



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 & 2021

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

COMMANDER'S CORNER

by Steven Weldon Austin



Compatriots,

Texas Historical Commission Marker #11183;
Titus County Texas, CSA



[Marker Text] Created and organized in 1846, the County was named for pioneer resident Andrew Jackson Titus (1814-1855), who opened county's first road, to the river port in Jefferson. Until after the Civil War, Titus County also included areas of present-day Franklin and Morris Counties (1875). Six mail routes going by horseback, had pack mules to follow lead horse. High waters in creeks and Sulphur River often halted travel. Record time to haul cotton to Jefferson was 5 days by ox wagon. In 1860 had 9,648 people. Voted 411 to 275 in favor of secession. Sent 10 military companies to Civil War. While home tables drew heavily on game foods (deer, wild turkeys, pigeons, bear), county furnished Confederate commissary with beef, butter, corn, rice, cotton, oats, sweet potatoes, flour, cornmeal, leather, lumber, pottery, tobacco, whiskey and wool. Wartime manufacturing plants included 9

sawmills, 8 gristmills, tanneries and a steam powered distillery. Mount Pleasant had a Confederate transportation depot employing blacksmiths, carpenters, harness makers, wheelwrights. It procured equipment and horses and mules, and made gear, harness and wagons for the purpose of moving men, army supplies and government owned cotton....

Of the 10 Companies referenced on the Marker, the following research has yielded some of the "Nicknames" of the these Titus Confederate Units...

The Titus Hunters was the nickname for Company D, 11th Texas Infantry Regiment. The majority of the unit's soldiers were residents of Titus County; the few who were not lived in adjoining counties. These men were members of a regiment raised by Oran M. Roberts, who later became governor of Texas. Roberts' 11th Texas Infantry was a part of Colonel Horace Randal's brigade in Walker's Texas Division. (Walker's Greyhounds)...

9th Texas Cavalry Regiment (Sims's 4th Cavalry)
Company I (Titus Grays)

27th Texas Cavalry Regiment (4th Battalion;
Whitfield's Legion; 1st Legion) Company A
(Texas Fencibles; Titus Invincibles)

Company I (Titus Rangers)

The 19th Texas Infantry Regiment enlisted ten companies from East Texas; each company was given a letter designation from "A" to "K" with no "J" company due to military tradition. The first company to be formed, Company A, was very different than the rest of the regiment. Although a few of the men in Company A came from rural counties, including Anderson, La Grange, Milam, Robertson (which provided the highest percentage of farmers in the company),

Rusk, San Augustine, Titus, and Upshur, the majority of the Company A's recruits lived in or near Jefferson, Texas, in Marion County... additional research continues...

Special "Thanks" to Larry "Joe" Reynolds for his dedication to Camp. Joe attends all the SCV Meetings, 5th Brigade, Texas Division and is the spearhead of the Zoom efforts our Camp has employed to promote and advance, educate, and preserve our history and heritage. We also recognize Rex McGee for his support and loyalty to Camp 2270.

For Heritage and History

Deo Vindice

Steve W. Austin; Cmdr. #2270, SCV

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, July 10th, 7:00 p.m.
Zoom Meeting

2023 SCV National Reunion

July 19th – 22nd, 2023

Arlington Hotel

239 Central Avenue

Hot Springs, Arkansas

The Army of Trans-Mississippi Symposium

August 12, 2023

Elks Lodge

3702 New Boston Road

Texarkana, Texas 75501



A BLAST FROM THE PAST

*(Taken from the June 1923 Edition of the
Confederate Veteran - 100 Years Ago)*

CAPT. W. J. STONE – IN MEMORIAM

Capt. William Johnston Stone was born June 26, 1841, in that part of Caldwell County, Ky., which later became Lyon County. His parents, Leasil and Nancy Killen Stone, were both born in Spartanburg District, S. C., and were brought to Kentucky in infancy. Thus, he became heir to the Colonial and Revolutionary traditions which made that part of South Carolina distinctive.

Captain Stone was reared on a farm and had only the ordinary country school education of the ante-bellum boy. After the war he added to his store of knowledge both by books and by experience, until he was the peer of many men who had far more advantages.

At the age of twenty, in June, 1861, he began his service for the Confederate States by recruiting men, and went into camp at Bowling Green, Ky., about the 1st of September as a member of Company G, 1st Kentucky Cavalry. He was detached with his company and sent to Hopkinsville in October, 1861, seeing much active scout and picket duty between that place and the Ohio River. In January, 1862, he had pneumonia in an improvised hospital, but took part in the battle of Fort Donelson, February 14 and 15, and was not taken prisoner, escaping with others of his company.

After the exchange of other comrades in August, 1862, his company was reorganized. He was elected first sergeant and was made drillmaster. The company applied for reinstatement in the cavalry service, and was placed in Gen. John H. Mougans' command, under Col. D. Howard Smith, until the disastrous raid into Ohio in July, 1863. Morgan was captured, but about three hundred of his men, of whom Captain Stone was one, escaped by swimming the Ohio River, which was at flood tide.

These men were reorganized with others and commanded by Col. R. M. Martin, the company being commanded by Capt. J. D. Kirkpatrick. After Morgan's escape from Columbus prison, he was again in command and was ordered to move into Kentucky through Pound Gap in the Cumberland Mountains, and get in the rear of a heavy Federal force which was moving on Saltville, Va. By a successful movement they saved the salt works. With hard marching and fighting every day, they captured Hazel Green, Mt. Sterling, Winchester, Lexington, and Cynthiana, and the forces which held them, while still in advance of the Federal forces. On June 11, at Cynthiana, Captain Stone received his commission as captain from General Morgan, "for courage and gallantry in the execution of a most dangerous and difficult order in the battle of that morning." Captain Stone had several times been in command of his company, and had shown that executive ability which was a conspicuous quality of his later life.

On the 12th of June was fought the second battle of Cynthiana, in which, after a gallant charge, driving the Northern line half a mile, the Confederates were forced to retreat. Just here Captain Stone received a rifle ball through his right leg just below the hip joint, which resulted in the amputation of the leg some two months later. He lay on the field all day and was removed to a church which had been turned into a hospital, where he was attended by Dr. Keller, of the Confederate forces, and by good citizens of the town, a prisoner and a sorely wounded one.

He was not able to work until September, 1865, when he returned home and began the struggle to support himself and his aged father and mother. He studied law; but, owing to the age of his parents and their objection to his leaving them, he did not apply for license, and continued to farm.



W. J. Stone

In 1867, he was elected to represent Lyon and Caldwell counties in the legislature, and in 1875 he was elected to represent Lyon and Marshall counties and was chosen Speaker of the House. In 1883, he was again a member of the legislature, and served as chairman of the Committee on State Prisons. As the result of his labors on this committee, the branch penitentiary at Eddyville was built, and the young convicts separated from older and more hardened criminals.

In 1884 he was elected to Congress from the First District of Kentucky and was reelected for five terms. There he did great service in securing appropriations to improve the banks of the Mississippi River, also for a public building at

Paducah, together with many improvements on the Ohio and the Cumberland rivers. He introduced into Congress the first bill ever written providing for the dissolution of trusts and making trusts unlawful, and also the first bill providing for the election of United States Senators by the people.

In 1899 he was a candidate for Governor of the State, and had he been nominated and elected, it is safe to say that Captain Stone, the gallant Confederate soldier and the courageous statesman, would have saved Kentucky from the darkest chapter in her history.

In 1910, after holding other offices in the United Confederate Veterans, Captain Stone was elected Commander of the Kentucky Division, with the rank of brigadier general, and kept this honorable place until his death, March 12, 1923. In March, 1912, he was appointed Examiner of Pensions, and in 1914, when the office of Commissioner of Confederate Pensions was created, he was appointed to this place, which he held with ability and administered with economy, justice, and generosity until his last illness. The first year of his appointment the Attorney General of the State held the law unconstitutional. Obtaining consent of the Court of Appeals to argue the case, Captain Stone appeared for his department and for the veteran pensioners and successfully argued the case, being the only person not a lawyer to ever argue a case before that court.

He was married October 29, 1867, to Miss Cornelia Woodyard, of Cynthiana, who had been an angel of mercy in ministering to him as he lay on the battle field and in hospital. Their two daughters, Mrs. Sudie Snook, of Paducah, and Mrs. Willie Young, of Louisville, survive him. His wife died after thirty-nine years of married life, and on March 10, 1909, he was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers, of Morganfield, Ky., who cared for him tenderly through his declining years, and who survives him.

Captain Stone lived a long and eminently useful life. Many joys and sorrows came to him, vicissitudes of fortune were his, but he met them all with unflinching courage, and lived a life that was successful far

beyond the average human life. He was a member of the Baptist Church, a devoted Christian, a tender friend, a loving husband and father, an upright gentleman, an honest and efficient public servant, careful always of the name and the honor and the interest of his Confederate comrades, beloved and respected by men and women of all creeds and all political parties. It is hard to depict his noble character and distinguished service in general terms when the memory of his friends and associates is so full of concrete examples of his high ideals. He was the embodiment of all that was best in the Old South and a grand exemplar of the virtues and the ideals that are the heritage of the whole country.

For nine and fifty years he kept his long and true parole;
With steadfast mind and gallant heart was captain of his soul;
And through the marching years of peace embossed his battle scroll
With manly virtues all his own, courage and self-control.

In his last tent he sleeps alone amid Kentucky's hills to-day;
Those western hills, a strong patrol, stand guard along the way
His comrades and commanders go with banners once so gay, But drooping now, so slow they ride, the men who wore the gray.

Hero in war and peace he lies, "the lion-hearted man.
Who wore his valor like a star, uncrowned"—Kentuckian
"Above his heart serene and still the folded stars and bars,
Above his head, like mother wings, the sheltering stripes and stars."
[Mrs. W. T. Towler, Vice President Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, U.D.C. Frankfort, Ky.]



**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!



**BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES
& OTHER IMPORTANT DATES**

July 2nd – Hal & Cindy Fletcher

July 13th – This day in 1821 General Nathan Bedford Forrest was born.



July 4, 1846 The 28th star, representing Texas, was added to the United States flag. Notice how the stars are arranged to honor the Lone Star State. This was the US flag for one year until Iowa was added.



THE VETERAN

by [Stephen Crane](#)



Battle of Chancellorsville, May 2-4, 1863, The Red Badge of Courage

Out of the low window could be seen three hickory trees placed irregularly in a meadow that was resplendent in spring-time green. Farther away, the old, dismal belfry of the village church loomed over the pines. A horse, meditating in the shade of one of the hickories, lazily swished his tail. The warm

sunshine made an oblong of vivid yellow on the floor of the grocery.

"Could you see the whites of their eyes?" said the man, who was seated on a soap box.

"Nothing of the kind," replied old Henry warmly. "Just a lot of flitting figures, and I let go at where they 'peared to be the thickest. Bang!"

"Mr. Fleming," said the grocer--his deferential voice expressed somehow the old man's exact social weight--"Mr. Fleming, you never was frightened much in them battles, was you?"

The veteran looked down and grinned. Observing his manner, the entire group tittered. "Well, I guess I was," he answered finally. "Pretty well scared, sometimes. Why, in my first battle I thought the sky was falling down. I thought the world was coming to an end. You bet I was scared."

Every one laughed. Perhaps it seemed strange and rather wonderful to them that a man should admit the thing, and in the tone of their laughter there was probably more admiration than if old Fleming had declared that he had always been a lion. Moreover, they knew that he had ranked as an orderly sergeant, and so their opinion of his heroism was fixed. None, to be sure, knew how an orderly sergeant ranked, but then it was understood to be somewhere just shy of a major-general's stars. So, when old Henry admitted that he had been frightened, there was a laugh.

"The trouble was," said the old man, "I thought they were all shooting at me. Yes, sir, I thought every man in the other army was aiming at me in particular, and only me. And it seemed so darned unreasonable, you know. I wanted to explain to 'em what an almighty good fellow I was, because I thought then they might quit all trying to hit me. But I couldn't explain, and they kept on being unreasonable--blim!--blam! bang! So I run!"

Two little triangles of wrinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes. Evidently he appreciated some comedy in this recital. Down near his feet, however, little Jim, his grandson, was visibly horror-stricken.

His hands were clasped nervously, and his eyes were wide with astonishment at this terrible scandal, his most magnificent grandfather telling such a thing.

"That was at Chancellorsville. Of course, afterward I got kind of used to it. A man does. Lots of men, though, seem to feel all right from the start. I did, as soon as I 'got on to it,' as they say now; but at first I was pretty well flustered. Now, there was young Jim Conklin, old Si Conklin's son--that used to keep the tannery--you none of you recollect him--well, he went into it from the start just as if he was born to it. But with me it was different. I had to get used to it."

When little Jim walked with his grandfather he was in the habit of skipping along on the stone pavement, in front of the three stores and the hotel of the town, and betting that he could avoid the cracks. But upon this day he walked soberly, with his hand gripping two of his grandfather's fingers. Sometimes he kicked abstractedly at dandelions that curved over the walk. Any one could see that he was much troubled.

"There's Sickles's colt over in the medder, Jimmie," said the old man. "Don't you wish you owned one like him?"

"Um," said the boy, with a strange lack of interest. He continued his reflections. Then finally he ventured: "Grandpa--now--was that true what you was telling those men?"

"What?" asked the grandfather. "What was I telling them?"

"Oh, about your running."

"Why, yes, that was true enough, Jimmie. It was my first fight, and there was an awful lot of noise, you know."

Jimmie seemed dazed that this idol, of its own will, should so totter. His stout boyish idealism was injured.

Presently the grandfather said: "Sickles's colt is going for a drink. Don't you wish you owned Sickles's colt, Jimmie?"

The boy merely answered: "He ain't as nice as our'n." He lapsed then into another moody silence.

* * * * *

One of the hired men, a Swede, desired to drive to the county seat for purposes of his own. The old man loaned a horse and an unwashed buggy. It appeared later that one of the purposes of the Swede was to get drunk.

After quelling some boisterous frolic of the farm hands and boys in the garret, the old man had that night gone peacefully to sleep, when he was aroused by clamouring at the kitchen door. He grabbed his trousers, and they waved out behind as he dashed forward. He could hear the voice of the Swede, screaming and blubbing. He pushed the wooden button, and, as the door flew open, the Swede, a maniac, stumbled inward, chattering, weeping, still screaming: "De barn fire! Fire! Fire! De barn fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!"

There was a swift and indescribable change in the old man. His face ceased instantly to be a face; it became a mask, a grey thing, with horror written about the mouth and eyes. He hoarsely shouted at the foot of the little rickety stairs, and immediately, it seemed, there came down an avalanche of men. No one knew that during this time the old lady had been standing in her night-clothes at the bedroom door, yelling: "What's th' matter? What's th' matter? What's th' matter?"

When they dashed toward the barn it presented to their eyes its usual appearance, solemn, rather mystic in the black night. The Swede's lantern was overturned at a point some yards in front of the barn doors. It contained a wild little conflagration of its own, and even in their excitement some of those who ran felt a gentle secondary vibration of the thrifty part of their minds at sight of this overturned lantern. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a calamity.

But the cattle in the barn were trampling, trampling, trampling, and above this noise could be heard a

humming like the song of innumerable bees. The old man hurled aside the great doors, and a yellow flame leaped out at one corner and sped and wavered frantically up the old grey wall. It was glad, terrible, this single flame, like the wild banner of deadly and triumphant foes.

The motley crowd from the garret had come with all the pails of the farm. They flung themselves upon the well. It was a leisurely old machine, long dwelling in indolence. It was in the habit of giving out water with a sort of reluctance. The men stormed at it, cursed it; but it continued to allow the buckets to be filled only after the wheezy windlass had howled many protests at the mad-handed men.

With his opened knife in his hand old Fleming himself had gone headlong into the barn, where the stifling smoke swirled with the air currents, and where could be heard in its fulness the terrible chorus of the flames, laden with tones of hate and death, a hymn of wonderful ferocity.

He flung a blanket over an old mare's head, cut the halter close to the manger, led the mare to the door, and fairly kicked her out to safety. He returned with the same blanket, and rescued one of the work horses. He took five horses out, and then came out himself, with his clothes bravely on fire. He had no whiskers, and very little hair on his head. They soused five pailfuls of water on him. His eldest son made a clean miss with the sixth pailful, because the old man had turned and was running down the decline and around to the basement of the barn, where were the stanchions of the cows. Some one noticed at the time that he ran very lamely, as if one of the frenzied horses had smashed his hip.

The cows, with their heads held in the heavy stanchions, had thrown themselves, strangled themselves, tangled themselves--done everything which the ingenuity of their exuberant fear could suggest to them.

Here, as at the well, the same thing happened to every man save one. Their hands went mad. They became

incapable of everything save the power to rush into dangerous situations.

The old man released the cow nearest the door, and she, blind drunk with terror, crashed into the Swede. The Swede had been running to and fro babbling. He carried an empty milk-pail, to which he clung with an unconscious, fierce enthusiasm. He shrieked like one lost as he went under the cow's hoofs, and the milk-pail, rolling across the floor, made a flash of silver in the gloom.

Old Fleming took a fork, beat off the cow, and dragged the paralysed Swede to the open air. When they had rescued all the cows save one, which had so fastened herself that she could not be moved an inch, they returned to the front of the barn, and stood sadly, breathing like men who had reached the final point of human effort.

Many people had come running. Some one had even gone to the church, and now, from the distance, rang the tocsin note of the old bell. There was a long flare of crimson on the sky, which made remote people speculate as to the whereabouts of the fire.

The long flames sang their drumming chorus in voices of the heaviest bass. The wind whirled clouds of smoke and cinders into the faces of the spectators. The form of the old barn was outlined in black amid these masses of orange-hued flames.

And then came this Swede again, crying as one who is the weapon of the sinister fates: "De colts! De colts! You have forgot de colts!"

Old Fleming staggered. It was true: they had forgotten the two colts in the box-stalls at the back of the barn. "Boys," he said, "I must try to get 'em out." They clamoured about him then, afraid for him, afraid of what they should see. Then they talked wildly each to each. "Why, it's sure death!" "He would never get out!" "Why, it's suicide for a man to go in there!" Old Fleming stared absent-mindedly at the open doors. "The poor little things!" he said. He rushed into the barn.

When the roof fell in, a great funnel of smoke swarmed toward the sky, as if the old man's mighty spirit, released from its body--a little bottle--had swelled like the genie of fable. The smoke was tinted rose- hue from the flames, and perhaps the unutterable midnights of the universe will have no power to daunt the colour of this soul.

2023 TEXAS DIVISION

The 2023 Texas Division Reunion was held in Lubbock, Texas on June 9th and 10th. During the Reunion the following officers were elected:

Commander..... William Michael Hurley
 1st Lt. CommanderShelby Little
 2nd Lt. Commander..... Jim Cox
 3rd Lt. Commander..... Cody Crislip

Commander Hurley also announced his appointed staff consisting of:

Chief of Staff..... Allen Hearrean
 Division Adjutant.....Sam Daggett
 Judge Advocate..... Rob Jones
 Public RelationsShelby Little
 Division ChaplainJames Bozeman
 Division Color Sergeant.....D, W, Davis
 Inspector General..... Tommy Holmes
 ParliamentarianChristian Lee
 Guardian Program.....Bill Elliott
 Division Genealogist.....Bob Hazelwood
 Division Newsletter EditorChristian Lee
 Awards Committee ChairTommy May
 Sergeant at Arms..... Ray Johnson
 Mounted Color Guard Calvin Allen
 Reunion Committee ChairJames Bozeman
 Education Committee Chair.....Bill Elliott

During the Reunion, the following members of the 1st Lt. David Richard Reynolds Camp 2270 won the following awards:

Steven Weldon AustinBronze Cross

Talks With White Buffalo.....Silver Cross
 Charles Richard Hess.....Silver Cross
 Larry Joe Reynolds Gold Cross

The Camp won the 4-Star Camp award and the 100% Camp Retention award.

LET'S ZOOM!

As the Camp moves forward with our Zoom meetings, this coming month will be our 2nd total Zoom meeting. I'm again asking all members to please try your best to join us for our monthly meeting during July via Zoom. You can use Zoom and a Computer, Laptop, Tablet or a Smart Phone. For those of you who are not familiar with Zoom, I would suggest that you watch:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pAMDxH_HCs

You can also find hundreds of other videos on using Zoom. Just do a search and you can find how to join a Zoom meeting on any device.

If you have any questions before hand I will be happy to try answering them or showing you exactly how you can use Zoom. We can do a one-on-one test prior to the meeting if you wish, just let me know.

“To tar the sacrifices of the Confederate soldier as simple acts of racism, and reduce the battle flag under which he fought to nothing more than the symbol of a racist heritage, is one of the great blasphemies of our modern age”.

James Webb-Secretary of Navy And Assistant Secretary of Defense under U.S. President Ronald Regan and current U.S. Senator (D.VA.) (Born Fighting: How the Scots-Irish Shaped America, New York: Broadway Books, 2004, p. 225)

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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.

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(Cutoff for articles is 20th of the month)

