



# David's Dispatch

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



Vol. 8 No. 11

Copyright 2022

Nov 2022

**Winner of the SCV National Best Newsletter Award 2016, 2017 & 2018**

**Winner of Outstanding Camp 2021 at National Reunion**

**Winner of Outstanding Camp 2022 at National Reunion**

**Winner of the Texas Division Best Newsletter Award 2017, 2018, 2020 & 2021**

**2021 Outstanding Camp & 2021 Best Website**

**Winner of 4-Star Camp Award at 2022 Texas Reunion**

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members. A recent break-in and a second attempted break-in and vandalism to the building helped make up our minds. Beginning on December 10<sup>th</sup>, we will meet at 2:00 pm every second Saturday of the month at Herschel's Restaurant in Mount Pleasant. Most of the Camp's property of value has been removed from the building. Upon approval by the Camp, the Executive Committee will decide how to dispose of the property in a manner consistent with the Constitution & By-Laws of 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. David Richard Reynolds Camp #2270. I deeply regret it came to this, but the risk was greater than the reward.

Deo Vindice!

**Commander, Dennis Beckham**

## COMMANDER'S CORNER

*by Dennis Beckham*



Compatriots: By now, most of you know we are leaving Old Union Community Center. Over the past year or more, the Executive Committee became increasingly concerned with the condition of the building. I became concerned with the health and safety of our members due to the condition of the building and the late nighttime driving and distances of several of our

## NEXT MEETING

**Monday, Nov. 21 at 6:30 p.m.**

Start eating at 6:00 p.m.

Old Union Community Center  
Mount Pleasant, Texas

## UPCOMING EVENTS

2023 SCV National Reunion

[www.2023scvreunion.org](http://www.2023scvreunion.org)

Hosted by The James McKeller Camp #648  
Hot Springs, Arkansas  
July 19,20,21,22<sup>nd</sup> 2023

Episode 10 of The Texas Generals is now available for you to use on your website, Facebook Page or Group. This episode profiles Ben McCulloch, veteran of the Battle of San Jacinto, the Mexican War and Confederate General.

The next episode will feature John Gregg and will be released at the Hood's Texas Brigade Symposium in Brenham on November 12<sup>th</sup>.

Here is the link: <https://youtu.be/U1fNukngG4U>

### 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

### Where I Was, What I Saw

#### During the War

[A journal kept by Elihu Chris Beckham  
during the War Between the  
States]Continued

Ft. Delaware is situated on an island, forty miles below Phil. at the head of the Delaware Bay, at the mouth of the Delaware River. There is probably ten acres on the island, which, at high tide, would be covered in water to a depth of about 6ft. The tide water is about 8 ft. and there is a levee around on the beach of the island which keeps the water out.

The fort is situated on the north side of the island, not more than thirty or forty feet from the Bay, three miles from the New Jersey and two miles from the Delaware shore. The fort is built of granite; that is, the outside wall is granite, lined inside with two feet of brick, making the wall seven feet thick. The walls about 300 feet square and forty feet high. The ground is raised inside so as to be above high tide. There is a mote around the wall some thirty feet wide and 8 or 10 feet deep, with a bridge across it leading into the fort, which is the only means of ingress. The door has

a large iron shutter and it is six or seven feet from the

water in the ditch up to the door, and the bridge can be

drawn inside and the door closed, so that if an enemy were to

land infantry on the island they could not get to the wall;

and besides, there is a flood gate that could be opened by those in the fort which would let the water through the levee, and at high tide would cover the island six feet in water in a few minutes and drown them out.

There are four tiers of guns and about twenty-five to the tier on each angle, making in all about 400 guns. The first or lower tier are about twelve pounders, the second about twenty-four pounders, the third about forty pounders, with one very large one on each corner, probably 160 pounders. The top tier is on top of the wall, with a parapet to protect them. The balance are looking out at portholes in the wall, so that at least one hundred guns could be brought to bear on a vessel in any direction.

The inside of the fort is arranged for quarters for soldiers by being buckled adjoining the main wall, with fine stairs of Parisian marble. There is no wood work about it except the door shutters. The floors of the rooms and sidewalks are all laid with stone. There is a commissary, arsenal, magazine, etc., all well situated inside the fort.

Probably someone will ask how I came to be inside the fort. Well, we often went to carry our rations which were stored away there, and sometimes we carried rations from the landing and stored them away

there. On such occasions I went, so I suppose I was in the fort fifty times during the stay there. It was commanded by Gen. Sheoc.

Our quarters were west of the fort some sixty yards, which were barracks of box houses, capable of holding two or three hundred men each. There were about ten thousand prisoners there. We had free access to the bay on the south side of the island. The water was just a little brackish, so we had to have all the water shipped to us. There were plenty of fish there and we caught thousands of them, mostly cat, from six to fifteen inches long.

The prisoners amused themselves in various ways some reading, some singing, some preaching, some fiddling, and dancing, some making jewelry of guttapercha, bone, shell, and so on, and not a few gambling. Between the barracks and bay on the south side was a square piece of land, smooth and level as a floor, that we called "Hell's Half Acre," where those who wished to spend their time gambling would meet. The various games were carried on such as euchre, poker, seven up, three up, odd trick, whist, cassino, faro, keno, coolo, monte, Honest John, and in fact, every game known, and a number that were unknown to me. I took no hand in the gambling, but spent my time in making rights, fishing and fooling about taking items.

A few men made their escape by swimming to the Delaware side. One man started in on a plant just as the tide began to go down and drifted down into the bay out of sight of land, but when day came was picked up by a schooner and brought back.

John Hill of our Company, I suppose died there, as he was sick and was taken to the hospital and never came back. William Simmons and Carroll Baker went to the Federals, and I never heard of them again.

On the 18th day of September, we were put on board a steamship called the Ashland and away we went down the bay and out on the broad Atlantic, out of sight of land. The Ashland was the largest craft I ever saw, being just 200 yards long. We were not in sight of land during the next day. In the evening the wind rose and ship rocked, and right there I saw more sick men an the sickest men I ever saw. There were 3500 men on board and I did not see but two that were not sick, and they were Jesse Jiminson and myself. They said that sea sickness was the worst sickness in the world.

Next morning we had landed and the boys were all better. We were then at Point Lookout, Maryland, on the Chesapeake Bay at the mouth of the Potomac River, forty miles from the city of Washington.

Our prison was situated on the point between the Potomac which is six miles wide, and the Chesapeake, which is so wide that you cannot see across it. We were in tents, with a parapet eighteen or twenty feet high, made of plank, around us. There were about forty acres inside the prison, the ground level and not a tree inside the wall.

The boys amused themselves by playing cards, chuck-a-luck and other games until the weather got too cold for outdoor sports, then they would lay in their tents and try to keep warm. Before the Bay water got too cold, we would wade along the beach or swim in and pick up oysters. You might have seen as many as one hundred men at

a time with their haversacks on and fishing for oysters by diving down where the water was six or eight feet deep. I have swam out as far as a hundred yards, then go down to the bottom and get oysters.

We heard the cannons at the Battle of Gettysburg, and a regiment of prisoners was brought in. They were called the Louisiana Tigers (the 12th Louisiana).

We were very closely guarded. Besides the parapet already described, there were guards on the parapet; then about a quarter of a mile above the prison the point was not over thirty feet wide, and pickets were driven in the ground across that and a six-gun battery, about 150 yards across a little gulf on a point that ran out into the Potomac, was bearing on the narrow point that ran out into the Potomac, was bearing on the narrow place; then about 200 yeards from the battery was a chain guard of cavalry, so you see there was not much chance to escape. Once while we were there a detail of about forty men was sent out to chop wood for the prison, and they, guards and all, left. I afterwards saw one of the men at Richmond.

Directly after we got to Point Lookout the smallpox broke out among us and many of the prisoners had it, but it killed very few. John W. Pittman, Thomas Tripp and William Puckett were left there. I received a letter from Puckett after the war (he lived in Wayne County Tennessee) in which he stated that both Pittman and Tripp died the next spring after I left there.

On the 24th day of December, after being paroled, 525 of us were sent to City Point for exchange, but the exchange was not effected,



and we were exchanged only on parole. Next morning, Christmas, we anchored at Fortress Monroe, where I saw a Russian man-of-war, which was a powerful boat that carried seventy-two guns. On the 26th we anchored at City Point, lay there till the 28th, when we were met by a boat with a like number of prisoners and we marched off on to our boat and they to theirs, the officers counting us like a drove of sheep. About dark, the 28th, we landed at Richmond, Virginia.

On New Year's Day, 1864, the ladies of Richmond gave us a fine dinner, but the weather was so cold that we did not enjoy it as we should have liked.

On the 2nd we drew six month's pay, and on the 7th we were furloughed for thirty days. They gave us transportation to any point they had in possession east of the Mississippi. We were to report in thirty days, but I have not reported yet.

I with most all the rest, took transportation for Jackson, Mississippi. On the 8th we took the train and away we went, by Petersburg, from there to Wilmington, S. C., where we failed to make connection and lay over that day. Wilmington is on the Cape Fear River, not far from the mouth. The tide water there is about three or four feet.

I remember that the first thing we did after arriving there was to build a fire of resin; we then broke open a hogs head of peanuts and ate them, every one. That evening we rolled out, and I guess the citizens and city guards were glad to see us leave. Next morning we were at Kingsville, S. C., where we ate and wasted together a hogs head of fine sacked sugar.

Next day we took in August, Georgia. There was one saloon there and, as I had not had a drink in some time, and not feeling well at that, I concluded to take on some brandy. I called for a drink and the bar keeper handed out his decanter and a large sized glass. I asked him how he sold it. He -replied one dollar a drink. So I filled up my glass and he said he sold it at three dollars a glass. I told him that I intended to drink it all at once, consequently it was only one dollar. He said "If you drink that all at once you will be drunk," but finally agreed as I had poured it out that I might drink it for two dollars. I paid him and drank it, and sure enough it did make me "sorter boozy!"

We left that evening and arrived at Jackson, Mississippi, on the 17th. The next thing was how to get across the Mississippi River. Some said to cross at one place and some said another, but I finally found an old citizen who told me that the surest plan was to cross at Rodmon, about one hundred miles below Vicksburg. So I started, in Company with F. o. Pittman, and Tom Murry, thinking the other boys would go above.

We struck the swamps where the bottoms were narrow and were soon on the bank of the river in a heavy cane break. We saw a smoke and advanced with caution, but soon found that it was some of our boys camped there. So there we were, thirty-one of us, with nothing to eat and had not eaten anything since early that morning, and the Federals were thick on every road, but fortunately there was no road where we were. We lay there that night, and next morning held a council, and it was agreed that some two or three men go back and find a house and try to get a

boat. Bill Caldwell and two others went and were gone all day. We concluded they had been captured, but about 8 o'clock that night they returned and had an old man with them; who said his name was January. He had a skiff on a wagon and two negro men with him. We paid him \$50.00 each to put us on this side of the river. On the night of the 23rd, at the very point where John A. Murrell swam it on his black horse.

When we crossed there was a gun boat in sight above and below. As soon as we were across we lit out, seven of us together, and walked hard for two or three hours as we thought, square off from the river in a swamp. Finally we concluded to lay down and rest till day thinking that we were a good distance from the river. Directly we were awakened by the escaping of a boat. There it was less than one hundred yards of us and directly in our course. We then saw that we had walked a circuitous route and were back to near where we crossed the river. We started again, and that time kept on a straight course. About sunrise we came to a house and ordered breakfast for seven hungry men. It had been 48 hours since we had tasted food. In about two hours breakfast was ready and we went in. I don't think I ever saw provisions disappear as fast in all my days, according to the hands. Just after we started, and before we had gotten out of sight, we saw a man coming at full speed and motioning with his hat for us to run. We stopped till he came up. He said to run quick, that the Feds would be there in a few minutes, but that if we could make it to the back of the field, a half mile distant, we would be safe for a time. So away we went, hellter skelter, just as hard as we could put it, but we had eaten so much we could not run fast. I never was so

tried in all my life. It was a tight fit for us to strike a trot, but if we could reach the fence we could rest. Finally, when we did get there, there was hardly a man among us who could speak; and we just fell over the fence and lay as we fell at least an hour. We could see the road and the house, and not a Yankee came along that road.

We resumed our march and traveled all day through the woods parallel with the road. About night we ventured to a house where an old negro lived. We asked him about the Federals. He said he never saw but few and that there never had been any there. We asked him if he had any potatoes. "No massa, 'tater all gone." We told him we would give him two dollars for a bushel. "Well, don't no, maybe dar's 'er few." He called a boy, sent him in a cellar with a basket that would have held three bushels, told him to fill it. I went to help him and we got her full, paid him, then Murray asked him if he had any bacon. He said no. Murray told him that he would give him a dollar for a pound. "Let's go and see then; maybe dar's 'er little up in the loff." Murray followed and soon returned with five or six pounds of bacon that had never been scalded. It was fat and fine, but had the hair on. (To be continued)

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## LAST MEETING

We had a pleasant meeting in October with a good number of members present. I hope each of you has received your minutes and thus I will not repeat what took place. We miss each of you that cannot attend for various reasons. Our prayers go out for Randy Brock, O.M. Adams and Rex McGee.

## SOME BATTLES FOUGHT DURING THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

### Battle of Belmont - Belmont Missouri

7 November 1861 - General Leonidas Polk verses General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: 642 Confederate, 607 Union!

### Battle of Kelly's Ford and Rappahannock Bridge - Kelly's Ford and Rappahannock Bridge Virginia

7 November 1863 - General Robert E. Lee verses General Robert Segwick. Casualties: 2023 Confederate, 419 Union!

### Battle of Chattanooga - Chattanooga Tennessee {Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge}

23-25 November 1863 - General Braxton Bragg verses General Grant and Thomas. Casualties: 6667 Confederate, 5824 Union!

### Battle of Honey Hill - Honey Hill South Carolina

30 November 1864 - General Gustavus W. Smith verses General John P. Hatch. Casualties: 50 Confederates, 711 Union!

### Battle of Franklin - Franklin Tennessee

30 November 1864 - General John Bell Hood verses General John M. Schofield. Casualties: 6252 Confederates, 2326 Union!



### Acts 3:19 King James Version

19 Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

There are times we may just need to do some repenting.

There are times when we may need to do some disconnecting from life's issue & spend some alone time with God.

The greatest refreshing of the soul mind & body is when we can be refreshed in the Lord.

God Bless,  
Chaplain Shawn Tully

## BIRTHDAYS

November 11<sup>th</sup> – Keesie Reynolds  
November 13<sup>th</sup> – Dave Davey

## ANNIVERSARIES

November 7<sup>th</sup> – Joshua & Laura Beckham

## 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, a

Confederate footstone or some other device to identify grave as Confederate Veteran . 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, Past 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 Georgis 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!





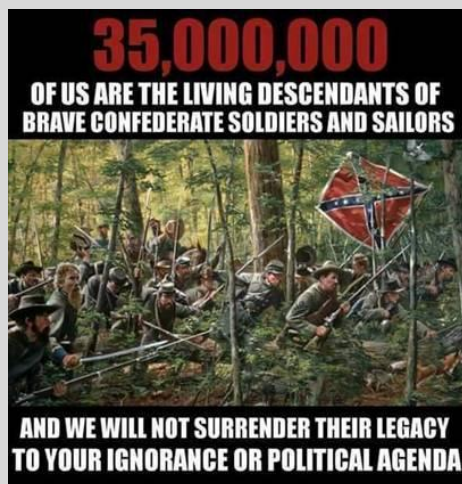
## CAMP PHOTOS



Commander Dennis Beckham presenting Armed Service medal to Compatriot Steve Austin



George Linton, Color Sergeant 5<sup>th</sup> Texas Brigade



Let the canons roar

### Camp Leadership

**1<sup>st</sup> Lt. David Richard Reynolds**

**Camp #2270**  
**Mount Pleasant, Texas**

**Commander**

Dennis Mack Beckham  
 (430)342-5852  
[dennis.beckham@outlook.com](mailto:dennis.beckham@outlook.com)

**1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Commander**

Steve Austin  
 (903) 285-5192  
[Tfcvso67@yahoo.com](mailto:Tfcvso67@yahoo.com)

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

Talks with White Buffalo  
 (903)305-1874  
[tbuffalo@ymail.com](mailto:tbuffalo@ymail.com)

**Adjutant**

Rodney Glen Love  
 (903) 756-7264  
[snakemon@aol.com](mailto:snakemon@aol.com)

**Judge Advocate**

**Michael Mars**  
 (903)374-3321  
[Jmmars74@gmail.com](mailto:Jmmars74@gmail.com)

**Quartermaster**

Steve Austin  
 (903) 285-5192  
[Tfcvso67@yahoo.com](mailto:Tfcvso67@yahoo.com)

**Surgeon**

Joshua Wayne Beckham  
 (903)799-8872  
[joshua.beckham@outlook.com](mailto:joshua.beckham@outlook.com)

**Chaplain**

Shawn Tully  
 (903) 563-1097  
[marie6925@outlook.com](mailto:marie6925@outlook.com)

**Sergeant at Arms**

Charles "Richard" Hess  
 (903) 434-9839

No E-Mail

**Historian**

Rodney Glen Love  
 (903) 756-7264  
[snakemon@aol.com](mailto:snakemon@aol.com)

**Newsletter Editor**

Rodney Glen Love  
 (903) 756-7264  
[snakemon@aol.com](mailto:snakemon@aol.com)

**Treasurer & Web Master**

Joe Reynolds  
 (903) 575-8791  
[Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org](mailto:Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org)

**NEWSLETTER EDITOR**

Rodney Glen Love  
 305 Florida Street  
 Linden, TX 75563-9517  
 (903) 756-7264  
 (903)733-0932  
[snakemon@aol.com](mailto:snakemon@aol.com)



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:

[snakemon@aol.com](mailto:snakemon@aol.com)

(Cutoff for articles is 20<sup>th</sup> of the month)