

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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COMMANDER'S CORNER

by Larry "Joe" Reynolds



Although I wish we would have had someone else to step up to the plate and run for Camp Commander, I'll admit that I'm glad to be back. I look forward to working with each of you for the next two year.

I plan on doing everything within my power to make this camp grow in the upcoming year, not only in numbers, but also in accomplishments. I honestly feel that we can double our membership in the upcoming year. If each of us only recruited one new member that would do it.

I'm going to ask each of you to first of all, look at family – Brothers, Nephews, Children, Grandchildren, Cousins. I know that I've got a couple of Nephews that I'm going to target. Also

invite friends and neighbors to our meetings, it's a lot easier to invite them to attend a meeting then it is to join. Get them here and let the rest of us work on them.

I have also received some good news – We have two prior members that wish to join back up. If you see any of our prior members, please remind them that they are always welcome to attend any of our meetings.

I also plan to go over a checklist at each monthly meeting to track where we are as a camp in competing for Division and National Awards.

We have a great Program scheduled this month, and I will try to have a formal program, or some type of activity scheduled for each month. If you would like to give a program, or know of someone who can, please let me know.

UPCOMING EVENTS

NEXT MEETING

Monday, August 19th, 7:00 p.m.
Refreshments at 6:30 p.m.
Program: Submarine Service of the CSA
Speaker: Mark Vogl
Old Union Community Center
Hwy 67E, Mount Pleasant, Texas

Civil War Symposium
Saturday August 10, 2019 at 8:00 a.m.
Convention & Visitors Center
305 East Austin Street
Jefferson, Texas



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@davidrreynolds.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 August 1919 Edition of the
Confederate Veteran - 100 Years Ago)*

DOWN IN LOUISIANA, 1862.

**BY JAMES H. MC NEILLY, D.D.,
NASHVILLE, TENN.**

I spent the spring and summer of 1862 in Louisiana. I had gone there to arrange for taking charge of a Church after six months, or at the end of the war, if that should come sooner. While I was there Fort Donelson fell, and the command with which I served was captured. I did not rejoin them until the exchange of prisoners in September, 1862.

The church I visited was at Pecan Grove, on the Mississippi River, some twenty or twenty-five miles above Vicksburg. My home was with the family of Dr. James G. Carson, an elder in the Church. The plantation embraced a thousand acres of the fertile land reclaimed from the swamp, and there were three or four hundred slaves to work it. The life on the plantation was one of patriarchal simplicity and kindness. The owner looked after the physical and moral welfare of his negroes with conscientious care. He took pains to train them in the principles of Christianity, and the "quarters," in which they lived, were a model of sanitary arrangement. The houses, built around a great grass-carpeted square, shaded by immense water oaks, were whitewashed and kept in perfect repair. Each one had a garden plot in the rear. A large part of the supplies of food was raised on the plantation. The fence corners around the fields were planted with fruit trees, and in season peaches and figs were abundant; also, great quantities of melons delighted the hearts of the darkies.

Dr. Carson was intensely Southern in his sympathies. His wife was from Lexington, Ky., closely related to the Breckinridges. They kept open house and welcomed many distinguished Southerners to their home. I remember meeting Gen. John C.

Breckinridge there. The wife of the Confederate General McIntosh was on a visit when she received the sad news of her husband's death in the battle of Elk Horn, or Pea Ridge, a battle, by the way, about which Northern reports are boastful, exaggerated, and false in many particulars.

At Dr. Carson's I met frequently a cousin of General Buckner, who had been on his staff, but who had escaped capture at Fort Donelson. I had then not been under fire, and I asked him about the feeling of men going into battle. He told me he knew how General Buckner felt. The General was noted for his cool courage and fearless exposure of himself in action. I understood that this cousin had the statement from him directly in discussing this very subject. He said that, as he had offered his life for the cause, when he was starting into an engagement he surrendered his life, taking it for granted that he would be killed; then he spent no time considering the dangers. Every minute that he lived was so much gained to strive for victory, and when he came out alive it was a clear gain of his life to still fight for his country. I can see how such a state of mind would; one free to use all his faculties for the one object. But my after experience and observation taught me that very few start in with this complete surrender of life.

I have heard of men who were absolutely devoid of the sense of fear. I have seen men rush recklessly into the most dangerous places, defying danger. Again I have seen men whose minds were steadied and cleared in the presence of danger, and they deliberately resolved to face it at the risk of life. These seemed to me to have the highest courage. After one is in action, making a charge or repelling an assault, there comes the *gaudium certaminis*, and the scene of danger is shallowed up in the intensity of the struggle. Sometimes I saw men whose hearts failed them as they realized that death was actually staring them in the face, and they would plead sick, and I believe they were really sick with fear. They would stop the assistant surgeon as we were in position and ask to be excused from duty. He was a man devoted to duty at any cost; so he treated such requests such times with scant respect. I felt deeply

sorry for these men, for I believe that the man who faces death with no sense of dread, no solemn realization of the sacrifice his country calls for, is physically an exception to the race of men or is foolhardy. I have seen men drown the sense of fear with whisky. It is the man who loves life and who will only risk it for righteousness, who sees danger and will run from it. who is the really brave man.

The appeal to me was on a different ground from sickness I preached that it was a soldier's duty to obey orders at any risk and to go where duty called, however great the danger. This question was asked: "Parson, you preach that if a man is not trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ his soul will be lost if he dies in that condition. Now, that place is certain to some of us. I am not prepared to die, and if I am killed my soul will be lost, for I have been a wicked boy. What am I to do?"

There was no time to argue. I never taught – that to die for the Confederacy was a passport to heaven, for it is not true, it was a momentous question. I couldn't advise them to shirk, so I would reply: "Well, the best place for a man to die is where he is doing his duty. There is our duty to fight the enemy: but you can right here and right now render your soul to Jesus Christ, as I have often urged; if to do, and he will save the soul." And I believe that such a surrender was often made by men on the field of battle, some of whom were killed, and Others who came through in safety showed the real act of faith by consistent Christian lives.

The Confederate Congress passed a conscript law requiring the enlistment of all men of certain age and under certain conditions in the army. This law was a dead letter in many places where every man who was physically fit had already volunteered. There were other places where for various a good many men were at home. Those when required to report at various points and there to be put in the army or to be certified as exempt. While I was at Pecan Grove a conscript officer came and notified the few able bodied young men who were not in the army to report at Monroe, some fifty or sixty miles distant. There

was one man, a big, burly fellow, rather rough and overbearing, who had kept out of the army on one plea and another. He was much disturbed by the order.

One day, when several of us were at the store, the conscript officer, a self-opinionated and conceited young lieutenant, summoned me to report at Monroe. I told him that as a minister of the gospel I was exempt, and, besides that, I was only temporarily absent from the army on leave. But he ordered me to report to his chief, who would give me authority to continue preaching in my church. Very indignant, I replied: "You can tell your chief that I don't get my authority to preach the gospel from him, and I shall not report to him."

My big friend listened with astonishment and evidently expected that a squad would arrest me and carry me off in chains; but after several days, when I was not molested, he was discussing the matter with some of the neighbors, when he said "That was a very bold thing, to defy the authorities in that way.

To which was replied: "Mr, McNeilly as a preacher is exempt from conscription, and it was as a preacher that he defied the officer."

Heaving a deep sigh, the victim of conscription said: "Well, if a preacher can talk that way to the government officers, I'll be derved if I don't take out a license to preach, so as I can cuss 'em out if they come round trying to conscript me',

One of my experiences was a rather futile, almost ridiculous effort to reinforce our garrison at Vicksburg. I heard that the place was threatened by an expedition from New Orleans and on the principle that our country" expected every man to do his duty" I got two other young men. one the physician of the whole neighborhood, the other the teacher of Dr. Carson's family, a man in delicate health, and I determined to proceed to the beleaguered place and tender our services. The result was flattering to our prowess. We found no one that needed our services. We might have wielded pick and shovel, hut I plenty of negroes to do that, and there was no money in

sight; so we returned rather crestfallen to await a better opportunity of dubbing ourselves with the degree B.D. (Brave Defenders).

But our expedition gave us some thrilling experiences by flood, if not by field. When we resolved to go we went to the boathouse on the bayou that ran through the plantation and selected a strong skiff. The plantation carpenter put it in first-class order. We stocked it with provisions for a week. We took two strong negro men. who were expert oarsmen and started on our journey. The river was full from levee to levee, and the distance was doubled or trebled by the winding of the stream.

There was one bend where the river made a great circuit eighteen miles and came back to a point something over two hundred yards from the beginning of the curve. This was called Terrapin Neck. The attempt had been made secretly by river men, contrary to the interests of the planters in the bend, to straighten the channel at this point by cutting down the timber and cutting a canal across the neck, so that when a big rise should come the stream would scour out a channel for itself. This lane was about fifty yards wide, and numbers of stumps were standing, some above water and some just beneath the surface of the rushing waters. When we reached the head of the bend, the water was running through the chute with great velocity. The question was whether we should take the safe way, eighteen miles around, or risk going through the narrow passage, with the possibility of striking a stump, wrecking our boat, and falling into the raging waters, some ten or fifteen feet deep. Our oarsmen were powerful and experienced in all river ways. The Doctor, our steersman, knew all about managing a boat; so we made the venture. It took a very short time to make the trip. We held our breath as we were shot through that channel "like quarrel from steel crossbow"; and when we reached the end of our voyage the prow of our vessel struck the" levee with such force as to make the frail craft quiver in every timber.

After a few days in Vicksburg, being satisfied that the commander could get along without us, we

started on our return voyage. To breast the current of the mighty river meant hard rowing and slow progress. An old fisherman advised us to run in the backwater to the mouth of the Yazoo River, some nine or ten miles, then up that river to the mouth of Steele's Bayou. That bayou had its head waters nearly opposite to Dr. Carson's place; and as the whole region was overflowed from broken levees, we would have easy rowing, while the opening of the bayou would direct our course. We started about midday, and it was dark when we reached the mouth of Steele's Bayou. Our night journey through dense forests, in deepest darkness, to the accompaniment of the singing of hundreds of billions of mosquitoes, that seemed like the distant roar of a rising storm or the far-away sound of the ocean surf, was punctuated by the bite of the little pests, which kept us awake, though weary. It was a dismal journey unrelieved by the consciousness of a great service to our country. Hungry and sleepy, we were about to tie to a tree and await the morning when we caught sight of a house brilliantly lighted. It was one o'clock, yet there was something going on at that house. We steered for the light and soon came to a big plantation mansion. All the lower story was under water. There were numbers of skiffs and canoes tied to the railings of the upper galleries, and there was a big gathering of people enjoying music and dancing. We found that it was the home of Dr. Gwin, a brother of the California Senator. He was a friend of Dr. Carson, and he gave us a warm welcome, fed us bountifully, and gave us a place to rest until daylight. We had no further trials, and during the morning we got home none the worse for our military expedition.

All the plantations on the eastern side of the Mississippi River were under water, and the stock, horses, cattle, and calves were crowded on the levees, and the negroes carried their feed to them in skiffs from the barns and lofts which were above water. Great numbers of these animals were crowded off the narrow levees and drowned.

In Louisiana in 1862 war was yet in the spectacular stage, and soldiers in gay uniforms attracted attention, and an officer of the rank of colonel was an

oracle whose opinions were reverently received. On one occasion I was honored by the attendance on my preaching of a very handsome colonel, a Frenchman, large, brilliant in uniform, polite and gracious. He was a Roman Catholic, and I was surprised by his attendance and gratified by the interest he manifested in the sermon. He expressed himself as much benefited by the service ; but when some one asked him his opinion of the sermon, he replied with a grimace that he attended as a penance which he had imposed on himself for his sins, and he thought that his patient listening should cover many sins. He evidently felt that he had endured much and should be forgiven much.



LAST CAMP MEETING



Commander-in-Chief Paul Gramling presents Past Commander Rex McGee with the Distinguished Service Medal while wife Carole pins the Medal on him.

To say that July's meeting was a success is an understatement. We had a formal Swearing in of all Camp Officers by Brigade Commander Eddie Pricer, along with a formal Change of Command Ceremony. After the Ceremonies, Commander Joe Reynolds had Sons of Confederate Veterans Command-in-Chief Paul Gramling and Carol McGee present out going Commander Rex McGee with the National

Distinguished Service Medal, which he earned at the National Convention in Mobil, Alabama.

Guest for our meeting included; Commander in Chief Paul Gramling, Jr. and wife Linda; Army of Trans-Mississippi Councilman J. C. Hanna and wife Ella; Northeast Texas 5th Brigade Commander Eddie Pricer; Northeast Texas 5th Brigade 2nd Lt. Commander Bill Elliott and his wife Karen; Camp Commanders Bobby Smith, Jr. – Van, Texas; Larry Martin – Weatherford, Texas; and many other 5th Brigade Compatriots.



UNOFFICIAL TRUCES FRATERNIZATION WITH THE ENEMY



A Confederate picket shouted to his Union counterparts across the Rappahannock River, "Say, Yanks, there are some fools shooting across the river up above, but we won't shoot if you don't" Such unofficial temporary truces were not uncommon during the Civil War. Despite the brutality of the battlefield, many soldiers felt a certain brotherhood and respect for their enemies. They endured the same long marches, foul weather, and homesickness. Thus, it was not surprising when soldiers, out on the picket line for a week at a time and out of sight of

high-ranking officers, sometimes established communications with opposing pickets.

Union soldiers always had an abundance of coffee and sugar, while Confederate soldiers lacked these supplies but had surplus tobacco. Thus, trades would be established. Newspapers were especially popular to trade, as it was interesting to read the war news from the enemy's standpoint. Although the Rebs had little to trade except tobacco, it was always in demand and could be exchanged for nearly any Union item.

Once relations were established, it was a point of honor that the trust not be broken. Confederate Gen. John B. Gordon tells the story of preparations for the surprise attack on Fort Stedman at Petersburg, Va. During the night Confederate soldiers had advanced into a cornfield between the lines to clear obstructions when they heard a Union picket call, "What are you doing over there, Johnny? Answer quick, or I'll shoot" A quick-thinking Rebel answered, "Never mind, Yank! Lie down and go to sleep. We are just gathering a little com."

The preparations for the surprise assault being completed, General Gordon ordered that the signal gun be fired to start the charge. The soldier raised his gun but hesitated to fire. His sense of honor and fair play caused him to shout: "Hello, Yank! Wake up. Look out, we are coming!" He then fired the signal and the assault began.

***Fascinating Fact:** When stationed at Fredericksburg in the winter of 1862, pickets across the Rappahannock River from each other made little sailboats that they floated back and forth with items to trade.*

Written by Stephen T. Foster



"BURY ME WITH MY PEOPLE"



The former Georgia Confederate soldier asked only one thing as death grew closer in a Federal prison in Louisville, Kentucky two years after the War had ended. The simple request, “bury me with my people” was apparently ignored by those in charge of the remains, who surely knew where “home” was.

No common soldier, the requester was ultimately determined to be one Elizabeth Temms, the wife of George W. Temms, a soldier from Gordon County, Georgia. She had dressed herself in a soldier’s uniform and left Calhoun in a volunteer company of a Capt. Kinman, which had been raised in that county at the outbreak of the War.

Apparently, she was arrested by the Federal authorities on her own farm and taken to the prison at 12th and Broadway in Louisville, Kentucky, where she would ultimately die.

Sherman’s march across the South was in full swing, and she learned that the enemy was approaching and was able to alert the Southern troops and attempt to thwart the advance. For this she was summarily seized along with others deemed spies and thrown in prison.

Ice House Cell Sherman disliked anyone who was a Southern sympathizer, and for Elizabeth Temms, he agreed she would be put in the old ice house of the prison. The well-known Dr. Mary Walker was in the area, and the idea of segregating Mrs. Temms to the

frigid ice house was said to have been Walker’s idea. Her death was attributed to pneumonia, doubtless from her cold surroundings, on October 1 or 2, 1867.

She had left at home several small children who she would never see again. She was with the troops for some time before her gender was discovered and after her death, she was simply buried in the large Confederate section in the beautifully maintained Cave Hill Cemetery in Louisville, Kentucky, where she rests to this day.

It was said that her grave was always nicely kept and that a number of unknown individuals saw to it that fresh flowers always decorated the grave.



BATTLES FOUGHT DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST



Battle of Cedar Mountain - Cedar Mountain Virginia

9 August 1862 - General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson verses General Nathaniel P. Banks. Casualties: 1338 Confederate, 2353 Union!

Battle of Wilson's Creek - Battle of Wilson's Creek Missouri

10 August 1861 - General Benjamin McCulloch verses General Nathaniel Lyon. Casualties: 1184 Confederate, 1235 Union!

Battle of Deep Bottom Run or Strawberry Plains - Deep Bottom Run Virginia

13-20 August 1864 - General Robert E. Lee verses General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: 1000 Confederates, 2899 Union!

Battle of Globe Tavern or Weldon Rail Road - Globe Tavern Virginia

18-21 August 1864 - General Robert E. Lee verses General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: 1619 Confederates, 4445 Union!

Battle of Reams Station - Reams Station Virginia

25 August 1864 - General Ambrose P. Hill verses General Winfred S. Hancock. Casualties: 800 Confederate, 2742 Union!

Battle of Richmond Kentucky - Richmond Kentucky

29-30 August 1862 - General Edmund Kirby Smith verses General William Nelson. Casualties: 459 Confederate, 5353 Union!

Second Battle of Manassas - Manassas Virginia

29-30 August 1862 - General Robert E. Lee verses General John Pope. Casualties: 8397 Confederate, 14,754 Union!

Battle of Jonesboro - Jonesboro Georgia

31 August - 1 September 1864 - General William J. Hardee verses General William T. Sherman. Casualties: 2636 Confederates, 1453 Union!

GUARDIAN NEWS

by Past Commander Rex McGee



One of the most important missions we have is the proper remembrance of our Confederate Veteran ancestors that fought during the Civil War. All of our Confederate Veterans have passed from this earthly existence; therefore, it has become incumbent upon us, the living, to care for our ancestor's final resting places. The SCV Guardian Program is a wonderful way to accomplish this task and to honor the memory of our Confederate Ancestors and ensure the preservation of their final resting places.

Honoring and protecting the final resting places of our ancestors, and teaching our children to do the same, is an important part of preserving the memory of our Confederate heroes and properly preserving the history and culture of the South.

For over a hundred years, the number of Confederate Civil War dead stood at 258,000 men, but new research shows that the numbers were far too low and that new research may increase the number by as high as twenty percent. Regardless of which set of numbers, these deaths represented a huge percentage of the total male population of the South. The hardships created by these deaths continued for generations after the war was over. Many of the Confederates Illustrious dead still lie in unmarked or unidentified graves till this day.

“Everyone should do all in his power to collect and disseminate the truth, in the hope that it may find a place in history and descend to posterity. History is not the relation of campaigns and battles and generals or other individuals, but that which shows the principles for which the South contended and which justified her struggle for those principles.”

Robert E. Lee

As long as we keep our Confederate heroes alive in our memory and traditions the sacrifices they made will not have been made in vain.

1st Lt. David Richard Reynolds Camp # 2270

Guardian Program—July 31, 2019

Name	County	Cemeteries	Graves
Adams, O.M.*	Titus	1	15
Davey, David*	Titus	1	6
Gunn, Dennis	Bowie	1	1
Guy, Bill*	Titus	1	3
Jones, Robert *	Titus	1	11
King, Harry	Titus	1	10
Love, Rodney*	Cass	5	24
Mars, John M.*	Titus	4	12
McGee, Rex*	Titus	4	50
Reynolds, Jimmy	Titus	3	13
Reynolds, Joe*	Titus & Morris	7	42
Reynolds, Tommy*	Titus	1	15
Talks With White Buffalo	Titus & Morris	4	47
TOTALS			
Guardians (13)	(4)	(35)	(249)

*Full Guardians

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?”



The 5th Brigade
by Eddie Pricer
5th Brigade Commander

The 5th Brigade, although geographically similar is as varied as a candy store. Many different flavors, many to choose from, but still a group. Thus far, I have visited 5 of the 8 Camps within the Brigade. Some camps are blessed to have a younger group of men to aid in carrying on the tradition of

demonstrating history and protecting the good name of our forebears. Whether young or experienced (old), play to your strengths, they will serve you well. The Northeast Texas 5th Brigade consists of the following Camps:

J. M. ‘Matt’ Barton #441, Sulphur Springs

General John Gregg #958, Longview

General Sam Bell Maxey #1358, Paris

W. W. Heartsill #2042, Marshall

Upshur County Patriots #2109, Gilmer

Red Diamond #2193, Texarkana

Colonel Charles DeMorse’s 29th Texas Cavalry #2269, Grand Saline

1st Lieutenant David Richard Reynolds #2270, Mt. Pleasant

Fortunately, most were experiencing an increase in membership, sadly though we continue to lose a member here and there each year. Many years we barely maintain our roster levels as compared to the previous year. I know in the hand full of years that I have been a member, this issue was frequently discussed, however little has been accomplished to stem the tide of those abandoning ship. I don’t yet have the answer but am open to suggestions as to determining the cause or plugging the leak in the ship. I encourage each of you to bring a new member or at least save an existing member from leaving this great organization. My door will always be open. God Bless!

BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES & OTHER IMPORTANT DATES

August 28th – Hal Eugene Fletcher

August 31st – Jerry Dean Lester

August 4th – Mary Ann Brock

August 8th – Tara Ashley Simpson

August 15th – Gary & Penny Oliver

August 21st – This day in 1821 General William Barksdale was born. September 10 - This day in 1836 General Joseph "Fighting Joe" Wheeler was born.

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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)