

David's Dispatch

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



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WINNER OF THE BEST NEWSLETTER AWARD, TEXAS DIVISION, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, 2017
WINNER OF THE BEST NEWSLETTER AWARD, NATIONAL, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, 2017
WINNER OF THE BEST NEWSLETTER AWARD, TEXAS DIVISION, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, 2018

COMMANDER'S CORNER

by Alvin "Rex" McGee



The Division Reunion was held June 8-10 in the beautiful town of Nacogdoches, Texas which claims to be the "oldest town in Texas". The Reunion was held at the Historic Fredonia Hotel which was just reopened after extensive renovation. To cap off the visit I found Milam Masonic Lodge # 2, the oldest Masonic Lodge in the state still operating in its original location, located on the next block south of the Fredonia. This, in itself, made the trip worthwhile. The reunion itself was somewhat disappointing as I, as well as most others attending, are still searching for what was accomplished. We did enjoy a couple of days of visiting old friends, meeting new ones and good food. Hopefully, next year we can come back home saying that we actually accomplished something that will move the Sons of Confederate Veterans in a positive direction.

I called an executive meeting at mid-month and we evaluated some changes in our process of handling Camp business and made some needed updates to our by-laws to bring our rules and processes up to date as well as make the Camp business sessions more efficient. In addition, we charged various committees with specific actions and set them free to accomplish their goals. The Camp has a short, but illustrious history to live up to and I know we are equal to the task.

Our stated meeting gave us an opportunity to discuss desired changes with membership. After productive discussions and informational

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exchanges all requested changes were approved unanimously.

The Camp swore in a new member and passed out the Awards from the Division Reunion. There were numerous individual Awards and we received five Awards for the Camp.

I feel all the appropriate ground work has been laid and we are now ready to take on all tasks for the next two years. There are many issues facing the Sons of Confederate Veterans in the near future, but I feel, that with the membership we

currently have and are recruiting we will be able to achieve our goals and put our best foot forward in the community.

I want to publicly express my thanks for the leadership team and their willingness to pitch in and go to work.

Until next time,
Deo Vindice

UPCOMING EVENTS

NEXT MEETING

Monday, July 16th 7:00 p.m.
Refreshments at 6:30 p.m.
Old Union Community Center
Hwy 67E, Mount Pleasant, Texas

2018 NATIONAL REUNION

July 18th – 21st, 2016
Franklin Marriott Cool Springs
700 Cool Springs Blvd.
Franklin, TN 37067

See www.scv.org/new/reunion2018 for full details.

DAVIDRREYNOLDS.ORG

by Larry "Joe" Reynolds

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

- 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've updated our Calendar of Events.
- I've updated our Camp Roster to show our new enlistees.
- I've updated the Guardian page to include our latest Guardians.

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@davidrreynolds.org and I promise to give it my full consideration.

A WORD ABOUT INDEPENDENCE DAY IN THE CIVIL WAR

*From: the Emerging Civil War
By: Virginia R. Benson*

As we all celebrate the Fourth of July Independence Day, let us also remember that Independence Day was considered an important celebration during the Civil War in both the North and the South. In the North, Independence Day was symbolic for preserving the Union. In the South, it represented a time of celebrating the Founding Fathers and the constitutional rights and ideas of independence.

"The Fourth of July as a celebration centered on conceptions of American identity and about the core concepts of America," says historian Jared Jefferson Bond. "With the celebration of the Fourth of July, both sides of the war sought to preserve their right to observe and honor what they felt was the true vision of America."

Independence Day in the Confederacy was celebrated until 1863, as an official holiday, but newspapers continued to "assert the South's right to the principles set forth by the Declaration of Independence and to the celebration of the Fourth of July," Bond says.

On July 4, 1865 the Fourth of July was fervently celebrated by the Northerners. The New Hampshire Sentinel wrote: "Never before since the birth of the nation, had we so abundant cause for public rejoicing as now. Formerly we rejoiced in a country gained; now, in a country gained and a country saved." ("The

fourth of July, 1865 – Welcome to the Soldiers,” The New Hampshire Sentinel, July 6, 1865.)

So today let’s all celebrate our heritage, our Nation, and the principles for which our Nation was founded, and for which many of our soldiers fought and died to defend our freedoms



BLAST FROM THE PAST

(Taken from the May 1918 Edition of the Confederate Veteran)

"HIDING OUT."

by J. W. Minnich, Grand Isle, LA

The above was a common saying during the sixties. I was more than once sent out with details to round up men who were "hiding out" to avoid being conscripted into the Confederate army (that was in East Tennessee in the counties nearest the Cumberland Range); but in so far as our immediate success was concerned, we never succeeded in rounding up a single shirker. They had invariably been "tipped off," "scented" us, or had caught sight of us first and had crawled into a hole and pulled the hole in after them. I recall one case in which the "outer" had neglected to prop up the roof of his "hole." During one night of tempest, while he was no doubt soundly sleeping, the water-sodden roof caved down and buried the unfortunate under two tons of earth and boulders, and he left a widow and several children to mourn their loss and his ignoble exit.

But the "hiding out" in mind was of a different kind. In the January number of the Veteran Will T. Hale gives an experience of James H. Fife. He was not the only one to "hide out" under somewhat similar circumstances.

During the middle of January 1864, Crew's 1st Georgia Brigade of Cavalry was camped at or near Kimbrough's Crossroads, about midway between Morristown and Dandridge in East Tennessee. Our picket post was about a mile in advance toward

Dandridge, where a road branched off to the right and crossed Bay's Mountain to Mossy Creek and Talbot's Station, on the Knoxville, E. T., and Bristol Railroad. Our videttes were stationed on each road about a quarter or third of a mile in advance during the day time and at night still farther forward to where another road branched off at right angles and crossed the ridge. During the day we could watch that road from our post on both roads as we were posted at the corners of a field which allowed a full half mile of open space on each road. But at night it was necessary to have a vidette at the intersection of the roads, some five hundred to six hundred yards distant from our day post. Behind this field and to our picket post was a wedge-shaped piece of timber and underbrush, filling the space between the two roads and at the fork merging into a body of timber which extended from Bay's Mountain across the road to another and lesser ridge.

On that particular day I was on vidette duty with my chum. Dick Murdock, he on the Bay's Mountain road and I on the Morristown-Dandridge road, each at the corner of the field; but a slight rise between the roads, but which terminated in the middle of the field at a little run. prevented our seeing each other, though from my post there was a full and clear view of the intersection and the road across the mountain until it was lost in the woods near the crest. About 10 a.m. we saw a troop of bluecoats, some forty to fifty, emerge from the woods and ride leisurely toward the main road. Orders were to shoot on sight and fall back to the post at the fork. Dick did not wait for them to get close but fired after calling to me: "Look out! They're coming." As it happened, I was looking in that direction at the time and saw them as soon as he did. I had a feeling that if there was trouble at all it would come from that direction. As soon as they came in view I started across the field at a gallop. and just as I had reached the crest in the center Dick fired and turned toward camp.

I was riding a four-year-old sorrel, as gentle as a lamb; but if anything, more fidgety and excitable under fire was ever called a horse, I never saw one. More than once before she nearly ran away with me

in a direction I always took good care to avoid—i. e., toward the enemy. It was all the same to her—get away. When she saw Dick gallop away, she wanted to go too. I didn't, and I held her back with difficulty. The bluecoats had reached the road and turned in our direction at a trot. I wanted to get in a shot that would count, but my mount became frantic every time I put the gun to my shoulder or tried to. By this time the blues were less than four hundred yards distant and coming fast. I determined to risk a shot and got my excited mount turned straight toward the enemy, threw my rifle to my shoulder, and pulled the trigger. Then things began to happen. Seeing the flash just above her eyes and with the report in her ears, my horse threw her head down, quivering in every limb and, as the sailors say, "from stem to stern." I had not dropped my bridle rein when I threw up my rifle; but before I could take up the slack she had bolted "to starboard" and started down the incline toward the oncoming bluecoats, then less than two hundred yards from the corner where Dick had been posted. There was no time to plan or lay out a course of procedure. All my efforts were centered on getting in the slack of the rein and then guiding my frenzied mount back toward camp, and I succeeded just as she dashed under a low-branched tree which lifted my hat. When once in full possession of the rein, I found that she had the bit firmly clamped between her teeth, and from previous experience I knew that meant a hard fight for control. In the open, with time, I knew I would have come out ahead; but the suddenness of her bolt in the wrong direction among trees and brush gave her an advantage I could not overcome in the time at my disposal just then. Bucking and rearing like a wild Broncho, it was as much as I could do to keep my seat.

After a bit of wild careering, she started and crashed into a second growth of sourwood saplings, one of them striking the butt of my rifle and sending it whirling behind me. Leaping sidewise over a dead pine top into an old road just as I succeeded in getting both hands on the rein and pulling her head "to port," she came down on her side, almost crushing my leg with her weight. By this time, she was more than

frantic", and as for myself, matters had become somewhat serious. She scrambled to her feet and started down the incline toward the bluecoats, leaving me without hat and gun to shift for myself. I shifted. Getting on my feet in the quickest time possible, and it was quick time, I started in the opposite direction, limping a bit, but still in pretty good running order. As I rose I had the satisfaction (?) of seeing my mare join the enemy in the road at the corner of the field not more than one hundred and fifty yards distant and meekly submit to capture. In fact, I considered that she had deliberately deserted, and she Southern born and bred!

I thought surely that some of them would detach in my direction, and the fear of capture (I always feared capture more than bullets, and they nearly scared me out of several years' growth) lent wings to my feet. But O such wings! The night before the ground had frozen, and the warm forenoon's sun had thawed the surface, making the ground as slippery as a cake of wet soap. The yellow Tennessee clay lost none of its adhesive qualities, and I soon had half a ton of clay and leaves hanging to each foot, impeding my progress toward safety and making speed impossible. Every second jump I would kick off the accumulated mud, only to annex as much, if not more, in the next two or three jumps. But I was going downhill, fortunately, toward the Morris town road and an open field beyond in which stood a small farmhouse. The distance was less than two hundred yards to the road, which at that point was about twenty to twenty-five feet wide and pure mud of the most adhesive quality. Before I got across the road I had enough on each foot to make at least two bricks, and it was an effort to drag the load to the fence on the opposite side and hoist myself over, where I cuddled up to the bottom rails like a rabbit, expecting every moment to see a Yankee trooper looking for me. But none came. They had other matters to attend to more important than looking for a dismounted and much-disgruntled and mortified Rebel. It was the only time in all my service that I found myself unarmed. I lay there hugging the fence until I heard firing in the direction of the ramp. Then, feeling that the coast was clear for

a while, I arose and made my way across the field and to the woods on the ridge at the top of the field and possibly four hundred yards from where I had involuntarily dismounted, passing near the house on my way. The housewife came out, and in passing we spoke to each other, but I cannot recall a single word. My mind was too much occupied with my predicament. But I recall faintly that I used some expressions not found in prayer books, berating myself for being such a "damphool" when I might have been with Dick and the rest of the boys and have retained my self-respect.

The firing was not of long duration. Our picket, some twenty-five men, gave them a volley, though ineffectual, and fell back on the camp, which was ready for them with a squadron out in advance on each side of the road to cut them off if they should have the temerity to advance far enough in following the picket. But they were not to be caught in such a trap, and after skirmishing at long range they retired. I never could understand why they were not pursued but were allowed to retire unmolested by the way they had come, seeing which I "prayed" some more, especially as I could plainly see my mare calmly tramping along beside her captor. I sat on the fence and watched them go. Two troopers detached themselves some distance back and rode through the woods to the spot where I had been dismounted and there circled about, looking for me, as I supposed. Would they find my hat and gun? I would not mind so much losing the hat, but my old Enfield, my "Old Reliable," which had made more than one of the enemy take to shelter at any range from three hundred to eight hundred yards! I was in an agony of apprehension lest they find it and disgrace me. Whether they saw me or not, I cannot say; at least they paid no attention to me and soon rode off, overtaking their command near the run. I waited until they were near the woods on their way back across the mountain, then I dropped off the fence and trudged across the field and road, gathering real estate, title free, at every step, and was soon in possession of my hat and trusty Enfield. I found that when the sour wood had catapulted the gun from my

hand it shot straight forward and struck "head on," the muzzle plugged with about four inches of sticky clay. I had quite a task getting it out. Nor did I return to camp immediately. I did not fancy facing the "boys" right away, though I must say they acted decent. But I feared more the reproaches from Capt. Jack Lay. Instead he procured for me another mount, and Richard was himself again.



PRAYER

On reading contemporary Confederate literature, one is impressed with the sense of prayer that pervaded it. Their spiritual urgency appears to have grown out of a sense of danger.

These people wanted their sons to be saved. They felt that death was imminent and that death without Christ was a fearful thing. Added to this was a sense of need created by the consciousness that they were a part of a weaker force pitted against a mighty enemy. Their alternating victories and defeats emphasized their need of divine help.

Public fasts and prayers were ordered by the government and followed each other in rapid sequence. Private prayer prevailed at home. Said General Gordon of the women as they worked, "Every click was a prayer; every stitch a tear." Prayer meetings were a feature of the camps, and diaries, letters, and articles in the papers show how prevalent they were. The church courts at home and the chaplains' meetings on the front were largely devoted to prayer. While the prayers for ultimate victory were unanswered, yet the presence of the

Holy Spirit was felt in the hearts of those for whom such urgent prayer was offered.



SICKNESS & DISTRESS

June 1st – Get Well Card sent to Myra Dickey, wife of Division Adjutant John Dickey. She fell, broke her ankle and will have surgery next week.

June 26th – Get Well Card sent to Larry Martin, Commander of the Governor Samuel W.T. Lanham Camp #586, Weatherford, Texas, who was hospitalized with heart problems.



BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES & OTHER IMPORTANT DATES

July 6th – Jimmy Reynolds – Birthday

July 19th – Kaden Beggs – Birthday

July 16th – Penny Oliver – Birthday

July 2nd – Hal & Cindy Fletcher – Anniversary

July 3rd – Buffalo & Mariann – Anniversary

July 23rd – O. M. & Karen Adams – Anniversary



LAST CAMP MEETING

Our June Meeting was a happy upbeat meeting where we celebrated those individuals receiving individual awards, the camp receiving 6 first place awards and Swearing in a new member. The camp received First Place in Best Scrapbook, Best Web Site, and Best Newsletter. We also won the Best Camp Growth Award for a Camp under 50, the Four-Star Camp Award as well as the Distinguished Camp of the Year. The only one we didn't win first place in was the Community Service Award.

Individual Awards were given to the following individuals:

- Rex McGee – Gold Cross for Meritorious Service

- Joe Reynolds – Gold Cross for Meritorious Service (Star for second award)
- OM Adams – Silver Cross for Meritorious Service
- Rodney Love – Silver Cross for Meritorious Service
- Michael Mars – Bronze Cross for Meritorious Service
- Kid Tillery – Bronze Cross for Meritorious Service

Tim and Hal Fletcher were presented with the CSA Army Service Medal to honor their ancestor. The program was presented by Chaplain Michael Mars and Compatriot Joe Reynolds introduced the new Memorial Service Unit uniform.



Compatriot George Stout is sworn into the 1st Lt. David Richard Reynolds Camp #2270. George has been a member of the Texas Division at Large for a number of years.



WHY VICKSBURG CANCELED THE FOURTH OF JULY – FOR A GENERATION

From May through early July 1863, Vicksburg, Mississippi, a strategically important city on the Mississippi River, was besieged by Federal forces under the command of General Ulysses S. Grant, and by a flotilla of gunboats in the river commanded by Admiral David Porter. The city was surrounded by outlying Confederate lines of defense, but the Union forces also shelled the city itself, which was full of civilians, who dug caves into the clay hills of Vicksburg for protection from the artillery

bombardment. The siege lasted 47 days, until the city and its Confederate defenders were at last starved into submission.

The Confederate commander, Gen. John C. Pemberton, surrendered on July 4, 1863. So bitter were the feelings and memories of the people of Vicksburg afterward that they did not officially observe the Independence Day holiday for the next 81 years (not returning to its observance until 1945).

In his book *Vicksburg 1863*, published in 2010, historian Winston Groom noted the following: “From the river, Porter’s mortar boats kept up a regular bombardment of the city’s environs, while from landward Grant’s artillery relentlessly threw barrages of shells into the town. The shocking part of it was that much of the naval firing was deliberately aimed at the civilians.” (emphasis added)

Mary Longborough, a resident of Vicksburg, kept a diary that was later published as *My Cave Life in Vicksburg*. Her eyewitness accounts attest to many poignant incidents that occurred during the siege of the city:

“A young girl, becoming weary in the confinement of the cave, hastily ran to the house in the interval that elapsed between the slowly falling shells. On returning, an explosion sounded near her—one wild scream, and she ran into her mother’s presence, sinking like a wounded dove, the life blood flowing over the light summer dress in crimson ripples from a death-wound in her side, caused by the shell fragment.”

“One afternoon, amid the rush and explosion of the shells, cries and screams arose—the screams of women amid the shrieks of the falling shells. The servant boy, George...found that a negro man had been buried alive within a cave, he being alone at that time. Workmen were instantly set to deliver him, if possible; but when found, the unfortunate man had evidently been dead some little time. His wife and relations were distressed beyond measure and filled the air with their cries and groans.”

“A little negro child, playing in the yard, had found a shell; in rolling and turning it, had innocently pounded the fuse; the terrible explosion followed, showing, as the white cloud of smoke floated away, the mangled remains of a life that to the mother’s heart had possessed all of beauty and joy.”

“Sitting in the cave, one evening, I heard the most heartrending screams and moans. I was told that a mother had taken a child into a cave about a hundred yards from us; and having laid it on its little bed, as the poor woman believed, in safety, she took her seat near the entrance of the cave. A mortar shell came rushing through the air, and fell with much force, entering the earth above the sleeping child—cutting through into the cave—oh! most horrible sight to the mother—crushing in the upper part of the little sleeping head, and taking away the young innocent life without a look or word of passing love to be treasured in the mother’s heart.”

Karen Stokes



Karen is an archivist and writer in Charleston, S.C., is the co-editor of Faith, Valor, and Devotion: The Civil War Letters of William Porcher DuBose, and A Confederate Englishman: The Civil War Letters of Henry Wemyss Feilden, both published by the University of South Carolina Press. She is also the author of three non-fiction books published by The History Press: South Carolina Civilians in Sherman’s Path, The Immortal 600, and the newly released Confederate South Carolina.



BATTLES FOUGHT DURING THE MONTH OF JULY



Battle of Malvern Hill - Malvern Hill Virginia

1 July 1862 - General Robert E. Lee verses General George B. McClellan. Casualties: 5355 Confederate, 3214 Union!

Battle of Gettysburg - Gettysburg Pennsylvania

1-3 July 1863 - General Robert E. Lee verses General George G. Meade. Casualties: 28,063 Confederate, 23,049 Union!

Siege of Vicksburg Ends - Vicksburg Surrenders - Vicksburg Mississippi

4 July 1863 - General John C. Pemberton surrenders his Confederate Army and thereby the City of Vicksburg Mississippi to Union General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: 39,941 Confederates and 8873 for the Union!

Siege of Port Hudson Ends - Port Hudson Surrenders - Port Hudson Louisiana

26 May - 9 July 1863 - General Franklin Gardner surrenders to General Nathaniel P. Bank

Battle of Monocacy River - Monocacy River Maryland

9 July 1864 - General Jubal A. Early verses General Lew Wallace. Casualties: 700 Confederate, 1880 Union!

Battle of Rich Mountain - Rich Mountain Western Virginia

11 July 1861 - Colonel John Pegram verses General William S. Rescans. Casualties: 600 Confederate, 46 Union!

Battle of Tupelo - Tupelo Mississippi

13-15 July 1864 - General Stephen D. Lee verses General Andrew J. Smith. Casualties: 1376 Confederate, 674 Union!

Battle of Peach Tree Creek - Peach Tree Creek Georgia

20 July 1864 - General John Bell Hood verses General George H. Thomas. Casualties: 2500 Confederates, 1600 Union!

First Battle of Manassas - Manassas Virginia

21 July 1861 - General Joseph E. Johnston, General P.G.T. Beauregard verses General Irvin McDowell. Casualties: 1981 Confederate, 2645 Union!

Battle of Atlanta - Atlanta Georgia

22 July 1864 - General John Bell Hood verses General William T. Sherman. Casualties: 8500 Confederates, 3722 Union!

Second Battle of Atlanta or Ezra Church - Ezra Church Georgia

28 July 1864 - General John Bell Hood verses General William T. Sherman. Casualties: 4300 Confederate, 632 Union!

Battle of "The Mine" - Petersburg Virginia

30 July 1864 - General Robert E. Lee verses General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: 1200 Confederate, 3798 Union!



Definition of a Gentleman – “The forbearing use of power does not only form a touchstone, but the manner in which an individual enjoys certain

advantages over others is a test of a true gentleman. The power which the strong have over the weak, the employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, even the clever over the silly — the forbearing or inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it when the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. The gentleman does not needlessly and unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He cannot only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be but the past. A true man of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others.”

Robert E. Lee

LARDER

(A larder is a cool area for storing food prior to use. Larders were commonplace in houses before the widespread use of the refrigerator.)

Beef or Mutton Soup



For the fighting men, meat was a coveted commodity. While they were soldiers, many were also hunters, and one can be sure that along the way they either bought or stole beef or mutton. Combined with whatever vegetables they had on hand, they

would cook a stew over an open fire using various pots and pans. Once again, the point of these Civil War recipes was not to be fancy, but to feed the men and keep them going from one battle to the next. This recipe was very flexible, so depending on what was on hand, more or less ingredients could go into the soup.

What the hell??? Ingredients:

- Boil four quarts of water gently over a low fire with three pounds of beef or mutton cut into small pieces, potatoes, carrots, onions, turnips, season with salt and pepper and let simmer for four hours.

“...the contest is not over; the strife is not ended. It has only entered upon a new and enlarged arena.”
President Jefferson Davis, C.S.A., address to the Mississippi legislature in 1881.

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."

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

Remember, it is your duty to see that the true history of the South is presented to future generations!

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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 15th of the month)