

David's Dispatch

1st Lt. David Richard Reynolds Camp #2270
Sons of Confederate Veterans
Mount Pleasant, Texas



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WINNER OF THE TEXAS DIVISION BEST NEWSLETTER AWARD, 2017 & 2018
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support our family and community gives us, and I think most of all, just us growing older and the younger generation not caring!

A very good friend of mine said the one thing their camp has started is "Grandson Day", this is where each camp member bring a grandson, nephew, or other young man under the age of 18, At this meeting, the main focus is to explain the role of the CSA and why the war happened. "Remember, it is your duty to see that the True history is given to Future Generations".

UPCOMING EVENTS

NEXT MEETING

Monday, January 20th, 7:00 p.m.
Refreshments at 6:30 p.m.
Old Union Community Center
Hwy 67E, Mount Pleasant, Texas
Program – Rodney Love

COMMANDER'S CORNER

by Larry "Joe" Reynolds



I would like to first of all take this opportunity to wish each and every one of you a Happy New Year and may this coming year be one of your very best. I also hope that you all had a very Merry Christmas and that Santa brought you everything you asked for.

As we start our new year, I would like to ask you to make a habit of attending our camp meeting and inviting someone to come along with you. I am seeing an alarming drop in attendance across the state. Last year we lost some 600 members in the Texas Division and it's looking as if this year may be worse than that.

There are a number of reasons why we're having a bad time, the constant attacks on us, the lack of

DAVIDRREYNOLDS.ORG

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

- I've updated our Calendar of Events.
- I've updated our Events page to include all known events by the Camp and its members. Please let me know when you do anything for the SCV, this includes attending other camp meeting, public speaking, or even putting flags on graves.

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.



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*



A BLAST FROM THE PAST

*(Taken from the January 1920 Edition of the
Confederate Veteran - 100 Years Ago)*

CAPTURED A FEW YANKEES.

*[In a letter to a friend N. C. Fontaine, of Marrowbone,
Henry County, Va., gives an account of a big capture.
The letter was dated December, 18, 1888, and addressed
to J. W. Power, Riceville, Va.]*

Dear John:

Doubtless you have given out of ever hearing from me again in regard to my capturing those Yanks in the battle of the 19th near Strasburg, Va; but it has seemed that so many strange events have happened one upon the other so fast I fear. I will not be able to

remember every little incident that occurred. However, I will try to give you the main facts. On the night of the 19th of October, 1864, we were opposite Strasburg in camp on the south side of the Shenandoah close to the river. Our orderly sergeant, Dick Whitehead, came around for a special detail of three men to cross the river immediately in front of the enemy's fortifications above the ford from Front Royal to picket or act as sentinels. He selected William L. Lillie, Pat Boothe, and me. So early in the night the Sergeant crossed the river with us where there was no ford at all and placed each one of us on post and ordered us not to allow either friend or foe to go in or out of the lines ; that our cavalry would attack the enemy's picket post just before day, and our entire force, infantry and all, would charge the enemy's camp as they could get to it; and that when the firing became general we must fall in and join our regiment and charge with them.

The night was quite cold, for it was getting the time of year in that part of the country to be a little chilly in October, and I certainly thought it would be the longest night I ever spent. There we sat close to the enemy's works, could see the lights of their fires, also the sentinels walking their "beats." the guards relieving the different posts, and could hear them laugh and talk. They kept up a light until a late hour of the night, then everything was quiet, as still as death, except once in a while they would come relieving and placing guards. Soon I began to feel tired and sleepy, worn out for rest, sleep, and warmth. It was then really cold, it being nearly day, the coldest part of the night. I was just thinking it was time we were having other orders or time the firing had begun, one or the other, when I heard several guns fire in quick succession.

I heard Lillie's horse running down the river. I was up the river above him on the extreme left. I also started and went down the river a piece, then turned obliquely across the hill in front of me, where the enemy's fortifications were, aiming to go far enough to the right to flank the enemy's works, which commanded the ford that our troops were crossing at that time, and to keep far enough under the hill to

keep from attracting the enemy's fire. So, I made a mistake. I did not make my calculations exactly right and found myself within a few feet of the enemy's works, on their flank, and in their rear; so, I stopped awhile to look about me. I could see nothing but a large white horse grazing quietly away, as if there were no firing going on just below him. I then rode up to the horse to get a look at him—it was still dark—when I discovered a tall man advancing toward me. I presented my gun to him and ordered him to halt and surrender. He did neither, but kept sidling off toward the woods, and I advanced on him and ordered him to halt and surrender. He had now got to the edge of the woods and stepped behind a tree but kept his head to one side of the tree all the time, I suppose to watch me, and remarked that he "belonged to the 8th." "Eighth what?" says I. He replied: "Eighth Virginia." "Well," said I, "come out and let's talk about it." He acted suspiciously all the time. Just then I heard something behind me and to my left. It was two Yankees grinning with two bayonets almost touching my side. So instead of capturing the man I was after I was captured.

Our troops just then seemed to be making a fearful charge almost in our rear when heavy firing and yelling began. I was hurried off rapidly to a little ivy cliff facing the river, or gorge, on the main hill, very much like a big gully. I was then ordered to dismount and hand over my arms, which I did at once. Now, in the gorge there was a battalion of Yanks all huddled up. more like a gang of quail than anything else, holding their muskets. As well as I can remember, they told me it was the 12th New York Battalion of Artillery, but the artillery was gone—I saw nothing of it—and they were armed with muskets. The battalion numbered three hundred, so one of the captains told me afterwards.

One of the captains began to question me. First, he said: "Who is in command of your men?" I replied: "General Early." He said: "You are a damned liar; you know very well that Early was reinforced last night by General Longstreet." I saw he wanted to believe what he had said and thought it might do me some good, and I rather tried to encourage him in the

belief. I said that I was on the outpost all night and had a poor chance to find out who had reinforced us. But doubtless someone had. Of course, I did not believe anyone had. an Irishman said: "Early was early enough for us this morning, anyway." I then asked for a chew of tobacco. They gave me three narrow plugs of black sweet navy tobacco. The captains asked me many questions in regard to our army that I can't remember now. Very suddenly heavy firing began to our right and rear, and bullets began to cut twigs about us. They all squatted as if they were very uneasy, and no doubt they were, like all soldiers when the enemy gets in the rear. So, I chose this opportunity to make them a little more uneasy. I remarked to the captain nearest to me, and who had questioned me so closely, that I believed we would "all be butchered here in a pile." "Why?" he said. "Well," said I. "you know our soldiers never throw out videttes in a fight of this kind. They go pell-mell and sweep everything before them when they charge a piece of woods, and they seem to be coming this way from the way the bullets are cutting around us, and they will be sure to fire upon us as soon as they see us." A private remarked that it was "a fact that the Rebs hardly ever threw out videttes anyway." Just at this time several guns fired close to us, bullets whizzed through the ivy above us, and beyond a doubt they were very much excited and uneasy. So, one of the captains asked me if I thought I could carry them out without being fired on. I said I thought I could. "Then do so." said he. I replied that I would "run over the hill and see the colonel or some of the regiment and make arrangements as quickly as possible." I told him our regiment was at the ford, where our forces crossed early in the morning, and we were held as a reserve. Some objected to the plan and said they believed they could go down the river and get away, especially the color bearer. He was the tall man whom I tried to capture that morning and I believe the most determined man in the command. The captain then asked me if I wanted any one to go with me. I told him I did not. The tall man, or color bearer, said he would go along and look around to see what he could see. I made no particular objection, but I did not want him, for I knew there was nothing

at the ford except Company 2, which might be in great disorder, and might encourage the color bearer to get his men to charge down on them and make their escape, which they could easily have done had he known of the situation ; but. fortunately, when we got up on the hill, we met Mr. Boguc Pritchett. of the 5th Virginia Cavalry, and the squad at the ford made a very good show. There was a lot of prisoners with them. The same white horse that I had seen that morning before light had attracted Mr. Pritchett. and he was trying to catch him when I spoke to him. Mr. Pritchett did not know me at that time, but I knew him. The first thing I said to him was: "Is not your name Pritchett?" "Yes." he replied. "Is this your horse?" "No," said I. "It is yours if you want him." He looked a little surprised, and I believe he took me for a Yankee, as I had a "Fed" standing by me, and I had on a blue overcoat. He then asked me who I was. I told him my name was Fontaine, of Company G, 6th Virginia Cavalry. I then asked him please to go down to the ford and tell the colonel not to allow his men to fire on us. that there were a lot of Federals over the hill, and they had agreed to surrender if I would take them down to the ford.

Mr. Pritchett took in the situation at once and acted promptly and wisely. Of course, there was no colonel, but he sent a soldier (a private) back by the name of Richards and said to come ahead, that everything was all right. So, we ordered the Federals to form a line and stack arms, which they did nicely and promptly. A few minutes before they stacked arms the captain who had questioned me so closely ordered a private to bring back my little mare (Grace) and deliver her. with my arms, back to me. We then marched off down the hill.

Mr. Richards and I, in charge, delivered them to a Major Miller, who was a quartermaster of Cox's North Carolina Brigade. When they got near enough to see only a few scattering cavalry, and most of them Company 2 and three or four ambulances, they began to laugh and joke. I heard several say, "Weren't we badly sold?" and "We could have taken in you fellows so easily had we known this." Then one of the captains, a handsome, gentlemanly fellow, came

up to me and slapped me on the leg and said: "You took us in completely, and here is my belt. I want you to have it." It was a beautiful belt, but the saber was gone, and I did not ask him what became of it. When I went into camp my friend Robb Farley, a messmate, said he was bound to have the belt and insisted so much that I gave it up to him, and he has it yet, I suppose.

There were perhaps forty or fifty prisoners that would not surrender at the time the others did. When the captain proposed to surrender to me, they said they would take chances and at once darted down the hill toward the river above the ford.

Just before starting to the ford the captain who gave me his belt told me his name and also gave me a note to Captain Welch, of my regiment. He said he dreaded Libby Prison' and that, as he took Captain Welch from Point Lookout Prison in a skiff at night and released him, he hoped Captain Welch would remember him while in prison. I think he sail' he was a cousin to Welch.

So, I left them in Major Miller's charge and started out for my regiment. I went as far as Middletown, or the first town north of Strasburg. There I found General Early and staff. The General was spying the enemy with a field glass, and they were advancing with a large force. It was the 6th United States Corps, so I was told. Our men were scattered all over the battlefield plundering, some with piles of new United States blankets and everything else they could get. The field to our left and also our rear was thickly covered with the dead and wounded. The officers were doing their utmost to form our men into line, but never succeeded in getting a great many. So the enemy advanced, yelling terribly as they came, forcing our army back until we reached Strasburg. And the glorious victory so brilliantly won that morning was lost by dark the same day.

You know the result. You were there yourself, as well as I.



LAST CAMP MEETING

Considering the Holidays, I feel that our last meeting was well attended. Commander Reynolds informed the camp that he has received approval from the Texas Highway Department to designate 2 miles of Highway 67, from the City Limit sign, to just east of the Community Center, as Adopted by the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Camp #2270.



Compatriot Lester receives the Viet Nam Era Service Award from Camp Commander Joe Reynolds

I would like for the Awards Committee, Kid Tillery, Bill Guy, Rex McGee and Joe Reynolds to meet at 6:00 to discuss the upcoming awards for 2020.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CONFEDERATE CHAPLAIN.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLV, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

It was my custom during the siege of Atlanta to take a couple of hours about midday, when there was a lull in the firing, to go back to the field infirmary, where our wounded were cared for and sent to the hospitals in the country south of us. I looked after our wounded, took note of their condition and of the

hospital to which they were sent, wrote letters for them, and provided such little conveniences as they might need. We had at the infirmary a little Irishman named Billy, who was about five feet tall, with shoulders three feet across and arms and legs like solid posts of oak. He was the best and kindest nurse I ever saw, and there is no telling how many lives he saved. Billy always saved dinner for the parson and went with me on my rounds. He had one weakness. He wouldn't take a drop from the medical supplies, but sometimes he would get a brand of stuff we called pinetop whisky and would become not drunk, but very talkative and effusive in his kindness.

One day we had a little "scrimmage," as Billy called it, in which half a dozen or more were wounded. We captured some prisoners, among them a boy eighteen years old, a handsome youth, whose leg was shattered. He was the son of a widow from Oswego. N. Y. As he lay along with our wounded men, awaiting his turn on the operating table. I gave him some morphine to relieve his pain and asked him if I could do anything for him. He said he wished above all things that his mother might know of his condition. At that time we could send letters by flag of truce through the lines. So, I wrote to his mother and gave her the address of the hospital to which he would be taken, and I wrote for him careful directions how he could send letters from the hospital. He had no money, so I gave him some Confederate notes; but he would need some United States currency to pay postage on his letters home. Nearly all of our boys had some Yankee shinplasters of ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents which they had secured in surreptitious trading with the Federal soldiers between the lines; so I explained the situation and asked that any of them who had as much as a dollar in these bills to let me have them for this Yankee boy. At once every one of those wounded boys drew out his treasure and gave to me freely what I needed.

Billy was in a joyful mood that day and was deeply touched by the Christian spirit shown. and he had to express himself.

"Parson, that Baptis' Church is a grand old Cluirch. It has made me all I am," he said.

"Yes, Billy, it is a grand Church."

He went on: "Parson, you are a Baptist'?"

"No, Billy, I am a Presbyterian."

Without a moment's delay he spoke: "Well, as I was sayin', that grand old Prisybarrian Church has made me all I am."

The men by this time were much amused. I said: "Why, Billy, you said you were a Baptist."

He was indignant. "Did I say Baptist? Did I say Baptist? I meant Prisybarrian, the grandest Church in the wurrold. To the divil wid the Baptis'."

But Billy never let ecclesiastical or political prejudice interfere with his ministrations. When a man was wounded, be he Baptist, Methodist or Presbyterian, Catholic or Protestant, Confederate or Federal. Billy was ever to the fore to help him.

I took leave of the Yankee boy, and I never heard of him again. His leg was amputated, and the probability is that he died in the hospital. I lost my record of his name, and he may be sleeping in some nameless grave in the South. Such is the tragedy of war.

A conversation which I heard on one of these daily visits may be of interest to others, as it was to me. Nearly every day the infantry was visited by some of the higher officers of our army to look after their wounded. One day about the end of July or the first of August half a dozen or more generals and colonels were gathered there, and they were earnestly discussing the removal of Gen. Joe Johnston. Of course, I had no part in the conversation, but I listened with eager eyes, for I was devoted to "Old Joe," and I took notes in a diary, now lost. General Loring, who was major general commanding a division, was the chief speaker. He said with great emphasis: "Gentlemen, I say what I know. In the light of what has happened. I am sure that if General Johnston had been left in command ten days longer he would have destroyed General Sherman's army."

He then went on to explain in terms that I did not fully understand. The idea was that if battle had been delivered a day earlier Sherman's divided army would have been defeated and would have had to retreat to Chattanooga, over one hundred miles. The battle that General Loring had in mind was the first attack made by General Hood on the 20th of July, two days after Johnston's removal; and his idea was that the delay of one day was fatal to us, as it gave General Sherman time to concentrate his army.

On that day I had one of the saddest experiences of a chaplain's life. Our brigade was not heavily engaged, and our losses were comparatively light; but we suffered in the loss of one of our noblest officers. Colonel White, of the 53d Tennessee. Whether he was killed or wounded I never knew, and I believe none of his family ever found out his fate. If he was captured, he died in prison: but it was possible for him to have been killed and his body never found. It was partly in thick woods that our brigade was engaged, and I found it impossible to keep track of them. After our repulse I had with me one of our litter bearers, and we found some of our men not serious hurt who went on to that command. We found the body of one of our regiment lying in a little country road near a deserted cabin I did not know the location of any of the troops and felt that if we tried to carry the body to our own lines we were just as likely to run into the lines of the enemy, so we determined to bury him where he was killed. We found an old ax at the cabin, and with that and a board for a shovel we scooped out a grave two or three feet deep, rolled him in his blanket, and laid him in the grave. We placed some limbs with thick leaves on his body and covered him over with earth. Then I read the burial service and offered a prayer, and I carved his name on the trunk of a tree at the head of the grave. We left him there, hoping to come back and remove him; but in the pressure of daily battles I never could go again to the place, which was between the opposing lines.

One more experience, to give an idea of the activities of a chaplain's life. On the 28th of July, iiS64, we attacked General Sherman on the Powder Springs or Lickskillet road. The battle is known as that of Ezra Church. We were repulsed with heavy loss. Our

brigade went in with nine hundred men. and we lost in two hours over five hundred. The captain of my company, D, Capt. Robert L. Dunlap, was killed. He was a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher and a man of the coolest courage I ever saw. I went to get his body, but the firing was so hot that the litter bearers could not do more than care for the wounded. I had to be content to get his sword and sash and some letters and other papers from his person. I had to walk across an open field to reach his body, and the bullets were flying thick across it, with frequent whiffs of grape and canister. A brigade which had been repulsed lay behind some rail piles on the edge of the field. As I went forward to my comrade's body I ran, but when I started back it wouldn't do for the preacher to run with all those eyes fixed on him, so I walked to the rail pile and stepped over. But if I were to say I was not scared I would lie, for I would have given a hundred dollars not to run but to fly across that field.

When night came, after we had gotten all our wounded back to the field infirmary, I took my litter bearers and went over the field gathering the dead for burial. It was Thursday night after midnight before I got them all gathered, and they were buried the next day. I was very busy all day Friday helping to care for our wounded, and it was night before I could get time to bury Captain Dunlap and Lieut. Ashton Johnson, of General Quarles's staff, for I wished to put their bodies where they could be found and removed after the war. I got about a dozen men, and, placing the bodies on stretchers, we carried them to a large brick house in the edge of Atlanta, and the owner, a Mr. Kennedy, gave me permission to bury them in his garden. He loaned me some tools, and we dug one large grave for both bodies. While we were at work by the light of pine torches I noticed in the yard the tents of a general's headquarters. It was quite late, and the general and his staff were getting ready to retire. Just as we finished the grave a messenger came from the general to inquire at what hour we would have the funeral. I told him that we had brought the bodies with us and who they were. He immediately had all of his attendants to dress and come with him to the grave, and there at midnight I held a funeral service—reading the Scriptures, prayer, a hymn, and a brief address. The general and

his staff, standing by the grave, took part in the singing and in every way showed respect for the dead and reverence for religion. That officer was Maj. Gen. William B. Bate, of Tennessee, and there began a friendship between a general and a private that lasted until the high officer was laid to rest after many years of honorable service to his State and the nation.

I might go on indefinitely with these recollections. To me they are sadly interesting, but I cannot hope that they will be so interesting to others, now taken up in the strenuous endeavor of present-day activities. I tell them that the younger people may learn that a Confederate chaplain's life was no sinecure^ My work was not exceptional. I remember with tender affection the noble band of chaplains whom I knew — grand old John B. McFerrin, patriarch of us all, S. M. Cherry, DeWitt, Girardeau, Flynn, Bryson, Bennett — a goodly fellowship in which denominational names were forgotten, most of them now in heaven.



CONFEDERATE HEROES DAY

Confederate Heroes Day is a Texas State Holiday created by Chapter 221, Senate Bill 60, of the 63rd Texas Legislature. Approved June 1, 1973 and Effective August 27, 1973, this bill deleted June 3rd as a holiday for Jefferson Davis' birthday and combined it with Robert E. Lee's Birthday, January 19th. It is the last holiday in the State of Texas dedicated to Confederate Veterans. We as "Sons of Confederate Veterans" are dedicated to the preservation of this holiday, 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 we love also, and those ideals which made him glorious. We celebrate this day in remembrance of those gallant individuals who bravely defended their families and their homeland in the war for southern independence.

It is a day, as a Guardian, that we place a Confederate Flag on our Heroes Grave.



BATTLES FOUGHT DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY



Battle of Arkansas Post or Fort Hindman - Fort Hindman Arkansas

11 January 1863 - General Thomas J. Churchill verses General John A. McClernand. Casualties: 4564 Confederate, 1061 Union!

Battle of Fort Fisher - Fort Fisher North Carolina

13-15 January 1865 - General William H.C. Whiting verses General Alfred H. Terry. Casualties: 1400 Confederates, 5962 Union!

Battle of Mill Springs - Mill Springs Kentucky

19 January 1862 - George B. Crittenden verses General George H. Thomas. Casualties: 314 Confederate, 246 Union!



GUARDIAN NEWS

by Past Commander Rex McGee

As each year winds down, one can take stock of the many blessings of life. This year I have been blessed with my first great grand son and my third grandson. On the first day of January my wife and I celebrate our thirty-eighth wedding anniversary.

I want to ask each of you to think about your blessings and then think about your ancestors at the dawn of 1865 who had just suffered through an unimaginable four years of a horrific war. They must have had many questions in their minds about the coming year and years. They suffered through a terrible defeat of their armies, destruction of their country, yet they kept their faith strong and began a period over the next generation that was not much better than the war itself in many instances. Love of their families, faith in God, respect for their slain heroes, hard work and perseverance carried them through these sorrowful years while they created a new beginning for themselves and the South. Through those years many traditions were started that carry on until today. One of the strongest traditions is the reverence they give to their fallen heroes by carefully caring for the final resting places of their fallen heroes. Our Guardian program helps us honor that tradition and ensures that the final resting places of our revered dead will not be lost to history.



ILT David R. Reynolds SCV Guardian Report as of 12/31/2019

249 graves, 13 Compatriot Guardians, & 31 Cemeteries in 4 counties.

As usual, I'll leave you with the question that Phil Davis, Upshur Patriots CDR and Chairman of both the National and Texas Division Guardian Program always asks,

“Are you a Guardian? If not, why
not?”



BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES & OTHER IMPORTANT DATES

- January 9th** – Gaston Reynolds
January 30th – O.M. Adams
January 10th – Kathy Lester
January 10th – Jeanette Merka
January 1st – Rex & Carole McGee
January 8th – Michael & Jamee Mars
January 11th – Tim & Thyresa Fletcher
January 21st – Joe & Keesie Reynolds
January 8th – This day in 1821 General James Longstreet was born.
January 9th – This day in 1861 Mississippi secedes from the union.
January 10th – This day in 1861 Florida secedes from the union.
January 11th – This day in 1861 Alabama secedes from the union.
January 19th – This day 1807 General Robert E. Lee was born in Stratford, Virginia.
January (3rd Monday) – This day is confederate Heroes Day.
January 21st – This day in 1824 General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson was born in West Virginia.
January 26th – This day in 1861 Louisiana secedes from the union.
January 28th – This day in 1825 General George Pickett was born



Our Honored Ancestors

Andrew Barney Cook

A. B. Cook came to Texas in 1856 (sic) and settled on 160 acres of land given to him about halfway between Omaha and Springhill, in Morris County [formed from Titus in 1875], where Lou and Lizzie were born. They lived in a log cabin about 100 yards

north of the road and was pointed out to me on my only trip to Springhill Primitive Baptist Church. He would close his store at Cookville on one Saturday each month so he and his wife could attend services there...Sarah and two children lived there throughout the Civil War in which he served. At Oakland, Mississippi he received a spent rifle ball in his shoulder, but afterwards engaged in several battles, such as Franklin, Tennessee and Pilot Point, Georgia, Murfreesboro, Nashville, Vicksburg, etc., and was twice captured and held prisoner at Franklin, Tennessee and Pilot Point, Georgia 8 ½ months. One or two of his brothers were flag bearers and as their mounts were shot down, he grabbed the flag and carried it to victory. That is probably what gave him the title of Major. After the war was over, he made one or two crops and then moved to Clay Hill. He had a shack for a store in the corner of the yard – about 8 by 12 feet. Later he had a larger building almost adjoining the home on the West side, and later built a larger building on a corner of the business district layed (sic) out facing the railroad which came about 1879. He had a well-assorted stock of goods – dry goods and groceries, boots and shoes, clothing, some drugs, especially Smith’s Bile Beans, Groves’ Chill Tonic, Calomel and quinine, name it and take it; and a large room added to back of store containing flour and salt by carload, bagging and ties, John Deere and Kelly stocks and plow points, sweeps, saddles, plow lines, single or double trees, etc. After thirty years in this business, he sold out about 1895 and retired. He had a quiet disposition, was charitable in giving ground for churches and schools, or anything else for the good of the community; kept his business and politics to himself. Two of his famous sayings were “Honesty is the best policy” and “Doing well is hard to beat”. His first residence was about 100 feet South of the “big road”, as it was called, now Highway 67 in almost exactly the same place, as it passes that particular spot. As the family grew, he built side rooms until about 1880 he built a 7-room house with 2 stack chimneys to the South and in line with his store, facing the railroad. That house burned down not long afterward – in August...

Camp Leadership

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Opinions expressed by individual writers are their own and do not necessarily reflect official positions of the 1st Lt. David Richard Reynolds Camp #2270. Letters and articles may be submitted to: Joe.Reynolds@davidreynolds.org (Cutoff for articles is 20th of the month)