



# David's Dispatch

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



Vol. 10 No. 3

Copyright 2024

March 2024

**WINNER OF THE TEXAS DIVISION BEST NEWSLETTER AWARD, 2017, 2018, 2020 & 2021**

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

## 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*

## UPCOMING EVENTS NEXT MEETING

**Monday, March 11<sup>th</sup>, 6:00 p.m.**  
Zoom Meeting

### 2024 Texas Division Reunion

June 7<sup>th</sup> – 9<sup>th</sup>, 2024  
Doubletree by Hilton  
611 NW Loop 410  
San Antonio, TX 78218

### 2024 National SCV Reunion

July 16<sup>th</sup> – 21<sup>st</sup>, 2024  
Embassy Suites by Hilton  
5055 International Blvd  
North Charleston, SC 29418-5963

## 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 fast-moving cavalryman refused anesthesia when surgeons removed a ball lodged close to his spine?
2. What major general, a nephew of R.E. Lee, later served at same rank in US Army during the Spanish-American War?
3. What New Jersey native was the highest ranking CSA general, whose name was first on the first confirmation list of full generals?

## BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES & OTHER IMPORTANT DATES

**March 8<sup>th</sup>** – Theron Austin

**March 30<sup>th</sup>** – Sue Tomberlain

**March 30<sup>th</sup>** – Steve & Martha Austin

**March 4<sup>th</sup>** – Flag Day for the confederate States of America.

**March 11<sup>th</sup>** – Confederate States Constitution Day - 1861

**March 16<sup>th</sup>** – This day in 1861 the Arizona Territory secedes from the union.



## BATTLES FOUGHT DURING THE MONTH OF MARCH



### **Battle of New Madrid and Island No. 10 - New Madrid and Island No. 10 Missouri**

3 March to 8 April 1862 - Generals McCown and MacKall verses General John Pope. Casualties 4077 Confederate, 831 Union!

### **Battle of Pea Ridge - Pea Ridge Arkansas**

7-8 March 1862 - General Earl Van Dorn verses General Samuel R. Curtis. Casualties: 800 Confederate, 1384 Union!

### **Battle of Brentonville - Brentonville North Carolina**

19-21 March 1865 - General Joseph E. Johnston verses General William T. Sherman. Casualties: 2606 Confederate, 1646 Union!

### **Battle of Kernstown - Kernstown Virginia**

22-23 March 1862 - General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson verses General Nathaniel P. Banks. Casualties: 700 Confederate, 590 Union!

### **Battle of fort Stedman - Fort Stedman Virginia**

25 March 1865 - General John B. Gordon verses Generals Hartranft and Meade. Casualties: 4400 Confederate, 2080 Union!

### **Battle of Dinwiddle Courthouse and White Oak Road - Dinwiddle Virginia**

29-31 March 1865 - General Robert E. Lee verses General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: 2000 Confederate, 2198 Union!



## THE LONE STAR GUARDS.

*by B. L. Aycock, Kountze, Tex., 1923*

*(continued from last month)*

When I was hit, the thought came, " I am killed. " Then I became unconscious, I don't know how long, till near when Billy found me.

This was Thursday night. The surgeon examined my wounds and said: "If your arm has to come off, it will be at the shoulder joint. But," he said, " I must go to worse cases than yours," and departed. I remained there without a dressing until Sunday morning and was then put aboard an army wagon with a number of other wounded and sent to Richmond, nine miles away, over a very rocky road.

We arrived in Richmond the following Monday and were taken to the First Baptist Church, which had been converted into a hospital. My jacket was cut off and the wound dressed.

After some days a swelling in my neck below the right ear located the ball that had knocked me over the week previous, and the surgeon had an easy operation taking it out. I kept that leaden missile a long time, showing it to friends. Wonderful to tell, it was fiat from the contact with my skull. I still carry the scars in my neck, as well as where it entered and glanced down into my neck. The other ball was not taken out of my arm until the December following at Waco. Such was the surgery at the time. What a wonder gangrene did not take me off. On our way to Richmond in that jolting wagon, Tom Cunningham,

of Company F, overtook the wagon from the same field hospital, walking to Richmond with a slight wound. A few days afterwards he was a victim of gangrene and died.

I was furloughed after a few weeks, October, 1862, and went to Marlin, Tex., my home, with my arm still in a sling. I stayed in Texas until the spring of 1863. Although not recovered from my arm wound, I started back with two or three recruits for our company, which was now in Virginia. We went by stage from Waco to Shreveport and through the Mississippi bottoms in canoes to Natchez. At Natchez our little band volunteered to meet a Yankee raid through Mississippi. The citizens expected the raiders to come, but fortunately the raiders changed their course.

From Natchez to Hazlehurst we traveled on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad and had a glimpse of Grierson's work. The tracks were torn up and depots burned. Transportation was furnished us on to Chattanooga, and upon arrival there I went to my sister's, Mrs. Pope's, and rested, as my arm was still very painful. I returned to my company, encamped near Fredericksburg, in August, but was not well enough to shoulder a musket, and Colonel Baine appointed me ordnance sergeant. The company had recently returned from Pennsylvania, having fought at Gettysburg. Here I saw my comrades barefoot after their march into Pennsylvania.

While I was with the 4th serving as ordnance sergeant, our brigade and, in fact, Longstreet's whole command, was ordered to Georgia, where, on September 19 and 20, the great battle of Chickamauga was fought. Our brigade, again in the thickest of the fight, lost heavily.

I was with my ordnance wagon in the rear while this battle was fought. Here General Hood was wounded the second day, and was brought out by our ordnance train on a litter. I walked up to see him, and his great blue eyes looked up to me as much as to say: "I know your face." He was our colonel at the organization and with us in all our marches and engagements mentioned, afterwards being promoted to take Joe

Johnston's place before Atlanta. This was the last time I ever saw our beloved general. The Federal army, defeated, fell back from the Chickamauga to Chattanooga, and for a couple of months we stayed there, having Rosecrans cooped up at Chattanooga.

We next moved to Knoxville, East Tennessee, and after some fighting there, we moved farther up in East Tennessee and went into winter quarters at Morristown. We built our log cabins and remained quietly there, and in March, 1864, came orders for our return to Virginia to rejoin Lee's army of Northern Virginia. At this time, I shouldered a musket again after eighteen months off the firing line.

The spring campaign was to open on the Rapidan, where Grant had assembled his hosts, 120,000 strong for his "On to Richmond."

Returning to Virginia, our march was kept up to rejoin General Lee, and on May 6, 1864, we were again to meet the much-defeated army, first under McClellan at Gaines's Mill, then Burnside and Hooker, and now Grant. On May 6, after General Lee had fought all the day before we arrived on the scene, about 8 o'clock.

This was the terrible battle of the Wilderness, which was, in fact, a veritable wilds. Longstreet had arrived in the acute stage of the hard-fought battle and, after staging a double-quick march for some miles that morning, found our army exhausted from the previous day's combat and actually retreating before Grant's early attack. A charge was in order to turn back Grant's heavy columns. After we had passed through them at right angles, General Lee came to the Texas brigade, then under command of General Gregg. And with him, as it happened, just in the rear of our Company E, General Gregg made a talk to us, saying: "The eyes of General Lee are upon you. He has observed your conduct in many places when it took men indeed to sway the fortunes of war. "We were standing awhile here all quiet, no enemy in sight, a small field intervening, then a dense thicket in our front, with one of our cannon at the edge of this field. We saw General Lee on his favorite horse,

Traveller, up near to this cannon and our skirmishers, and in plain view. Before the order to forward was given, a stalwart Texan took General Lee's horse by the bridle, with the words, "Lee to the rear," and he obeyed for once a command of a private of the Texas brigade, which doubtless saved our great commander.

Soon after this the order to go forward was given, and the enemy was in the thick woods in our front. The charge went on to where they had piled up some logs as a breastworks. Our line got so close to them that something had to happen. Fortunately, the bluecoats ran from their improvised breast- works, and the day was ours. I was a little in advance of the other boys, going first to a tree very near the Yankee line. The tree was forked near the ground. I fired a shot from the tree and looked around. There were five boys behind me at the tree, one was our lieutenant, Ed. Tilley; another was Lieutenant Boyd of Company C, another was a private of Company C, Cosgrove; the others I don't remember. Tilley was killed, another of his company was killed, and all the five were either killed or wounded, I being the only one escaping unhurt.

This crisis passed, we stayed all that day on the ground we had won. All the next day we loitered with no orders except to bury the dead, till late that night we received orders to march. O the darkest night! This was to meet Grant at Spotsylvania Courthouse. Mixed up with wagons, artillery, and teams, every now and then a stop, and down a fellow would drop to sleep in his tracks, so to speak. I never can forget that Ben Merriman, of Company C, was sleepless, and he was busy waking us up when a move of a few steps could be made.

All this weary night we suffered. The next day before noon we were aligned with the rest of the army in Grant's race to beat Lee to the Courthouse. We were ordered to entrench, and here we kept vigil and awaited the onslaught of Grant. Only one assault was made against our particular part of the defensive. It was a weak attack, easily thrown back, but there were some dead Yanks close to our works. Dave Decherd,

of our company, had a sorrowful fate. All being very quiet with us, Dave said: " I'll go over there and see what I can find. " He returned to where I was with a pair of boots, and sat down to try them, was in the act of trying them on, when I heard something strike; and Dave was opening his bosom, and I saw the blood. A ball had entered between his ribs, and in less than a minute a brave boy was dead.

To the right of our position, say half a mile, on May 12, 1864, was fought by troops other than our brigade the conflict known as the "Bloody Angle." Grant, with superior numbers, broke through our line. This was at the road above referred to. The angle was taken and retaken several times. But after perhaps a third time the enemy gained a foothold. Gen. John B. Gordon victoriously drove the Yanks back, and the assault was not renewed. Beaten here, Grant continued his paralleling tactics on toward Richmond, and the two hosts met a third time at Cold Harbor, General Lee maintaining his defensive lines so as to keep between him and Grant's coveted goal, Richmond.

Cold Harbor was the Union name for the battle of Gaines's Mill. Here the two armies met, but the positions were re- versed. This was where Grant made his last attempt to carry Lee's lines by assault. His experience here was discomfiting, in that his losses were about twenty thousand to Lee's five thousand. After this last defeat, he passed right on, going farther from Richmond to cross the James River, about where McClellan, in 1862, had taken shelter from his defeat. Going south to Petersburg, where the siege of Richmond was begun, he attempted to seize the rail communications from Richmond to its supplies from the south.

Here he was thwarted by the timely arrival at Petersburg of the Texas Brigade and some cavalry, the brigade being the first to meet and foil the movement. Here, again, the siege of Petersburg (Richmond) began. This was about June 20, 1864, after the continuous marching and fighting from May 6. I had been a humble part of all, and without receiving another wound.



In July the brigade was ordered back to the north side of the James to hold the thin gray line on that part of the line, which was threatened, as well as around Petersburg.

When Hood's Brigade made this change to the north side, Grant was tunnelling under the Confederate breast works at Petersburg, and what was known as the Crater was near the place we vacated. When the explosion occurred on July 30, 1864, cannonading of the fight was heard by us twenty miles away. From this time on till October 10 our front was comparatively quiet. However, one foggy morning in September, our pickets ran in, reporting advances by the enemy. We were promptly in line fifteen feet apart to receive the expected charge. But instead of soldiers to meet, a riderless bay horse, caparisoned as an officer's steed, came running up toward our line. Our boys cried, " Don't shoot him, " but when he wheeled to go back, a volley of musketry brought him low. Thus the expected battle that foggy morning was turned into this fantastic performance. "Nothing doin'."

On October 9 orders came to move about ten at night. The brigade was maneuvered to a point on Darbytown road where it was strangely ordered to charge the Federal fortified works. Our Company E had not an\*officer, either commissioned or noncommissioned, and the colonel put me in command of the company, only about ten men. My name, Aycock, first on the roster, was the occasion of this unsolicited honor. We were here in a depression and not in sight of the Yankee works. The enemy had piled big logs high and fitted the place for two lines of men to stand and deliver their fire. Think of our weak line charging such a place! General Gregg ordered the "Forward." When we had reached within a few yards of the enemy our line seemed to be dissolved and scattered. General Gregg was killed, and our color bearer was shot through the back of his neck, but still held on to his colors. I looked about and saw only one man with me. This was a hundred feet or more from the enemy's line. They were armed as we afterwards found out with eight-

shot rifles. My man, Ed Willis, suggested that we must surrender.

We had got then into the chevaux de frise: "We can't get back under fire," he said. "Then hoist a white flag," I said. Whereupon he tied his handkerchief to a ramrod and the Yanks seeing the signal began to call to us "come in." Keeping my eye on the Yanks in front, I didn't notice Willis, and when the prisoners were counted (about thirty), it dawned on me that Willis had stayed back, taking advantage of my going in. I never saw him afterwards, but in a list of the boys surrendering at Appomattox, Willis was one.

*A prisoner of war!* This was the last thing expected by me. And to be treated not humanely, as the rules of war required the world over, but all thirty Texans were marched under guard of negro troops to where the Federal General Butler ordered us to be put under fire of our own guns (mortars), as Butler claimed he had the right to do to stop our guns from interrupting the work of digging a gap through a narrow wedge to let their gunboats through a nearer way to Richmond, and to evade some batteries the Confederates had planted at the apex of the horseshoe in the James River. Here we were kept under fire of our guns for ten days, till, seeing General Lee wouldn't be ruled that way, we were taken to a regular prison camp at Point Lookout, Md.

Here we got a taste of prison life—the winter of 1864 and 1865—another move of retaliation by the War Department to starve and to freeze us to death because of alleged cruelties to their prisoners at Andersonville, Ga. Our rations were a quart cup of bean soup and a quarter loaf of baker's bread per day, with three small sticks of wood to warm the tents we had for housing. We thus suffered as no one can imagine all the winter through.

On June 8, 1865, we stepped from the shore of " Maryland, My Maryland, " boarding a transport for our dear Southland, free. But President Davis, a prisoner, not of war but of hatred, suffered in mind and body for his beloved cause far more than any other prisoner—manacled with chains, insulted, and

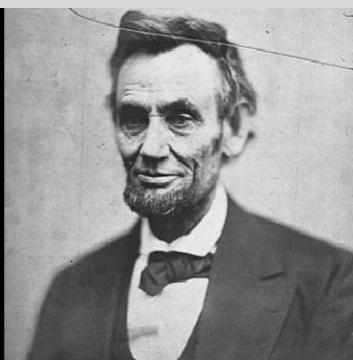
in every way tortured. Why should any true soldier of his cause complain? He was indicted for treason in the Federal court at Richmond, but was never tried, because he had violated no law. See what a grand country we have after sixty years?

It looks to me as though our cause was vindicated.

## BET YA DIDN'T KNOW!

"I will say, then, that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races -- that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people; and I will say in addition to this that there is a physical difference between the white and black races from living together on terms of social and political equality. And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I as much as any other man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race."

"The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln," Roy Basler, ed. 1953 New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers University Press



## Lincoln's Views on Race

**Both before and during the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln pushed to send freed Blacks abroad.**

The policy, called colonization, had been supported by Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay—a hero of Lincoln's—and even Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose protagonists in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" ultimately emigrated from the United States to Africa. In August 1862, Lincoln brought five Black ministers to the White House and told them that slavery and the war had demonstrated that it would be "better for us both, therefore, to be separated." He wanted to send freed Blacks to Central America, even calling for a constitutional amendment authorizing Congress to pay for colonization. But prominent abolitionists such as Frederick Douglass and William Lloyd Garrison were appalled by the idea. Lincoln never succeeded at gathering support for the policy, and after he signed the Emancipation Proclamation he never mentioned it publicly again.



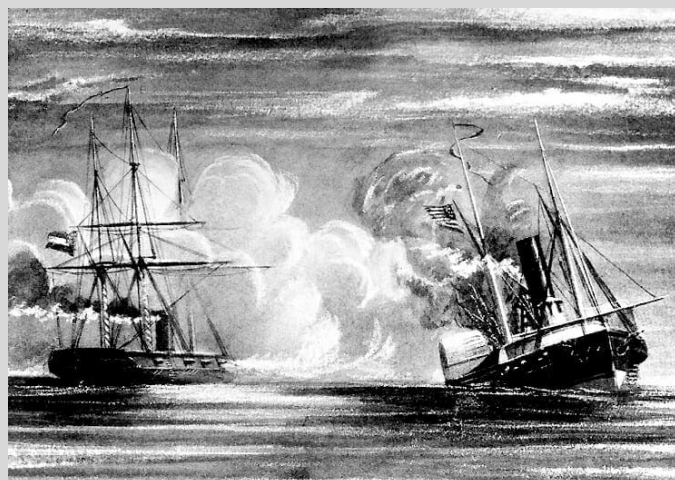
## Quote from a Confederate Chaplain

"The Lord is with us at Seabrooks' Hospital, we have a great revival of religion here. A greater one I scarcely ever witnessed. Rarely a day passes but I find one or more new converts. The number in our hospital is being rapidly reduced, many being transferred to other places, and many having died; but the religious element in our midst is by no means dying out. A large number are yet inquiring, 'What must we do to be saved?' Those who have professed a hope in Christ seem to be in the full enjoyment of faith."

*Chaplain William Robert Gwaltney*  
1st North Carolina Infantry

## FAMOUS CONFEDERATE RAIDER SHIP IN BATTLE

*by Curt Locklear*



The captain of the CSS Alabama, Raphael Semmes, had already had a successful career of raiding US merchant vessels during the Civil War, having taken 26 of them captive and all their cargo. Via word from a merchant seaman, he had learned that US General Banks was planning to invade Texas at Sabine.

When the Alabama pulled close to Galveston on January 11, 1863, Semmes didn't know that General John Bankhead McGruder had successfully re-taken Galveston on January 1st in a pitched combination naval and land battle. Semmes had expected to have a chance to capture a USS navy transport vessel or two. Instead, he saw five US warships stationed outside Galveston.

Captain Semmes figured he had a chance to do some damage to the US fleet but couldn't take on all of the five ships at once. So, he pretended to be a passing blockade runner vessel. When his masts were spotted on the horizon, the USS Hatteras Captain Homer Blake was ordered to give chase. They thought the slowly moving vessel was a cargo vessel for the beleaguered Confederates trying to escape.

Semmes deliberately sailed slowly, allowing the Hatteras to eventually catch up with the Alabama. In the dark, around 7 pm, when Hatteras drew within about 50 yards of the Alabama, Captain Blake called to know the name of the ship. Semmes called out, "The HMS Vixen." (Or Spitfire. Sources disagree.)

When Blake had his crew lower a boat for a boarding party, Semmes and his men called out, "We are the CSS Alabama!" and they raked the Hatteras with a broadside.

Though the outgunned Hatteras attempted to return fire and do battle, the Alabama's gun crews were far too accurate. Several hits set fires within the Hatteras, and one shot broke the cylinder head of the Hatteras's steam engine. It could no longer maneuver, and several shots hit below water line. Water was pouring in. The Hatteras was sinking. The battle was over in less than 20 minutes.

Hatteras fired an "off gun" on the opposite side of the ship and raised a lantern indicating surrender.

Semmes sent over several boats to save the Hatteras's crew, taking them prisoners. In the battle, two Hatteras sailors were killed, five wounded. Alabama had two crewmen wounded.

The Alabama unloaded the captured US seamen in Jamaica where they were paroled. When the US Brooklyn warship found the Hatteras the next morning, she had sunk to the bottom with only the top of the masts showing, it's US flag still snapping in the breeze.

This was the Alabama's first real battle. The raider continued to successfully elude chase by US naval forces and capture more merchant ships. Its second and last battle would occur off the coast of France against the USS Kearsarge over a year later.



## I AM YOUR CONFEDERATE ANCESTOR

*By Trooper Jim DeArman,*  
CSA CO. B, 37th Texas Calvary (Terrell's)

I am your Confederate ancestor. Remember me?  
When our country needed me, I answered the call.

Do not forget me!

I was willing and did give up everything,  
Sacrificed all, for country and you.

I faced deprivation, starvation,  
faced the winter in tattered uniforms,  
marched for miles with no shoes.

In Northern POW camps, ill treatment was the  
norm,  
intentionally withheld medical treatment, festering  
wounds,  
allowed to freeze in the winter, and forced to endure  
sickness,  
with hopes we would die.

I proudly fought under our flag,  
for the constitutional republic we desired.  
I rallied and faced an army that most of the time,  
outnumbered us and was better equipped.



I gave my all and did my best, no sacrifice was to  
great.

No duty too small.

It was for you I did this, without expecting any  
reward.

I suffered horrible wounds, and watched the angle  
of death, cut vast lines of men down.

I bled for you, soaking the earth. I died for you.

Our families heeded the call,  
they suffered under the boot of the Union army,  
sacrificing farms, homes, possessions, years of  
hardships we endured.

Will our self-sacrifice's and heroic deeds,  
be forgotten and perish from your memory?

My blood consecrated the ground of our country.

I gave my life for our people and it's land.

I died a heroic death for our independence,  
on the battlefields of Shiloh, Chickamauga,  
Gettysburg. Behold our bodies laid out in long lines,  
the indignity of buried like garbage in mass  
trenches.

Our faces changed, death reflected in our eyes,  
we breathe not, forevermore.

Behold, our mothers, wives, family,  
heads bowed down, silently grieving us who will  
never return.

Some buried forever in Yankee soil. Our friends  
choked  
with tears.

The burden of losing us, having to bury us, to  
entomb us.

We did not betray you!

Our muskets still by our side, ammo pouches  
empty,

We fought till the last man.

Just as our blood spilled out step by step,  
We did all we could, every last man, never to rise.

Only when you forget us, do we truly die.

Only when you turn your back on us, are we truly  
gone.

Stand up for us!

Fight for us now!

For we carried your name, till death closed our  
eyes.

Do not let our sacrifice, die with us, our memory!  
Raise the flag we fought for, wave it proudly from  
on high! Are you ashamed of us, or too weak of  
heart to carry on?

The banner has been passed to you, do not let it fall  
or falter... the battle is now yours.

Remember me... I did not shirk my duty.

Remember me, our bodies laid out in long lines.

But I can arise and live again.

But only through you!



## HENRY "DAD" BROWN

The Historical Society of Pennsylvania wrote an article October 9, 2012 entitled "Pensions for African Americans who Served or Fought for the Confederate States of America" the author was Daniel Rolph. The article stated, "The records show that both free and enslaved African Americans served on behalf of the Southern states." Henry "Dad" Brown is one example cited by the author.

Born in 1830, he was a free back man and veteran battlefield drummer. He served in the Mexican, Civil and Spanish American Wars. He was a landowner and brick mason living in Darlington County, South Carolina.

In 1861, he was at First Manassas, Virginia, serving with the 8th South Carolina Infantry. It is believed that Brown captured a pair of Union drumsticks after his had been damaged. He used these for the remainder of the war. In a 1907 in a Darlington Press article, the paper wrote that "he (Brown) followed onto the (Manassas) battlefield and was under fire with the others." By 1862, he was serving in the 21<sup>st</sup> South Carolina and receiving \$12 per month for his service. "The Confederate Congress authorized salaries for black musicians and specified that they were to receive the same rate of pay as white musicians, stating "whenever colored persons are employed as musicians in any regiment or company, they shall be entitled to the same pay now allowed by law to musicians regularly enlisted."

After the war, Brown returned to Darlington and when the Darlington Camp #785 United Confederate Veterans (UCV) Camp was organized he had his



name enrolled. “He prided himself on being a veteran and took great interest in the camp.”

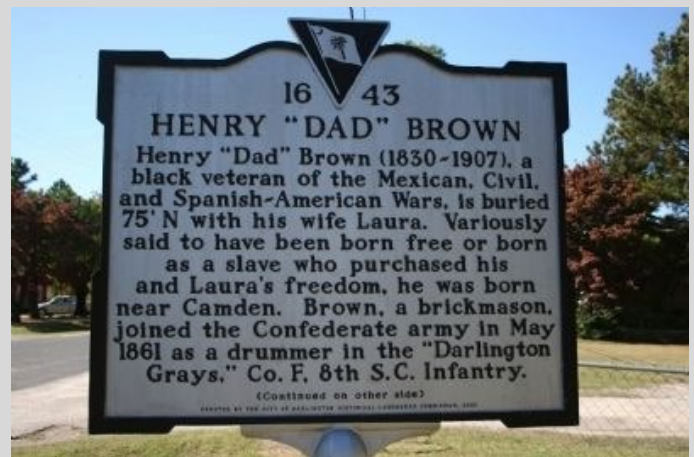


In a February, 1989 issue of Civil War Times Illustrated it was remarked that “Brown had went to war not to preserve slavery or to endorse secession but like many of his white counterparts simply to defend his home as did his friends and neighbors.”

He died in 1907. His casket was covered in a Confederate battle flag and members of his UCV Camp acted as pallbearers. The service was conducted by both a white and a black pastor. A spiraling 20 foot obelisk was erected in his honor on his grave and in 1990 this monument underwent restoration and was re-dedicated. The ceremony that year was attended by over 200 people and among those were retired Army General William Westmoreland and Army Secretary Michael Stone. The event caused some differing opinions among locals. Arthur Stanley, then president emeritus of the Darlington Branch of the NAACP remarked, “I feel Henry Brown was a handy man for the white man. There are a lot of other blacks who could have been honored who weren’t Uncle Toms” Wilhelmina Johnson, who is black and founder of the Cultural, Realism, and Charm Complex and director of the Darlington County Museum of Ethnic Culture said, “while the tribute to Dad Brown might offend some

African Americans, especially considering his service in the Confederacy, I feel the tribute is long overdue.”

Let’s return to that Historical Society of Pennsylvania article to summarize this interesting story. “The American Civil War and slavery are not cut and dry issues that can be summarized simply by referring to the demarcation line known as the Mason and Dixon. On both sides of the map there were exceptions to the rule, with thousands of Southerners serving in Federal units while Copperhead sympathizers and even native-born Northerners aided, abetted, or served with Confederate armed forces. Thus, why should millions of free or enslaved African Americans be any different than their white counterparts? They too were individuals who were moved by ideas and emotions of their time.”



## TRIVIAL PURSUIT ANSWERS!

1. Nathan Bedford Forrest (b. Tennessee) Interned at SCV HQ, Elm Springs, TN
2. Fitzhugh Lee (b. Virginia)
3. Samuel Cooper...after the war, he lived a meager life as a farmer and died in 1876.

**1<sup>st</sup> Lt. David Richard Reynolds**  
**Camp #2270**  
**Mount Pleasant, Texas**  
**Camp Leadership**

**Commander**  
 Steven Weldon Austin  
 (903) 285-5192  
[tfcvso67@yahoo.com](mailto:tfcvso67@yahoo.com)

**1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Commander**  
 Danny "Kid" Tillery  
 (903) 717-1593  
[dkidtillery@gmail.com](mailto:dkidtillery@gmail.com)

**2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Commander**  
 Vacant

**Adjutant**  
 Alvin "Rex" McGee  
 (903) 577-3233  
[AlvinRexMcGee@hotmail.com](mailto:AlvinRexMcGee@hotmail.com)

**Treasurer**  
 Larry Joe Reynolds  
 (318) 691-2844  
[Joe.Reynolds@davidrreynolds.org](mailto:Joe.Reynolds@davidrreynolds.org)

**Judge Advocate**  
 Terry Lee Landrum  
 (361) 453-8002  
[terrylandrum@rocketmail.com](mailto:terrylandrum@rocketmail.com)

**Quartermaster**  
 Joe Reynolds  
 (318) 691-2844  
[Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org](mailto:Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org)

**Chaplain**  
 Vacant

**Color Sergeant**  
 Theron Weldon Austin  
 (903) 960-5048  
[Theronwa@hotmail.com](mailto:Theronwa@hotmail.com)

**Historian**

Joe Reynolds  
 (318) 691-2844  
[Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org](mailto:Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org)

**Web Master / Newsletter Editor**

Joe Reynolds  
 (318) 691-2844  
[Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org](mailto:Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org)

**NEWSLETTER EDITOR**

Larry "Joe" Reynolds  
 5518 Jeff Davis Drive  
 Alexandria, LA 71302-2336  
 (318) 691-2844  
[Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org](mailto:Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org)



Opinions expressed by individual writers are their own and do not necessarily reflect official positions of the 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. David Richard Reynolds Camp #2270.

Letters and articles may be submitted to:

[Joe.Reynolds@davidrreynolds.org](mailto:Joe.Reynolds@davidrreynolds.org)  
 (Cutoff for articles is 20<sup>th</sup> of the month)

