

ARK-LA-TEX SAR

The Official Newsletter of Chapter #69

DISPATCH

SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Volume 4, Number 1

Copyright 2026

Spring 2026

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

by Larry "Joe" Reynolds



Compatriots!

Now that daylight savings time has begun and April is fast approaching; spring can't be too far away. With that, I remind you of the annual meeting of the Texas 2026 State Convention to be held in Austin, Texas on April 15 - 19, 2026 at the Austin SouthPark Hotel, 4140 Governors Row, Austin Texas 78744. This year's Convention is sponsored by the Patrick Henry Chapter of the Texas Sons of the American Revolution.

The Friday evening is the President's Reception at 6:00 in the Oaks Room. On Saturday morning we will meet in the lobby between 8:45 - 9:30 a.m. where buses will take us to the Texas State Cemetery for the Dedication Ceremony for The Texas SAR Monument. With meetings during the afternoon, we will finish the day with the Saturday Night Banquet and Installation of Officers.

I already have my reservations made and look forward to seeing everyone there. It would be great if the Ark-La-Tex Chapter could have a huge turnout!

It's already getting to the time to start thinking about electing new officers for our Chapter. I'm asking each of you to take a few minutes, think about serving as one of our officers, step up and volunteer to take over a leadership position in this Chapter.

I would be remiss if I didn't say something about Recruiting! Gentlemen, we are down to 21 members in our Chapter, 5 have not paid their dues and 2 have elected not to renew. We need to make every effort to talk to any potential new member, look at our kin folks, do what we can to grow our Chapter!!! It's been said time after time, but's it's still true, if every member would just recruit one new member, look where we would be in one year. Don't let all of our past work and time go to waste, make it mean something.

Joe Reynolds
President
Ark-La-Tex Chapter #69

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
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, June 9, 2026 at 6:00 p.m.
American Legion Post 258
308 North Louise Street
Atlanta, Texas 7555

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
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

January 02 Marvin Patrick Tomberlain Jr
February 11 Charles Edmond Pruitt II
February 23 Carolyn Addington
March 30 Sue Tomberlain

SAR Anniversary

January 12, 2024 Jackie Wayne Heck
January 14, 2022 Christopher Jarrett Addington
January 14, 2022 Danny Warren Addington
January 14, 2022 Maximus A Addington
January 28, 2022 Michael Evans Addington
February 15, 2019 Cletis Murreald Millsap
March 18, 2004 Eugene Charles Smith
March 19, 2021 Richard Wayne Blackwood
March 19, 2021 Rodney Dale Burrow
March 21, 2018 Harold Dean Blair



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.



Jan-Mar 1777 Forage War
Jan 1, 1776 Burning of Norfolk
Jan 2, 1777 Second Battle of Trenton
Jan 2, 1782 Battle of Videau's Bridge
Jan 2, 1783 Action of 2 January 1783
Jan 3, 1777 Battle of Princeton
Jan 6, 1781 Battle of Jersey
Jan 7, 1781 Battle of Mobile
Jan 8, 1780 Action of 8 January 1780
Jan 11, 1782 Capture of Trincomalee
Jan 11-Feb 13, 1782 Siege of Brimstone Hill
Jan 15, 1782 Action of 15 January 1782
Jan 16, 1780 Battle of Cape St. Vincent
Jan 17, 1781 Battle of Cowpens
Jan 20, 1777 Battle of Millstone
Jan 22, 1783 Action of 22 January 1783
Jan 22-Feb 5, 1782 Capture of Demerara and Essequibo
Jan 25-26, 1782 Battle of Saint Kitts
Feb 1, 1781 Battle of Cowan's Ford
Feb 3, 1779 Battle of Beaufort
Feb 3, 1780 Battle of Young's House

Feb 3, 1781..... Capture of Sint Eustatius
 Feb 11, 1780..... Battle of Van Creek
 Feb 14, 1779..... Battle of Kettle Creek
 Feb 15, 1783..... Action of 15 February 1783
 Feb 17, 1782..... Battle of Sadras
 Feb 22, 1782..... Capture of Montserrat
 Feb 23–25, 1779..... Siege of Fort Vincennes
 Feb 24, 1781..... Battle of Haw River
 Feb 24, 1782..... Battle of Wambaw
 Feb 27, 1776..... Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge
 Mar–Nov, 1780..... San Juan Expedition
 Mar 2–3, 1776..... Battle of the Rice Boats
 Mar 2–14, 1780..... Battle of Fort Charlotte
 Mar 3, 1779..... Battle of Brier Creek
 Mar 3–4, 1776..... Battle of Nassau
 Mar 6, 1781..... Battle of Wetzell's Mill
 Mar 7, 1778..... Battle of Barbados
 Mar 8, 1777..... Battle of Punk Hill
 Mar 8, 1782..... Gnadenhütten massacre
 Mar 9–May 8, 1781..... Siege of Pensacola
 Mar 15, 1781..... Battle of Guilford Court House
 Mar 16, 1781..... Battle of Cape Henry
 Mar 16, 1782..... Battle of Roatán
 Mar 16, 1782..... Action of 16 March 1782
 Mar 18, 1778..... Battle of Quinton's Bridge
 Mar 22, 1782..... Battle of Little Mountain
 Mar 25, 1776..... Battle of Saint-Pierre
 Mar 29–May 12, 1780..... Siege of Charleston

January 17, 1781



Having been sent out to defeat General Daniel Morgan, on January 17th Lieutenant Colonel Banastre Tarleton catches up with his quarry at a place the Locals called the Cowpens. The forces are

equally numbered, but Morgan chose this place for the battle, which commences early in the morning as Tarleton orders his Dragoons to engage the front line of Morgan’s troops. The Dragoons however were beaten off, forcing Tarleton to launch an assault with his infantry.

Tarleton’s troops were exhausted and needed rest. Tarleton however expected them to easily disburse the Patriots, which he believed were only militia. The American line however had orders - two volleys and then retire to the right. The British mistake the repositioning of the Americans as a rout and ran forward straight into Morgan’s awaiting regulars. The Militia then circled the battlefield and engaged from the left with devastating effect. The British forces collapsed with 100 killed and 229 wounded while an additional 600 are captured. The American losses total only 12 killed and 60 wounded.

Tarleton, his legion destroyed, fled the field to report the disaster to General Cornwallis.

How does one inform his superior that he has lost 17% of his troops?



SADIE – A REVOLUTIONARY WAR STORY

By Carol Bennett

(continued from last edition)

Part Three

Sadie floated downstream for several hours before the current changed and she was obliged to take up her oars again. The going was slower now and by the time she reached Red Haven, she was very tired. It was close to dawn and time to make a decision. She was to go to the house of Mr. Henry Reed, her father’s friend. Should she go under cover of darkness or should she wait. Perhaps it would be better to blend in with the people doing early morning errands. She also knew that she needed to get to

shore for not far from here, the creek would flow into the bay.

“You must get ashore before that,” her father had warned. “The currents will whisk you out to deeper water before you know it.” There was yet another problem. The moon had come out and the trees had thinned and there were always scouts guarding the road into town. Even though it was a Tory town, the enemy was cautious. She could see the two scouts now, high up the embankment, dark silhouettes against the bright moon. They had only to look down toward the stream and they would see her.

“Lord, help me,” she breathed. “Don’t let them look....”

She didn’t dare even dip her oars for fear they would hear. As she drifted toward the inlet, she realized that a mist was rising from the water and as she moved on, it became deeper and whiter. It was very humid and she was down in a bit of a hollow. The fog was perfect for hiding her. She took a chance and quietly took a few strokes with her oars. She couldn’t see the bay, but she knew it was near. She must get to shore. A moment later, she was safe in the shallows near the bank. She grabbed at a slender tree and tied her boat.

Sadie felt very sheltered here, under cover of darkness and mist, but she knew she had to move on. Upon seeing the soldiers, she had decided that she wanted to find Mr. Reed’s house under cover of darkness and get inside as soon as possible. Sadie gathered her things and stepped out onto the bank. Being a sultry, damp morning, the sweat trickled down her face. She drew the rope that was attached to her bundle over her head so that it hung at her side and she was free to climb the bank. Grasping at small trees and branches, she approached the top with muddy shoes and bedraggled dress. She did her best to smooth her clothes and hair, then ventured out onto the street. Sadie shrank back into the shadows for a moment as a guard passed on the other side of the road.

Finally she took a deep breath and emerged, slipping past quiet shops and houses. The only problem with trying to find Mr. Reed’s house by night was that she couldn’t see the street signs. She squinted up in the darkness, trying to follow her father’s directions, but soon found herself down by the wharf! How had she ended up here?

The outline of two British warships rose high in the moonlight and many small boats lined the dock. There was much more activity here as men were already loading barges or heading out in fishing boats. Lantern light streamed from a number of shops and she again slunk into the shadows.

As she watched the comings and goings of the shadowy figures, intent on their errands, she breathed, help me, Lord God, I’m lost! Guide me....

Sometime later, just as she was noticing with panic that the sky over the bay was lightening to a pale pink, a Negro woman approached. She was striding along purposefully with a large basket. Something about the woman seemed to draw Sadie and she made her decision.

“Pardon me....” She stepped out from the shadows. “Would you help me, please?”

The woman stopped short and looked her up and down. She seemed a bit surprised apparently that a white girl would address her so. But Sadie’s father didn’t own slaves and Sadie had been taught to treat all adults with respect.

Finally the woman spoke cautiously. “What is it you need, miss?” “Would you know where Mr. Henry Reed lives?”

The woman stared down at her for a long moment. When she finally spoke, she said, “Well, I guess I know what side you’re on.”

Sadie tensed, ready to run. This was a town full of Tories. She should have just gone back now that it was almost light and checked the street signs. But the woman moved closer and whispered, “I wouldn’t be saying that name so loud. Come along. Quick, now.”

It was all right. She breathed a prayer of thanksgiving.

The woman walked swiftly back the way Sadie had come. Sadie was glad they were moving quickly for it was growing lighter every minute; the pale grayish pink clouds were turning rosy red and a golden beam of sun was brightening the horizon. But Sadie was pleasantly surprised to find that she’d only gone a couple of streets out of her way. “It’s across the square there. Don’t go to the front door. Best slip into the alley. His house is on the left. Go quick now.”

“Thank you. Thank you very much.”

The woman nodded and disappeared into the dim shadows. Sadie didn't like the idea of going out into the open square in the middle of town but she heard footsteps and realized that the guard was coming back. Knowing she had very little time, she moved into action. Emerging from the shadows, she ran across the square and entered the alley just before the soldier turned the corner.

Leaning back against the wall of the house as he passed, she tried to catch her breath.

Finally she started across the narrow alley to the door on the left when suddenly a door beside her swung open. A woman stepped out, took a great breath of warm summer air, as if glad to be alive on such a beautiful day. Then she turned and jumped, startled, as she looked straight at Sadie.

“What are you doing, child?”

Sadie was speechless. She must be a Tory. She was dressed in a deep blue morning dress of exquisite material that spoke of wealth. Many Tories seemed to be growing more and more wealthy these days while the colonists were being robbed of their livestock and property. “Answer me, child. Who are you and what are you doing in my alley?”

Sadie finally spoke. “I need to see your neighbor, Mr. Reed, ma'am,” she said, taking a step toward the far door.

The woman looked even more startled. “Come in here — quick!”

She drew closer and grasped Sadie's arm.

Sadie tried to pull away and the woman murmured urgently. “Henry Reed isn't there. He's been arrested.”

Instantly, Sadie stopped struggling and followed the woman down a flight of stairs and into her house. They entered a spacious kitchen. A large black woman turned from the fire, holding a spoon aloft. She looked at Sadie curiously as the door was firmly shut.

“Mr. Reed's been captured?” Sadie asked in dismay.

“Yes. The Redcoats commandeered his house. There's a Tory family living there now.”

“If you'd done gone asking after Master Reed, they'd have hauled you off to the Redcoats to be questioned,” put in the black woman.

“But what shall I do! I have a message. My father says Mr. Reed knows where General Washington is camped and I have a ma—”

“Don't tell us! The less we know, the better. But maybe my husband can help.”

Just then a richly dressed man appeared at a doorway.

“Oh, Edward! This girl wants Henry Reed. She needs someone to take a message to the camp.”

The man stared down at Sadie, thoughtfully.

“Can you help me, sir?”

He shook his head. “They know we're loyal colonists. I wouldn't get far without being followed. But I know someone who can help you. A farmer outside of town knows where the troops are camped. There's a shopkeeper that goes out there every day to get fruit and vegetables.

Wait here. I'll see if he's gone yet.”

“Thank you, sir,” Sadie sank into a chair in relief.

The black woman spooned porridge into a bowl and set it before her. The white lady took her sack and placed a loaf of fresh bread into it. By the time Sadie had finished her breakfast, the man was back. “He'll be here in a moment. He'll come to the alley. You'll have to hide. Everyone knows all the children around here. They'd know you're a stranger and ask questions. Especially with you carrying a cloak on such a warm morning. To say nothing of the knapsack.” “If you please, sir, I need my knapsack. I've got an important ma—” He held up his hand, “don't tell us. If we're caught helping you, we can't tell what we don't know.”

A few minutes later, a wagon stopped outside the door.

“Quick now,” said the man.

He escorted her out the door and a burly, red haired man with a jolly smile looked her over. “So this is my passenger, is it? You're so small that we can hide you very nicely. Those Lobsterbacks search my wagon both coming and going.”

Sadie looked at the wagon which at this point was only filled with empty baskets, crates, and folded burlap bags. There didn't seem to be any place to hide.

At her quizzical look, he laughed and looking about cautiously, he pressed a secret spring. The entire floor of the wagon lifted up, revealing a space beneath. He quickly pushed the boards back down. "But that's not the best part. I don't often get anyone little enough to put in my other hiding place. I usually just use it for secret documents and weapons and such." He grinned at the look

on Edward's face. "All right, all right, I know I talk too much. But you worry too much."

He turned back to Sadie and continued on about the special features of his wagon. "If they were to find that hiding place, they wouldn't bother looking further but see this?"

He pressed another lever and suddenly the driver's seat lifted, revealing a second crawl space. "In you go, lass."

Sadie saw there were a lot more people out and about by now. No one seemed to be watching them but she still moved quickly. She smiled at the two women. They were blocking the end of the alley quite efficiently what with their skirts billowing in the summer breeze. Then she nodded up at Edward who was waiting to help her in. "Thank you. All of you."

The man gave her a boost and she laid down in the secret hiding place, her cloak and knapsack in her arms in front of her. The opening closed and she was very glad she wasn't afraid of small spaces. "Off we go," murmured the man above her as they moved out. Sure enough, they were stopped at the entrance to town. The soldiers seemed to be making a good deal of noise and show about throwing the crates and baskets about and not bothering to put them back. The storekeeper had to do that himself. But the soldiers didn't find either hiding place and soon they were on their way again.

"It'll be a while now," came the voice above her. "But we're safe for the moment."

As they jostled and rattled down the dirt road, Sadie had a feeling she'd be black and blue by the time they reached their destination. The large farm horse seemed to be taking his time, too. Finally the man's voice came again.

"Not long now." Then suddenly, he came to an abrupt stop. "Who goes there!" Sadie panicked. What could it be now! And would she be discovered?

(continued in next edition)



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>



HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS

THE BENCH AND BAR THE COURT OF THE WATAUGA ASSOCIATION

First Court in Tennessee - first Court in Knoxville, 1792 - The Courts of Knox County and Judges who Held Them - Courts of Chancery - Clerks of the Court's - Sketches of Members of the Knoxville Bar in the Past Hundred Years.

The first ever held in Tennessee consisted of five members: John Sevier, John Carter, Zach Isbell, Charles Robertson, and James Robertson. It

continued to exercise authority from 1772 until 1777, in April of which year the general assembly of North Carolina established courts of pleas and quarter sessions; and passed laws for the appointing and commissioning of justices of the peace and sheriffs for the several courts in the district of Washington, as the Watauga County was then called. In 1777 the district of Washington was organized into a county.

The courts of pleas and quarter sessions had original jurisdiction in all cases when the debt exceeded £5, in all misdemeanors of an inferior nature, etc., and appellate jurisdiction in all cases tried before a single justice. The court was composed of all the magistrates within its jurisdiction, but any three of them were authorized to transact the business of the court.

The first court of this kind in Washington County, then a part of the Salisbury district, met in February, 1778. In 1782 the district of Salisbury was divided and the district of Morgan, including Washington and Sullivan counties, established, its first court session being held in August of the latter year, and the Hon. Spence McCay presiding. This court, however, failed to accomplish the purpose for which it was created, and soon afterward the general assembly of North Carolina organized the counties of Washington and Sullivan.



OUR FOUNDING FATHERS

John Adams

October 30, 1735 – July 4, 1826

John Adams was an American statesman, attorney, diplomat, writer, and Founding Father who served as the second president of the United States from 1797 to 1801. Before his presidency, he was a leader of the American Revolution that achieved independence from Great Britain. During the latter part of the war and in the early years of the nation, he served as a

diplomat in Europe. He was the first person to hold the office of vice president of the United States, serving from 1789 to 1797. Adams was a dedicated diarist and regularly corresponded with many important contemporaries, including his wife and adviser Abigail Adams as well as his friend and rival Thomas Jefferson.

A lawyer and political activist prior to the Revolution, Adams was devoted to the right to counsel and presumption of innocence. He defied anti-British sentiment and successfully defended British soldiers against murder charges arising from the Boston Massacre. Adams was a Massachusetts delegate to the Continental Congress and became a leader of the revolution. He assisted Jefferson in drafting the Declaration of Independence in 1776. As a diplomat in Europe, he helped negotiate a peace treaty with Great Britain and secured vital governmental loans. Adams was the primary author of the Massachusetts Constitution in 1780, which influenced the United States constitution, as did his essay *Thoughts on Government*.

Adams was elected to two terms as vice president under President George Washington and was elected as the United States' second president in 1796. He was the only president elected under the banner of the Federalist Party. During his single term, Adams encountered fierce criticism from the Jeffersonian Republicans and from some in his own Federalist Party, led by his rival Alexander Hamilton. Adams signed the controversial Alien and Sedition Acts, and built up the Army and Navy in the undeclared naval war (called the "Quasi-War") with France. During his term, he became the first president to reside in the executive mansion now known as the White House.

In his bid in 1800 for reelection to the presidency, opposition from Federalists and accusations of despotism from Jeffersonians led to Adams losing to his vice president and former friend Jefferson, and he retired to Massachusetts. He eventually resumed his friendship with Jefferson by initiating a correspondence that lasted fourteen years. He and his

wife generated the Adams political family, a line of politicians, diplomats, and historians. It includes their son John Quincy Adams, the sixth president. John Adams died on July 4, 1826 – the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence – hours after Jefferson's death. Adams and his son are the only presidents of the first twelve who never owned slaves. Surveys of historians and scholars have favorably ranked his administration.

Early life and education

John Adams was born on October 30, 1735 (October 19, 1735, Old Style, Julian calendar), to John Adams Sr. and Susanna Boylston. He had two younger brothers: Peter (1738–1823) and Elihu (1741–1775). Adams was born on the family farm in Braintree, Massachusetts. His mother was from a leading medical family of present-day Brookline, Massachusetts. His father was a deacon in the Congregational Church, a farmer, a cordwainer, and a lieutenant in the militia. Adams often praised his father and recalled their close relationship. Adams's great-great-grandfather Henry Adams immigrated to Massachusetts from Braintree, Essex, England, around 1638.

Adams's formal education began at age six at a dame school for boys and girls, conducted at a teacher's home, and was centered upon The New England Primer. He then attended Braintree Latin School under Joseph Cleverly, where studies included Latin, rhetoric, logic, and arithmetic. Adams's early education included incidents of truancy, a dislike for his master, and a desire to become a farmer. All discussion on the matter ended with his father's command that he remain in school: "You shall comply with my desires." Deacon Adams hired a new schoolmaster named Joseph Marsh, and his son responded positively. Adams later noted that "As a child I enjoyed perhaps the greatest of blessings that can be bestowed upon men – that of a mother who was anxious and capable to form the characters of her children."

College education and adulthood

At age sixteen, Adams entered Harvard College in 1751, studying under Joseph Mayhew. As an adult, Adams was a keen scholar, studying the works of ancient writers such as Thucydides, Plato, Cicero, and Tacitus in their original languages. Though his father expected him to be a minister, after his 1755 graduation with an A.B. degree, he taught school temporarily in Worcester, while pondering his permanent vocation. In the next four years, he began to seek prestige, craving "Honour or Reputation" and "more defference from [his] fellows", and was determined to be "a great Man". He decided to become a lawyer to further those ends, writing his father that he found among lawyers "noble and gallant achievements" but, among the clergy, the "pretended sanctity of some absolute dunces". He had reservations about his self-described "trumpery" and failure to share the "happiness of [his] fellow men".

When the French and Indian War began in 1754, Adams, aged nineteen, felt guilty he was the first in his family not to be a militia officer. He did not go to war, but said "I longed more ardently to be a Soldier than I ever did to be a Lawyer".

(continued in next issue)



“Our cruel and unrelenting Enemy leaves us no choice but a brave resistance, or the most abject submission; this is all we can expect - We have therefore to resolve to conquer or die: Our own Country's Honor, all call upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion, and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us therefore rely upon the goodness of the Cause, and the aid of the supreme Being, in whose hands Victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble Actions - The Eyes of all our Countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings, and

praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the Tyranny meditated against them. Let us therefore animate and encourage each other, and shew the whole world, that a Freeman contending for Liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.”

— *George Washington*



MYTHS ABOUT COLONIAL AMERICA WE ALL BELIEVED

The Puritans Were Escaping From Religious Persecution And Preached Religious Freedom



©The Print Collector/Print Collector/Getty Images

While it's not untrue that many Puritans came to America to escape religious persecution, when they arrived, they certainly weren't open-minded either. They had become just as bad as their counterparts in England and even began banishing people whose beliefs did not match their own.

In the case of four men who fled Boston from England - they were eventually hanged in Boston. This is a common misconception because the United States likes to see itself as a symbol of freedom, and a place where people can and could go to be free.



EDITOR'S NOTE

Compatriot,

I hope you have enjoyed these Newsletters that I have published for the past four years. Although I have enjoyed publishing them, it is getting close to that time the I feel I should step down.

If nothing else, then age is getting the better part of me. We need someone with fresh ideas that can carry on and do justice to what I consider a vital part of any organization, and that is communications.

You will be able to Rename it if you so desire, you are free to publish it on your own schedule and in any format. I will always be there to help in any way I can. Just let me know if you are interested at all.

I'm also looking for someone that can take over as Webmaster for our web site.

Any time you have questions or suggestions, please feel free to contact me at:

Joe.Reynolds@larryjoereynolds.com

Or (903) 717-1009.

Joe

SAR RECESSIONAL

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN
LET US REMEMBER
OUR OBLIGATIONS TO OUR FOREFATHERS
WHO GAVE US OUR CONSTITUTION
THE BILL OF RIGHTS
AN INDEPENDENT SUPREME COURT
AND A NATION OF FREE MEN

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