



David's Dispatch

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



Vol. 9 No. 12

Copyright 2023

December 2023

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

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

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Compatriots, on Monday, December 11th at 6:00 I will be holding a Zoom Meeting, and I would very much like everyone that possibly can to join me for it. During the meeting we will be discussing the future of the 1st Lt. David Richard Reynolds Camp 2270.

As you know, the camp only has a total of 10 members at this time and I hate to say that for the past few months we've only had two members on a Zoom Call, which is not even a quorum to hold a meeting.

What we've got to decide:

- do we continue to hold monthly Zoom Meetings,
- do we hold quarterly in person meetings (The minimum required by our Constitution),
- or do we give everyone the opportunity to transfer their membership to another camp or to an "At Large" member, and then close our camp at the end of July, when everyone's membership expires.

I'm sure that most of you know that we lost our "home", at the Old Union Community Center, I have personally moved to Alexandria, Louisiana and it is simply too far for me to make monthly trips there to attend meetings. I could possibly make a quarterly meeting, if it were held on a Saturday.

You don't know how much it hurts me to say this, but perhaps it may be necessary for us to just call it quits. We had a good run, I don't know of any camp in the entire SCV that won more camp

awards, had a better looking meeting place or accomplished what we did in a mere 9 years. Please join me on Monday and let's talk about what our next step is going to be.

Joe Reynolds
Past Camp Commander

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, December 11th, 6:00 p.m.
Zoom Meeting

Texas Division SCV

Division Executive Council Meeting

January 6th, 2024
Papa Rollo's Pizza
703 N Valley Mills Dr
Waco, TX 76710

Texas Division Heritage Defense Training

Saturday, February 10th, 2024
Baylor Club located at McLane Stadium
1001 S. Martin Luther King Blvd
Waco, TX 76704

2024 Texas Division Reunion

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

2024 National SCV Reunion

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

**A BLAST FROM THE PAST**

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

A NIGHT WITH GUERRILLAS

BY DR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, RAVENNA, TEX

This truthful story begins one cold, dark day in January, 1863, a day of north wind and sleet, with skiffs of snow during the entire day. Our horses' manes and tails were sheathed with ice, and icicles hung from their bridle bits. Thus Tom Light and I traveled through the day. As evening came on there appeared in view a large, old-fashioned Southern home, the yard filled with stately oaks, rose bushes, and a row of servant quarters. We yelled at the gate, and an old gentle- man appeared, to whom we made known our wants. He invited us in and told a servant to care for our horses. In the great, broad fireplace the flames were soon leaping high, and seeing how we hugged the fire the kind old host said: " Boys, you

must be chilled through and through." He then stepped to a closet, returning with a decanter of peach brandy, a jar of honey, glasses and spoons, and we promptly obeyed orders to warm up in that way. Finding out that our home State was Kentucky, and our account of battles and general deportment pleasing the old gentleman, he soon called in his wife and two lovely daughters, who also plied us with questions in regard to sons, nephews, neighbors, and sweethearts. Then supper was announced. Tom and I spoke of it as "human vittles," which seemed to amuse our host. From the dining room we were invited to the parlor, where the girls made music until eleven, when we were shown to our beds.

At one o'clock we were aroused by taps on the door, and were told by our host that a company of men was demanding that we go with them on a raid. They were guerrillas, he explained, and killed all Union soldiers, also captured and robbed whoever had money, whether Northern or Southern.



*DR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM IN HIS WHEEL CHAIR
WITH HIS FAITHFUL ATTENDANT*

He said they were strictly desperadoes, and if we did not go with them they might take our horses or do worse. We decided to go. The road was covered with ice and sleet. After five or six miles we reached a log cabin, which they surrounded and burst in the door, making a captive of the Union soldier there. A sad and tragic picture was presented by the mother and two little girls, pleading and praying for the husband and father. They knew the character of the gang and felt that it was a last farewell.

I was so impressed by the pathetic scene that I determined those brutes should never murder that man. After he was taken out to the public highway, the captain called one of his men to take the prisoner up behind him, but he demurred with excuses; a second was likewise called upon, and again more excuses were put up; then a third, who also demurred on like reasons. By this time I had worked my way up close and said, in a careless tone: "Captain, I have a big, stout steed. If nobody else wants him, I can carry him." So the prisoner was helped up behind me, and the gang moved off at doublequick, halting some four or five miles farther on in front of a large country home. They all dismounted and entered the house, leaving me alone with the prisoner. Soon my comrade, Tom Light, came out and said they were torturing the old man of the house to make him give up his money. I thought then was the time to make good my oath, so I told the prisoner to jump and run. He said, "You will shoot me if I do," but I told him that I was a Confederate soldier and had been forced to join the gang, that I didn't believe in killing prisoners. I had hardly finished before I heard the prisoner on the ground and running for a black jack thicket some fifty yards off. I began yelling at the top of my voice and firing my six-shooter, which alarmed the cutthroat gang, who left the old man and ran over one another in getting out, believing that a hostile force was after them. They mounted and moved off, but I knew that the captain would demand an explanation about the prisoner's escape, so I prepared for action. Under the cape of my overcoat,

which covered the horn of my saddle, I had my pistol bearing on his heart, my finger on the trigger. The captain held up and said he wanted to know how the prisoner escaped; so I told him that when the company went in the house and left me with the prisoner, all at once I heard a rustle in the leaves and realized that the prisoner was off, then I immediately began firing at him and yelling. He said: "You tell a straight tale, but if I believed you turned him loose, I would put a bullet through your brains." I said: "That would be treating me just right if you believed me guilty, but you can't believe it." He said, "No," and moved on. But had he attempted to draw his gun, I would have given him a dead shot, then traveled for life and liberty. I confess to the lying, but as I had put my life in jeopardy to save the life of an enemy, I felt it was justified.

I never knew just where these tragic happenings were taking place, perhaps in Henry or an adjoining county, but some three or four weeks later a Confederate cavalry company appeared in that section, keeping under cover, as it were. They soon learned when the guerrilla force would travel a certain road the next day, and the company ambushed on that road. The bloody bandits came along singing their ribald songs, when suddenly eighty muskets belched forth and every bandit saddle was emptied; not a single one escaped.

If there are now any living who knew of those occurrences, I should be glad to hear from them.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For those who remember Compatriot Jerry Lester, a former member of our Camp, Dr. Cunningham was his Great Great Grandfather.



**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!

BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES & OTHER IMPORTANT DATES

December 14th – Steve Austin

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



A COFFEE SUBSTITUTE FOR THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES...

From the Arkansas Democrat (1864) using cigar stumps and bark as a coffee substitute:



To Make Coffee: Take tan bark, three parts; three old cigar stumps and a quart of water, mix well, and boil fifteen minutes in a dirty coffee pot, and the best judges cannot tell it from the finest coffee!



Unchangeable Convictions

Mark W. Evans

Past Chaplain-in-Chief

At the beginning of the War Against Northern Invasion, one hundred ministers from various denominations throughout the Southland signed a document titled an "Address to Christians Throughout the World." They stated: "The war is forced upon us. We have always desired peace. After a conflict of opinions between the North and the South, in Church and State, of more than thirty years, growing more bitter and painful daily, we withdraw from them to secure peace -- they send troops to compel us into re-union! Our proposition was peaceable separation, saying, 'We are actually divided, our nominal union is only a platform of strife.' The answer is a call for troops to force submission to a government whose character, in the judgment of the South, has been sacrificed to sectionalism." [W. W. Bennett, *The Great Revival in the Southern Armies*, p. 88]

The North had a standing army and navy, with all the weapons and means to crush an enemy. The Confederacy began with no navy and its armies were formed from mostly untrained warriors, whose unrelenting resolve and trust in the Lord brought admiration throughout the world. The ministers said: "While Northern Christians are so piously trusting in superior numbers, we arm, and fast, and pray, and our cry is, 'O, Lord of Hosts, we trust in thee!' While they are making every effort to get up and keep at fever heat the Northern war spirit, we need no appeals beyond their own ferocious and boastful cries to keep us ready for their coming. And while they claim to have God's blessing, we are content -- if God bless them with success, be it so -- he is the

Lord, let Him do what he will. We know 'in whom' we 'have believed.' We seek no man's blood, and we are not afraid while the Lord reigneth." [Ibid., pp. 91, 92.]

Confederate Chaplain W. W. Bennett observed an essential ingredient upholding Confederate warriors: "But there is one aspect of the war, on the Southern side, which has been almost wholly overlooked by statesmen and politicians. We mean its religious aspect. Whatever may be the judgment of the world as to the principles on which the Southern people entered into the strife, it must be admitted that they brought with them into it, and carried with them through it, a deep and strong religious element. Their convictions of right in what they did were second only to their convictions of the truth of the Christian religion. Nor has the stern logic of events eradicated this conviction from the Southern mind." [Ibid., 9.]

The Sons of Confederate Veterans have maintained a continuing respect for their heritage of courage, moral character, and patriotism. Because of the inroads of perverted thinking and hellish tyranny, our country's once treasured freedoms are being offered on the altar of Communism, atheism, and political corruption. There is comfort in knowing that the Christian beliefs, principles and moral values that steeled our Confederate ancestors will also sustain us in this struggle against the kingdom of darkness.

Our relatives shared the same Christian convictions possessed by their fathers of the Revolutionary War. Today, we also need these unchangeable convictions sealed to our hearts. Looking to the past, Journalist and author, Hank Messick, in his book, *King's Mountain*, quoted an historian who gave tribute to Southern "rednecks": "There is no shortage of rednecks in the neat, quiet American military cemeteries which now dot the globe. However rejected in normal times, the redneck has always been welcomed when the nation went to war." [p.10]. Messick wrote: "Peace is the dream today, and the redneck shares that dream. For him it was often a 'rich man's war and a poor man's fight.' He never started a war, but he was always ready when his home and personal liberty were threatened. And because of the readiness to do his duty as he saw it, this nation was found and kept alive." [Ibid.]

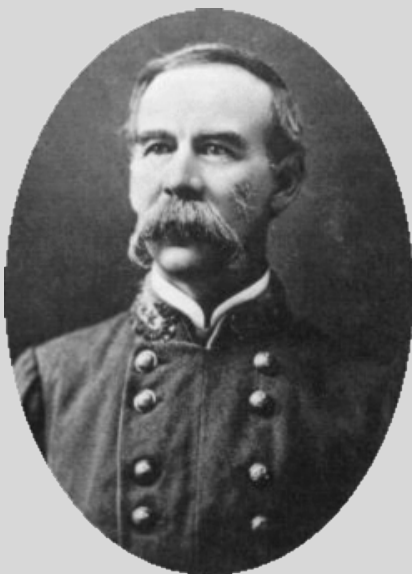
Following the war, Robert L. Dabney, former Chief of Staff for General Stonewall Jackson, addressed

students at a commencement service held at Davidson College. He stated: "We are a beaten, conquered people, gentlemen, and yet if we are true to ourselves, we have no cause for humiliation, however much for deep sorrow. It is only the atheist who adopts success as the criterion of right. It is not a new thing in the history of men that God appoints to the brave and true the stern task of contending and falling in a righteous quarrel. Would you find the grandest of all names upon the roll of time? You must seek them among this 'noble army of martyrs,' whose faith in God and the right was stronger than death and defeat." [Discussions, vol. IV, pp. 119, 120.]



**MAJ. JOSEPH PALMER'S BATTERY
{SOUTHERN RIGHTS BATTERY} AT THE
BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE**

Bryan Bush



Confederate Maj. Joseph Palmer

Joseph Palmer was born in South Carolina on July 10, 1835, and, after graduating from the Citadel, took two lectures at the Medical College in Charleston, attended the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, and had his medical internship at Bellevue Hospital in New York.

In 1858, he began his practice in Perry, Georgia. He bought 200 acres of land and built a home called

Marl Crest. In January 1861, Palmer was a first lieutenant in the Southern Rights Guards, a militia group founded in 1859. On March 18, 1861, he became part of Col. James W. Ramsey's First Georgia Regiment, Confederate States Army, which served in Pensacola, Florida, and Carrick's Ford, in the mountains of West Virginia. After a year of service, the regiment was mustered out.

When he returned to Georgia, Palmer reorganized his pre-war militia company, becoming Company A of the 14th Battalion, Georgia Light Artillery. Palmer was elected captain. The battery joined Confederate general Braxton Bragg's Army of the Mississippi invasion of Kentucky, attached to John C. Brown's Brigade of Gen. William Hardee's Corps.

At 10 a.m. on October 8, 1862, the battery arrived on the field of battle at Perryville, Kentucky, when Brown's brigade was ordered to advance and marched for three-quarters of a mile. The battery stopped on the brow of a hill, and the men could see the battle raging beyond. Palmer wrote: "Great God how the balls did whistle."

The battery was then ordered forward, passing the Chatham house, and on their right was an apple orchard full of ripe apples. It came to Doctor's Creek, which was dry. The bluff on the other side of the creek was 10 feet high, and the first artillery section went up the hill and into action. The second section was left in the dry bed.

For one hour and fifteen minutes, the battery stood within 200 yards of the Union line commanded by Gen. William Lytle's Brigade, along with the 1st Michigan Battery and the 5th Indiana Battery. The opposing batteries faced each other without "waving a particle!" Palmer only had 17 men. He lost one killed and had 12 out of 18 horses killed or disabled. Several of his 7 wounded ended up being captured.

Darkness ended the battle, and Bragg's army retreated during the night. Palmer was promoted to major for his gallantry at the Battle of Perryville.

Next, Palmer's battery was attached to Confederate general John Hunt Morgan's cavalry and traveled 1,000 miles in fifteen days and fought in nine engagements. For his gallantry at the battle of Elizabethtown, Morgan presented Palmer with a sword captured from a Federal by the name of Colonel Smith. After Morgan's Christmas Raid, Palmer was ordered by General Bragg to organize a battalion of reserve artillery. Eventually, Palmer became senior artillery officer of the Army of Tennessee. After the Battle of Bentonville, North Carolina, in 1865, Palmer was ordered to Danville, Virginia, to protect a portion of Lee's supply network. After Lee's surrender, Palmer joined Johnston at Greensboro, North Carolina, having the honor of commanding the first and last rear guard of the Confederate army east of the Mississippi.

Palmer married Lucy Lewis. They had seven children. She died in 1880, and Palmer then married Florence Hill. He had five children from the second marriage.

Palmer died on July 1, 1898, and is buried in Evergreen Cemetery in Perry, Houston County, Georgia.



MILITARY ORDER OF STARS & BARS

On June 10th, 1889, in New Orleans, Louisiana, a group of proud surviving soldiers of the Confederate States of America organized an association called the United Confederate Veterans. Its goals were to protect and defend the honor and dignity of the memory of the Confederate soldier. As the ranks of the aged veterans of the UCV began to thin with the passage of time, a group of the surviving Confederate officers met in Columbia, SC on August 30th, 1938 to discuss their concerns that the unique contributions made by the Confederate leadership were not properly chronicled in our nation's history books. They felt a particular duty as members of the Officers Corp.

This first meeting was convened with a great deal of enthusiasm by seventeen former Confederate officers as well as forty-seven male descendants of Confederate officers in attendance. These dedicated men were unanimous in voting to begin a new CSA veteran society named the "Order of the Stars & Bars" that would meet annually. The OSB was unique in that the organization was made up of veterans and their descendants with the understanding that as the original officers of the Confederacy died that it was the sacred responsibility of their male offspring to continue to carry on the purposes of the Order.

The name was changed to "The Military Order of the Stars & Bars" in 1976 at the 39th General Convention held in Memphis, Tennessee. The first National Flag of the Confederate States of America, the Stars and Bars was accepted as the official insignia of the MOS&B.

Today the fraternal Military Order of the Stars & Bars, a non-profit 501(c) 3, non-political educational, historical, patriotic, and heritage group continues its dedication to the preservation of Southern history and remains the only heritage organization actually founded by Confederate veterans. An emphasis is placed on American Patriotism and the honoring of all American veterans of all wars.

The War Between the States produced some of the most outstanding civil and military leaders in the history of mankind. To perpetuate the idealism that animated the Confederate Cause and to honor the courage, devotion and endurance of those who dedicated their lives and services during four years of devastating war, and who, through-out the dreadful decade of reconstruction, labored heroically for the restoration of self-government as the most precious heritage of the American Revolution, male descendants of the officers who honorably served in the Army, Navy and other commands of the Confederate States of America and male descendants of the elected and appointed officials of the Confederate Executive and Legislative branches of

the government unite to establish The Military Order of Stars and Bars, a patriotic Society of proud descendants of Confederate Veterans.

If your ancestor was a Confederate Officer or a government official of the Confederate States of America – We invite you as a proud descendant to join us to honor their courage, dedication, gallantry, sacrifice, service and valor as a new member of the Military Order of Stars & Bars.

Visit www.militaryorderofthestarsandbars.org for additional information or contact Past Commander Joe Reynolds at 318-691-2844 or by email at Joe.Reynolds@txmosb.org to learn more about us.



BLOODY CHICKAMAUGA: THE RIVER OF DEATH



Battle Insights
By Dave Powell

The Battle of Chickamauga stands as the only clearcut victory ever achieved by the Army of Tennessee. At both Perryville and Stones River, initial tactical successes fell short and were followed by retreats. At Tullahoma, there wasn't even a battle before Braxton Bragg was forced out of Middle Tennessee to Chattanooga, where he clung to what remained of Confederate Tennessee.

Conversely, though the Army of the Cumberland could claim some measure of victory at Perryville

(where it was still called the Army of the Ohio) and Stones River, in neither battle did the Federals dominate. Instead, exhausted and bled white, they clung stubbornly to their final positions long enough to force their equally exhausted opponents to yield.

At Chickamauga, Union commander William S. Rosecrans could claim no such sliver of victory: One-third of his army and much of his supply train routed off the battlefield on the afternoon of September 20, while the remainder of the troops, their ammunition depleted, retreated under cover of darkness. When the Rebels arose at dawn on September 21, expecting renewed combat, they instead found themselves masters of the field. The Federals' only compensation was that they still held the campaign's prize—Chattanooga, which they occupied for the rest of the war.

That fact led many Confederates to label Chickamauga a "barren victory," devoid of strategic results because Bragg failed to pursue.

In both armies, the fallout was remarkably similar. For the defeated Federals, the result was predictable. Two Union corps commanders, Alexander McDowell McCook and Thomas L. Crittenden, had been driven off the field in that rout. Both were relieved of command and, despite favorable decisions reached by courts of inquiry, did not return. One Union divisional commander, James S. Negley, also was relieved. All three never held significant field command again during the war. Army commander William Rosecrans, who had also left the field, was replaced by his senior subordinate, George H. Thomas, in October. Rosecrans ended the war commanding the Department of the Missouri.

In the glow of victory, Braxton Bragg also cleaned house. He arrested his most troublesome subordinate, the Bishop-General Leonidas Polk, but no court was convened. Polk's good friend Jefferson Davis intervened, transferring Polk to Mississippi. Another focus of Bragg's ire, divisional commander Thomas C. Hindman, took sick leave, awaiting a court of inquiry that also never convened. Gens. Daniel H. Hill and James Longstreet remained, but

not for long; their dislike of Bragg boiled over in the weeks after the battle, rising to near mutiny, which forced Davis to visit the army in October.

Hill was transferred back east, under something of a cloud, while Longstreet was dispatched to East Tennessee in early November, charged with the recapture of Union-held Knoxville. Unsuccessful in that effort, he wintered in East Tennessee and returned to Virginia in the spring.

The window of Confederate success slammed shut for good in late November when Ulysses S. Grant arrived to take command of the heavily reinforced Union army, winning decisively in the battle of Chattanooga on November 25. Bragg retreated to Dalton, where he was replaced on December 3.

Dave Powell is one of the Western Theater's most engaging and prolific historians. A Virginia Military Institute graduate, he has produced a steady stream of comprehensive studies for Savas Beattie books. His study of the Chickamauga Campaign is already heralded as the standard by which that significant campaign will be evaluated.

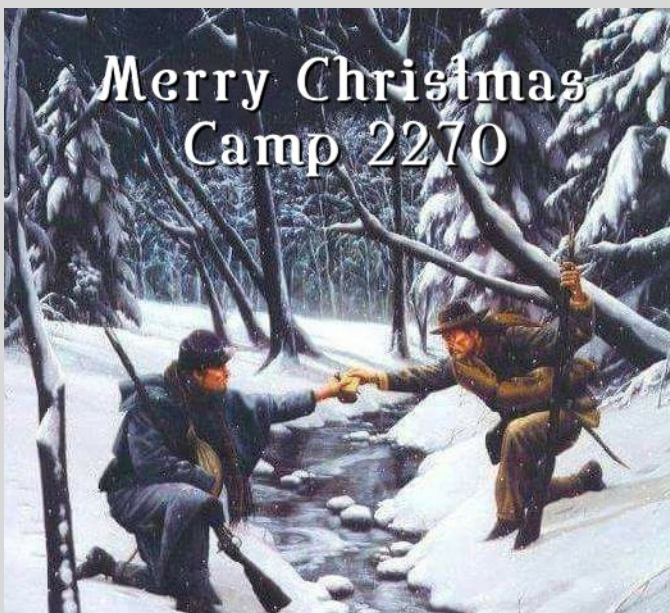
A SHORT CHRISTMAS POEM WITH A SURPRISE

*Pre-Civil War West Point Night Before Christmas
(The Egg Nog Riot)*

Twas the night before Christmas
And in West Point North Barracks,
Lots of cadets were all stirring, and that's a big fact.
Some cadets bought and brought gallons of whiskey
galore
To pour some in the egg nog; and then a little bit more.
The cadets could not wait for the sunset to fall.
So they kept licking their lips and waited in the hall.
Then the parties began in rooms five and twenty-eight.
To try to stop them now, it was really too late.
In an hour or so, there arose such a clatter,
Captain Hitchcock arose to see what was the matter.
Away in flash he stormed to room twenty-eight,
And let each cadet know he was really irate.
They locked him in his room when he went back to bed.
By then the egg nog they'd drunk went straight to their
heads.
There were brawls and gunshots and fighting galore.
And several cadets were passed out on the floor.
But when reveille sounded on that bright Christmas
morn
The cadets in North Barracks were truly forlorn.
So who was the leader of this riotous revelry?
He was noble and good-natured and coy, don't you see.
His name was Jeff Davis, who planned the event,
Who later led the Confederacy as their President.
And I can tell you for sure on that night of the brawl,
Santa never dropped by to say Merry Christmas, you all.

LET'S ZOOM!

Compatriots, again, please join us on December 11th at 6:00 pm for what very well could be our very last Zoom Meeting. If you wish to join, but not sure how, let me know in advance and I'll work with you. You can join with a computer, laptop, tablet, or Smart Phone. At the meeting on the 11th we will also decide if we have a Quarterly Meeting in February and also if we wish to continue publishing the camp newsletter, David's Dispatch!



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

Commander
 Steven Weldon Austin
 (903) 285-5192
tfcvso67@yahoo.com

1st Lt. Commander
 Danny "Kid" Tillery
 (903) 717-1593
dkidtillery@gmail.com

2nd Lt. Commander
 Vacant

Adjutant
 Alvin "Rex" McGee
 (903) 577-3233
AlvinRexMcGee@hotmail.com

Treasurer
 Larry Joe Reynolds
 (318) 691-2844
Joe.Reynolds@davidrreynolds.org

Judge Advocate
 Terry Lee Landrum
 (361) 453-8002
terrylandrum@rocketmail.com

Quartermaster
 Joe Reynolds
 (318) 691-2844
Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org

Chaplain
 Vacant

Color Sergeant
 Theron Weldon Austin
 (903) 960-5048
Theronwa@hotmail.com

Historian

Joe Reynolds
 (318) 691-2844
Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org

Web Master / Newsletter Editor

Joe Reynolds
 (318) 691-2844
Joe.Reynolds@DavidRReynolds.org

NEWSLETTER EDITOR

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



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: Joe.Reynolds@davidrreynolds.org (Cutoff for articles is 20th of the month)

