



TEXAS SOCIETY

MILITARY ORDER OF THE STARS AND BARS



Lone Star Dispatch

Vol. 4 No. 2

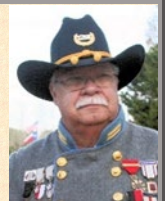
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May 2022

Winner of the 2020 Col. Walter H. Taylor Award - Best Society Newsletter in the MOS&B

COMMANDER'S CORNER

by Larry "Joe" Reynolds



Compatriots,

The time is drawing near for our 2022 Annual Society Convention. Once again, this year we will be meeting at the Hilton Inn and Convention Center in College Station, Texas.

Although the deadline for Registration (for the meals) was May 10th, we still welcome anyone to visit us there. If necessary, simply show up at 8:00 on Saturday the 21st and be assured that you will be welcome.

I am hoping that we can have at least one member from each of our eight Chapters to show up to represent their Chapter. I'm looking forward to seeing everyone this weekend and I'm sure we will all have a good time.

*Deo Vindice,
Joe Reynolds
Society Commander*

July 7-10, 2022
Lodge at Pickwick Landing State Park
120 Playground Loop, Counce, TN 38326
(713) 689-3129



**OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE TEXAS SOCIETY
MILITARY ORDER OF THE STARS AND BARS**

Lone Star Dispatch is published quarterly with publication deadlines of:

Winter Edition-----February
Spring Edition-----May
Summer Edition-----August
Fall Edition -----November

Lieutenant Commander's Comments

by George Ward Williamson



I recently received my supplement on General Robert E. Lee. I used the MOS&B website to find the genealogy on General Lee. By using the website, I found Lee's great grandfather was a brother to my American Revolutionary Patriot. Anybody wanting a supplement on a famous Confederate General can go to the website and pull up the genealogies of the different Generals and you may be able to connect yourself to one of them.

April 9th we had our first charter meeting for the Captain Andrew Jackson Nicholson Chapter in Temple, Texas at the home of Michael & Patty Gonzales. We have established the officers for the Chapter and we will have about ten members. We are in the process of working on their

UPCOMING EVENTS

Texas Society MOS&B Reunion

May 20-21, 2022

Hilton College Station & Conference Center
801 University Drive East, College Station, TX

It's not too late - Register Now!!!

85th National General Convention

applications so we can establish them as charter members. My prediction is this will be a very vibrant and active MOS&B Chapter for the cause for which we stand.

At the present time I'm as excited as you are about putting my plans together for the 85th Annual National General Convention at The Lodge Pickwick Landing State Park, Tennessee on July 7 – 10, 2022.

God bless the South!

George W. Williamson
Lt. Commander

Adopt a Confederate officer's grave, commit to its care and you might wear the "Jackson Medal". This is not a commitment to be taken lightly, nor was it intended to be. If you accept this challenge, do so with two thoughts in mind: 1. It is a year-to-year commitment 2. Your efforts should be towards perfection Certificates and medals are awarded on a point basis. For more information see the [details here!](#)

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR CANDIDACY



I am announcing that I am a candidate for the office of Army of Trans-Mississippi Executive Councilman. Over the course of the past four years, I have served as the Commander of the Army of Trans-Mississippi. I would like the opportunity to help complete what we have begun in the Military Order of the Stars and Bars. I believe I can assist the new commander in accomplishing the goals we set in order to achieve our mission.

I have attended all the General Executive Council meetings and all reunions for the past four years. I will continue to do the same in the future, God willing.

I received the Distinguished Commander Service Award (DCS) in 2019 and the Gold Star Award in 2021. I have also received the Southern Cross of Honor, Rebel Club, Pelham Award, and the General Patrick Cleburne Award.

REQUEST FOR ARTICLES

for upcoming Editions of the
Lone Star Dispatch

Please consider writing or submitting an article that can be included in future issues of the Lone Star Dispatch. Send your articles to the attention of our Editor Joe Reynolds, whose email is Joe.Reynolds@txmosb.org

The preferred submittal is one in which the articles are in MS Word format and that all pictures are in jpeg format as this makes it easier to format to the proper scale within this publication.

Note that references and footnotes are requested to support where the original information is acquired as it is up to the article writer to provide such material.

If there are any questions, please feel free to contact me. Thanks.

**RECOGNITION FOR MAINTAINING
A VETERAN'S GRAVESITE
"JACKSON MEDAL"**

I graduated from Brownsboro High School and received the Associate of Science degree from Tyler Junior College in Tyler, Texas. I attended Sam Houston State University and graduated from the University of Texas with a Bachelor of Science degree. I was inducted into Alpha Chi for my academic achievement and graduated with honors.

I served in the United States Army from 1968-1969 and received an honorable discharge.

I was employed at Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company for 33 years in the management and engineering development departments. I was also involved in new plant startups and in the development of “Just in Time Stacker Systems”.

Reta and I were married in 1970 and we have one son, Darren, who lives in Loveland, Colorado. We have three grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

I am a life member of MOS&B. My membership is in Chapter 261, Richard B. Hubbard, Tyler, Texas. I am also a life member of the Texas and National Sons of Confederate Veterans. I am also a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, in the William Barron Chapter 55, Tyler, where I served as Vice President and Color Guard Commander. I am a member of Piney Woods Chapter 52 of the Sons of Texas Revolution. I belong to Lodge 1371, Henry Marsh Bell, Whitehouse, as a Master Mason.

I humbly ask for your support and vote. I pledge that I will bring younger members into our great Society of Military Order of Stars and Bars.

This we do to preserve our ancestors' memories and deeds to further the MOS&B mission.

“I will say to the North: Give up, and to the South: Keep not back.” Isaiah 43:6

Long live the South!

Dennis Brand, DCS
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ANNOUNCEMENT FOR CANDIDACY



Compatriots of the Military Order of Stars and Bars:

I would like to officially announce my candidacy for the position of Commander General of the MOS&B. I feel that I have the qualifications and desire to serve you in this capacity.

My record and qualifications are listed on the attached resume. I have attended the GEC meetings and Conventions and served as Chairman of the 2021 Convention Committee. Currently I serve as a member of the Search Committee for Executive Director and was a member of the Constitutional Review Committee. As an SCV member, I was Texas Division Commander and Army of Trans-Mississippi Commander, serving on the National General Executive Council.

The MOS&B is at a turning point. Over the next few months we will hire an Executive Director and the transition will require several upgrades to our National office. This will be an opportunity for us to make beneficial changes to our operation and generally upgrade many aspects of our procedures.

The MOS&B has been blessed with a good growth rate over the past few years. This is a result of hard work by you, our members, and the Chapters, Armies, and National Officers. However, we can do better, and we must, if we are to continue to grow and

be a viable and thriving organization. We can never be satisfied with our recruiting and retention. Improved communication is always an area to be addressed.

In closing, I want to stress that I believe in strict adherence to the Constitution, the will and direction of the GEC, and the wishes of the membership. It will be my goal for the MOS&B to be a better, more dynamic and prosperous organization at the end of my term than when I was elected. I will give you transparency, openness, and honest, concerned leadership.

I humbly ask for your consideration and support.

Respectfully,

Johnnie L. Holley, Jr., DCS



ROBERT E. LEE - A REAL AMERICAN HERO

Taken from the March 2002 Edition of the Clarion Call Newsletter!



In this day and time, it has become politically correct to remove pictures of some great American Heroes-including General Robert E. Lee. Many believe that Lee is among the greatest Americans who have lived. Sir Winston Churchill viewed Lee as "one of the noblest Americans who ever lived." President Theodore Roosevelt honored Lee as "the greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth."

General Lee was a terror to his enemies. In battle after battle, he routed well-fed, well-equipped federal forces two or three times the size of his own starving, threadbare southern troops.

Union Commanders were often notorious for their abuse of Southern civilians. Many encouraged their men to burn and loot at will. In contrast, when Lee's army invaded Pennsylvania in 1863, many Southerners hoped the Yankees would get a taste of their own medicine. But that was not Lee's way. He prohibited "wanton injury to private property" and ordered his soldiers to pay for any supplies they took from civilians.

Many, if not almost all, historians and teachers of our day dis-miss Lee's virtues and accuse him of fighting for an evil cause-the preservation of slavery. Yet, Lee opposed slavery.

In 1856 he wrote to his wife, "In this enlightened age, there are few I believe, but what will acknowledge, that slavery as an institution, is a moral and political evil in any country." Lee believed that slaves should be emancipated gradually, their owners compensated, and the slaves trained and set up in steady jobs. Lee had been given charge of his father-in-law's slaves after the man died. Lee freed them all, in slow stages. Before Lincoln issued his 1863 Emancipation Proclamation, every slave in Lee's charge had already been freed.

After the war, another example of Lee's greatness is as follows. At a service in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Richmond, a black man created a stir by rising to receive communion. One witness reported that the parishioners "retained their seats in solemn

silence and did not move," while the priest looked "embarrassed." It was Robert E. Lee who broke the ice. He strode up the aisle and knelt beside the black man to take communion. Others then rose and followed his lead. Men of such magnitude are rare in history.

The north gave us Abraham Lincoln, the first President to suspend habeas corpus and the Constitution. He is honored as a great American. The south gave us Robert E. Lee. His greatness has taken a beating in recent years because he fought for his State and for the Confederacy and the preservation of constitutional government.

Think about it! I know what I think! Anytime, anywhere, it is time to speak up for our heroes. Any place where pictures have been taken down or moved "out of site," it is time that those of real heroes be restored to their places of honor - in school books and University buildings and government buildings - wherever they have been removed. We cannot afford to see the squandering of our heritage. As members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Military Order of the Stars and Bars, it is our duty.



Defend the Plot of Barley

While many today wish to reduce the War Between the States to a singular cause, if you spend much time with the diaries, letters, and writings that the men who fought for the South wrote, you know that they had a plethora of reasons for fighting. A recent social media post, however, did refer to a cause that motivated many, if not most, Southern soldiers to leave their families, farms, and friends and fight the

war. This post, and I can not give you a specific source because frankly I do not remember which of the many sites I frequently read contained it, said that the Southern soldiers fought because the Yankees was in the South. Their land was being invaded, their homes and property often destroyed, their families brutalized.

Major Khleber Van Zandt of the 7th Texas Infantry stated that, "It was the invasion by the North that fired the South." The myriad causes of the war could be reduced to "we fought them because they were here." Others, such as Colonel William Moody of the 7th Texas Infantry, would write, "You know with what spirit I joined. That it was for neither fame nor gain, but an uncontrollable sense of duty to my country." Patriotism, and especially loyalty to their home state, in most cases motivated these men to sacrifice everything to defend their plot of ground they called home.

In my reading of Scripture, I came across an interesting reference in an oft skipped section of the Bible. In I Chronicles 11, the history of King David of Israel is being recounted. He had mighty men of valor that performed brave feats against their opponents—in this particular case, the Philistines. In verses 12 through 14 the story of one of David's three mighty men, Eleazar the son of Dodo the Ahohite is related. "He was with David at Pas-dammim when the Philistines were gathered there for battle. There was a plot of ground full of barley, and the men fled from the Philistines. But he took his stand in the midst of the plot and defended it and killed the Philistines." (English Standard Version) This simple statement—"he took his stand in the midst of the plot and defended it"—has great significance even though it is given in passing. Destroying the food supply could mean starvation for the year, but losing the land to the enemy could pose a problem for generations to come. Eleazar chose a spot, made a stand, and defended his homeland.

Our forefathers made their stand and defended their homeland in the face of what proved to be overwhelming odds. While they were not granted

the ultimate victory, they committed themselves to the cause, and for this, we continue to honor them.

**CONFEDERATE CEMETERY
IN THE SNOW**



Confederate Cemetery – Fayetteville, Arkansas

This photo, taken by Al Vick, our dedicated caretaker, during our last snow event, inspired member Philip Thompson to pen this poem.

He was inspired by World War One Canadian Lt. Col. McCrae! Lt. Col. McCrae, a medical doctor, died of pneumonia in the miserable, boggy, cold trenches of France while ministering to the wounded in 1918 (about 9 months before the Nov. 11th Armistice that ended the war); he never made it home.

In graveyard silent,
snowflakes blow,
Among the tombstones,
row on row,
That mark our place;
against the sky,
A lone bronze sentry standing by,
As Stars and Bars still proudly fly.
We are the dead;
short years ago,
We lived;
we fought,
saw battle's glow;
Charged forward bravely;
now we lie,
In graveyard silent.
Forget not our struggle 'gainst the foe.
To you living now the torch we pass,
Let not it dim, -- and no, alas,
Do not break faith with we who died;
While we still sleep,
as snowflakes fall,
In graveyard silent...

(Inspired by, and with apologies/ acknowledgement to, Lt. Col. John McCrae ["In Flanders Fields"])

Philip is a Fayetteville native, and a Life Member of the Southern Memorial Association (SMA), a member of Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV), and a Life Member of the Military Order of the Stars and Bars (MOS&B). My Confederate ancestor is my Great-Great Grandfather Capt. Gould B. Thompson, Schnabel's Missouri Cavalry Battalion, CSA.

His late mother Anna Elaine Galstad Thompson was an English professor; she instilled in him a lifelong love of poetry.

A BLAST FROM THE PAST
(from 1922 Confederate Veteran Magazine)

CAPTAIN SPILLER
BY T. B. LARIMORE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Capt. C. C. Spiller was my captain when I wore the Confederate gray in the sanguinary sixties. He was a man of deeds, not of words; but I remember some of the things I heard him say sixty years ago. He took me to Confederate headquarters at Chattanooga, in 1863 I think it was, and said: "This boy has been, to my certain knowledge, where a crow could not have escaped."

At the beginning of the war he was captain of a steamboat, his home being six miles below Bridgeport, Ala., near the right bank of the Tennessee River.

Commissioned by the Confederacy to raise a company of cavalry, he sent officers and a competent horse trader into Sequatchie Valley to enlist men to recruit his company and to buy horses to mount his men, the nucleus of his company consisting of officers and men subject to his command as river or steamboat captain.

That was early in sixty-one, but even then the spirit of war filled the valley as waters fill the sea. An infantry company had been formed in Dunlap, the county seat of Sequatchie County, and I was its hopeful, happy color bearer. That company had not been mustered into service, however; and, fearing the war would be over before I got there, I hastened away to Chattanooga and joined Captain Spiller's company.

As one of Spiller's scouts I made my military record—a record of which I have never been disposed to boast or be ashamed. This gave me a rare opportunity to know the man of whom I write. It is not meet that I should laud him over-much; but, suffice it to say, he was no ordinary man.

He was brave, but cautious and prudent, and always took the best possible care of his men. It was not possible, however, for him to keep them constantly out of danger, as every sensible soldier knows; but when it was necessary for him to send one or more of his men into a perilous place from which escape seemed almost impossible, he did it with fatherly reluctance and regret.

I remember well a time when the salvation and safety of his command depended on his knowing whether the enemy occupied a certain place which, though little more than a mile distant, could not be seen from where we were. The desired, the essential information could not be obtained except by his drawing the enemy's fire or at least endeavoring to do so. That made it necessary for him to send one or more of his soldiers into such peril that to select one for that service seemed like sentencing him to be shot. He was unwilling to do that; hence he called for volunteers to thus run the risk of giving their lives to save the rest. Two boys volunteered to go. They went. They drew the fire of the enemy.

Minie balls filled the air around them with music such as only soldiers can understand. Having fulfilled their mission, they beat a hasty retreat, rejoined their command, all were saved and were safe for the time; and our brave captain was perfectly satisfied. Bill Whittle was one of those two boys, and the other would be glad to hear from him and delighted to meet him again. He would likewise be delighted to meet or hear from any other member or members of Captain Spiller's Confederate company.

I visited Captain Spiller's old home and his grave near by a few weeks ago. He and his wife lived and died childless, and their graves, side by side, are still unmarked—not even a stone, a slab, or a board to tell whose dust is sleeping there. So shall it be, it may be, with the dust of you and of me. "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

It is doubtful whether any man in the Confederate army did more for the Confederate cause during the first year of the war than Captain Spiller.

When Zollicoffer was killed and his army defeated at Fishing Creek, Logan's Crossroads, Ky., January 19, 1862, Captain Spiller had the steamer, the Noble Ellis, at the proper place to save the wreck by transporting men and munitions across the Cumberland from Beech Grove, Zollicoffer's last camp, to Mill Springs, on the left bank of the river, where our retreat ended and our march to Shiloh

began. Thus he saved all that was saved of Zollicoffer's army. Let us never forget that.

Our Captain detailed Bill Whittle and me to go as members of General Carroll's escort, under a flag of truce, after the body of our fallen chieftain, and Bill carried the flag—a flag that was finally destroyed in a disastrous fire.

Captain Spiller's company picketed the right flank of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston's army at and previous to the battle of Shiloh and furnished him with his first information of the approach of Federal gunboats at Pittsburg Landing preparatory to that terrible Sunday slaughter. I know that, for I wrote the dispatch and remember well how those two gunboats and three transports looked as they silently slipped up the river.

I went with Captain Spiller into the war, was with him in the war, and with him as friend with friend after his return from the war. I knew him as citizen, as soldier, as friend; and I know neither his name nor his record should be consigned to oblivion.

those who got here as fast as they could after being born else-where) will enjoy Bum's thoughts.]

What it means to me to be a Texan? My friends know it means just about everything. In thinking about writing this statement I considered writing about all of the great things I love about Texas. There are way too many things to list. Here is a very short list. It starts with The Window at Big Bend, which in and of itself is proof of God. It goes to Lake Sam Rayburn where my Granddad taught me more about life than fishin' and enough about fishin' to last a life-time

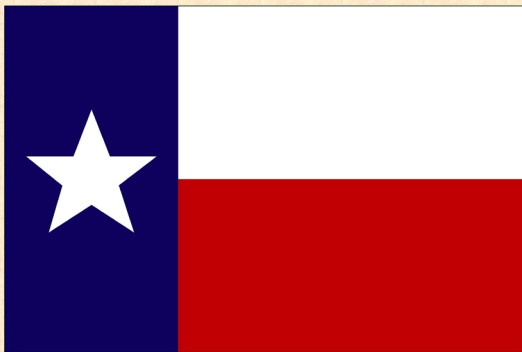
I can talk about Tyler, and Longview, and Odessa and Cisco, and Abilene and Poteet and every place in between. Every little part of Texas feels special. Every person who ever flew over the Lone Star thinks of Bandera or Victoria or Manor or wherever they call "home" as the best little part of the best state.

This last month or so I finally went to Europe for the first time. I hadn't even been and didn't too much want to. But you know all my friends are always talking about "the time they went to Europe." All the Europeans did when they saw me was say the same thing, before they'd ever met me. "Hey cowboy, we love Texas." I guess the hat tipped 'em off. But let me tell you what, they all came up with a smile on their faces. You know why? They knew for sure that I was gonna be nice to'em. They knew it cause they knew I was from Texas. They knew something that hadn't even hit me. They knew Texans, even though they'd never met one.

That's when it occurred to me. Do you know what is great about Texas? Do you know why when my friend Beverly and I were trekking across the country to see 15 baseball games we got sick and had to come home after 8? Do you know why children in Japan can look at a picture of the great State and know exactly what it is about the same time they can tell a rhombus from a trapezoid? I can tell you- its those with that spirit of Texas-its You.

The same spirit that made 186 men cross the line in the sand in San Antonio over 165 years ago is still in

BEING TEXAN



[The following is part of an article taken off the internet that was written by Bum Phillips, former head coach of the Houston Oilers. Bum is well-known and well-liked by most Texans. Some of this article has been slightly "altered" to eliminate some of Bum's "col-orable" language. With events in March and April being so important in the early history of Texas, I hope that all Texans (those born here and

you today. Why else would my friend send me William Barrett Travis' plea for help in an e-mail just a week ago, or why would I be asked to reprint a Texas independence column written a year ago?

What would make a woman say, 'I don't know if I can marry a man who doesn't love Texas like I do?' "Why do 1,000 people come to my house to celebrate Texas Independence Day- a holiday to celebrate what used to be a nation that is now a State? Because the spirit that made that nation is the spirit that burned in every person who founded this great place we call Texas, and they passed it on through blood or sweat to every one of us.

That spirit that made Texas what it is is alive in all of us, even if we can't stand next to a cannon to prove it, and it's our responsibility to keep that fire burning. Every person who ever put a "Native Texan" or an "I wasn't born in Texas but got here as fast as I could" sticker on his car understands. Anyone who ever hung a map of Texas on their wall or flew a Lone Star flag on their porch knows what I mean.

My Dad's buddy Bill has an old saying. He says that some people were forged of a hotter fire. Well, that's what it is to be a Texan. To be forged of a hotter fire. To know that part of Colorado was Texas. That part of New Mexico was Texas. That part of Oklahoma was Texas. Yep. Talk all you want. Part of what you got was what we gave you. To look at a picture of Idaho or Istanbul and say, "what the Hell is that?" when you know that anyone in Idaho or Istanbul who sees a picture of Texas knows good and well what it is. It isn't the shape, it isn't the state, it's the state of mind. You're what makes Texas.

When was the last time you went to a person's house in some other state and saw a big map of that state on the wall? That was never. When did you drive through another state and see their state flag waving on four businesses in a row? I am very sure that most people in many other states don't know much about their flag. In Texas you can't drive 20 minutes from your house without seeing a big Texas flag in front of a business. When you ask a man from New York what he is, he'll say "I'm a republican," or they might

be a democrat. When you ask a Texan what they are, before they say, "I'm a Methodist," or "I'm a lawyer," or "I'm a Smith," they tell you they're a Texan. I got nothin' against all those other places, and Lord knows they've probably got some really fine folks, but in your gut you know it just like I do, Texas is just a little different.

So tomorrow or next March when you are driving down the road and you see a person broken down on the side of the road, stop and help. When you are in a bar in California, buy a Californian a drink and tell him it's for Texas Independence Day, and tell him all about Texas gaining Independence from Mexico - which by the way led to the same independence for California and much of the west. At work remind your co-workers that he or she would-n't be here enjoying this if it weren't for Sam Houston, and if he or she doesn't know the story, tell them. When William Barrett Travis wrote in 1836 that he would never surrender and he would have Victory or Death, what he was really saying was that he and his men were forged of a hotter fire. They weren't your average everyday men. Well, that is what it means to be a Texan. It meant it then, and that's why it means it today. It means just what all those people North of the Red River accuse us of thinking it means. It means there's no mountain that we can't climb. It means that we can swim the Gulf in winter. It means that Earl Campbell ran harder and Houston is bigger and Dallas is richer and Alpine is hotter and Stevie Ray was smoother and God vacations in Texas. It means that come Hell or high water, when the chips are down and the Good Lord is watching, we're Texans by damned, and just like in 1836, that counts for something. If you are sitting wondering what the Hell I'm talking about, this ain't for you. But if the first thing you are going to do when the Good Lord calls your number is find the men who sat in that tiny mission in San Antonio and shake their hands, then you're the reason I write this, and this is for you. So until the next time you hear from me, God Bless and on March 2nd remember to celebrate Texas Independence Day, and next April 21st, celebrate San Jacinto Day.

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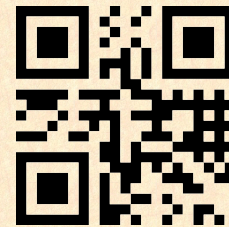
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Opinions expressed by individual writers are their own and do not necessarily reflect official positions of the Texas Society, Military Order of the Stars and Bars.

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(Cutoff for articles is 15th of the month)

