

ARK-LA-TEX SAR

The Official Newsletter of Chapter #69

DISPATCH

SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Volume 4, Number 2

Copyright 2026

Summer 2026

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

by Larry "Joe" Reynolds



Compatriots!

The first thing I would like to do is to Welcome our latest member, David Hall, and to thank Registrar/Chancellor, Compatriot Bill Sekel for making this happen. We all look forward to meeting and welcoming David to our next meeting in September.

This is a special year with the America 250 going on, I hope everyone has found some special way to celebrate this once in a life-time event this year.

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, September 8th, 2026 at 6:00 p.m.
American Legion Post 258
308 North Louise Street
Atlanta, Texas 7555

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

April 17 Danny Warren Addington
June 15 Rodney Glen Love

June 19 Larry Joe Reynolds
 June 20 Vivian Burns
 June 23 Billie Love

SAR Anniversary

April 4, 2024 Donvin Lowell Vernon
 April 4, 2024 Robert Donvin Vernon Jr
 May 13, 2022 Barrett Beckham Thomas
 May 13, 2022 Mack Everett Thomas
 May 13, 2022 Shawn Louis Tully
 May 15, 2008 Charles Edmond Pruitt II
 May 27, 2022 Larry Joe Reynolds
 May 27, 2022 Robert Eugene Woodroof
 June 4, 2021 Clarence Varnell Burns



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 APR - JUN

Apr-Aug, 1782 Battle of the Black River
 Apr 6, 1776 Battle of Block Island
 Apr 8, 1782 Battle of Delaware Bay
 Apr 9-12, 1782 Battle of the Saintes
 Apr 12, 1782 Battle of Providien
 Apr 13, 1777 Battle of Bound Brook
 Apr 14, 1780 Battle of Monck's Corner
 Apr 14-18, 1783 Recapture of the Bahamas
 Apr 15, 1781 Battle of Porto Praya
 Apr 15-23, 1781 Siege of Fort Watson
 Apr 17, 1780 Second Battle of Martinique
 Apr 19, 1775 Battles of Lexington and Concord
 Apr 19, 1775 - Mar 17, 1776 Siege of Boston
 Apr 19, 1782 Battle of the Mona Passage
 Apr 20, 1775 Gunpowder Incident*

Apr 20-21, 1782 Action of 20-21 April 1782
 Apr 23, 1775 New York Armory Raid*
 Apr 24, 1778 North Channel Naval Duel
 Apr 25, 1781 Battle of Blandford
 Apr 25, 1781 Battle of Hobkirk's Hill
 Apr 27, 1777 Battle of Ridgefield
 Apr 29, 1781 Battle of Fort Royal
 May 1, 1778 Battle of Crooked Billet
 May 1, 1781 Action of 1 May 1781
 May 6, 1780 Battle of Lenud's Ferry
 May 6, 1782 Capture of the Bahamas
 May 8-12, 1781 Battle of Fort Motte
 May 10, 1775 Capture of Fort Ticonderoga
 May 10-24, 1779 Chesapeake raid
 May 14, 1781 Battle of Pine's Bridge
 May 17, 1777 Battle of Thomas Creek
 May 1779 Battle of Chillicothe
 May 18-27, 1776 Battle of The Cedars
 May 20, 1778 Battle of Barren Hill
 May 22-Jun 18, 1781 Siege of Ninety-Six
 May 22-Jun 6, 1781 Siege of Augusta
 May 24, 1777 Meigs Raid
 May 24-Jun 2, 1781 Invasion of Tobago
 May 25, 1780 Battle of St. Louis
 May 25-30, 1778 Mount Hope Bay raids
 May 25-Aug 4, 1780 Bird's invasion of Kentucky
 May 25-Jun 12, 1782 Crawford expedition
 May 27-28, 1775 Battle of Chelsea Creek
 May 28-29, 1782 Naval battle off Halifax
 May 29, 1780 Battle of Waxhaws
 May 30, 1778 Battle of Cobleskill
 May 30, 1781 Action of 30 May 1781
 Jun 7, 1780 Battle of Connecticut Farms
 Jun 8, 1776 Battle of Trois-Rivières
 Jun 10-12, 1780 Battle of Mobley's Meeting House
 Jun 11-12, 1775 Battle of Machias
 Jun 16-18, 1779 Capture of Saint Vincent
 Jun 17, 1775 Battle of Bunker Hill
 Jun 20, 1779 Battle of Stono Ferry
 Jun 20, 1780 Battle of Ramsour's Mill
 Jun 23, 1780 Battle of Springfield
 Jun 24, 1779 - Feb 7, 1783 Great Siege of Gibraltar
 Jun 26, 1777 Battle of Short Hills
 Jun 26, 1781 Battle of Spencer's Ordinary
 Jun 28, 1776 Battle of Sullivan's Island
 Jun 28, 1778 Battle of Monmouth
 Jun 29, 1776 Battle of Turtle Gut Inlet
 Jun 30, 1778 Battle of Alligator Bridge
 Jun 30, 1782 Raid on Chester

1780 South Carolina

By May 1st Charleston had been under siege for over two weeks. The hopes for salvation rested on Patriot units outside the city opening one of the land routes. On May 6th a company of Virginia Dragoons crossed the Santee River at Lenud's Ferry. After taking some British prisoners they were about to return across the Ferry when Tarleton's legion intercepted them. 41 Patriots were killed or wounded to Tarleton's two.



Charleston surrendered six days later, on May 12, 1780. The British captured in excess of 3,000 Patriots while losing 250 killed and wounded. As word of the defeat spread, American units at Camden and Ninety-Six surrendered without a fight. Soon there was only one organized Patriot unit within the colony, the 3rd Virginia, commanded by Col. Abraham Buford.

On May 29th British Colonel Banastre Tarleton catches up with the 3rd Virginia at the Waxhaws. As his cavalry charge breaks the Continental line, Tarleton's horse is killed and he is pinned under it. Thus when a flag of surrender is raised his men don't recognize it and continue the killing. This brings about the term "Tarleton's Quarter," which in the eyes of the Patriots is no quarter at all. The Continentals lose 113 killed and 203 captured, the great majority of these prisoners being wounded. British losses total 19 men and 31 horses killed or wounded. Though a military defeat, the Waxhaws becomes a propaganda victory for the Continentals as they exploit the "massacre" that ensued.



In just a few days, on July 4, 2026, our nation will commemorate and celebrate the 250th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The journey toward this historic milestone is an opportunity to pause and reflect on our nation's past, honor the contributions of all Americans, and look ahead toward the future we want to create for the next generation and beyond.

America250 is striving for "350 for 250" — our goal to engage all 350 million Americans by our nation's 250th anniversary. Join us in celebrating America's Semiquincentennial by pledging to make a charitable contribution through our Giving 4th initiative or helping make 2026 a record setting year for volunteer service through America Gives. Or learn more about the variety of Our Initiatives to connect all Americans to this historic milestone.

July 4th is nearly here, so now is the time to make your plans to celebrate! While celebrating, let everyone know that you're a member of the Sons of American Revolution and the Ark-La-Tex Chapter #69.



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>



SADIE – A REVOLUTIONARY WAR STORY

By Carol Bennett

(continued from last edition)

Part Four

Sadie was taken completely by surprise when the wagon stopped so abruptly. If there had been room to tumble about, she would have done so. As it was, she bumped up and down violently and struck her shoulder. "Sorry, lass." Then at the next words, she knew he wasn't talking to her any longer. "What are you doing here?" Sadie relaxed. The storekeeper obviously knew the person that had caused him to stop so suddenly. A new voice came from somewhere nearby. "I wanted to warn you not to come to the farm if you have—any secrets. The Redcoats have taken the farmhouse for their headquarters."

She heard the storekeeper jump to the ground and a second later, the seat rose above her.

"Ah, I see you have a big secret."

Sadie emerged from her cramped position.

"This lass needs someone to take a message to the general. She went to Henry Reed's but of course he's

gone." A patch of woods bordered the road. The man's head and upper body was sticking up from behind the brush. He was tall and very thin and looked a bit like a scarecrow perched on a stick.

"Can you help me, sir?"

The man shook his head. "I'm sorry, child. I have to get back to my wife and the young 'uns. The Redcoats will hurt them in order to find out where I've gone." He turned back to his friend. "I only came to warn you. You can still come for vegetables. Just don't come on war business for a while."

"But what shall I do?" Sadie was starting to panic again. "I must get someone to take this ma—"

"Don't tell us," said the men, together.

"But—"

"Don't worry, child, you can go yourself."

That didn't seem like a good solution to Sadie. Go herself? But the man was speaking to the storekeeper, again. "I'll give her directions. And the colt is out in the far field. They took all my other livestock but I got him hidden before they saw him." He turned back to Sadie. "Do you ride, child?"

"Yes, sir."

"When you get there, tell them to keep the colt. I'd rather have him in our army than having some British officer riding him. He's fast but very gentle. And I want you to take this, too."

He emerged from the forest and handed over his musket, powder horn, and bullet pouch. "Do you know how to shoot?"

"Yes, sir. My father taught me but — I've never shot at anyone — only at targets."

"Well, it's all loaded and at least you'll be able to get one off if you get into trouble. Then the colt can get you out of there. Like I said, he's very fast."

Sadie took the musket with some reluctance but drew the strap over her shoulder along with her other supplies.

“Leave that with the army, too. They need all the weapons they can get. The Redcoats will just find it and take it away if I keep it. I must go. They’re probably looking for me already.” He gave her careful directions and finished with, “God be with you, miss. I’ll be praying for your mission, whatever it is.”

“Thank you, sir. And I’ll be praying for all of you here.” She realized that there was quite a network of loyal colonists right in the midst of this Tory town.

He nodded and disappeared into the forest. The storekeeper told Sadie to join him up on the driver’s seat. Sadie was glad not to be going back into that cramped little space. He pulled off the main road and they started across a bumpy field, staying close to the row of trees.

When they finally reached the end of the farmer’s property, Sadie saw the “far field” that the farmer had been talking about. There stood a magnificent young horse. He was nearly full-grown, bronze colored, and apparently very friendly for he trotted over to greet them. “He’s a nice one,” said the storekeeper. “Too bad to lose him. And look, a saddle. Fred must have thought he might need him quick sometime.”

Sadie took in the sight of the saddle hanging on the fence post. She couldn’t believe it. This would make it so much easier than riding bareback, especially with all the things she was carrying. The man saddled and bridled the horse and boosted her up. “Do you remember where to go?”

She recited the directions to him, and he nodded approvingly. Finally he gave her that jolly smile again. “You’re a brave lassie. God be with you.” “And with you, sir.”

She turned the horse and rode away as he headed in the opposite direction.

Sadie couldn’t believe she was doing this but there was no other way and God had been with her this far. He wouldn’t forsake her now. Even so, she was a bit

nervous since it was necessary to use the main road for a short distance. She soon found the gnarled old tree and the huge boulder that had been given her as landmarks, however, and she entered the forest on a nearly invisible trail. It widened presently and was covered in nice soft dirt and pine needles. She was able to let her horse canter for a bit. He seemed to love being out on such a fine morning and was well trained, obeying her every nudging immediately. Hours later, though, she began to wonder if she had taken a wrong turn. She had stopped a few times to rest her horse and eat a bite but it was past noon. She thought she should be nearing the camp by now. Unfortunately no one had thought to tell her how far it actually was. “Am I lost? Did I miss my way back there?” She comforted herself a little that at least she was still on a trail. It must lead somewhere. Red Wind, the name she had given the horse since no one had thought to tell her that either, seemed to understand her moods and whinnied back at her. How Billy would tease her if he knew she’d named a horse for just a few hours’ ride. But the colt was a blazing red and fast as the wind. At one point, she had come out into a field and let him run as fast as he wished and she was astounded at his speed. Plus, Red Wind sounded like an Indian name and that intrigued her. Uncle Samuel said the Indians could be savage and cruel at times, but they knew the land and they understood horses and how to take care of them. Of course Billy would never even know she had named the horse for she must leave him with the army. She shuddered at the thought that the colt might be injured or even killed in battle. “But you’ll do your duty won’t you, just like all of us.”

Even so she was grateful for the wonderful surprise she’d been given. She couldn’t help thinking of the verses in the Scriptures that Pa had read not long ago about these creatures that God had created. She’d always loved horses but this one was exceptional....“Thank you, Lord God, for letting me ride this beautiful animal.”

The colt whinnied as if he understood — and liked her very much, too.

“I just wish you knew the way....”

At that moment, she caught a glimpse of movement. It wasn’t an animal for the color was—blue. A blue

shirt! Then it disappeared. The person had melted into the forest.

Sadie moved forward cautiously and the trail suddenly widened. She came out into an open area on her left. A meadow stretched as far as she could see. She examined the terrain ahead carefully, her horse slowing obediently at her touch. Sadie raised her musket into position with one hand.

There he was! It was a boy, about Billy's age. Unlike Billy, however, he was scrawny, with unkempt hair. Even from a distance, she could see a bit of a wild look about him. Apparently, he thought he was hidden. He crouched in the shadows as the line of trees curved up ahead. What should she do?

As Sadie considered for a moment, the boy disappeared into the woods. He must have thought he was out of earshot for she heard him call, "Pa! Pa!"

She hesitated too long wondering if she should turn back or cross the meadow. It was unfortunate that they were directly in her way and she couldn't get on with her mission.

"I see her! Stop right there, girl!"

The new voice rang out much closer. A man on horseback emerged from the forest about halfway between the point that the boy had disappeared and where she had stopped. He looked a good deal like his son but a mean look in his eyes frightened her. He was dressed in dirty buckskin and held a revolver. The boy re-emerged from the shadows and joined his father.

"Who do you think she is?"

"How do I know? But she's gonna tell us. You've got a lot of gear for a girl out for a ride. 'Sides, there's nothin' out here — no houses, no farms. Where ya headed?"

Sadie didn't reply. What was she going to do now?

The words of the farmer came back to her. You can at least get off one good shot and then he can get you out of there. As I said, he's very fast....

But the man had a revolver pointed at her and she held her musket in one hand, not even cocked. He'd shoot her before she could get her shot off. But would he shoot a girl. That cruel look in his eye didn't give her much confidence.

"What's the matter, girl, can't ya talk? Whatcha doing out here?" "Come on, Pa, let's see what she's got in the bag. Maybe she's looking for the camp, like we are—"

The man slapped him across the face so hard that the boy fell down in the bushes. "Shut ya mouth. What are ya, a fool?" The boy got up calmly, as if used to such treatment. "Sorry, Pa. But can I look in her bag, can I? Maybe she's got money or important papers or something."

"Yeah. Get the bag."

"And can I have the horse, Pa?"

"Maybe."

For a split second, Sadie had felt sorry for the boy. But at the

greedy gleam in his eyes, she set her lips with determination. Why did they think she'd let them overcome her so easily. She was holding a gun, after all.

"Easy, boy," she whispered to her horse. Then suddenly she held on tightly with her knees and whipped the gun up with both hands, cocking it. Before they realized what was happening, she blasted a shot toward them.

She didn't really want to hit them and perhaps that made the shot go wild. Or maybe she just hadn't practiced enough. Whatever, the bullet struck a branch in the tree overhead. The boy jumped and gave a yell, then leaped away as the heavy limb fell and nearly hit him on the head. It landed on the ground in front of him.

"Pa! She shot at me! She's just a girl. You gonna let her get away with that?"

But Sadie had grabbed the reins and whirled. Red Wind took off across the meadow.

“Go, boy! Go!” Red Wind didn’t need to be told. He galloped across the field so fast that she lay nearly flat against his neck. She had whipped the strap of the gun back over her shoulder just in time. The musket and the burlap bag bounced against her.

She took a glimpse back. The man was after her but Red Wind was losing him easily. Where should she go? And where was the trail? It had seemed to end at the meadow. Lord God, show me the way!

(Continued in next edition)



PRESIDENT NIXON'S CONNECTION TO THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

Clay Hoffman, November 17, 2023

blueandgrayeducation.org



*Richard Nixon campaigning for president in
Pennsylvania, July 1968*

Ollie Atkins, White House photographer

In an earlier edition of the *Blue and Gray Dispatch* ("How is Richard Nixon Connected to the Ross County Civil War Memorial in Chillicothe, Ohio?", sent July 10, 2023), we learned that the great-grandfather of U.S. President Richard Nixon lost his

life at the Battle of Gettysburg. Shot in the hip on July 2, 1863, Private George Nixon III of the 73rd Ohio Infantry died of his wounds a week later. He is buried in the Ohio section of the Gettysburg National Cemetery.

Digging deeper into the 37th President's genealogy, we find an additional ancestor who served in another of America's wars.

George Nixon—the President's great-great-great grandfather—was born in Newcastle County, Delaware, in 1752 and served in the Revolutionary War. In December 1776, he joined the Delaware forces as an Ensign, and participated in the Battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Brandywine. Promoted to Lieutenant, he later served in Captain McKee's Delaware Spy Company, which was credited with preventing Tory aid to the British and charged with carrying vital wartime messages between General Washington and his staff.

Following the war, Nixon and his growing family moved west. Soon after arriving in Illinois in 1842, he died at the age of 90 and was buried at Glennwood Cemetery, located in present-day Colona Township of rural Henry County, Illinois. His grave was neglected for many years until two great-granddaughters from Freeport, Illinois, Mrs. Emma Richardson and Miss Mabel Nixon, found it once again. Then, the Henry County Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution erected a monument honoring "Old George" because, as Edwin P. Hoyt wrote, "He was the only bonafide Revolutionary hero to be buried in Henry County [Illinois]."

And on a rainy day in 1925, over 100 people gathered for the dedication ceremony as members of the American Legion's Genesco and Cambridge posts stood at attention. A local veteran of the Spanish-American War delivered an address titled "The Life of Lieutenant George N. Nixon." Then, the chairman of the Henry County Board of Supervisors made a

little speech presenting the monument and the great-granddaughters proudly unveiled it.



OUR FOUNDING FATHERS

John Adams

October 30, 1735 – July 4, 1826

(Continued from last issue)

Law practice and marriage

In 1756, Adams began reading law under James Putnam, a leading lawyer in Worcester. In 1758, he earned an A.M. from Harvard, and in 1759 was admitted to the bar. He developed an early habit of writing about events and impressions of men in his diary; this included James Otis Jr.'s 1761 legal argument challenging the legality of British writs of assistance, allowing the British to search a home without notice or reason. Otis's argument inspired Adams to the cause of the American colonies.

A group of Boston businessmen had been appalled at the writs of assistance that the crown had started issuing to clamp down on colonial smuggling. Writs of assistance were not only search warrants without any limits, they also required local sheriffs, and even local citizens, to assist in breaking into colonists' houses or lend whatever assistance customs officials desired. The outraged businessmen engaged lawyer James Otis Jr. to challenge writs of assistance in court. Otis gave the speech of his life, making references to the Magna Carta, classical allusions, natural law, and the colonists' "rights as Englishmen".

The court ruled against the merchants. However, the case lit the fire that became the American Revolution. Otis's arguments were published in the colonies, and stirred widespread support for colonial rights. As a young lawyer, John Adams was

observing the case in the packed courtroom, and was moved by Otis's performance and legal arguments. Adams later said that "Then and there the child Independence was born."

In 1763, Adams explored various aspects of political theory in seven essays written for Boston newspapers. He offered them anonymously, under the pen name "Humphrey Ploughjogger", and in them ridiculed the selfish thirst for power he perceived among the Massachusetts colonial elite. Adams was initially less well known than his older cousin Samuel Adams, but his influence emerged from his work as a constitutional lawyer, his analysis of history, and his dedication to republicanism. Adams often found his own irascible nature a constraint in his political career.

In the late 1750s, Adams fell in love with Hannah Quincy; while they were alone, he was poised to propose but was interrupted by friends, and the moment was lost. In 1759, he met 15-year-old Abigail Smith, his third cousin, through his friend Richard Cranch, who was courting Abigail's older sister. Adams initially was not impressed with Abigail and her two sisters, writing that they were not "fond, nor frank, nor candid". In time, he grew close to Abigail and they were married on October 25, 1764, despite the opposition of Abigail's haughty mother. They shared a love of books and kindred personalities that proved honest in their praise and criticism of each other. After his father's death in 1761, Adams had inherited a 9+1/2-acre (3.8 ha) farm and a house where they lived until 1783. John and Abigail had six children: Abigail "Nabby" in 1765, future president John Quincy Adams in 1767, Susanna in 1768, Charles in 1770, Thomas in 1772, and Elizabeth in 1777. Susanna died when she was one year old, while Elizabeth was stillborn. All three of his sons became lawyers. Charles and Thomas were unsuccessful, became alcoholics, and died before old age, while John Quincy excelled and launched a career in politics. Adams's writings are devoid of his feelings about the sons' fates.



MYTHS ABOUT COLONIAL AMERICA WE ALL BELIEVED

Thanksgiving Was First Established On A Day Late In November



©Photo12/Universal Images Group via Getty Images

As of today, there is still only one account of the first Thanksgiving, which was found in a letter written by a man named Edward Winslow. However, Winslow's account of the first Thanksgiving had little to do than the tradition of Thanksgiving that we recognize today.

In the beginning, it was a harvest festival that lasted from three days in either September or November, consisting mostly of male settlers and Native Americans. The holiday was officially established in 1863 by Sarah Josepha Hale, a writer and editor, who campaigned for the creation of the holiday to Abraham Lincoln.



WOMEN IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Abigail Adams famously entreated John: "I desire you would remember the ladies. . . ." We, too, should remember the contributions of the ladies to the Patriot cause during the American Revolution. Many

know the exciting stories of Mary Ludwig Hays, a.k.a. "Molly Pitcher," and Deborah Sampson, who fought in several battles, keeping her female identity secret. Women such as Abigail Adams, Mercy Otis Warren, and Phillis Wheatley provided intellectual and literary support to the Revolution. Perhaps more important were the women who supported the Revolution as "camp followers," not in the pejorative sense, but by doing the often-backbreaking work of washing, mending and cooking for the men in the Continental Army. Still more numerous were those who "kept the home fires burning" by managing the family farm while the men were away fighting for independence.

There are many resources available to assist you in researching your female Patriot Ancestor. Some background information is linked below. We also present a few SAR members' stories of their female Patriot Ancestor. So, if you have met a genealogical "roadblock" with your male line, be sure to "remember the ladies," and be creative in finding your Patriot Ancestor, be that your qualifying ancestor, or a "supplemental" Patriot. Contact your local SAR chapter for help in documenting your SAR lineage. Please join us in celebrating the contributions of your female ancestor to the Patriot cause by becoming a member of the SAR.

John L. Dodd President General 2023-2024



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