

ARK-LA-TEX SAR

The Official Newsletter of Chapter #69

DISPATCH

SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Volume 3, Number 4

Copyright 2025

Winter 2025

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

by Larry "Joe" Reynolds



Compatriots!

This year is quickly coming to an end as 2026 approaches. Let's make a New Years resolution to work a little extra for the SAR in the coming years. I would like to see more members attend our stated meetings. We only meet 5 times per year; Jan, Mar, Jun, Sep and Nov, please try to make these meetings.

I would also really like to see us focus on presenting as many awards to our local heroes, such as Life-Saving, Law Enforcement, EMT, etc. We have other awards, such as our Military Veterans, the Boy Scouts, ROTC, and our Flag Awards.

Joe Reynolds
President
Ark-La-Tex Chapter #69

OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
WHO, BY THEIR SACRIFICES,
ESTABLISHED THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
REAFFIRM OUR FAITH IN THE PRINCIPLES OF LIBERTY
AND OUR CONSTITUTIONAL REPUBLIC,
AND SOLEMNLY PLEDGE OURSELVES
TO DEFEND THEM AGAINST EVERY FOE.



UPCOMING EVENTS

NEXT MEETING

Tuesday, January 13, 2026 at 6:00 p.m.
American Legion Post 258
308 North Louise Street
Atlanta, Texas 7555

2026 SAR Spring Leadership

March 5-7, 2026
Galt House Hotel
140 North Fourth Street
Louisville, KY 40202

Texas 2026 State Convention

April 15-19, 2026
Austin SouthPark Hotel
4140 Governors Row
Austin Texas 78744
512-448-2222

250th Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence

July 2 - 6, 2026
Philadelphia Marriott Downtown
1201 Market St
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

136th SAR ANNUAL CONGRESS

July 10 - 16, 2026
Sheraton Greensboro at Four Seasons

SAR MISSION STATEMENT

**The Sons of the American Revolution
honors our Revolutionary War patriot
ancestors by promoting patriotism,
serving our communities, and educating
and inspiring future generations about
the founding principles of our country.**



WE DESCENDANTS OF THE HEROES

3121 W Gate City Blvd.
Greensboro, NC 27407

2026 SAR Fall Leadership

October 1-3, 2026
Galt House Hotel
140 North Fourth Street
Louisville, KY 40202



BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES

Birthdays & Anniversaries

Oct 10.....Cody Lynn Howard

SAR Anniversary

November 18, 2022.....John Allen Kelsey
December 6, 2019.....Fred Murry Ott
December 9, 2022.....Larry Paul Chandler



THE AMERICAN CREED

I BELIEVE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AS A GOVERNMENT
OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE,
WHOSE JUST POWERS ARE DERIVED FROM THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED;
A DEMOCRACY IN A REPUBLIC;
A SOVEREIGN NATION OF MANY SOVEREIGN NATIONS;
A PERFECT NATION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE;
ESTABLISHED UPON THOSE PRINCIPLES OF
FREEDOM, EQUALITY, JUSTICE, AND HUMANITY;
FOR WHICH AMERICAN PATRIOTS SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES AND FORTUNES.
I, THEREFORE, BELIEVE IT IS MY DUTY TO MY COUNTRY TO LOVE IT;
TO SUPPORT ITS CONSTITUTION;
TO OBEY ITS LAWS;
TO RESPECT ITS FLAG;
AND TO DEFEND IT AGAINST ALL ENEMIES.



BATTLES FOUGHT OCT - DEC

Oct 11, 1776..... Battle of Valcour Island
Oct 14, 1780..... Battle of Shallow Ford
Oct 16, 1778..... Affair at Little Egg Harbor
Oct 16, 1780..... Royalton Raid
Oct 16-Nov 29, 79. Battle of San Fernando de Omoa
Oct 18, 1775..... Burning of Falmouth
Oct 18, 1782..... Action of 18 October 1782
Oct 19, 1780..... Battle of Klock's Field
Oct 2-16, 1778..... Raid on Unadilla and Onaquaga

Oct 21-Nov 11, 1781..... Siege of Negapatam
Oct 22, 1776.....Battle of Mamaroneck
Oct 22, 1777.....Battle of Red Bank
Oct 24-Nov 14, 1778..... Carleton's Raid
Oct 25, 1780.....Battle of Tearcoat Swamp
Oct 25, 1781.....Battle of Johnstown
Oct 28, 1776..... Battle of White Plains
Oct 3, 1781.....Battle of Fort Slongo
Oct 4, 1777.....Battle of Germantown
Oct 6, 1777 Battle of Forts Clinton and Montgomery
Oct 6, 1778..... Battle of Chestnut Neck
Oct 6, 1779..... Action of 6 October 1779
Oct 7, 1777..... Battle of Bemis Heights
Oct 7, 1780.....Battle of Kings Mountain
Nov 5, 1780..... La Balme's Defeat
Nov 9, 1780..... Battle of Fishdam Ford
Nov 10-29, 1776..... Battle of Fort Cumberland
Nov 11, 1778.....Cherry Valley Massacre
Nov 11, 1779..... Action of 11 November 1779
Nov 14, 1775..... Battle of Kemp's Landing
Nov 16, 1776.....Battle of Fort Washington
Nov 19-21, 1775.....Siege of Savage's Old Fields
Nov 20, 1776..... Battle of Fort Lee
Nov 20, 1779..... Action of 20 November 1779
Nov 20, 1780..... Battle of Blackstock's Farm
Nov 23, 1780.....Battle of Fort St. George
Nov 25, 1777..... Battle of Gloucester
Dec 5-8, 1777.....Battle of White Marsh
Dec 6, 1782..... Action of 6 December 1782
Dec 9, 1775..... Battle of Great Bridge
Dec 11, 1777..... Battle of Matson's Ford
Dec 12, 1781.....Second Battle of Ushant
Dec 14, 1774 .. Storming of Fort William and Mary*
Dec 14, 1776..... Ambush of Geary
Dec 15, 1778..... Battle of St. Lucia
Dec 1775..... Snow Campaign
Dec 18, 1779.....First Battle of Martinique
Dec 18-28, 1778..... Capture of St. Lucia
Dec 20 - 21, 1782.....Battle of the Delaware Capes
Dec 22, 1775..... Battle of Great Cane Break
Dec 22-23, 1776..... Battle of Iron Works Hill
Dec 26, 1776..... Battle of Trenton
Dec 27, 1782..... Cedar Bridge Tavern
Dec 29, 1778..... Capture of Savannah
Dec 31, 1775..... Battle of Quebec

1777 - Saratoga

As General Burgoyne digs in North of Saratoga NY,
on Oct 3rd General Clinton sends troops up the

Hudson River towards Albany. On October 6th his forces take Fort Clinton and Fort Montgomery. But these actions were too little and too late to help Burgoyne who was rapidly running out of supplies.



On October 7th he moved against the American left flank on the Bemis heights only to be repulsed. Then the unauthorized appearance of General Arnold drove forward the American counterattack, taking two redoubts before nightfall. Burgoyne was forced to retreat North and by Oct 8th was in the same fortifications he was in back on September 16th.

By Sept 13th Burgoyne was surrounded. Unable to break out, and informed Clinton would not reach him, Burgoyne asks Gates for a cease-fire. Three days later, in an attempt to pull Patriot troops off Burgoyne, General Clinton's troops burn the town of Esopus, New York.

Again, it's too-late and on Sept 17th Burgoyne surrenders to Gates.



HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS

Alexander Hamilton; a true patriot of many talents.

For someone who was born on the Caribbean Island of Nevis, the illegitimate son of a Scottish immigrant

father and a British West Indian mother, and never attained elective office, Alexander Hamilton had a major influence on our American political system.

He was a member of the Continental Congress, an author of the Federalist Papers, a champion of the Constitution, and the first secretary of the Treasury. While serving in the Treasury, Hamilton helped found the first national bank, the U.S. Mint and the Revenue Cutter Service — a tax collection bureau that would later become the U.S. Coast Guard. So deeply involved in the development of the Cutter Service was Hamilton that the original naval communication guidebook he devised was still in use in 1962, during the Cuban Missile Crisis.

A strong proponent of manufacturing in the new nation, Hamilton and a series of private investors created the 'Society for the Establishment of Useful Manufactures,' which developed one of the first industrial centers in the United States, located in Paterson, New Jersey. In 1784 he founded the Bank of New York, America's oldest continuous banking organization. And in 1791, Hamilton started a daily broadsheet — then known as the New York Evening Post. That paper grew into one of the country's most successful papers: the New York Post.



REVOLUTIONARY WAR RARITIES

The American Revolution is an incredibly interesting period in our history. There are so many people, so many places, and so much knowledge available for us to all learn about our founding. This week's episode is a test. We ask questions and provide answers to some well-known people and events and some not so well-known people and events. So, put your thinking cap on and watch this episode. Please subscribe to this YouTube Channel and hit the bell so that you will be notified when another episode is posted. Please join our Facebook Group and also listen on your favorite podcast application. Thank you for being a part of Revolutionary War Rarities.

The podcast from the Sons of the American Revolution. The link to this episode is below.

<https://youtu.be/DB403UYZoSk>



THE EMANCIPATION OF ELIZABETH FREEMAN

The last story occurred at the conclusion of the Revolutionary War. Born a slave in Massachusetts in 1742, Elizabeth Freeman grew up in a world where slavery was legal in essentially every state, nation, and empire.

Freeman and her family were brutally abused by their holders, the powerful Ashley family. In 1780, when Mrs. Ashley attacked Freeman's young daughter with a heated shovel, Elizabeth Freeman blocked the blows with her own body, leaving a deep wound. Freeman refused to cover the scar on her arm, wearing it as a badge of her family's mistreatment.

As her town was deeply involved with the Declaration of Independence, Freeman watched closely as Massachusetts ratified its Constitution after the end of the war. The document echoed the famous words of John Adams.

"Mankind in a state of nature are equal, free, and independent of each other, and have a right to the undisturbed enjoyment of their lives, their liberty and property."

These words would inspire her to fight for the emancipation of her family and thousands of others.

Freeman escaped the Ashley household and made her way to Thomas Sedgwick, a close friend of Adams and an early representative. While the Ashleys demanded her return, the two organized her case: that according to the ideas of the Declaration,

to be owned by another was fundamentally unconstitutional.

Freeman and Sedgwick won what later became a landmark case against the powerful Ashley family, earning Freeman's family's freedom. Using her line of argument, abolitionists went on to entirely abolish slavery in the state, becoming one of the first places in the world to do so. The other northern states quickly followed suit.

Though the Ashley family continually begged her to return as a paid worker, Freeman spurned their offers, becoming a popular and successful nurse. The free American woman lived to the age of 83 with her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.



SADIE - A REVOLUTIONARY WAR STORY

By Carol Bennett

Part One

"More Redcoats, Papa!" Sadie warned. She watched as a flurry of dust billowed around the small group of soldiers riding into their yard.

Her father frowned at the news. "Well, go on then but watch yourself."

"Yes, Papa."

Sadie moved quickly to her secret hiding place and crouched down in a space the size of a cupboard. She shut the little door and waited. She often wished that their inn was not right in the middle of British controlled territory. Then one day she had overheard some important information while cleaning out this crawl space under the stairs. Her family had devised a way to spy on the soldiers and since she was the only one who fit in the tiny space, she did the eavesdropping. For the most part the soldiers who came to the inn were civil for the British prided themselves on being gentlemen at all times. This, however, sounded like a rowdy bunch.

“Some food and be quick about it!” demanded an officer. “And a private dining room!”

Good. That meant she’d be able to overhear. She peeked through a knothole as the men entered the room. There were only half a dozen but they seemed to make enough noise for an entire regiment. They were jubilant and arrogant as they pulled out chairs and sat around the table. Sadie’s fifteen year old cousin, Billy, arrived with a tray of pewter mugs filled with foaming ale. The men grabbed them up and swigged the ale eagerly. “Beef, boy! And potatoes! And hurry up about it!”

Billy left the room as someone else exclaimed, “what a rout! That’ll teach ‘em, the rebels!” That man didn’t sound like the average British soldier. He had the accent of a London commoner. And a meanness in his expression to match.

“And those Sharp Shooters—we got ‘em all or they would have been running off to warn Washington. We don’t want anybody to know we’re going to Red Haven in the morning!”

“Hush!” came a sharp command from the door.

The men suddenly were on their feet with a smart salute.

“Are you sure this room is secure? Talking of our plans in a public inn run by American colonists!”

“It’s a private room, sir, with doors of thick oak wood. No need to worry, sir.”

“All right then. Listen....” He slapped a rolled parchment on the table and opened it, placing candlesticks on each corner.

Although Sadie couldn’t see from her hiding place, she assumed it was a map.

“We ride to Red Haven in the morning. Then on to Grove City in two days. We’ll cut off Washington at the river. He’ll never expect it. We’ll take two

thousand men and ambush him here....” He pointed to a spot on the map.

Sadie jumped at a knock on the big oak door. All the men jumped too and some grabbed up their muskets, but it was only Billy with two huge trays of food.

The map was quickly rolled up and whisked out of sight and the commander said quietly to his assistant, “this is marked. We don’t want it to get into the wrong hands. Make sure you keep it safe.”

Sadie waited for more information, but the men were occupied with wolfing down their meal. She left the little cubbyhole and went to the kitchen to relate what she had heard. She hadn’t had time for all the information to register but now that she had a moment to think, her chest tightened. The Sharp Shooters. They were mountain men that had come down to do their part in the war effort. Her uncle was one of them.

“What is it!” asked Mother, seeing her stricken face.

“It’s Uncle Samuel! Those soldiers met up with the Sharp Shooters! And killed them all!”

There was shock on every face. Mother turned away. Uncle Samuel was her brother.

Papa recovered long enough to say, “What else? You’ve got other information?”

“They’re planning an ambush! Near Grove City. But we need the map. It’s all marked.”

“Billy...can you get the map?”

They all knew what an impossible thing Papa was asking. And Billy could be shot if he failed in the attempt.

But Billy answered promptly, “yes, sir.”

Papa laid a hand on his shoulder. “Be careful,”

They all had to put aside their grief for the moment. Sadie started back to her post but suddenly Papa looked out the back door.

“What is it?” asked Mother, seeing his expression of amazement.

“They didn’t get everyone! Look!”

There, at the edge of the woods was—Uncle Samuel!

Part Two

The entire family stared as Uncle Samuel staggered toward the inn. Then Mother came to her senses. “Quick! Stop him before the Redcoats see! He looks badly hurt. I’ll get bandages and water! Maybe you can get him to the barn and out of sight!”

They all hurried to their various errands. Papa ran out the back door to keep Uncle Samuel from walking straight into the enemy’s hands. Sadie sped back to her hiding place and looked through the knothole, praying madly that Billy would be successful.

Suddenly, several men caused a distraction. Soldiers she hadn’t seen before were bringing in two more who were wounded. Someone was bellowing, “help us! You care more about your stomachs than our hurt men!”

The commander jumped up in agreement. Billy entered the room just as most of the soldiers gathered round to help tend to the men’s wounds. “Come on, give them something to eat! They’ll be all right but we need to get some food into them.”

In all the commotion, Billy whisked the rolled map under his jacket and headed out of the room. “I’ll get some stew and biscuit,” he offered loudly and Sadie grinned as he made his escape.

A few minutes later, she found Billy and Mother in the kitchen examining the map.

“There’s so much information,” said Billy. “We can’t possibly remember it all.”

“You’ve got to get it back. They’ll tear the inn apart looking for it— and maybe hurt somebody,” said Mother. “Just memorize what’s most important. Where the ambush will take place....”

“Wait!” Billy dashed into the outer room and grabbed a sheet of thick paper from Papa’s desk. He took up quill and ink and rushed back. Spreading the paper on a table, he started drawing.

Sadie paused. She always loved to watch him. He was a very good at drawing pictures and his father had been a mapmaker. Billy had often watched as a little boy and seemed to have a knack for it himself.

“Make sure it’s right,” warned Mother, “or we might as well not do it. Lives will be lost.”

But Billy’s strokes were quick and sure. He concentrated on the marked places and in less than five minutes, the paper was covered with important information.

“Go on!” urged Mother, “Before they discover it’s missing!”

He hurriedly rolled up the map and hid it under his jacket. Sadie had the tray of soup and biscuits ready. He grabbed it up. She hurried back to her cubbyhole once again. She was just in time to see the room in an uproar.

One of the hurt men had fainted and the soldiers were trying to arouse him but worse than that, the commander and his assistant were in a panic.

“It was right here, sir!”

“You’ll pay for this!” the commander roared. “It was your responsibility!”

Sadie watched breathlessly as her cousin arrived on the scene.

“Stew here! “ Billy called cheerfully. “Oh, isn’t he well? Doesn’t he want his stew?”

But the man was coming around. The commander was distracted for a moment as they tried to get him breathing right and then started to feed him. Billy dropped the rolled map under the table and in a swift motion arranged the draping tablecloth so the end of the map could be seen.

“Anything else, sir?” he asked congenially.

“Just leave us!”

“Yes, sir. Whatever you say. But we’ve got some nice apple pie, sir.”

“Get out! No wait! Search him!”

“Here it is, sir,” came the assistant’s voice, quietly. “All’s well. It rolled under the table.”

“All right,” the commander relaxed. “You may go. No, wait! Bring some bandages and medicine. And all right, some of that apple pie.”

“We have no medicine but we have bandages aplenty, sir.”

Sadie grinned again. Billy wasn’t about to waste good medicine on a Redcoat. Not unless he was actually dying. They were good Christian people so of course they would save a dying man, Redcoat or not. But Billy wasn’t lying. The little medicine they did have was being used for Uncle Samuel as they spoke.

Finally, all together back in the kitchen, they made plans. Sadie had stayed for some time in the cubbyhole but no further information was forthcoming. Uncle Samuel was badly wounded, but patched up and resting in the haymow. He had news of his own about the ambush and a great passion to get on with delivering a message of warning to the troops. Unfortunately he was too weak to even climb the ladder let alone ride a horse. Papa had had to carry him up to his hiding place.

“I’ll ride at once to warn them,” Papa was saying. “Good work, Sadie. Go on up and clean the rooms

now. We want to act as if all is normal and we’ve got other guests to attend to. You too, Billy. You’d do better as a map maker for our army rather than waiting on tables but maybe that will come later. Go on now. They’ll be suspicious with us all huddled in here.”

As Sadie climbed the wooden stairs to prepare the rooms, she wished she had said a better goodbye to her father. He was going on a dangerous mission. But upon entering a bedroom and glancing out the open window, she froze in horror.

Papa hadn’t gotten far. He’d managed to make it to the barn and get his horse saddled but as he brought it out and mounted, several Redcoats surrounded him. Sadie could hear the conversation from where she stood.

“Where do you think you’re going!”

“Just on an errand. I’m an innkeeper. I have business to attend to.”

“Not while we’re here,” the commander spoke up. “Nobody leaves. I don’t trust public inns.”

“Sir, I assure you....” Papa angrily looked him in the eye but as several rifles were suddenly cocked, he relented and dismounted.

“Inside. We’ll be on our way in the morning and then you can go about your errands.”

“Sir, we will not be held hostage in our own inn!”

“You’ll do what we tell you if you want to stay alive! It’s more than you traitors to the Crown deserve. You too, boy! Get inside!” For Billy had come out to see what was happening. “You’re not leaving either. You’ve been serving us.”

“I heard nothing!” retorted Billy, which was true.

“Your behavior is uncalled for, sir!” put in Papa, furiously. “This is a public inn where people may come and go as they please!”

“That may be but being cautious is how we’re going to win this war against you rebels. Now go! Bring us more food and have our beds ready.”

Sadie rushed downstairs, afraid for her father and cousin but now as they were shooed back into the kitchen by the soldiers, her mother pushed her down behind the apple barrel.

“You’re the one that will have to go,” whispered Mother, desperately. “You’re the only one of us they haven’t seen. But they mustn’t spot you.” Sadie crouched motionless behind the barrel until the soldiers left the room. Unfortunately, the commander called several of his men to stand guard around the inn.

“He must suspect that we overheard something,” said Papa. He had the same idea as Mother. “Sadie, will you go?” Sadie gulped. “I’ll try, Papa. But I don’t know the way. Where is the army?”

“Don’t worry about that. I’ll tell you where to go.”

Later, as evening approached, Sadie was ready. Papa had given her careful instructions and all the supplies she would need. She hugged Mother, who held her tightly. Billy gave her a big bear hug and a grin of encouragement, then she was off.

“God be with you,” Mama whispered.

Papa had loosened the pegs of two boards in the kitchen wall. Sadie winced at the squeak as she pushed the boards up and wiggled through the opening. She stayed in the shadows until darkness fell completely.

Just around the corner, Papa was trying to distract the soldier who was guarding the door by engaging him in conversation. Sadie dropped to the ground and crawled slowly and quietly on hands and knees through the thick, high grass of the meadow in back of the house. Her bundled-up cloak, along with a burlap sack holding the map and some food, bounced on her shoulders. She scrambled down the hill and only then did she dare look back. The soldier

guarding the back door stood straight and unmoving, his gun ready. Papa was still there, chatting in a friendly way, but it didn’t seem to be working. Only when she reached the shadows of a small patch of trees did she feel safe.

A stream flowed off into the distance and their rowboat was tied to a small dock. After glancing back at the inn one more time, she climbed into the rowboat and settled herself on the narrow board halfway across. She got the oars in the oarlocks with some difficulty. It would be hard rowing. Billy often teased her that she wasn’t really big enough to handle the oars yet and he had to do all the work.

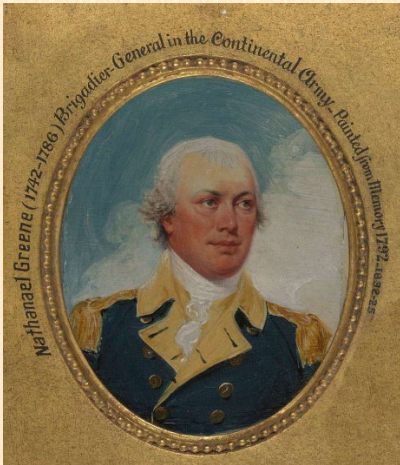
As she shoved off, she was relieved that a row of bushes hid her from view within seconds. She stayed close to the bank for some time, then decided it was safe to venture out into the middle of the stream. There the current picked her up and she floated downstream rapidly. Tired already, she rested her arms. It was a warm, sultry evening and she wiped the sweat from her brow.

As she passed darkened farmhouses and quiet towns, Sadie was watchful. There were always British scouts out and about these days and the road above the creek was highly traveled by Tories. They would be suspicious of a young girl, alone in a rowboat. The woods concealed her though, and in the few open spots she managed to slip through undetected. Apart from the gentle swish of the water, the calls of whippoorwills and an occasional screech of an owl were the only sounds she heard. If she hadn’t been on such a crucial errand, Sadie would have relaxed and enjoyed the unusual pleasure of being out on the water on a summer night.

She wondered what would come but whatever it was, she knew that God was with her.



Nathanael Green



Universal History Archive/Getty Images

[Nathanael Green](#), a Rhode Island native, was an unlikely hero of the Revolutionary War. Greene was denied election as an officer in the Netish Guard militia he helped to form in 1774 because of a limp and asthma. However, Greene taught himself how to be a great soldier by reading books about the military, catching Washington's attention.

Greene was appointed as the youngest brigadier general in the Continental Army in 1775 and was promoted to major general under Washington in 1776. Greene served as quartermaster in the successful battles of Trenton, Germantown and Valley Forge and then commander-in-chief of the Southern Army during a campaign that forced British commander Charles Lord Cornwallis to evacuate the Carolinas.



MYTHS ABOUT COLONIAL AMERICA

WE ALL BELIEVED

The Founding Fathers All Signed The Declaration Of Independence Together

Although the scene in John Trumbull's painting *The Declaration of Independence* may look like all of the Founding Fathers signing the Declaration of Independence together, it's actually depicting the draft being presented to John Hancock for approval.

The Founding Fathers each signed the document over a period of several months, with some of the earlier signers beginning on August 2, 1776. Trumbull painted his work around ten years after 1776 with Sam Adams' grandson noting that " [The painting], will, I fear, have a tendency to obscure the history of the event which it is designed to commemorate."



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