

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 & 2020
WINNER OF THE SCV NATIONAL BEST NEWSLETTER AWARD, 2016, 2017 & 2018

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interested. Also look at your friends on Facebook. Those that submit or share items that is favorable to our cause may be prime candidates. For those that belong to other organization, your members there are more likely to join than individuals who do not belong to any organization.

If you do not feel comfortable in approaching anyone you know then simply give me their name and contact number and I'll make the contact.

It is also approaching the time to start thinking about our camp and Division Leaders for next year. I'm asking anyone who wants to hold an office in the 1st Lt David Richard Reynolds Camp to please let me know.

COMMANDER'S CORNER

by Larry "Joe" Reynolds



With the Fall season and cooler weather arriving, I look forward to getting back to normal. Which means we can start holding memorial services again for our honored ancestors. It also means that next month we can hold our regular meeting in our designated room. It seems forever since we've met in there.

I'm not sure how many men the Texas Division lost this year, I do know that our Camp lost a total of 9 men! I'm asking each of you to help me in recruiting at least 17 new members this year. That will double the number in our camp and I don't think that it will be unrealistic to do. That will only be an average of one new member for each Compatriot. Each of us should have a son, grandson, brother or cousin that would be

UPCOMING EVENTS

NEXT MEETING

Monday, October 19th, 7:00 p.m.
Refreshments at 6:30 p.m.
Old Union Community Center
Hwy 67E, Mount Pleasant, Texas

2021 Texas Division Reunion

May 28 – 30, 2021
Lee Lockwood Library and Museum
2801 West Waco Drive
Waco, Texas

2021 National Reunion

July 21-24, 2021
Copeland Tower & Conference Center
2601 Severn Avenue
Metairie, Louisiana 70002



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 October 1920 Edition of the
Confederate Veteran - 100 Years Ago)*

HOW TOM GOT A FURLOUGH. BY JAMES A. STEVENS, BURNET, TEX.

Toward the latter part of 1864, just a few months before the "break-up," Capt. F. Henry Quitman, of the commissary department, C. S. A., at Columbus, Miss., had me detailed (with the rank of captain, though I never received a commission) to go to Kemper County and collect what was called the "taxes in kind"—that is to say, the farmers were allowed, or required, to pay their dues to the Confederate government in bacon, wool, and other produce in lieu of paper money, which had gone down in value to almost nothing. My jurisdiction was Kemper County, with headquarters at Scooba, on the M. & O. Railroad.

When I began my duties I sent home for an old negro who had worked for my father as gardener before the war to cook for me and do other chores as needed. His name was Tom Thacker, and he wasn't hurt with a surplus of brains, and he was about sixty years old. After a few weeks, Tom got very homesick and asked for a week's furlough to go to his "wife's home," some one hundred miles or more away. I put him off with one excuse and another until, getting tired of his importunities, I told him he could go home if he would let me shave him according to my fancy. His beard and mustache were quite heavy for a negro, and I am sure this was the first time he was to have a razor put to his face. He was simple-hearted and utterly impervious to a joke. I took my razor and shaved off one half of his mustache on one side, leaving untouched that side of his beard, and then I took off in reversion the other half of the mustache and beard. When the job was done, Tom's side face appeared pretty natural; but to look at him from the front he seemed to have been struck by lightning and his lower face jerked awry. Poor Tom reminded one

a little, too, of the Temple of Janus, the door half open on one side and half shut on the other, if such a contradiction in architecture could exist. Another feature of the furlough contract was that I wanted to send my fine Maltese cat, named "Jeff Davis," to my father's home, and he was to be part of Tom's baggage in a tow sack.

At the end of his furlough Tom returned promptly, and I quizzed him about his trip. It would have forced a laugh from a mummy, if such a thing were possible, to hear Tom relate how the soldiers tormented him about his looks, while wondering where "that infernal cat" was that kept up such an uproar beneath the seat.

Even to this day I smile when recalling Tom's Thacker's zig-zag countenance, while my mouth waters when I remember the seventeen thousand pounds of splendidly cured hams, shoulders, and sides that I turned over to my successor, Captain Bustamente, representing "the storm-cradled nation" when my service was over.



LAST CAMP MEETING

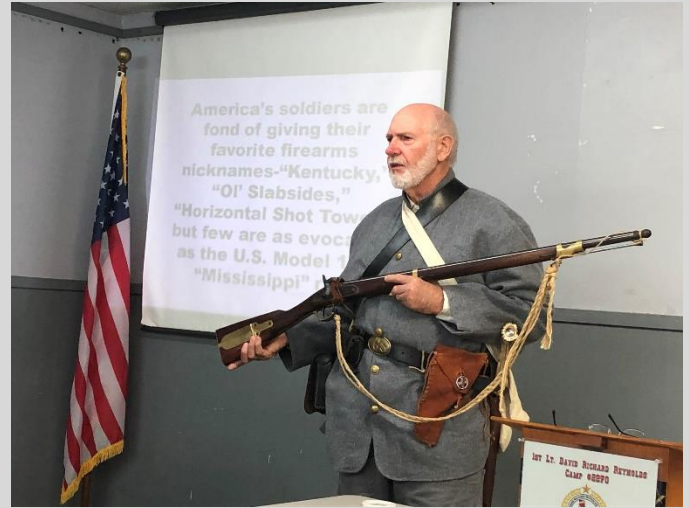
The October meeting saw us coming closer to our "Normal" meetings. We had our first Program in months, and I would like to thank Compatriot Love for the great program on the "Mississippi Rifle". It was highly informative and well presented.

The following Compatriots received awards as indicated:

Michael Mars----- Five Year Service Award
 Rodney Glen Love-Three new Guardian Certificates
 Joe Reynolds ----- Guardian Assumption Award
 Bill Guy ----- Silver Cross for Meritorious Service

All members were asked to start thinking about the Camp, Brigade, and Division elections that will be coming up next year. We need men to step up and assume command in order to maintain and grow this great organization. If anyone has any questions

about any position that will be up for election, please let me know.



Compatriot Rodney Love give the program on the "Mississippi Rifle".



BATTLES FOUGHT DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER



Battle of Corinth - Corinth Mississippi

3-4 October 1862 - General Earl Van Dorn verses General William S. Rosecrans. Casualties: 4233 Confederate, 2520 Union!

Battle of Allattoona - Allattoona Georgia

5 October 1864 - General Samuel Gibbs French verses General John Murry Corse. Casualties: 799 Confederates, 707 Union!

Battle of Perryville - Perryville Kentucky

8 October 1862 - General Braxton Bragg verses General Don Carlos Buell. Casualties: 3396 Confederate, 4211 Union!

Battle of Cedar Creek - Cedar Creek Virginia

19 October 1864 - General Jubal A. Early verses General Philip H. Sheridan. Casualties: 2910 Confederates, 5665 Union!

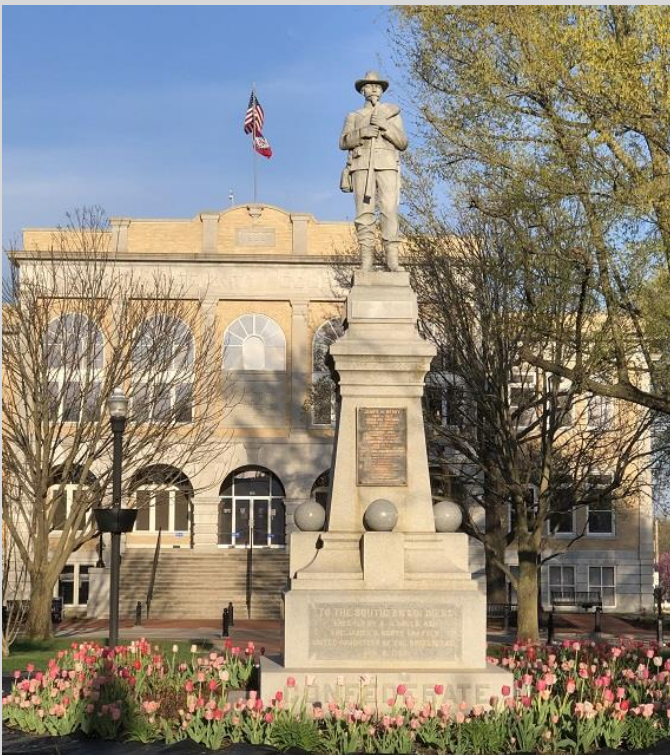
Battle of Ball's Bluff - Ball's Bluff Virginia

21 October 1861 - Colonel Nathan G. Evans verses Colonel Edward D. Baker. Casualties: 149 Confederate, 921 Union!



THE SHAME OF BENTONVILLE

By Neil Kumar on Jun 22, 2020



Bentonville is the lovely little town in Northwest Arkansas that I have spent nearly my entire life in. At the heart of Bentonville, in the center of our town square, there has rested a Confederate monument for the last 112 years, honoring the Southern soldiers who, carrying on the spirit of their Revolutionary fathers and grandfathers, gave their lives for the

freedom of their fellow Southrons and all of their descendants. For over a century, not one man quarreled with our monument. That changed within the past few years, just as Bentonville has, just as our whilom nation has. Last autumn, our monument was attacked and seriously damaged by two egalitarian brownshirts, both of whom are members of the nouveau riche that have lately colonized our town. Now, without one single vote cast, without a single town hall, without a single word of notice, the rulers of Bentonville have unilaterally decided to remove our monument.

I embarked upon this investigation to answer one simple question: Who removed our Confederate monument? After weeks of obfuscation, unreturned phone calls, and warnings to not tread where there be dragons, I was able to unearth the truth. What I discovered was an extraordinarily vast conspiracy, three years in the making, planned and carried out by a culprit so powerful that the local newspaper refused to print a condensed version of this piece. While it was initially written for the citizens of Bentonville, its microcosmic message applies to all of us, in every defiled town across this country that once was ours.

Bentonville is much like any other small Southern town, save for one thing — it is the headquarters of Walmart. Historically, we have been much the better for it; Bentonville has long been a cocoon, into which the problems of the nation have rarely intruded. Yet, as all things must end, so too must this, for while the retailer undoubtedly built this town, it will also be our demise. Death has marched into our town under the guise of “Progress.” The removal of our Confederate monument is but one part of the larger process whereby our town has been leveled and transformed, remade in the image of the vampiric Carpetbaggers and Scalawags that wealth has ushered in. Bentonville is now unrecognizable as the town in which I came of age, the town that Sam Walton so cherished. Its new ruling class is comprised of outsiders with managerial pedigree, transient mercenaries who hold no stake in our town. Many of them do not even live here full-time, and yet they have taken it upon themselves to bring us

benighted, deplorable yokels down into their enlightened cave.

The decision to remove our monument was announced as violent activists gathered at the statue to “protest” in support of the American Kristallnacht that we are now witnessing. Though at first glance, this timing appears to be yet another pathetic attempt to placate the insatiable “color revolution”, this decision was set in motion three years ago, when the chief of a certain corporate behemoth with deep roots in our town approached the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the owner of our monument. About one year ago, this same entity chose to sever those roots, using the shoestring Benton County Historical Society as a front to present a deal to the UDC. By its terms, the UDC had to officially initiate the removal, in order to make it appear as if it was their organic idea, a choice freely made. On the contrary, this deal was an offer that could not be refused; though the UDC was never explicitly threatened, the informal participation of one Benton County judge cast a long shadow. In the background of the proceedings was the knowledge that, were they to refuse this opportunity, that judge, a man who, quite hypocritically, campaigned on “trust, integrity, and transparency”, was available to issue an order that would have forced the UDC to remove it within twelve months, or else let it be removed by the County.

Of course, a carrot accompanied the stick. Through well-handled negotiations, the UDC was able to secure a new private park in which to honor our monument and Confederate dead, named for Arkansas Representative, Senator, Governor, and Confederate veteran James H. Berry. The UDC thus made the best of a bad situation, and I cannot fault them for the agreement; indeed, that is not the point. The point is that this was a blatant deception whereby our town has been forever altered, without any transparency or public deliberation to speak of. The conspirators handled this brilliantly; though they operated in the trappings of local government, thus establishing the implicit support of the State, our public officials had no legal duty to disclose anything to us. By using entirely private money, our elected

representatives were allowed to follow the orders of their corporate handlers to circumvent the political process and subvert the will of the people. These officials lied to our faces for the entirety of the last three years, consistently assuring us that any potential removal or relocation of our monument would be put to a vote, thereby leading us to believe that we were still in control of the destiny of our town. Clear now, for all to see, is the truth that Bentonville is not a democracy — it is a kingdom.

The conspiracy succeeded with aplomb; the identity of the culprit is known only to a select few, all of whom are extremely reticent to discuss the matter. Even the supporters of our statue have been misled into believing that the UDC wanted this to happen; for anyone who cares to peek behind that curtain, the old adage holds true: follow the money. The UDC can hardly afford to dismantle and relocate a monument, nor can it afford to develop a new park; all of this will be paid for by the entity that set it in motion. Monument removal and relocation costs hundreds of thousands of dollars, a price compounded by the fact that ours has already been damaged and thus must be repaired. Who could care so much about erasing the memory of the Confederate States of America that they are willing to spend such exorbitant sums? The hostile class that has infiltrated and transformed the American company into the globalist corporation believes itself to be the arbiter of morality, while we provincials are merely their serfs, irredeemable peons who cannot be entrusted with directing our own lives. Why did we allow them to take our town from us?

As our riven nation burns, symbols of Southern heritage have been targeted as never before. Be not deceived — the Founding Fathers are next. When Old Dixie is finally driven down, Old Glory will wither away along with her. Where is the counterrevolution? Do we not realize that if we cannot stand for what might now seem to be the small things, we cannot stand for anything? Why do no sons and daughters of the South offer any resistance? A large part of the answer is that we stand alone. The South has not been represented in American government since the Egalitarian Revolution of the

Sixties, and the Republican Party that claims to be our protector exists solely to harness the Southern spirit and redirect it straight into the ground. While the Left has metastasized for the last eight decades, the Right has been relentlessly purged from the ranks of the cocktail conservatives, hijacked and crushed.

Thus, in our present state of disorganization, when we dare to stand for ourselves, we know that we have no institutional support, and thus no insulation whatsoever. We are a stateless people, in the unique position of voting, every election cycle, for men who work tirelessly to accelerate our dispossession. We then tell ourselves that we do this because the alternative choice, which is indeed stark raving mad, advocates for our dispossession. So, in order to avoid the Enemy in its avowed form, we run into the arms of the very same Enemy in disguise. The Republican Party dies when we understand that it, along with the corporate “private” sector that it is beholden to, is a far greater threat to our people than the rabid Leftism that so repulses us. What of the faux originalists in the judiciary? In one week, the spuriously “conservative” Supreme Court upheld the unconstitutional Obama amnesty, refused to hear any Second amendment cases, refused to address California’s “Sanctuary State” law, and essentially enacted the Equal Rights Amendment by applying the already unconstitutional Civil Rights Act to homosexuals and transgenders, opening the floodgates to a deluge of new depredations. Just as our unrepresentative government is illegitimate, so too are the kritarchs in black who sit on the Court and credulously place the “constitutional” stamp upon whatever the ruling class wishes it to.

The apostate morality of egalitarianism allows the Enemy to claim the moral high ground, yet nothing could be further from the truth. It is the most fundamental rule of decent governance that a tiny minority cannot make decisions for the majority. Give them one inch, and they will seize the mile. While we breathe, there can never be peace. Our Confederate monument might have been relocated rather than destroyed, but the Enemy will never be satisfied until it is obliterated, and then until there is no record that it ever existed. These monuments are

not stone, but rather material representations of our forefathers, and, by extension, ourselves. They are a solemn reproach, a constant height to which the Enemy can never ascend, a reminder of the glorious nation that the Enemy knows he could never have built. Thus, to profane our altars and debase our monuments is more than a means to psychologically humiliate us; erasing the memories of our accomplishments makes them feel better about having none of their own. They come for monuments now because they can, and now that they know that nothing stands in their path, it cannot be long now until they come for us. Witness the toppling of Christopher Columbus statues across the country, an unmistakable declaration of war with only one message — that we do not belong here, that America should not exist. What is our response? Silence.



THE HISTORY OF ARLINGTON CEMETERY

By David Hudgins



Arlington National Cemetery may be the best known military cemetery in the world. Most people believe it is located in Washington D.C., but it is actually in Alexandria, Virginia. The final resting place for two presidents, thousands of soldiers, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and 25 monuments and memorials, the cemetery’s roots date back to the War between the States and have a tarnished beginning.

The property has a history that goes back to the Founding Fathers, but not as a national cemetery. In 1750, Daniel Parke Custis married Martha Dandridge and they had two children. A few years after the children's birth, Daniel passed away. Martha then married a young army officer named George Washington. Martha and her two children, John Parke Custis and Martha Custis, moved into Washington's home, Mt. Vernon.

In 1778, John Parke Custis purchased a 1,100-acre tract on the Potomac River in Virginia. While serving as an aid to General George Washington, John died from "camp fever."

John's oldest son, George Washington Parke Custis, then inherited the property. In 1802, he moved onto the property that was known as "Mt. Washington." The name was later changed to "Arlington" after the Custis property on Virginia's eastern shores. In 1804, he married Mary Lee "Molly" Fitzhugh and they began to build a larger house. Four children were born in the home; however, three died before reaching age three.

The one child that survived was Mary Anna Randolph Custis. In 1831, she married a young military officer by the name of Robert E. Lee. In September 1832, their first son was born at Fort Monroe and named George Washington Custis Lee in honor of her father. In late 1834, Lee was transferred to Washington City and the Lees took up residence at Arlington. This would begin a life of frequent relocation and repeated separation for the military family while Arlington served as the primary home base for almost 30 years. Six more children were born to the couple at Arlington.

Mary's father, George Washington Parke Custis, died in 1857. In his will Mary Anna Custis Lee inherited his estate for life and then the property would pass to her oldest son. Robert E. Lee took two years of military leave to serve as the executor of the Custis estate.

At the beginning of the Civil War in 1861, Virginia, along with four other slave states, voted not to leave the Union. When President Lincoln required Virginia

to furnish men to the Union army to suppress the Southern states, Virginia voted to secede. Although Lee had been offered command of the Union army, he resigned because he could not fight against his fellow Virginians. Lee received command of Virginia's military forces on April 22, 1861.

The hills around Arlington were occupied by Union troops in May of 1861. Robert E. Lee would never return to Arlington House. Upon leaving Arlington, Mrs. Lee managed to secure some of the family valuables; however other items, many from Mount Vernon, were looted by Union troops and never returned. She also left behind the family slaves who were scheduled to be freed in 1863 under the terms of her father's will.

Two Union forts were built on the grounds. The mill and fences were used for fire wood. Animals were commandeered and crops destroyed.

In 1862, a war time law was passed requiring that property owned by Confederates in areas occupied by Federal troops pay a tax to the U. S. government. The government required that owners appear in person to pay the tax. Mrs. Lee was the legal owner of Arlington House, but she felt this was a trap to hold her hostage. She sent her cousin to pay the \$92.07 tax, but it was refused. In 1864, the Federal Government confiscated her property. Mrs. Lee would only return one time after the war to Arlington for a last look at her family home.

On June 15, 1864, Secretary of War Edwin Stanton ordered Major General Montgomery Meigs to turn 200 acres around Arlington House into a military cemetery. The first graves were placed in Mrs. Lee's rose garden next to the house. It is believed this was done to prevent the Lees from ever moving back into the house.

After the war neither Robert nor Mary Anna Lee protested that their home had been confiscated by the government. However, following their deaths, Custis Lee, the oldest son and now rightful owner of the property, filed a lawsuit against the Federal Government for taking the property. In 1883, the U. S. Supreme Court ruled in his favor. There was then

public concern that the bodies on the property would be exhumed. The government approached Mr. Lee about the purchase of all the property. The estate and home were sold by Custis to the U. S. Government for \$150,000.

In June of 1900, the U.S. Congress authorized that a section of Arlington National Cemetery be set aside for the burial of Confederate dead. On March 4, 1906, the government approved a request by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to erect a monument to the Confederate soldiers. The memorial was designed by world renowned sculptor, Moses Ezekiel, a Confederate veteran and cast by a bronze foundry in Berlin, Germany.

The 32-foot monument is topped with a larger than life figure of a woman representing the South. Her head is crowned with olive leaves and her left hand extends a laurel wreath toward the South for the sacrifice of her fallen sons. Her right hand holds a pruning hook resting on a plow stock. At the feet is a biblical passage “And they shall beat their swords into plow shares and their spears into pruning hooks”. There are also life size figures of mythical gods and Confederate soldiers and sailors. The base of the memorial holds the Seal of the Confederacy and a tribute by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. On the back is a poem by Randolph McKim, a Confederate Chaplin. It reads:

“Not For Fame Or Reward
Not For Place Or For Rank
Not Lured By Ambition
Or Goaded By Necessity
But In Simple
Obedience To Duty
As They Understood It
These Men Suffered All
Sacrificed All
Dared All and Died.”

The Confederate monument was dedicated by President Woodrow Wilson on June 4, 1914, the 106th anniversary of Confederate President Jefferson Davis’ birthday. A large number of Union and Confederate Veterans attended the event.

There are 482 Confederates buried in a concentric circle around the monument. Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor, is buried at the base. The road in front of Arlington National Cemetery is named Jefferson Davis Highway in his honor.

David Hudgins is a member of the Ellis County Museum Board of Directors and co-founder of the Ellis County Veterans Appreciation Committee. He also serves as Chaplin of the O. M. Roberts Camp #178, Sons of Confederate Veterans. For more information, visit www.omroberts.com.



BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES & OTHER IMPORTANT DATES

October 31st – Charles Merka

October 10th – Karen Adams

October 10th – Carole McGee

October 12th – This day in 1870 General Robert E. Lee died. He is buried in Lexington Virginia.



GUARDIAN NEWS

by Past Commander Rex McGee



When performing general grave maintenance, it’s important to consider the materials you’ll be working with and how you can clean without causing damage.

Granite – Mix a cup of non-ionic soap into a bucket of distilled water. As one of the harder stones, use a non-metallic scouring pad to remove calcium deposits, but be careful of any painted lettering.

Bronze – Mix a small amount of water with non-ionic soap. Apply with a soft bristle brush, and then rinse the plaque with distilled water. Wait for the surface to dry and then apply paste wax, buffing in circular motions with a flannel cloth to bring out the shine.

Marble – Mix a cup of ammonium hydroxide into a bucket of distilled water. This stone is firmer than limestone and sandstone, but you should still avoid using a pressure washer.

Limestone and Sandstone – These two are the softest stones, and so for best results, mix a cup of non-ionic detergent into a bucket of distilled water.

Once you've wiped down the headstone with one of these solutions, you need to remove all unwanted growth or dirt with one of the soft cleaning tools. However, this isn't your only option. If you prefer a more 3 natural solution, try putting a couple of snails on the headstone. After a few hours, the snails will have eaten all the moss, mold and fungus, and the headstone should be clean.

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

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



THE CONQUERED BANNER.

BY FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN, THE POET PRIEST OF THE SOUTH.

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, It Is beat;
For there's not a man to wave it,

And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it,
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And it foes now scorn and brave it—
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take the banner down— 'tis tattered,
Broken Is Its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must unfurl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl It sadly—
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave,
Swore that foeman's sword could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low:
And the banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the walling
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must,
Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever.
For its people's hopes are dead.

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