



David's Dispatch

1ST LT. DAVID RICHARD REYNOLDS

HEADQUARTERS CHAPTER #1

SOCIETY OF CONFEDERATE DESCENDANTS



Vol. 2 No. 5

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May 2026

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

by Larry "Joe" Reynolds



Greetings Compatriots,

Spring is here, the weather is getting warmer, and it's getting that time of year when we can honor our ancestors by marching in any parades that we are still allowed to participate in, having Grave Side Memorial Services at Cemeteries, and or cleaning and flagging the graves of our Southern Heroes.

Please try to be in attendance at our May 11th Monthly Zoom Meeting. One item of Business that we will be discussing is that of Electing any New or Vacant Officer Positions. Help be a part of getting this Society on the path of it's future.

Most all Chapter equipment and supplies have been purchased and now we really need to concentrate on recruiting new members. Why not start at home, think about Fathers, Sons, Brothers, or Cousins that may already be qualified. What about neighbors or friends? Do you belong to any other Clubs or Societies that have members like yourself? Actually the possibilities are endless. If you know of someone and want me to talk to them, just let me know.

Joe Reynolds
President General

Pilgrimage Parade and Town Scrimmage
Jefferson, Texas
I will be carrying the Society Flag!

Our Mission

To fulfill the Charged handed down to us and to perpetuate the legacy of our ancestors by proudly preserving our heritage and faithfully promoting goodwill In our community.

Our Vision

We dare to envision a culture that values its history and honors those who helped make it.

TRIVIAL PURSUIT

OR - DID YOU KNOW THIS?

Comment: We all sit around from time to time and discuss events, people, and places related to the War of Northern Aggression. But check out how many of these you knew before today. I hope you enjoy this edition. The Editor.

(Answers on Page 9)

1. CSA General Gabriel Rains was rebuked by his superiors for using what devices at Yorktown, VA in 1862?
2. Who manufactured the only pistols in Texas?

UPCOMING EVENTS

NEXT MEETING

Monday, May 11th, 7:00 p.m.
Zoom Meeting

Battle for Jefferson
Saturday, May 2nd, 2026, 10:00 a.m.

3. Q: With metal scarce by mid-1862, what new source of raw material for cannon was found in Mississippi?

BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES & OTHER IMPORTANT DATES

May 07.....Amanda Jeanne Grantham

May 19.....Alvin Rex McGee

May 6th – This day in 1861 Arkansas secedes from the union.

May 10th – This day in 1863 General Thomas J. Jackson died and is buried in Lexington, Virginia. Confederate Memorial Day in North and South Carolina.

May 20th – This day in 1861 North Carolina secedes from the union.

May 23rd – This day in 1861 Virginia secedes from the union.

May 30th – Confederate Memorial Day in Virginia.

May 12th, 2025 – First Chapter Meeting was held by Zoom with 11 people in attendance.

BATTLES FOUGHT DURING THE MONTH OF MAY



Battle of Fort Gibson - Fort Gibson Mississippi

1 May 1863 - General John C. Pemberton verses General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: 1650 Confederate, 1863 Union!

Battle of Chancellorsville - Chancellorsville Virginia

1-5 May 1863 - General Robert E. Lee verses General Joseph Hooker. Casualties: 12,754 Confederate, 16,792 Union!

Battle of Williamsburg - Williamsburg Virginia

5 May 1862 - General Joseph E. Johnston verses General George B. McClellan. Casualties: 1603 Confederate, 2239 Union!

Battle of The Wilderness - The Wildererness Virginia

5-7 May 1864 - General Robert E. Lee verses General Ulysses S. Grant, General George G. Meade. Casualties: 7750 Confederate, 17,666 Union!

Battle of McDowell - McDowell Virginia

May 1862 - General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson verses General Robert C. Schenck. Casualties: 498 Confederate, 256 Union!

Battle of Spotsylvania Court House - Spotsylvania Court House Virginia

8-20 May 1864 - General Robert E. Lee verses General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: 9500 Confederate, 18,399 Union!

Battle of Drewry's Bluff - Drewry's Bluff Virginia

12-16 May 1864 - General P.G.T. Beauregard verses General Benjamin F. Butler. Casualties: 2506 Confederate, 4160 Union!

Battle of Resaca - Resaca Georgia

13-15 May 1864 - General Joseph E. Johnston verses General William T. Sherman. Casualties: 3800 Confederate, 2747 Union!

Battle of Jackson - Jackson Mississippi

14 May 1863 - General Joseph E. Johnston verses General William T. Sherman. Casualties: 1339 Confederate, 1000 Union!

Battle of New Market - New Market Virginia

15 May 1864 - General John C. Breckinridge verses General Franz Sigel. Casualties: 577 Confederate, 831 Union!

Battle of Chamberlin Hill - Edward's Station Mississippi

16-17 May 1863 - General John C. Pemberton verses General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: 3851 Confederate, 2441 Union!

Siege of Vicksburg - Vicksburg Mississippi

18 May - 4 July 1863 - General John C. Pemberton verses General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: 39,491 Confederate, 8,873 Union!

Battle of Front Royal - Front Royal Virginia

23 May 1862 - General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson verses Colonel J. R. Kenly. Casualties: 50 Confederate, 904 Union!

First Battle of Winchester - Winchester Virginia

23-25 May 1862 - General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson verses General Nathaniel P. Banks. Casualties: 400 Confederate, 2769 Union!

Battle of North Anna River - North Anna River Virginia

23-26 May 1864 - General Robert E. Lee verses General Ulysses S. Grant. Casualties: 2000 Confederate, 1973 Union!

Battle of New Hope Church - New Hope Church Georgia

25-29 May 1864 - General Joseph E. Johnston verses General William T. Sherman. Casualties: 3000 Confederate, 2400 Union!

Siege of Port Hudson - Port Hudson Louisiana

26 May - 9 July 1863 - General Franklin Gardner verses General Nathaniel P. Banks. Casualties: 7200 Confederate, 3600 Union!

Battle of Seven Pines - Seven Pines Virginia

31 May - 1 June 1862 - General Joseph E. Johnston verses General George B. McClellan. Casualties: 6134 Confederate, 5031 Union!

HOW I LIFTED THE COLONEL'S MARE

BY SERGEANT BERRY BENSON, 1ST REGIMENT,
S. C. VOLUNTEERS.

(Continued from Last Month)

I passed round the tent, through the scattered pines, and went on. A little way on I came to a small farmhouse; I think it was the Beverly house, but I am not sure. I went up to the yard fence and leaned upon it, looking at the cannon and the horses in the yard—I could almost touch some of the horses with my hand—and at the men walking about in the yard.

"What artillery is this?" I asked.

"Thirty-Fourth New York."

"Where is the 1st Pennsylvania Regiment?"

"Don't know."

Then I went on, passing many fires, but not coming close, lest the gray of my clothes be seen. But I would hail men at the fires and ask questions, which would always be answered. Then I went on, a good way farther, and I had seen no breastworks. My mission was performed; Lee could attack.

Standing now on a low, open hill, I looked around. Everywhere, in all directions, burned camp fires and camp fires. I was in the midst of the Yankee army. And now, my quest being done, I realized for the first time the danger I was in—danger of capture and of execution as a spy—and I was afraid, for at any moment might come the hail: "Who are you? Come here to the light!"

But, putting fear under my feet, I turned back. I went back to the farmhouse and stopped a few moments again, coveting one of the fine artillery horses in the yard.

Again I came to the little pines and the colonel's tent. And there, again, was a man on horseback, talking with the colonel, the adjutant again, I had no doubt, and I had to keep circling around a pine bush to keep from being seen by him as he went away.

I was close to the colonel's tent and in front of it. The front was wide open; and although I could see nobody, I knew the colonel was in the tent awake, for I had just heard him talking. And there, some eighteen feet in front of the tent and between me and the tent, stood a horse tethered to a pine sapling. Even in the night I could note the fine proportions of the animal, manifestly the colonel's own.

And how could I now, a Confederate soldier, pass by and leave behind this fine creature? I would not be a soldier. I must "lift" the colonel's mare!

Keeping her forelegs between me and the open tent, I approached quietly. I patted her on the neck and felt for the bridle. There was a halter only, and it was tied tightly to the sapling. Not venturing to step from behind her forelegs, lest I be seen by the colonel, I tried to untie the knot with my left hand. But the knot held fast. Taking my knife from my pocket and reaching my left arm to its full length, I cut the halter close to the knot; then turning her gently, I led her quietly away, her hoofs making but little sound on the turf.

Reaching the stream, I jumped over, she is following without a halt. Just below I heard the Yankees filling their canteens as when I passed before.

Moving up the slope, I approached the spot where Powell lay hidden and gave the signal. I got no answer. Again, I gave the signal. All was silent. I was rather expecting this, for I must have been gone quite more than an hour. Possibly he had given me out and had gone. Possibly he was a prisoner. But I ventured to call in a low voice: "Ben!"

"All right, sergeant," came the answer. Surprised he was, when I came up, at seeing the mare.

"You overstayed the hour," he said, "and I thought that you were captured. I had just made up my mind

to go when you came up. I thought that you were a Yankee, and I was about to shoot you."

"You'd have missed me, Ben."

"Not if my name's Ben Powell."

"I say, Ben, I've got something to tell you."

"What is it?"

"There ain't no breastworks!"

Letting down the fence for the mare to come through, we now made our way back through the woods till we came to the road that led by the house where we had seen the enemy's cavalry pickets on our first coming out. We were now in their rear, and we would have this post to pass to be out of the enemy's lines. Then I said: "Ben, I think that I'm less tired than you, so I am going to make you ride while I go ahead and pilot the way back. You keep thirty yards behind me, but in sight; and if you hear me whistle, I've run up on the Yankees. Then you ride into the woods to save the mare and wait till you hear what happens. And if I don't follow you, then something has happened to me, and you work your way to camp somehow and report to General Wilcox that I am killed or a prisoner and that there are no breastworks, not a spadeful."

"But, sergeant, if you get into a scrap I couldn't stay back and not come to your help. I couldn't."

"Private Powell, I am in command, and you will obey me. In war, Ben, we have to do things we don't want to do. My life or safety is as nothing compared with getting this news of no breastworks to General Wilcox."

Then I marched on ahead, Ben following, talking to himself, and I had not the least doubt that if I did get into a scrap he would disobey me utterly.

Our retreat was without event until we came near the picket post—which was the Anderson house, I think—a little way from the road, on the right, a lane leading from the road to the house. We could see

camp fires in the yard. On the left of the road were woods. I walked back and met Powell.

"Ben," I said, "I've got a horse; we must get one for you. Let's raid one from that picket post."

"Sergeant, let's be satisfied with what we've done; we don't want to be captured now, after all."

"Ben, you take that mare out in the woods and tie her and come with me."

He obeyed me.

We crossed the fence, into the field, moving cautiously toward the house till near enough to be seen standing, then we got down on our hands and knees. When some thirty yards from the house, I said: "Ben, you stay here; I'm going close up."

I crept on until I came to the yard fence. Standing up, I looked over, and by the light of the fires I saw horses hitched and men standing and walking about, their spurs and sabers clanking. Had the yard been dark, I might have climbed over unseen and taken a horse. And I was thinking of trying it, even in the light, when one of the men came toward me. I thought he had seen me, and I kept very still. But when he was nearly to me he mounted a horse and rode into the lane, where I heard him relieve a sentry, who rode back into the yard. So now, even if I should take a horse, I would have to make a dash past the sentry in the lane, who would shoot and rouse the post, and that would leave Powell and the mare in a trap. Reluctantly I gave up the enterprise.

Without further adventure we reached our lines just at daybreak, tired, hungry, and sleepy. We had had nothing to eat since the early morning before, except the drink of buttermilk at the Hart house, and I had been on my feet from the start. Some of the boys were up, preparing to cook breakfast; General Wilcox would not be up yet.

So I rolled myself in my blanket to snatch a few minutes' sleep and covered up my head to shut out the coming light. Down the line of works toward the left rolled musketry, but that would not keep me from

sleeping—we had been hearing that almost steadily for seven days, even when we were not having a hand in it. But I had no more than closed my eyes when there broke upon the air the volleying beat of drums, the insistent call of the long roll that will not be denied.

"Fall in, men! Fall in! Fall in!" called the sergeants. Snatching their half-cooked breakfasts from the fires, the men fell into ranks, and with the sharpshooters in the lead the brigade charged double-quick into the battle of the Bloody Angle.

As we ran in, in column of fours, we came alongside another column of fours moving in at a more easy pace, the color bearer leading the column. I did not know what troops they were nor of what State, but this slower movement vexed me, for it was borne in upon me that this was a time for haste. And as I came up with the color bearer I rushed out, extending my arm, and cried out: "Give me that flag!"

The color bearer looked down on me—he was a taller man than I—and quietly replied: "I can carry the flag." And I thought that he could; but I still thought, as I know now, that it was a time for haste.

The Angle had been taken by the enemy, and it was up to us to retake it. And there, through day and night, for twenty mortal hours, we struggled mightily with the enemy, we on one side of the breastworks and they on the other. And when day broke again, I was little better than a rag. But we had held the works, and I was still alive among the many dead.

A week after this, when I was a prisoner, my brother, back from furlough, sold the mare and her fine saddle cloth, with the colonel's silver eagles embroidered in the corners for good measure, to Maj. Harry Hammond, of our brigade, the father of Hon. Henry C. Hammond, the notorious—I mean illustrious—judge of our county court. I am informed that His Honor, in a recent public speech, commenting upon this episode in my life, spoke of me as a horse thief. I beg to recall to the attention of His Honor a trite old adage he seems to have forgotten: The receiver is as bad as the thief.

I have often wished that I might have been nearby. in a safe place, the next morning, when the colonel missed his mare. At first, no doubt, he thought the halter had slipped and she had strayed. But when he came to see that the halter was cut, then he knew she was stolen. And never once, to his dying day, did he ever suspect a Confederate, but always some thieving Yankee son of a gun. The base treachery of the deed! And he with corns on both feet! The quotations the colonel made from the Bible that morning must have been multitudinous and calorific. I am glad I wasn't what he called me.

But I bear no grudge now for the names he called me. and I am sure that if the colonel were living to-day, and I were to tell him the whole story just as it befell, he would take me by the hand and greet me as a comrade.

"Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.

'No talk shall be of dogs,' said he, 'when wolf and gray wolf meet.

May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath! What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"

BAYONETS AND BOND THIEVES

How Redshirts Crushed Yankee Tyranny and Restored the True Constitution in Mississippi

At the close of the War Between the States, the Southern people—ever faithful to their oaths—laid down their arms with honor, embracing the sword's harsh verdict and the constitutional terms of surrender in good faith. They promptly abolished slavery as best they could say the time and set to work rebuilding their devastated homes, farms, and laws under the Union's restored banner, expecting nothing more than the blessings of peace and self-government as guaranteed by the Founders' Compact.

Yet Northern spite turned reunion into subjugation. A merciless Reconstruction, born of Radical hatred in Congress, stripped Sovereign Southern States of their rightful autonomy, reducing them to mere territories under federal bayonets. Citizens, architects of a civilized order, were disfranchised en masse, while unprepared freedmen were elevated to rule by opportunistic carpetbaggers—Northern vultures who swarmed South with satchels of greed.

Backed by Union military occupiers, these intruders looted treasuries, rigged elections, and mocked the Constitution's federal balance, imposing a tyranny that trampled States' Rights and the people's consent.

The Union Army's occupation forces, far from agents of justice, became enforcers of plunder, their blue-coated bayonets guarding Radical fraud from Meridian to the Delta. Federal commanders like those under General Ord shamelessly propped up puppet regimes, jailing Southern leaders on trumped-up charges of "intimidation" while ignoring the rampant theft by their protected allies.

Northern political bosses in Washington—Thaddeus Stevens' vengeful cabal—authored the Enforcement Acts, suspending habeas corpus and deploying troops to shield carpetbaggers who issued fraudulent bonds worth millions, inflated taxes to crushing levels, and awarded no-bid contracts for phantom railroads that lined their pockets but left tracks to rust.

Civil officials, from tax collectors to provisional judges, colluded in this orgy of corruption: they seized one-fifth of Mississippi's private lands through debt foreclosures and manipulations, auctioned State properties to insiders, and printed scrip that devalued honest labor, all while preaching "equality" from afar.

Preachers and politicians in the North howled for vengeance, not from battlefield scars but from safe pulpits, unleashing hordes of adventurers who treated the South as conquered spoils, defiling the moral order once upheld by Southern honor.

In black-majority Mississippi, this Northern scourge found fertile ground. Carpetbaggers like Adelbert Ames exploited freedmen's ignorance and superstition, allying with scalawags—local traitors fueled by envy, grudges, or cupidity—to seize every office from governor to constable. Taxes soared tenfold, devouring family farms to fund lavish legislatures and military garrisons; laws went unenforced as juries of the unfit acquitted thieves, and public debt ballooned under bogus schemes that mocked fiscal sanity.

Federal troops, quartered in statehouses, pointed rifles at native breasts while carpetbaggers dipped hands into pockets, turning prosperity into penury and civilization toward barbarism. Southern patience, anchored in surrender pledges and Constitutional fealty, endured this outrage, appealing vainly for the limited government promised by Jefferson and Madison.

By 1875, the occupiers' greed fractured their coalition—carpetbaggers turned on scalawags, freedmen wearied of lies by Northern charlatans—and Mississippians seized the moment. Loyal white citizens, pushed to the precipice yet true to republican order, rallied the Redshirts: crimson-shirted rifle clubs led by patriots like James Z. George and Ethelbert Barksdale, who paraded not as mobs but as guardians of the ballot, their motto "A Mississippi for Mississippians" reviving the Founders' vision of Sovereign States free from Yankee despotism.

In the sacred election of 1875, Redshirts secured polls against Radical militias and federal interference, ensuring taxpayers and property holders spoke unmolested, delivering a tidal wave of Democratic victory that enthroned Charles H. Lamar as governor and purged the corrupt horde.

The Redshirts' disciplined stand ended Yankee dominion almost overnight. Carpetbaggers fled North with stolen bonds, scalawags vanished in disgrace, and Union garrisons decamped as corrupt Northern resolve crumbled. Mississippi balanced its ledgers, repealed despotic laws, restored impartial

justice, and fostered harmony between races under native stewardship—proving armed vigilance for Constitutional liberty redeems without the riots that scarred Northern cities.

This redemption affirmed Southern mettle: when federal bayonets and congressional edicts rent the Union Compact, the Redshirts mended it, securing self-rule and prosperity true to America's original frame, their legacy a bulwark against tyranny for the ages.

With Yankee occupation shattered in 1875, Mississippi blossomed under home rule, its people proving that Constitutional self-government—when wrested from corrupt hands—yields swift prosperity and order. Taxes plummeted as legislatures slashed the debt piled by Radical extravagance, redirecting funds to schools, roads, and levees that actually served the public good.

Farms revived under owners who knew the Delta soil, not distant speculators; commerce flowed freely without the tax-gatherer's boot; and impartial courts restored law, punishing crime regardless of color, fostering trust between White and Black as paternal guidance replaced political manipulation.

Yet victory drew fresh slanders from the North's defeated partisans. Carpetbaggers like James M. Wells, fled with pockets full of bonds but hearts burning for revenge, penned "histories" branding redeemed counties—peaceful Kemper above all—as dens of "massacre" and "fraud."

These lies, peddled to Congress and pulpits, aimed to recall federal bayonets under Ku Klux pretexts, denying the South's lawful triumph. Wells' ilk ignored their own riots in New York and Philadelphia, where mobs lynched Irish and Negroes alike, preferring to demonize disciplined Redshirts who spilled no such blood in defense of ballots.

Local traitors, those scalawags who piloted Northern plunder, fared no better under scrutiny. Men like W.W. Chisolm—Secessionist firebrand turned Radical judge—embodied their depravity: forging

affidavits to bilk the U.S. Treasury even before full occupation, resigning under exposure, then leading the cabal that armed freedmen against their betters.

Driven by envy of honorable neighbors, old grudges, or raw greed, scalawags fanned race hatred to cling to power, selling kin and Constitution for scraps from carpetbagger tables. Post-redemption, many slunk abroad or to obscurity, their names synonymous with perfidy.

Mississippi's saga vindicates the Founders' wisdom: a federal republic thrives when States govern locally, unchecked by centralized force. Radical Reconstruction's failure—its bayonets propping fraud, its edicts mocking consent—exposed Lincoln's heirs as enemies of the Compact Jefferson enshrined.

Southerners, true to surrender oaths, endured subjugation without reprisal, redeeming their birthright through ballots guarded by resolve. This fidelity shames Northern hypocrisy, where "equality" meant plunder, and proves the South's superior claim to America's constitutional soul.

The Redshirts' spirit endures as sentinel against federal overreach, from Reconstruction's bayonets to modern encroachments. When Washington tramples States' Rights—be it taxes, edicts, or armies—Mississippi reminds us: armed citizens, loyal to law, reclaim liberty without apology.

Their 1875 triumph, bloodless amid Radical provocation, towers over Yankee chaos, affirming that Southern honor, wedded to Constitutional rigor, alone preserves the Union as framed—not as conquered province, but a Sovereign Republic.

In Liberty and Eternal Vigilance,

C.M.McAteer

October 15, 2019

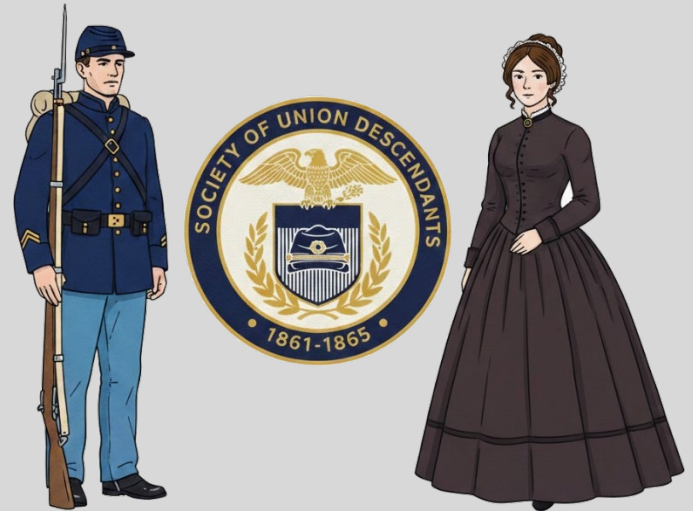
“Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred

right, a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world”.

Abraham Lincoln – U.S. Congress, 1847

WANTED:

Men, Women and Children who want to honor their
Union ancestors of the Civil War!



[Click Here](#)

for to be directed to their website and information on joining.

CHAPTER MINUTES 04-14-2025

The meeting was called to order by President General Joe Reynolds at 7:12 pm.

Invocation was given by Chaplain General Eve Holder.

Pledges to the United States, Headquarters Chapter and Confederate Flag were led by President General Joe Reynolds.

President General Joe Reynolds presented the SCD's Mission and Vision Statement.

Present for the meeting were:

Members

Larry Joe Reynolds, President General
Alvin Rex McGee, Secretary/Treasurer General
Cletis Milsap, Judge Advocate General

Eve Holder, Chaplain General
 Dave Adcox Morton, MS
 Sam Bennett Bastrop, TX
 Hal Cardwell..... Glendora, CA
 David Routh Rockwall, TX
 Darlene Sams..... Columbia, SC
 Ryan Springer.....Salina, KS
 Jola WestDumfries, VA

Guests

Randy Coward

The minutes of the March meeting were emailed to all members one week prior to the meeting. There was a motion by Hal Cardwell and a Second by Cletis Milsap that the minutes be approved as received, and the motion passed unanimously.

The Treasurer Report was read with the following noted: For the month of March 2026, we started the month with a balance of \$1,020.66, we had \$20.00 income, which was a Guardian Membership Application from Bill Wilcoxson. The only expenses were \$11.60 for postage in mailing his Certificates and Guardian Lapel Pin, and for Birthday and Anniversary Cards. This left a balance of \$8.40 for the month and a total balance of \$1,029.06.

There was no Old Business this month.

Under New Business we discussed the following:

- Status of Membership
- We discussed the status of our Society and what we need to survive and grow.
- We discussed our Guardian Program and other programs we could start.
- For tonight’s Program, a video called “44 Weirdest American Civil War Facts (That Actually Happened)” was shown.

The Benediction was given by Chaplain General Eve Holder.

The Meeting was adjourned at 8:20.

**THE NIGHT THE SOUTH BLED:
 A CONFEDERATE TESTAMENT TO
 FRANKLIN**
November 30, 1864

(continued from last month)

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Epilogue

Franklin marked the twilight of the Army of Tennessee. A courageous army, battered but unbroken, met its darkest hour and walked through it with a bravery the world will never fully comprehend.

We lost the battle.

We lost the war.

But we did not lose the honor of those who marched that day.

Their names sleep beneath the quiet grass of the McGavock Cemetery.

Their courage whispers from the wind along the Harpeth River.

And their sacrifice reminds us that some things—home, duty, love of one’s own—are worth everything a man can give.

That November night, the South bled.

But it also showed the world what devotion looks like when everything is on the line.

By Mindy Esposito
 November 29, 2025
 Nashville, Tennessee



**TRIVIAL PURSUIT
 ANSWERS!**

1. Buried land mines considered ungentlemanly conduct.

2. Dance Brothers; factory moved to Anderson after Yankees took the town of Old (West) Columbia.

3. Brass and iron plantation bells.



“I love the Union and the Constitution, but I would rather leave the Union with the Constitution than remain in the Union without it.”

Confederate President Jefferson Davis

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Opinions expressed by individual writers are their own and do not necessarily reflect official positions of the 1st Lt. David Richard Reynolds Headquarters Chapter #1. Letters and articles may be submitted to: Joe.Reynolds@davidreynolds.org (Cutoff for articles is 20th of the month)

