



David's Dispatch

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



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Winner of Outstanding Camp 2021 at National Reunion
Winner of the Texas Division Best Newsletter Award, 2017, 2018, 2020 & 2021
2021 Outstanding Camp & 2021 Best Website
Winner of the SCV National Best Newsletter Award, 2016, 2017 & 2018

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Hwy 67E, Mount Pleasant, Texas

The Charter Meeting of the Ark-La-Tex Chapter TXSAR will be January 15, 2022 at 1:00 pm at the American Legion Post 258, 308 N. Louise St., Atlanta, TX. TXSAR President Drake Peddie from Dallas will be on hand to install the officers and induct new members. Members of the Northern Command Color Guard will be presenting the colors. The dress for this meeting should be coat and tie or colonial attire and wives are always welcome.

2022 National Reunion - Cartersville, GA
2022 State Reunion – McKinney, TX

COMMANDER'S CORNER

by Danny "Kid" Tillery

A big thank you to Michael Mars, Richard Hess, and Buffalo for helping out with the trash pickup. We removed about 20 plus bags of trash and numerous other items from our roadside. As we approach the Christmas season let us not forget the reason we celebrate. Always keep each other and our families in prayer. Hope to see you all at our next meeting on the 20th.

Thank you, Commander Kid Tillery



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, Dec. 20, 7:00 p.m.
Refreshments at 6:30 p.m.
Old Union Community Center



A BLAST FROM THE PAST

The Battle of Prairie Grove was the last time two armies of almost equal strength faced each other for control of northwest Arkansas. When the Confederate Army of the Trans-Mississippi withdrew from the bloody ground on December 7, 1862, the Union forces claimed a strategic victory. It seemed clear that Missouri and northwest Arkansas would remain under Federal protection.

Brigadier General **James G. Blunt's** Union command remained in the **Cane Hill (Washington County)** area after the **engagement** there on November 28. This encouraged **Major General Thomas C. Hindman**

to attack the Federal troops with his Confederate Army of the Trans-Mississippi at **Fort Smith (Sebastian County)** thirty miles away. The Southern army crossed the **Arkansas River** on December 3 and marched north into the rugged **Boston Mountains**. Learning of the Confederate threat, Blunt requested assistance from the two divisions of the Union Army of the Frontier under the command of Brigadier General **Francis J. Herron** camped near Springfield, Missouri, about 120 miles away. Immediately, Herron ordered a forced march in hopes of joining Blunt's command at Cane Hill before the Confederates could attack.

On December 6, Confederate cavalry drove in Blunt's pickets on **Reed's Mountain** while the rest of Hindman's Southern forces arrived and camped near the home of John Morrow on Cove Creek Road. During the night, the Southern commanders learned that Herron's men in blue had arrived at **Fayetteville (Washington County)**. They decided to march north past Blunt and intercept and attack the Union reinforcements somewhere

between Fayetteville and Cane Hill. It would be at **Prairie Grove (Washington County)**.

The battle began at dawn on December 7, with the defeat of Union cavalry by Confederate mounted soldiers a mile south of the Prairie Grove church. Federal troops retreated toward Fayetteville with the Southern cavalry in pursuit. The panicked Union soldiers stopped running when Herron shot a soldier from his horse. The Confederate cavalry skirmished with Herron's main army before falling back to the top of the Prairie Grove ridge, where the Confederate artillery and infantry were already in line of battle in the woods.

After crossing the **Illinois River** under artillery fire, Herron positioned his artillery and exchanged fire with the Confederate cannon. The superior range and number of Union cannon soon silenced the Southern guns, allowing the Union infantry to prepare to attack the ridge. Before the infantry advanced, the Union artillery pounded the Southern position on the ridge for about two hours.

The Twentieth Wisconsin and Nineteenth Iowa Infantry regiments crossed the open corn and **wheat** fields in the valley before surging forward up the slope, capturing the Confederate cannon of Captain William Blocher's Arkansas Battery near the home of Archibald Borden. The Union soldiers continued their advance until suddenly the woods erupted with cannon and small-arms fire. The Confederates surrounded the Federal troops on three sides and quickly forced them to retreat to the Union cannon in the valley. A Southern counterattack went down the slope into the open valley, where it was met with case shot composed of small lead balls inside exploding projectiles. Herron's artillery also used canister shot, consisting of tin cylinders filled with iron balls packed in sawdust which, when fired, turned a cannon into a giant shotgun blast, leaving gaping holes in the Confederate ranks and forcing a retreat to the cover of the woods on the ridge.

Seeing Confederate movement on his flank, Herron decided to attack again. The Thirty-seventh Illinois and Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry regiments went up the hill into the Borden apple orchard. Lieutenant Colonel **John Charles Black** of the Thirty-seventh Illinois led the way with his right arm in a sling because of a wound he had sustained at **Pea Ridge (Benton County)** nine months earlier. Outnumbered, the Federal soldiers fell back to a fence line in the valley, where they stopped another Confederate counterattack using Colt revolving rifles carried by the men of Companies A and K of the Thirty-seventh Illinois. Black sustained a serious wound to his left arm but remained with his command until it was out of danger. Black received the only Medal of Honor awarded for this battle.

With only two fresh infantry regiments left, Herron's command was in peril even as Confederate troops began massing to attack the Twentieth Iowa Infantry, which served as the Federal right flank. Before the attack, two cannon shots rang out from the northwest at about 2:30 p.m., signaling the arrival of Blunt's command; he quickly deployed and attacked the Confederate left flank. Blunt's division was at Cane Hill the morning of December 7 expecting to be attacked by the Confederates. Hindman left Colonel James Monroe's Arkansas cavalry on Reed's Mountain to skirmish with Blunt's Federal troops while the rest of the Confederate army marched past the Union position. The ruse worked, as Blunt's command remained in a defensive position at Cane Hill until it heard the roar of battle at Prairie Grove. Marching to the battlefield, the Union soldiers under Blunt arrived in time to save Herron's divisions.

The Confederates responded to the Union advance on their left flank by skirmishing in the woods with the Federal troops until Blunt gave the command to fall back to his cannon line in the valley. Believing this was an opportunity to win the day, Brigadier General **Mosby M. Parsons**, in command of

the Confederate Missouri Infantry brigade, launched an attack across the William Morton hayfield at about 4:00 p.m. As the Southern soldiers advanced, a devastating fire from all forty-four cannon in the Union army tore into the Confederate ranks, which fell back to the cover of the wooded ridge as darkness fell.

Nightfall ended the savage fighting, but neither side gained an advantage. The opponents called for a truce to care for the wounded and gather the dead. During the night, the Confederates wrapped blankets around the wheels of their cannon to muffle the sound and quietly withdrew from the ridge because of a lack of ammunition and food. Federal troops slept on the battlefield with few tents or blankets and without campfires even though temperatures were near freezing.

Hindman's command had about 204 men killed, 872 wounded, and 407 missing with several of the missing being deserters. The Federal Army of the Frontier had 175 killed, 808 wounded, and 250 missing. The Confederate Army of the Trans-Mississippi consisted of about 12,000 troops from Arkansas, Missouri, Texas, and the **Cherokee** and Creek nations, with about twenty-two cannon. The Union Army of the Frontier had about 10,000 soldiers from Arkansas, Missouri, the Cherokee and Creek nations, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, and Wisconsin, with about forty-four cannon.

The battle was a tactical draw, with the casualties about the same in each army. But the Southern retreat during the night gave the Union a strategic victory, as a full-scale Confederate army would never return to northwest Arkansas, and Missouri remained firmly under Union control. This savage battle was probably the bloodiest day in Arkansas history.

Don Montgomery
Prairie Grove Battlefield Historic State Park

LAST CAMP MEETING

At the last meeting we had the swearing in of several new officers. Talks With White Buffalo- 2nd Lt. Commander, Steve Austin- Quartermaster, and Joshua Beckham- Surgeon. We all enjoyed Talks With White Buffalo's "Road Kill Chili"(Not many hairs and a lot of indigestion).

BATTLES FOUGHT DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER



Battle of Prairie Grove - Prairie Arkansas

7 December 1862 - General Thomas C. Hindman verses General James G. Blunt. Casualties: 1317 Confederate, 1251 Union!

Battle of Fredericksburg - Fredericksburg Virginia

13 December 1862 - General Robert E. Lee verses General Ambrose E. Burnside. Casualties: 5309 Confederate, 12,653 Union!

Battle of Nashville - Nashville Tennessee

15-16 December 1864 - General John Bell Hood verses General George H. Thomas. Casualties: 5962 Confederate, 3061 Union!

Battle of Holly Springs - Holly Springs Mississippi

20 December 1862 - General Earl Van Dorn verses General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: {Unknown} Confederate, 1,000 Union!

Battle of Chickasaw Bluffs - Bayou Mississippi

28-29 December 1862 - General Joseph E. Johnston verses General William T. Sherman. Casualties: 207 Confederate, 1776 Union!

Battle of Stone River - Murfreesboro Tennessee

31 December 1862 - 2 January 1863 - General Braxton Bragg verses General William S. Rosecrans. Casualties: 11,739 Confederate, 12,906 Union!



Christmas on the Rappahannock

By Rev. John R. Paxton, D.D.

"Gentlemen, the chair of the Professor of the Mathematics is vacant in this college; permit me to introduce to you Captain Fraser." Rah! rah! rah! and away we went and enlisted – to go to Richmond. It took us three years to get there. No wonder; there were so many Longstreets to make our way through; so many Hills to climb; so many Stonewalls to batter down; so many Picketts to clear out of the way. It was as hard as a road to travel as the steep and stony one to heaven.

No preaching, sir! Can't you forget the shop? Don't you know that you have squeezed yourself into that faded, jacket, and are squirming, with a flushed face and short breaths, behind that sword belt, which had caused a rebellion *in media res*?

I started for Richmond in July, 1862, a lad eighteen years old, a junior in college, and chafing to be at it, – to double quick it after John Brown's soul, which, since it did not require a knapsack or three days' rations or a canteen or a halt during the night for sleep, was always marching on. On the night before

Christmas, 1862, I was a dejected young patriot, wishing I hadn't done it, shivering in the open weather a mile back of the Rappahannock, on the reserve picket and exposed to a wet snowstorm. There was not a stick of wood within five miles of us; all cut down, down, even the roots of trees, and burned up. We lay down on our rubber blankets, pulled our woolen blankets over us, spooned it as close as we could to get to steal warmth from our comrades and tried not to cry.

Next morning the snow lay heavy and deep, and the men, when I wakened and looked about me, reminded me of a church graveyard in winter. "Fall in for picket duty. There, come, Moore, McMeaus, Paxton, Perrine, Pollock, fall in." We fell in, of course, No breakfast; chilled to the marrow; snow a foot deep. We tightened our belts on our empty stomachs, seized our rifles and marched to the river to take our six hours on duty.

It was Christmas Day, 1862. "And so this is war," my old me said to himself while he paced in the snow his two hours on the river's brink. "And I am out here to shoot that lean, lank, coughing, cadaverous-looking butternut fellow over the river. So this is war; this is being a soldier; this is the genuine article; this is H. Greely's 'On to Richmond.' Well, I wish he were here in my place, running to keep warm, pounding his arms and breast to make the chilled blood circulate. So this is war, tramping up and down this river my fifty yards with wet feet, empty stomach, swollen nose."

Alas, when lying under the trees in the college campus last June, war meant to me martial music, gorgeous brigadiers in blue and gold, tall young men in line, shining in brass. War meant to me tumultuous memories of Bunker Hill, Caesar's Tenth Legion, the Charge of the Six Hundred, – anything but this. Pshaw, I wish I were home. Let me see. Home? God's country. A tear? Yes, it is a tear. What are they doing at home? This is Christmas Day. Home?

Well, stockings on the wall, candy, turkey, fun, merry Christmas, and the face of the girl I left behind. Another tear? Yes, I couldn't help it. I was only eighteen, and there was such a contrast between Christmas, 1862, on the Rappahannock and other Christmases. Yes, there was a girl, too, – such sweet eyes, such long lashes, such a low tender voice.

"Come, move quicker. Who goes there?" Shift the rifle from one aching shoulder to the other.

"Hello, Johnny, what are you up to?" The river was narrow, but deep and swift. It was a wet cold, not a freezing cold. There was no ice, too swift for that.

"Yank, with no overcoat, shoes full of holes, nothing to eat but parched corn and tabacco, and with this derved Yankee snow a foot deep, there's nothin' left, nothin' but to get up a cough by way of protestin' against this infernal ill treatment of the body. We uns, Yank, all have a cough over here, and there's no sayin' which will run us to hole first, the cough or your bullets."

The snow still fell, the keen wind, raw and fierce, cut to the bone. It was God's worst weather, in God's forlornest, bleakest spot of ground, that Christmas Day of '62 on the Rappahannock, a half-mile below the town of Fredericksburg. But come, pick up your prostrate pluck, you shivering private. Surely there is enough dampness around without your adding to it your tears....-

"Let's laugh, boys."

"Hello, Johnny."

"Hello, yourself, Yank."

"Merry Christmas, Johnny."

"Same to you, Yank."

"Say, Johnny, got anything to trade?"

“Say, Johnny, got anything to trade?”

“Parched corn and tabacco, – the size of our Christmas, Yank.”

“All right; you shall have some of our coffee and sugar and pork. Boys, find the boats.”

Such boats! I see the children sailing them on small lakes in our Central park. Some Yankee, desperately hungry for tobacco, invented them for trading with the Johnnies. They were hid away under the backs of the river for successive relays of pickets.

We got out the boats. An old handkerchief answered for a sail. We loaded them with coffee, sugar, pork, and set the sail and watched them slowly creep to the other shore. And the Johnnies? To see them crowd the bank and push and scramble to be the first to seize the boats, going into the water and stretching out their long arms. Who wrote a pacifist poem, “Christmas Bells” on Christmas Day 1864 when learning of his son’s injuries in Nov. battle. Then, when they pulled the boats ashore, and stood in a group over the cargo, and to hear their exclamations, “Hurrah for hog.” “Say, that’s not roasted rye, but genuine coffee. Smell it, you’uns.” “And sugar, too!”

Then they divided the consignment. They laughed and shouted, “Reckon you’uns been good to we’uns this Christmas Day, Yanks.” Then they put parched corn, tobacco, ripe persimmons, into the boats and sent them back to us. And we chewed the parched corn, smoked real Virginia leaf, ate persimmons, which if they weren’t very filling at least contracted our stomachs to the size of our Christmas dinner. And so the day passed. We shouted, “Merry Christmas, Johnny.” They shouted, “Same to you, Yank.” And we forgot the biting wind, the chilling cold; we forgot those men over there were our enemies, whom it might be our duty to shoot before evening.

We had bridged the river, spanned the bloody chasm. We were brothers, not goes, waving salutations of good-will in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas Day in ’62. At the very front of the opposing armies, the Christ Child struck a truce of us, broke down the wall of partition, became our peace. We exchanged gifts. We shouted greetings back and forth. We kept Christmas and our hearts were lighter of it, and our shivering bodes were not quite so cold.

–Christmas Number, *Harper’s Weekly*,

1886.

God Bless

Chaplin Shawn Tully

BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES & OTHER IMPORTANT DATES

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

December 19th – Michael Mars

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

December 21st – Randy & Mary Ann Brock

December 6th – This day in 1889 president Jefferson Davis died. President Davis is buried in New Orleans, Louisiana. In 1893 he was interred in Richmond, Virginia.

December 6th – This day in 1833 Colonel John S. Mosby was born.

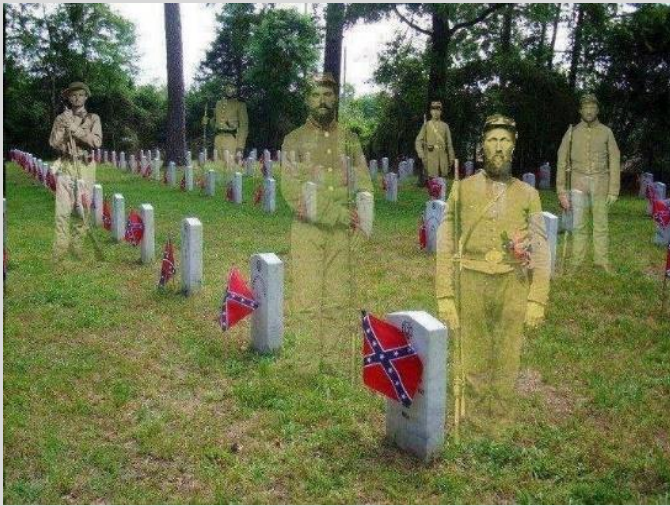
December 20th – This day in 1860 South Carolina secedes from the union

GUARDIAN NEWS

Our camp #2270 has 280 graves attended by 14 members. Remember to be a full Guardian your grave must have either a Confederate headstone or a Confederate footstone. Be sure to start to look into completing your responsibility to your veteran’s graves.

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?”



Camp Song

**Sons of Confederate Veterans
By: Harry King**

**We are the Sons of Confederate Veterans
We wear the grey with Southern Pride
In honor of our great forefathers
Who went to battle, who fought and died**

**We are the Sons of Confederate Veterans
In every camp we take a stand
To preserve our Southern Culture
The memory of every fighting man**

**We guard the Heritage of God and Family
The cornerstone of our History
From old Jeff Davis to Stonewall Jackson
And our commander Robert E. Lee**

We are the Sons of Confederate Veterans

**who shed their blood and stood their ground
From Manassas to the fields of Shiloh
Until they drove old Dixie down**

**We are the Sons of Confederate Veterans
from the Heart of Texas to the Caroline's
Shenandoah Valley and the Blue Ridge
Mountains
Louisiana to the Georgia Pines**

**So all you Johnny Rebs give a Rebel Yell
Like your forefathers when duty called
And hold your head up high in sacred honor
of the fighting heroes who gave it all**

**We are the sons of Confederate Veterans
We wear the grey with southern pride
In honor of our brave forefathers
Who went to battle who fought and died**

**Who fought for Dixie
Who fought and died!**

Camp Photos



Commander Kid Tillery, Talks With White Buffalo, Joshua Beckham, Steve Austin



Commander Kid Tillery presents medal and certificate to 2nd Lt. Commander Talks With White Buffalo



Commander Kid Tillery presents medal and certificate to Surgeon Joshua Beckham



Commander Kid Tillery presents medal and certificate to Quartermaster Steve Austin

Big thanks to Michael Mars, Richard Hess, and Buffalo for helping out with the trash pickup.



Talks With White Buffalo looking for armadillos.



Michael Mars and Richard Hess getting position on Talks With White Buffalo in background.

Camp Leadership
1st Lt. David Richard Reynolds
Camp #2270
Mount Pleasant, Texas

Commander
 Danny "Kid" Tillery
 (903) 717-1593
ckidtillery@gmail.com

1st Lt. Commander
 Dennis Mack Beckham

2nd Lt. Commander
 Talks with White Buffalo
 (903)305-1874
tbuffalo@ymail.com

Adjutant
 Rodney Glen Love
 (903) 756-7264
snakemon@aol.com

Judge Advocate
Michael Mars
 (903)374-3321
Jmmars74@gmail.com

Quartermaster
 Steve Austin
tfcvso67@yahoo.com

Surgeon
 Joshua Wayne Beckham
 (903)799-8872
joshua.beckham@outlook.com

Chaplain
 Shawn Tully
 (903) 563-1097
marie6925@outlook.com

Color Sergeant
 Charles "Richard" Hess
 (903) 434-9839

No E-Mail

Historian
 Rodney Glen Love
 (903) 756-7264
snakemon@aol.com

Newsletter Editor
 Rodney Glen Love
 (903) 756-7264
snakemon@aol.com

Web Master
 Joe Reynolds
 (903) 575-8791
Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org

1st to email me the answer to question wins ?

NEWSLETTER EDITOR

Rodney Glen Love
 305 Florida Street
 Linden, TX 75563-9517
 (903) 756-7264
snakemon@aol.com



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:

snakemon@aol.com

(Cutoff for articles is 20th of the month)