Brig. Gen. William R. Scurry of Texas. In the Nineteenth Texas Infantry, the regiment's Lt. Col. Robert H. Graham resigned as did three company commanders. Maj. Ennis Ward Taylor was promoted to lieutenant colonel when Graham's resignation became effective on July 2.

In the spring of 1864 Walker's Division, including the Nineteenth Texas Infantry, participated in the Red River campaign—their most significant contribution to the Southern cause in the Civil War. Between March and May the Texans engaged in three pitched battles against Union forces, which equated to more fighting in two months than the rest of the war combined for the contingent.

Union Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, intent on occupying Texas and breaking up the Confederacy's Trans-Mississippi headquarters, marched a force of nearly

30,000 men, supported by the largest naval fleet ever assembled on inland waters, up the Red River toward Shreveport. The Confederate forces, including cavalry and artillery, stood at fewer than 9,000. As the Federals made their way north, the Texans under Gen. Richard Taylor retreated for three weeks until making their stand three miles south of Mansfield on April 8. Taylor chose the location because the narrow road leading to the field was surrounded by heavy woods on either side, meaning all the Union forces could not be utilized. Because General Scurry's contingent was stationed on the far right of the Confederates line and the Nineteenth Texas Infantry was positioned on the far right within the Third Brigade, Colonel Waterhouse's unit was fundamental in breaking the enemy's left, which resulted in a rout of the Federals. After the battle, the rebels counted 1,000 men killed, wounded, or missing, while the Union lost 3,500 men, 20 artillery pieces, 250 wagons, and thousands of small arms.

The very next day, April 9, once the Confederates were reinforced with two regiments from Missouri and Arkansas, Taylor moved his forces to Pleasant Hill, where General Banks was stationed. The battle of Pleasant Hill was far less successful for the rebels, as it ended in a tactical draw and the Union army withdrew during the night back to Grand Ecore. Also, both Scurry and Walker were wounded, although not mortally. In the two battles, Taylor estimated that he lost more than 2,600 men out of his 12,000 total, compared to the Union's 3,600 casualties out of 28,000. In the Nineteenth, there were 2 killed, 5 wounded, and 21 captured.

Not long after Pleasant Hill, Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith, commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, took control of most of Taylor's army, including Walker's Division. Because Smith was worried about Union Gen. Frederick Steele and his 10,000 troops coming from Little Rock toward Shreveport, the Nineteenth Texas Infantry was once again on the march by April 14, this time to Jenkins' Ferry, Arkansas. Steele, running low on supplies and nervous about Confederate forces moving in his direction, ordered a fast withdrawal back to Little

Rock. In turn, Smith saw this as an opportunity to crush Steele's army and so marched his men to fatigue in pursuit. The battle at Jenkins' Ferry on April 30, 1864, was the Nineteenth's final major engagement of the Civil War. Although the Union force lost between 600 to 800 men and the Confederates lost at least 800, Walker's Texas Division endured the heaviest losses. All three brigade commanders received serious wounds; two, including Scurry, were mortally wounded. The Texans, numbering around 2,000 men, lost nearly 450 of them or almost 25 percent.

Although only the battle of Mansfield was a distinct victory, the Confederacy was successful in the overall Red River campaign in that Union forces were repelled from taking Shreveport and therefore from destroying the Trans-Mississippi headquarters and invading Texas. In the seventy days of the campaign, Walker's Texas Division, including the Nineteenth Texas Infantry, marched some 900 miles, fought and contributed substantially to three major battles, suffered heavy losses (1,450 men, or 36 percent of their original 4,000), but ultimately prevented an invasion of their home state.

Due to the death of Scurry, the Nineteenth's commander, Col. Richard Waterhouse, Jr., was appointed brigadier-general of Walker's Third Brigade by Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith in May 1864. In turn, Lt. Col. Ennis Ward Taylor became commander of the Nineteenth Texas Infantry and was promoted to colonel. Unfortunately for the Texas Division, differences between generals Kirby Smith and Richard Taylor resulted in the latter's transfer in June and, consequently, General Walker's reassignment to command of the District of West Louisiana. Maj. Gen. John H. Forney was chosen to replace Walker, a decision which proved unpopular with the Texans due to his strict disciplinarian style and questionable character. The Texas Division also underwent substantial reorganization in early 1865. When the regiments were shuffled to create a fourth brigade, the Nineteenth became a part of the Second Brigade, still under the command of Gen. Richard Waterhouse.

All of the bureaucratic reorganization proved futile when, on April 22, 1865, word came that Richmond had fallen and Lee's army had surrendered. After this news, many of the citizen-soldiers from the Nineteenth and the rest of the Texas Division left the Confederate Army for home. Even the return of General Walker on May 12 did not cease the tide of departure, and by May 20, the division had effectively disintegrated. Six days later, Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith officially surrendered the remaining Trans-Mississippi Army. The men of Walker's Texas Division and the Nineteenth as part of it had remained together with few exceptions from the contingent's inception in the fall of 1862 until the war's finale. In the end, the unit disbanded before the final surrender of Confederate forces in June 1865.



BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES & OTHER IMPORTANT DATES

Kara Jones - Jan 12th
 O. M. Adams - Jan 30th
 Rex and Carole McGee – Jan 1st
 Michael and Jamee Mars - Jan 8th
 Joe and Keesie Reynolds - Jan 21st



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SICKNESS & DISTRESS

December 11th - Anna Baker, of Forney, a Golden Rose and member of Emma Sansom Chapter, Order of the Confederate Rose was sent a Get Well Card. She has been in the hospital and is now in rehab for a few weeks.