



David's Dispatch

1ST LT. DAVID RICHARD REYNOLDS
HEADQUARTERS CHAPTER #1
SOCIETY OF CONFEDERATE DESCENDANTS



Vol. 2 No. 4

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PRESIDENT'S CORNER

by Larry "Joe" Reynolds



Greetings Compatriots,

Spring is here and the weather is starting to warm up, we should also be starting to warm up! No, actually we should get HOT, with recruiting and honoring our beloved ancestors.

Compatriots, we are falling way short of our duties of recruiting and maintaining a viable Society. During this year, actually during the last four months, we have only recruited two new members. At the same time, we have had Nine (9) members who did not renew their dues for this year. This leave our Society with a total of 24 Active Members.

Let's talk about this at our next Zoom Meeting on the 13th of April!

Joe Reynolds
President General

UPCOMING EVENTS NEXT MEETING

Monday, April 13th, 7:00 p.m.
Zoom Meeting

Battle for Jefferson

Saturday, May 2nd, 2026, 10:00 a.m.
Pilgrimage Parade and Town Scrimmage
Jefferson, Texas

Our Mission

To fulfill the Charged handed down to us and to perpetuate the legacy of our ancestors by proudly preserving our heritage and faithfully promoting goodwill In our community.

Our Vision

We dare to envision a culture that values its history and honors those who helped make it.

TRIVIAL PURSUIT OR - DID YOU KNOW THIS?

Comment: We all sit around from time to time and discuss events, people, and places related to the War of Northern Aggression. But check out how many of these you knew before today. I hope you enjoy this edition. The Editor.

(Answers on Page 9)

1. What novel "torpedoes" did CSA defenders use at Haines Bluff on the Mississippi River?
2. How were models of cannon identified?
3. Lacking sufficient cannon, southern defenders often had to use what simulated weapons?

BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES & OTHER IMPORTANT DATES

Apr 04..... Tonya Marie Campbell
Apr 06..... Ryan James Springer
Apr 07..... Glenn Ervin Carroll
Apr 29..... Linda Lee Lance
Apr 24..... David & Eve Holder
April – Confederate History Month - Texas.
April 9th – This day in 1865 Lee surrenders at Appomattox Court House, Virginia.
April 12th – This day in 1861 The war Between the States begins.
April 26th – Confederate Memorial Day for Georgia and Florida.
April (4th Monday) – Confederate Memorial Day for Alabama, and Mississippi.



BATTLES FOUGHT DURING THE MONTH OF APRIL



Battle of Five Forks - Five Forks Virginia

1 April 1865 - General George E. Pickett verses General Philip H. Sheridan. Casualties: 5200 Confederate, 884 Union!

Final Assault on Petersburg - Petersburg Virginia

2 April 1865 - General Robert E. Lee verses General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: {Unknown} Confederates, 4140 Union!

Battle of Shiloh - Shiloh Tennessee

6-7 April 1862 - General Albert Sidney Johnston, General P.G.T. Beauregard verses General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: 10,694 Confederate, 13,047 Union!

Battle of Sabine Cross Roads - Sabine Cross Road Louisiana

8 April 1865 - General Richard Taylor verses General Nathaniel P. Banks. Casualties: 1000 Confederate, 2900 Union!

Battle of Pleasant Hill - Pleasant Hill Louisiana

9 April 1864 - General Richard Taylor verses General Nathaniel P. Banks. Casualties: 1500 Confederate, 1369 Union!

McLean House - Appomattox Courthouse - Appomattox Courthouse Virginia

9 April 1865 - Overwhelming firepower and numbers forced General Robert E. Lee left little choice but to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia to General Ulysses S. Grant, thus ending the Confederacy's chance of winning the War for Confederate States Independence. We today have the opportunity, if we dare to roll back that surrender, and reverse the results of that horrible war. And that by the Yankee Empire's own hand!

Battle of Fort Sumter - Fort Sumter South Carolina

12-14 April 1861 - General P.G.T. Beauregard verses Major Robert Anderson. Casualties: 0 Confederate, 3 Union!

Battle of Fort Pillow - Fort Pillow Tennessee

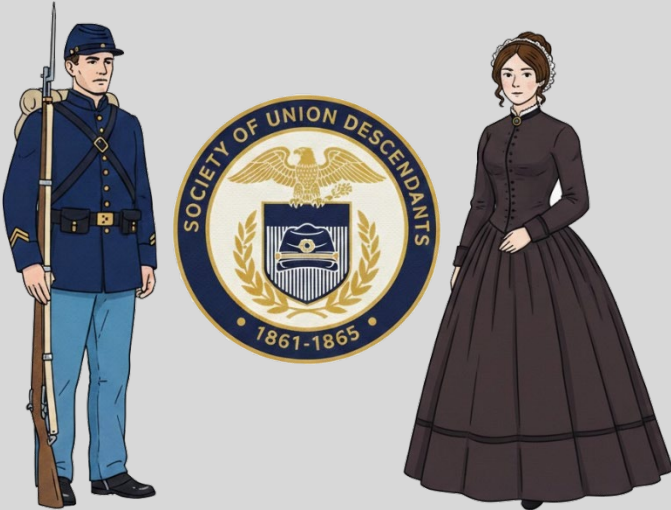
12 April 1864 - General James R. Chalmers, General Nathan B. Forrest. Casualties: 100 Confederate, 351 Union!

Battle of Jenkins Ferry - Jenkins Ferry Arkansas

30 April 1864 - General Edmund Kirby Smith verses General Frederick Steele. Casualties: 443 Confederate, 528 Union!

WANTED:

Men, Women and Children who want to honor their Union ancestors of the Civil War!



[Click Here](#)

for to be directed to their website and information on joining.

WAR HORSE



He stands without moving
 Head lowered.
 Muscles tight. Eyes carrying a weight no living thing should ever have to hold.
 This is not just a horse.
 This is memory standing still.
 Memory of those who never chose war, yet were dragged into it by human hands.
 They pulled cannons

through mud and blood.
 They carried wounded soldiers, broken bodies, and fear heavier than steel.
 They kept walking long after strength was gone, until the road finally took everything they had left.

They were never asked.
 They were never thanked.
 They were never meant to understand why the noise never stopped.
 They had no voice,
 Yet their suffering echoed louder than gunfire.
 No medals. No graves with names.
 Only silence and soil.
 This bowed head is not surrender.
 It is exhaustion beyond words.
 Pain that does not cry out.
 Loyalty that does not die, even when the body does.
 Stand beside him for a moment.
 Do not rush. Do not scroll.
 Listen closely.
 You will not hear silence.
 You will hear hoofbeats fading into history.
 Breathing slowed by dust and smoke.
 A heart that remembers every road, every burden, every soul that never came home.
 This horse remembers them all.
 So, we must too.

GUARDIAN PROGRAM



The following chart indicates the Compatriot, the Cemetery & the number of graves current compatriots have been approved for under the Guardian program.

Name of Compatriot	Name of Cemetery	Approved Graves
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Joe Reynolds	Concord, Omaha, TX	2
Bill Wixcoxson	Greenwood, Canon, CO	2
TOTAL		4

“The Southern Confederacy will not employ our ships or buy our goods. What is our shipping without it? Literally nothing... it is very clear that the South gains by this process and we lose. No...we must not let the South go”.

Union Democrat Manchester, New Hampshire. 19 February 1861

Our Honored Ancestors

T. J. “STONEWALL” JACKSON GENERAL, CSA

(Continued from Last Month)

When Lee decided to invade the North in the Maryland Campaign, Jackson took Harpers Ferry, then hastened to join the rest of the army at Sharpsburg, Maryland, where they fought McClellan in the Battle of Antietam (Sharpsburg). Antietam was primarily a defensive battle against superior odds, although McClellan failed to exploit his advantage. Jackson's men bore the brunt of the initial attacks on the northern end of the battlefield and, at the end of the day, successfully resisted a breakthrough on the southern end when Jackson's subordinate, Maj. Gen. A. P. Hill, arrived at the last minute from Harpers Ferry. The Confederate forces held their position, but the battle was extremely bloody for both sides, and Lee withdrew the Army of Northern Virginia back across the Potomac River, ending the invasion. Jackson was promoted to lieutenant general, being ranked just behind Lee and Longstreet. On October 10 his command was re-designated the Second Corps.

Before the armies camped for winter, Jackson's Second Corps held off a strong Union assault against the right flank of the Confederate line at the Battle of

Fredericksburg, in what became a Confederate victory. Just before the battle, Jackson was delighted to receive a letter about the birth of his daughter, Julia Laura Jackson, on November 23. Also before the battle, Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Lee's dashing and well-dressed cavalry commander, presented to Jackson a fine general's frock coat that he had ordered from one of the best tailors in Richmond. Jackson's previous coat was threadbare and colorless from exposure to the elements, its buttons removed by admiring ladies. Jackson asked his staff to thank Stuart, saying that although the coat was too handsome for him, he would cherish it as a souvenir. His staff insisted that he wear it to dinner, which caused scores of soldiers to rush to see him in uncharacteristic garb. So embarrassed was Jackson with the attention that he did not wear the new uniform for months.

At the Battle of Chancellorsville, the Army of Northern Virginia was faced with a serious threat by the Army of the Potomac and its new commanding general, Major General Joseph Hooker. General Lee decided to employ a risky tactic to take the initiative and offensive away from Hooker's new southern thrust – he decided to divide his forces. Jackson and his entire corps went on an aggressive flanking maneuver to the right of the Union lines: this flanking movement would be one of the most successful and dramatic of the war. While riding with his infantry in a wide berth well south and west of the Federal line of battle, Jackson employed Maj. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry to provide for better reconnaissance regarding the exact location of the Union right and rear. The results were far better than even Jackson could have hoped. Fitzhugh Lee found the entire right side of the Federal lines in the middle of open field, guarded merely by two guns that faced westward, as well as the supplies and rear encampments. The men were eating and playing games in carefree fashion, completely unaware that an entire Confederate corps was less than a mile away. What happened next is given in Fitzhugh Lee's own words:

So impressed was I with my discovery, that I rode rapidly back to the point on the Plank road where I had left my cavalry, and back down the road Jackson was moving, until I met "Stonewall" himself. "General," said I, "if you will ride with me, halting your column here, out of sight, I will show you the enemy's right, and you will perceive the great advantage of attacking down the Old turnpike instead of the Plank road, the enemy's lines being taken in reverse. Bring only one courier, as you will be in view from the top of the hill." Jackson assented, and I rapidly conducted him to the point of observation. There had been no change in the picture.

I only knew Jackson slightly. I watched him closely as he gazed upon Howard's troops. It was then about 2 P.M. His eyes burned with a brilliant glow, lighting up a sad face. His expression was one of intense interest, his face was colored slightly with the paint of approaching battle, and radiant at the success of his flank movement. To the remarks made to him while the unconscious line of blue was pointed out, he did not reply once during the five minutes he was on the hill, and yet his lips were moving. From what I have read and heard of Jackson since that day, I know now what he was doing then. Oh! "beware of rashness," General Hooker. Stonewall Jackson is praying in full view and in rear of your right flank! While talking to the Great God of Battles, how could he hear what a poor cavalryman was saying. "Tell General Rodes," said he, suddenly whirling his horse towards the courier, "to move across the Old plank road; halt when he gets to the Old turnpike, and I will join him there." One more look upon the Federal lines, and then he rode rapidly down the hill, his arms flapping to the motion of his horse, over whose head it seemed, good rider as he was, he would certainly go. I expected to be told I had made a valuable personal reconnaissance – saving the lives of many soldiers, and that Jackson was indebted to me to that amount at least. Perhaps I might have been a little chagrined at Jackson's silence, and hence commented inwardly and adversely upon his

horsemanship. Alas! I had looked upon him for the last time.

— Fitzhugh Lee, address to the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, 1879

Jackson immediately returned to his corps and arranged his divisions into a line of battle to charge directly into the oblivious Federal right. The Confederates marched silently until they were merely several hundred feet from the Union position, then released a bloodthirsty cry and full charge. Many of the Federals were captured without a shot fired, the rest were driven into a full rout. Jackson pursued relentlessly back toward the center of the Federal line until dusk.

Darkness ended the assault. As Jackson and his staff were returning to camp on May 2, they were mistaken for a Union cavalry force by the 18th North Carolina Infantry regiment who shouted, "Halt, who goes there?", but fired before evaluating the reply. Frantic shouts by Jackson's staff identifying the party were replied to by Major John D. Barry with the retort, "It's a damned Yankee trick! Fire!" A second volley was fired in response; in all, Jackson was hit by three bullets, two in the left arm and one in the right hand. Several other men in his staff were killed, in addition to many horses. Darkness and confusion prevented Jackson from getting immediate care. He was dropped from his stretcher while being evacuated because of incoming artillery rounds. Because of his injuries, Jackson's left arm had to be amputated by Dr. Hunter McGuire. Jackson was moved to Thomas C. Chandler's 740 acres (3.0 km²) plantation named Fairfield. He was offered Chandler's home for recovery, but Jackson refused and suggested using Chandler's plantation office building instead. He was thought to be out of harm's way; but unknown to the doctors, he already had classic symptoms of pneumonia, complaining of a sore chest. This soreness was mistakenly thought to be the result of his rough handling in the battlefield evacuation.

Lee wrote to Jackson after learning of his injuries, stating "Could I have directed events, I would have

chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead." [45] Jackson died of complications from pneumonia on May 10, 1863. On his death bed, though he became weaker, he remained spiritually strong, saying towards the end "It is the Lord's Day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday." Dr. McGuire wrote an account of his final hours and his last words:

A few moments before he died he cried out in his delirium, "Order A.P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front rapidly! Tell Major Hawks"—then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said quietly, and with an expression, as if of relief, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees.

His body was moved to the Governor's Mansion in Richmond for the public to mourn, and he was then moved to be buried in the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Cemetery, Lexington, Virginia. However, the arm that was amputated on May 2 was buried separately by Jackson's chaplain, at the J. Horace Lacy house, "Ellwood", in the Wilderness of Orange County, near the field hospital.

Upon hearing of Jackson's death, Robert E. Lee mourned the loss of both a friend and a trusted commander. As Jackson lay dying, Lee sent a message through Chaplain Lacy, saying "Give General Jackson my affectionate regards, and say to him: he has lost his left arm but I my right." The night Lee learned of Jackson's death, he told his cook, "William, I have lost my right arm" and "I'm bleeding at the heart."

Harper's Weekly reported Jackson's death on May 23, 1863, as follows:

DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

General "Stonewall" Jackson was badly wounded in the arm at the battles of Chancellorsville, and had his arm amputated. The operation did not succeed, and pneumonia setting in, he died on the 10th inst., near Richmond, Virginia.



UNIT SPOTLIGHT

THIRTY-THIRD TEXAS CAVALRY

The origins of the Thirty-third Texas Cavalry began when James Duff organized the Fourteenth Texas Cavalry Battalion. Duff, an immigrant from Scotland, established a merchant business in San Antonio in 1856. In the summer of 1862, the Texas government ordered his Fourteenth Texas Cavalry Battalion to the Hill Country to break up the Union Loyal League, organized by German immigrants, and enforce the oath of allegiance. Fearing punishment, many Germans fled Texas for safety in Mexico and the North. Their flight out of the state led to one of the deadliest events in German Texan history. A number of members of the Union Loyal League, led by Maj. Fritz Tegener, were among the many Germans attempting to escape to Mexico. Confederate Texans, led by Duff, received news of their departure and attempted to stop their flight. The Texans intercepted the Germans on the west bank of the Nueces River twenty miles from Fort Clark, on August 10, 1862, at what was to become known as the battle of the Nueces. In the skirmish, the Fourteenth Texas Cavalry Battalion attacked and killed the majority of the fleeing immigrants.

After the battle of the Nueces, the Fourteenth Texas Cavalry Battalion expanded to the Thirty-third Texas Cavalry Regiment with the introduction of several Tejano companies raised by Santos Benavides, a successful merchant, rancher, and former mayor of Laredo. The newly-organized regiment patrolled the Rio Grande and defended against raiding bandits and Unionists from Mexico. By November 1863 Benavidez received permission to organize a new contingent, Benavides's Regiment, and he was promoted from major to colonel. After the departure of Benavides, the Thirty-third was spread across

South and Central Texas with Duff and five companies stationed at Corpus Christi, one company camped at San Antonio, and the balance patrolling the lower Rio Grande. In April 1864 the regiment was removed to Bonham in North Texas because of supply shortages. By summer, the Thirty-third joined Sam Bell Maxey's command. As Gano's Brigade returned to Texas after their raid into the Indian Territory that resulted in the Second Battle of Cabin Creek, General Maxey attached Colonel Duff's Thirty-third Texas Cavalry to the brigade. These men, being fresh and rested, escorted Federal prisoners captured during the raid to Camp Ford in Tyler, Texas. As the war ended, the Thirty-third received a transfer to William P. Hardeman's Brigade and finally disbanded in May 1865.

James DeSalva
Charlene Heeter

The minutes of the February meeting were emailed to all members one week prior to the meeting. There was a motion by Cletis Milsap and a Second by Carter Campbell that the minutes be approved as received, and the motion passed unanimously.

The Treasurer Report was read with the following noted: For the month of February 2026, we started the month with a balance of \$422.59, we had \$600.00 income, which was Life Membership Application from Michael Anthony Birrenbach-Lytle. The only expenses were \$1.90 for postage in mailing his Certificates and Membership Card. This left a balance of \$1020.66.

The only Old Business was the possible name change to National Society of Civil War Descendants; this motion was voted on and disapproved. Society will remain the Society of Confederate Descendants.

Under New Business we discussed the following:

- Initiation and Obligation given to New Michael Anthony Birrenbach-Lytle.
- We discussed the formation of a new organization – Society of Union Descendants. Talked about supporting it in any way possible
- We discussed our Guardian Program.
- For tonight's Program, a short video called "What happened to the Confederacy's leaders after the Civil War?" was shown.

The Benediction was given by Chaplain General Eve Holder.

The Meeting was adjourned at 8:00.

CHAPTER MINUTES 03-09-2025

The meeting was called to order by President General Joe Reynolds at 7:05 pm.

Invocation was given by Chaplain General Eve Holder.

Pledges to the United States, Headquarters Chapter and Confederate Flag were led by President General Joe Reynolds.

President General Joe Reynolds presented the SCD's Mission and Vision Statement.

Present for the meeting were:

Members:

Larry Joe Reynolds, President General
Alvin Rex McGee, Secretary/Treasurer General
Cletis Milsap, Judge Advocate General
William Thomas Wilcoxson, Historian General
Benjamin Carter Campbell, Genealogist General
Glenn Carroll
Rene Hamilton
David Routh
Darlene Sams
Jola West

Guests

"His noble presence and gentle, kindly manner were sustained by religious faith and an exalted character."
Winston Churchill on the character of Robert E. Lee



THE NIGHT THE SOUTH BLED: A CONFEDERATE TESTAMENT TO FRANKLIN

November 30, 1864

Franklin was not simply a battle. It was the night the Army of Tennessee walked willingly into the jaws of death—and kept walking.

We came to that little Tennessee town under a bruised afternoon sky, our boots worn thin from the long march north, our uniforms patched and faded, our stomachs empty, but our resolve unshaken. We were fighting for homes now far behind us, for a land already scarred by war, for families who trusted us to keep the blue line from their doorsteps.

But when we reached the southern edge of Franklin on November 30, 1864, the enemy was already there—entrenched, fortified, and waiting behind thick earthworks stretching from riverbank to riverbank. Their backs were to the Harpeth; ours were to the long road of humiliation that began at Spring Hill the night before.

General John Bell Hood rode among us. His face was hard, but his eyes burned with something deeper—a mixture of fury, disappointment, and the grim determination of a man who believed fate itself had cheated him of victory. He would not be cheated again.

And so his order came down the line:
We would attack. Immediately. Across nearly two miles of open ground. Before sunset.

There was no time for debate.
No time for elaborate plans.
No time for anything but courage.

The Assault Begins

When the bugles sounded at 4 p.m., the Army of Tennessee—about 27,000 men—rose as one. It was one of the largest and most desperate frontal assaults of the entire war. The sun was sinking, staining the sky a deep orange as if warning of the blood it was about to witness.

Our lines stretched across the fields: Cheatham's corps, Stewart's corps, Forrest's cavalry on the flanks. Flags

snapped in the cold wind. Officers raised their swords. Drummers beat a steady cadence.

And we advanced.

The Federals held their fire until we were close enough to see the whites of their eyes. Then the world exploded.

Artillery tore through our ranks, flinging bodies into the air. Musket fire cracked like a thousand whips across the field. Smoke rolled over the ground so thick a man could not see the next file over.

But still we marched.

One Tennessean later wrote, "It was like walking into the mouth of Hell—and still we went forward."

Men fell by the dozens, yet the lines closed up and pushed on. No army of this war ever showed greater discipline, greater devotion, or greater heartbreak.

The Carter House Inferno

At the Federal center—near the humble Carter House—there was a small gap in the Union works where troops had been hastily shifted. Our boys saw it and surged forward with a roar.

In an instant, the Confederate tide broke into the Federal line, and Franklin became a furnace of close-quarters combat.

What happened there was not battle. It was a struggle for existence.

Bayonets clashed. Muskets swung as clubs. Men grappled in the darkening smoke with bare hands. Officers fired pistols inches from one another's faces. The air was thick with screams, curses, and prayers.

For a moment—just a moment—it seemed as though the day might be ours.

But Union reinforcements crashed in, and the breach became a slaughter pen. The ground around the Carter farm turned red and slick beneath the boots of friend and foe alike.

The Generals Who Fell

By nightfall, the carnage had reached a level unseen even in this cruel war.

Six Confederate generals lay dead or dying:

Patrick R. Cleburne, the “Stonewall of the West,” killed leading his division at the front, sword in hand.

Otho Strahl, shot repeatedly as he hurled rocks and debris at the enemy after exhausting his ammunition.

Hiram Granbury, struck down alongside Cleburne—their Texas and Arkansas troops shattered around them.

States Rights Gist,

John Adams, whose horse leapt the Union works before both were shot down.

John Carter, mortally wounded in the chaos.

No army on this continent ever lost so much leadership in so short a span.

The men around us—friends, brothers, comrades—fell by the thousands.

The ground drank their blood faster than the cold air could freeze it.

Nightfall and Despair

By 9 p.m., the gunfire had faded, replaced by the low moans of the wounded and the whispered names of those we could not find. Fires dotted the fields where stretcher-bearers searched for survivors. The Harpeth River glimmered like a dark ribbon beyond the shattered Union line.

Schofield slipped away in the night toward Nashville. But we were left with the dead. So many dead.

Franklin was not a defeat. It was a devastation, a breaking of the Army of Tennessee’s spirit so deep it was never again whole.

The Aftermath — and the Woman Who Remembered Us

In the long days that followed, the town of Franklin became a vast hospital. The Carter House, the Lotz House, and the McGavock plantation overflowed with mangled bodies and shattered lives.

And there—at Carnton, the home of the McGavock family—something extraordinary happened.

Carrie McGavock, a woman of uncommon strength and compassion, opened her doors to the suffering. She tore linens to make bandages. She comforted the dying. She saw more agony in one night than most see in a lifetime—yet she did not turn away.

When the war ended and the shallow battlefield graves began to fade into the earth, Carrie and her husband, John McGavock, took it upon themselves to gather our fallen and give them a permanent resting place.

Thus was born the McGavock Confederate Cemetery, now the final home of nearly 1,500 Confederate soldiers who died at Franklin.

Carrie McGavock tended to those graves for the rest of her life, becoming known across the South as the “Widow of the South.”

Because of her, the men who fell at Franklin did not fade into nameless oblivion.

Because of her, they lie in dignity.

Because of her, their memory lives.

(continued next month)

“They (the South) know that it is their import trade that draws from the people’s pockets sixty or seventy millions of dollars per annum, in the shape of duties, to be expended mainly in the North, and in the protection and encouragement of Northern interest. These are the reasons why these people do not wish the South to secede from the union”.

New Orleans Daily Crescent-1861

TRIVIAL PURSUIT ANSWERS!

1. Fused whiskey demijohns filled with powder.
 2. By the number of inches in their bore diameters or by the weight of projectiles thrown by them.
 3. Quaker guns (logs painted & positioned like cannon).
-

**1st Lt. David Richard Reynolds
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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 Headquarters Chapter #1. Letters and articles may be submitted to: Joe.Reynolds@davidrreynolds.org (Cutoff for articles is 20th of the month)

