



# David's Dispatch

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



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**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**

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Commander's Corner.....	1
Next Meeting.....	1
Upcoming Events.....	1-2
Our Charge.....	2
A Blast from the Past.....	2-7
Last Camp Meeting.....	7
Battles Fought During the Month.....	7
Chaplain Comments.....	8-9
Birthdays & Anniversaries.....	9
Guardian News.....	9
Camp Song.....	8
Camp Pictures.....	9
Camp leadership.....	10

for the Season, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.  
All honor and glory be to God the father.

Deo Vindice!

**Commander, Dennis Beckham**

## NEXT MEETING

**Saturday, Dec. 10, 2:00 p.m.**

**Herschel's Restaurant**

**Mount Pleasant, Texas**

## COMMANDER'S CORNER

*by Dennis Beckham*



Compatriots: I look forward to seeing all members that can make it to our December 10<sup>th</sup> meeting at Herschel's Restaurant in Mount Pleasant at 2:00pm. Since it's almost Christmas, the Camp will pay for all members' meals who wish to have it paid for. We will be having a silent auction and door prizes at the meeting. At this special time of year, remember the Reason

## 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

We walked on four or five miles, left the road about a half mile, built a fire in a hollow close by a little branch, broiled our bacon and roasted potatoes, ate a hearty supper, spread out our blankets and slept sound till daylight. We had got separated till there were only three of us there, Pittman, Murray, and myself. We walked on in the direction of Monroe, La., which place we passed about the 26th. We directed our course north, ate when we could get anything and when we could not, did without. The waters were up and we were traveling through a low-level country. Sometimes we walked for miles from knee deep to our shoulders in water. Finally we came to the Salem River which was overflowing its banks, and tried to wade through a little caney swamp to the bank, but soon found out that we were too short to ford it and had to turn back, as the water was so cold that we would freeze if we did not get out. We had quit the road and were traveling by guess through the woods.

We had found that there Was a picket post on the river not far below where we were and that was our only chance to get across. So we put on a bold face and marched straight for the picket. You see the Rebels held the country south of the Arkansas River at that time. The Federals held the river and the country on each side for a short distance, but the Rebels were in possession of the country south of the railroad running from Little Rock to DuVall's Bluff. So this was a Rebel picket, and as we were paroled, we felt sure that they would put us across. When we got there and told the ferryman what we wanted across the river, he said all right, but the sergeant of the guard

asked us where we were going. We told him we were going home.

"Where do you live?"

"In North Arkansas."

"Deserters, I reckon?"

"No, We are paroled soldiers."

"The 11<sup>th</sup>-1 you are; where were you paroled from?"

I explained to him that we had been in prison a long time, that we lived on White River, and that the Rebels held that country. The fact is, I might not have confined myself strictly to the truth, but finally he said if the corporal was willing we might cross. The corporal said he had nothing to do with it. So the ferryman put us across and told us that it was 3 miles to the hills, and that the bottom was covered with water all the way, but if we could find a path that left the road, it would lead us to high ground and that we would meet with no more pickets by taking the path. So on we went, and found the path.

The water was very cold and sometimes nearly to our necks, but we followed the path very well for a mile or so but finally we lost it, and it was then sundown. We climbed on a log to rest and counsel a while, and, after resting, we started on just as it was beginning to get dark. As we were thinking of camping on a log we came to higher ground and in a short distance came to a house and as there was no one there to hinder, we stayed all night. Next morning, without paying our bill, we were off by daylight, we traveled on through the woods, aiming to strike the

Arkansas River between Little Rock and Pine Bluff.

Soon on the morning of the 5<sup>th</sup>, we came to the bank of the river at Sam Williams'. We told him that we wanted to cross the river. He said all right, and told us that there were some boys going over to a turnip patch and that we could cross with them. So after giving us our breakfast and directions how to go, we left. If he should read this he would doubtless remember us.

We followed his directions true to the mark and stayed all night at Esq. Mart's. We were now in a country held by the Federals and were very wild, but we kept venturing on until we were captured by foraging party who would have let us go had it not been that we were traveling the same way. They said they would take us on to camp but they guessed that we would be allowed to go ahead in the morning, but when we got to camp we found that the colonel was of a different opinion. He said that when prisoners were paroled and delivered outside their lines and afterward caught back inside again, that, according to the rules of civil war they were held the same as if they had not been paroled.

Next day, the 19<sup>th</sup> we were sent to the Little Rock penitentiary where I met several of my old acquaintances and friends, among whom were Dr. Hughes, D. N. McGuire, and several others, who gave the first news I had received from home in about two years.

There were from 300 to 500 Confederates and from 200 to 300

Federals and about 75 negroes all mixed up together on two and one-half acres of ground. There were several men dying there, but none from our regiment. There were several different attempts made to escape but to no avail. A young man by the name of Louis S. Holley and myself undertook to dig out. We were soon joined by several others and worked about two weeks and had gone some twenty feet when there came a wet spell and filled the hole full of water and before it went down we were betrayed, but we had been quit three weeks before it was found out, and we would have out and at home in that time if it had not rained. Holly, afterwards scaled the wall and escaped and I never heard of him again.

On the 29th day of June we were called to the door and marched out to the depot. We stopped at DeVall's Bluff, where the old steamer, Gladiator, the same boat that carried us from Vicksburg to Carlo, was lying loaded with oats, and must be unloaded before we could leave and we helped to carry them off.

On the 28th we started down White River, out at its mouth and up the Mississippi. On our way up there were five men jumped from the hurricane deck, a distance of twenty or twenty-five feet, into the river. Their names were Rufus Stone, James Denton, Harrison Peal, John Ross, and Lieut. White. Stone was drowned; the others swam to the shore and made their escape.

We landed on the east side of the river at St. Louis

on the 4th day of July. Over in the city they were celebrating the day by firing cannon and throwing

up sky rockets. I saw two balloons rise out of the city and ascend probably half a mile high then moved off in a southwesterly direction out of sight.

As we pulled up the river we landed at Memphis and there a man deserted the Federal army and hide on our boat, and stayed there till we got nearly to St. Louis, when he was found in the hull and brought out on the hurricane deck with us. We and some of the Federal guards held a sham court-martial and sentenced him to be thrown overboard and shot at by all the guards, but if they all missed him and he could swim to shore, he was to go free, otherwise he was to make fish-bait. Then about 4 Rebels would get hold of him and the guards would cock their guns and make ready. They would have him on his back and a man hold each arm and leg and swing him, and say "now, the third time let him go." Then someone would intercede for him and ask that the poor sinner be given a few minutes in which to pray before meeting death. Then they would give him ten minutes to pray. He would get down on his knees and pray as fervently as any criminal ever did. He was sure that his time had come. He would cry and plead and beg. It was not funny to me for I was real sorry for the poor fellow. Finally, just before the boat landed, they told him that he might go, but that he must not take anything with him that belonged to the government. The officers had told the soldiers that he might go when the boat landed. The bank was lined with men, women, and children who had come to see the Rebels, but as the deserter's clothes was the regular uniform, he stripped off start naked, but they told him that as his shirt was white, they guessed that it did not belong to

the government and that he might keep it. As the boat struck the shore they told him to run, and away he went. He lit out right through the crowd, just as fast as his legs could carry him, with nothing on but his shirt, and that was the last time I ever saw or heard of him.

The 5th we took the train, passed by Springfield and on to Joilet, where we stopped to water. The prisoners were wanting water and the town boys were carrying it to them in their canteens. I was sitting with my canteen waiting for a boy to come along and fill it for me, when a man came along and said to let him have it and he would fill it for me. I let him have it and he returned soon with the canteen full of good whiskey, which was the first I had had since I was at Augusta, Georgia.

On the 6th we went into Rock Island Prison, 400 miles by water above St. Louis, on an island in the Mississippi River, between the states of Illinois and Iowa, just opposite Davenport, Iowa. There were about 9,000 of us there inside of a parapet. There were about forty acres in the prison with barracks, or box houses, about 100 feet long and 100 men to the barrack. I was in barrack No. 57, on the North side of Main Street. The prison was well watered by hydrants, which afforded good water, and we were supplied with coal for cooking purposes.

The men amused themselves in various ways, some making finger rings, breastpins, earrings, eardrops, etc., others playing cards for Confederate money at a

gibe ante. I have seen \$500 staked on one game of poker. Some played chuckaluck; and, in fact, every game that a man could think of. Sometimes the poker players would go around to a chuckaluck bank and buck it till they broke it. The banks all had a limit, generally from 1 to 100, from 5 to 50, or from 10 to 100. Four or five poker players would go co-partnership and one would begin by betting say five dollars, and if he lost he would double the amount every time till he run his limit, then if he did not win till he run out, his partner would commence at the top of his limit, say fifty dollars, keep doubling till he won, then begin back at the first. Occasionally their number would come three or four times after the bets got pretty high, then they would win three or four times the amount they staked. They would soon break the bank, and they would go to another, and so on, till they broke several banks. Other bankers would find how the game was going and suspend business until they went back.

Our prison was a nice piece of land, nearly level, a little elevated in the middle, covered with a beautiful growth of young trees, such as oak, hickory, elm, walnut, ash, etc.

I met several persons whose acquaintance I had formed while I was wounded and in Tennessee. Among them were Andy and Dan Gant, who lived in Hardin County; Fielding Cole, Steve Pasley and Mat Armet of Wayne County. If either of them should read this it would call to mind a memorable period in their history, but I do not know that any of them are living at the date of this



writing.

Two men made their escape one evening in this way: They got hold of some Federal overcoats and cut them up and made pants and blouses and dressed in veteran uniform, which is all the same color—a sky blue. Then they got some walnut roots and whittled them in the shape of the butt of a pistol, got old boot legs and made belts and pistol scabbards and came out to barracks to dress. After they were dressed, armed and equipped, they looked like the genuine veteran soldier. The gatekeeper was an old veteran, and a pistol was a man's pass, and as a wagon was passing through the prison they walked along after it and as the gate opened to let it through they seemed busily engaged in conversation with each other and passed through unmolested. The man's name was Newton Hawkin-smith, a Missourian, and I have forgotten the other's name. They made good their escape. I saw them pass out at the gate, which was the last I ever saw of them.

I saw a young man, a boy about 16 years old, escape one evening just at dusk, by swinging under a carriage that was passing through the prison. I don't think he had any intention or even thought of escaping when he caught hold of the carriage, but only aimed to ride a short distance for sport. He found that he could get between the bed and the coupling pole, and determined to try to escape, which he did without any trouble; and after a month he wrote back telling how he got home from Rock Island. His letter was from Kentucky and said that he stayed in the city of Rock Island until he earned money sufficient to pay his railroad fare home, being so young and

little that nobody supposed him to be an escaped prisoner.

Two others got out, but were detected. After making their way out the authorities, supposing that there were others out and that they had agreed upon a place to meet placed a guard to follow them. They fooled around Rock

Island some time, then walked leisurely across the bridge into Davenport, Iowa, and passed about over the town. There were plenty of Federal soldiers there, but they did not seem to notice them; but the guards kept an eye on them all the while; and about the time they thought their escape was

certain one of the guards stepped up to them and said; "Now boys, you have had a pleasant walk and it is about time to go back to the prison--it will soon be night." Seeing that they were gobbled up, they said alright. So they marched them back, laughed at them a little and turned them in.

Four or five men made their escape one dark night by scratching under. They agreed to try it as it was very dark and raining, and there was a half-witted young fellow with them who they put before, for they knew that the guards would fire without even challenging them if they were seen, consequently it was a very ticklish job, so they all went back except the hero in front, who crawled to the parapet and soon scratched a hole under large enough to permit him to pass and, supposing that the others were close to him, crawled out and lay there some time waiting for them to come through, and as

they did not come and it would not do to speak, he crawled back not willing to go alone, and went to his barrack and found them asleep, awakened them and told them he had made the hole and had been outside, so they got up and followed him and made their escape.

We were guarded awhile by negroes, who had orders to fire on us if we spoke to them while on guard. The order, like all other orders the guards received, was read to us that we might not run unawares into unnecessary danger. There was a little ditch all around inside that we called the "dead line" because the guards had orders to fire if we crossed that line. The parapet was about 18 feet high, with a platform on the outside about four feet from the ground, on which the guards were placed, about 50 to 75 yards apart. One day a prisoner saw a negro guard who he thought he knew; in fact, he was sure that he was a negro who had formerly belonged to his father, and that he and the negro were boys together, but still he was afraid to speak to him, knowing that the negro had orders to shoot if he spoke to him. So he got as close as he could to be safe and watched the negro until he caught the other sentinels not looking, then he got behind a tree and called the negro by name. The negro answered and instantly recognized his young master. He asked the negro if he could help him escape out of that place. The negro told him that he could, and for him to come back at a certain hour that night and whistle and he would answer, so that he would know that it was him. According to his promise the prisoner went to his tree and waited until he heard the relief guard pass, then he whistled, which was answered, then he

crawled cautiously to the parapet. The negro reached down his gun, he caught hold and held on and the negro lifted him to the top, then set his gun down on his beat, hung his cartridge box on it and left with his young master, and neither of them had been heard of when I left the prison. I call him a grateful negro.

(To be continued)

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## LAST MEETING

We had an interesting meeting in November with few members present. I hope each of you have 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. God bless each of you.

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## SOME 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**

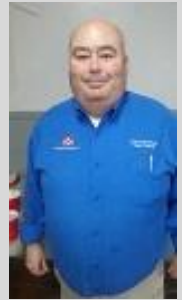
28-29 December 1862 - General Joseph E. Johnston verses General William T. Sherman. Casualties: 207 Confederate, 1776 Union!

### **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!



Jefferson, TX. reenactment



### **Luke 2 King James Version**

- 2 And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed.
- 2 (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)
- 3 And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.
- 4 And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)
- 5 To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.
- 6 And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.
- 7 And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.
- 8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.
- 9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.
- 10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.
- 11 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.
- 12 And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.





**13** And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

**14** Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

**15** And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

As Christmas is fast approaching let us remember the real reason for the season. Let us give thanks for the birth of our savior. Let us also remember those in prayer that will be spending their first Christmas without a loved one that has passed from this life. Wishing everyone a very Merry Christmas

God Bless,  
Chaplain Shawn Tully



## BIRTHDAYS

December 19<sup>th</sup> – Michael Mars

## ANNIVERSARIES

December 21<sup>st</sup> – Randy & Mary Ann Brock



## 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?**



**CSA Cemetery Fayetteville, AR**



CSA Cemetery Fayetteville, AR



## 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!



Snowy Greeting from a Confederate Cemetery





## CAMP PHOTOS



**Commander Dennis Beckham presenting Compatriot  
Richard Hess with 5 yr. certificate**



**Commander Dennis Beckham presenting Compatriot Steve  
Austin with 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Commander commissioning certificate**



**Chaplain Shawn Tully at gates of CSA Cemetery in  
Fayetteville, AR**

**CSA Cemetery Fayetteville, AR**



**CSA Cemetery Fayetteville, AR**



### Camp Leadership

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