

Mary Madison Smith Cox

Stories
about the
Reynolds
family

Whenever relatives assemble, there are two inescapable, but cherishable results, namely, reminiscence and nostalgia.

So, I did some homework for this long-anticipated and wondrous realization, a reunion of the Reynolds family.

I have committed to record some stories about members of the Reynolds family who have gone before us.

In a way, they are not stories. They are really legends which were passed along to me personally by my grandfather, Major Abram David Reynolds, and his brother, my Uncle Will Reynolds.

For a long time I have wanted to commit these stories to writing. Nancy's priceless idea of a family reunion inspired me to do so.

I do hope you will enjoy looking back over the years with me.

Richard S. Reynolds, Jr.

June 18, 1970

Before the war actually broke out and sides were divided, Great Grandfather Harden told his friend, Colonel Penn: "If we had any sense, we'd sell all we own here in Virginia and move to Pennsylvania, because the South is bound to lose. The South has nothing to fight with except spirit—and that is not enough to win a war."

ABRAM DAVID REYNOLDS

Grandfather A.D. was under 14 when he originally volunteered for the first company to leave Patrick County. He was turned down, because he was too young.

His father, Harden Reynolds, was against the war between the states before it started, but he did all that he could to help the Confederate States. He recommended that A.D. attend Virginia Military Institute for one year, then join up with the troops. This my Grandfather Abram did.

Grandfather's most hilarious experience during his year at Virginia Military Institute was caused by the size of his head. It was huge. They couldn't find a cap to fit him. As a result he was always losing his cap during drills and on the parade ground. For thus fouling up his outfit, A.D. received countless demerits and finally was hauled up before ~~the Commandant~~ ^{the Commandant} for discipline and possible dismissal. ~~After becoming known as General "Stonewall" Jackson.~~ When ~~he~~ ^{he} heard about A.D.'s plight in the cap department, he laughed, cancelled all of A.D.'s demerits and ordered the quartermaster to get Cadet Reynolds a cap that fit him.

My Grandfather A.D. was a hero to me for many reasons. He was so big, so good-looking and a major in the Confederate Army! But above all he loved horses and farms, which are my passion.

Grandfather was especially a hero to Louis and me, because we were so tiny as children. Grandfather

used to console us by saying: "Well, boys, I'll tell you. I know one thing for sure. I know that a little pair of mules can out-pull a lot of big horses. So, don't worry about your size."

Grandfather didn't apply this sort of encouragement to everybody. There was an evangelist named Sam Jones touring the South, a sort of vest-pocket Billy Graham. Grandfather was a very religious man. So he went down to the railroad station in Bristol to greet the incoming Reverend Jones. When Jones debarked from the train Grandfather shook his head when they were introduced. Grandfather blurted: "I expected to see a bigger man."

Reverend Jones looked at Grandfather and responded: "Well, Major, God made some of us with brains and some with brawn."

Louis and I used to attend church services with Grandfather A.D. occasionally. When it came time for hymn-singing Grandfather would open up like Enrico Caruso, except that Grandfather had no idea of what a note was and he couldn't carry a tune. Louis and I almost choked trying to conceal our laughter. Ignoring our mirth, he would look down at us and tell us to sing. We told him we didn't know how. He advised: "Just open your mouth, boys, and make a lot of noise."

Reports vary on how Grandfather Abe became a captain.

Some recall that A.D. was an obviously commanding personality, because he was a rugged giant. He stood six-feet-three and weighed 200 pounds.

Others recall that A.D. already had military experience as an officer, because he had spent a year at Virginia Military Institute.

But my favorite report on how A.D. Reynolds became a captain in the Confederate army came from my Uncle Will Reynolds.

According to Uncle Will, A.D. volunteered for the Confederate army for the second time at the age of 15 and was enrolled in a new company in Patrick County.

In those days officers from the rank of lieutenant to major were not appointed. They were elected by the soldiers with whom they were to serve in the field. The company was made up of older men and very young boys.

A.D. was nominated for the rank of captain at the age of 16. The other candidate nominated was a 60-year-old opponent who decided to do a little electioneering with a barrel of whiskey before voting time. He rallied the older men around the keg and got them loaded with booze and good will.

Grandfather Abram, on the other hand, got the younger men to jump into the front ranks at voting time. When the roll was called the younger men yelled "Reynolds." The older men, happily pickled in alcohol, couldn't even remember their 60-year-old electioneering host's name. So when they were polled by roll call, they echoed the name "Reynolds," too. Grandfather was later appointed major on duty in Danville.

I don't know which story is correct, but that's the one Uncle Will told me personally.

Grandfather A.D. told me he was elected captain of his company at the age of 16. They were ordered to Dublin, Virginia, where he drilled his outfit for 30 days.

Then came their first combat assignment—to march across Giles County and intercept some 300 invaders who were planning to burn the New River bridge.

The opposition fled in confusion when Grandfather's outfit pulled a surprise attack. Grandfather's forces got a sickening surprise, too. Their antiquated rifles had rusted on the march and their ammunition failed to fire.

At the end of the war, he rode all night to reach his father's home in Patrick County. On the way a messenger handed him a note from his father: "My dear Son—Can't you see this war is over? Don't be foolish. Come home and let us try to rebuild our home and lost fortunes."

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Grandfather A.D. went home, but not for long.

My grandfather was shot—not during the war, but after the war. After the war in Patrick County and all through that area there roved a wolfpack of renegades, marauders, and they terrorized the countryside, raping, burning and killing people. The Union soldiers were a good many miles away and were no protection to the law-abiding population out in this area. So my grandfather called together at night a cadre of boys and men from his old company and they went after these renegades.

It was not easy to get volunteers from among the soldiers recently returned home from war. However, he managed to recruit about 40-odd for the cause.

Finally, one night they found the renegades had gone into an old tobacco warehouse to sleep. At sun-up they surrounded the warehouse, set fire to it and killed everybody in it. My grandfather closed in during this fight. The man in front of him was climbing over a fence and got shot through the stomach. That same lead ball went through my grandfather's right shoulder. They were never able to get the slug out. They had to hide him, of course, because the Yankee soldiers came soon when they heard all these people had been killed and they were looking for the vigilantes who had done it. My grandfather did not get proper medical attention.

For years he could not raise his right arm, but he swore he would some day. So by constant effort he worked the lead ball from his shoulder blade to a position where it did not cripple his arm. When we were children we could feel a hole in the front and a lump in the back where the bullet was still lodged. It stayed there until Grandpa A.D. died at a ripe old age.

One interesting after-thought. While he was going around to pick up the men to fight these marauders, one mother said to him: "I don't want my son to go with you, because, Major Reynolds, I had a dream that he would be killed. And in that dream you were shot, too." Sure enough, the man who was shot through the

stomach by the bullet which hit grandfather in the shoulder was her son.

In many respects Reconstruction Days were worse than the war. In many places such marauders dominated the community and expropriated the land from its rightful owners.

Since Grandfather A.D. had attended Virginia Military Institute and had trained troops and handled prisoners during the war, it was only natural for the populace to beseech his aid in a local crisis. This was right after the war.

There were some hoodlums in the local school who were completely out of control. No teacher could handle the situation. It got so bad that the mischief-makers were tossing teachers into an icy pond near the school.

Major Abram David Reynolds took over. On his first day as head of the school he scanned the crowd and singled out the biggest, roughest-looking pupil and told him to go get some water. The ringleader sneered at the major and retorted: "Go get it yourself."

Grandfather grabbed him and proceeded to give him a real thrashing. The young man meekly picked up the buckets and brought the water. This psychology was thoroughly comprehended by all present. The major stayed around for a few weeks and promised to return if there was any further trouble.

Peddling tobacco through the countryside in the Reconstruction years was not without some frontier adventures and misadventures.

My Grandfather A.D. was returning home ahead of his wagons on horseback one trip. His dog was running alongside. Toward sundown he stopped at a farmhouse and arranged for dinner and a place to sleep. Grandfather was very tired, but when he was about to fall asleep on the bed, he noticed his dog was whining continually and sniffing at a closet door.

The door was nailed shut, but grandfather forced it open. Inside the closet was a dead man who had

General Smith

[42.]

Dear Sir

I send a recommendation to you for my son, as I understand it is required, in order that they may get in as a cadett in the military institute. Please let me know whether you can receive him or not, and what equipage is necessary.

Respectfully,

H. W. Reynolds.

Rock Spring Va

June 20th 1862

[43.]
Rock Spring Patrick Co Va
Dec 29th 1862

Dear Sir

Please let me know whether you will take my son in or not, and upon what terms you will take him on. I am very anxious to send him to school immediately, and I would be verry glad if you would answere me as soon as you can. If it is not too much truble I would be glad if you would send me a Catalogue. By so doing you will verry much oblige me.

Respectfully

H. W. Reynolds.

Letters written by Harden W. Reynolds in connection with A. D. Reynolds application for admission to VMI.

1429.)

Richmond Va
March 17th 1863

Genl. F. A. Smith
Va. Military Institute,

1867

Dr. Sir: I received a letter a few days since from Mr. Harden W. Reynolds, a citizen of Patrick County, in which he expressed very great anxiety to get his son the appointment of Cadet at the Va. M. Institute. I write to you to inform me whether he will be received and such other information as may be necessary to enable him to accomplish his object.

His son, Abram Reynolds, is about 16 yrs. old is a young man of very fine habits and respectable mental capacity.

Please write me & direct letter to Penn's Store, Patrick County

Very Respectfully
John Staples, Member
Va. Ho. Del. Patrick, Cty.

Letter written by John Staples, member of the Virginia House of Delegates from Patrick County, recommending A. D. Reynolds for admission to VMI.

[261.]

Patrick Co. No. Va

June 23^d 1863

Genl. Smith. Sup^t - V. M. I

Dear Sir

We take pleasure in recommending
young Mr Reynolds to your favorable consideration -
He is an applicant for a place in the Institution over which
you preside with so much ability & usefulness - we have
known Abner D. Reynolds from his childhood - he is a
young man of fine habits, & excellent character. & no
doubt but he would be greatly benefited by a term at our
Military Institution, & reflect credit upon his State.
We hope therefore, that it will be your pleasure to use your
influence in his behalf.

Very Respectfully Your obt^d Serv^t,
A. Staples, clk. Cir. Co

& acting clk. of Co. A -
Ben Campbell & Com^d in Chg
Samuel G. Staples

Letter of recommendation for A. D. Reynolds written by A. Staples,
clerk of Circuit Court, Patrick Court House.

The Enterprise, Stuart, Virginia,

Civil War Records

May Term, 1907, Stuart, Patrick
County, Virginia, Enrollment
Of Company (I) Confederate
Reserves of A. D. 1864.

(D) - Died in Service
(W) - Wounded in Service

A. D. Reynolds, Capt.
P. H. Giles, 1st Lieut.
Ed Davis, 2nd Lieut.
Zack Frazier, 3rd Lieut.
Toliver Spencer, Orderly
Roll

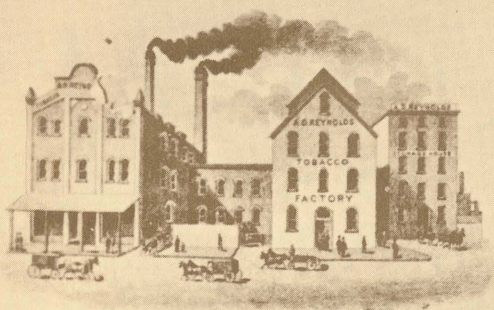
Ayers, Wm.
Agee, Austin
Aistrop, Pat
Alexander, Wm.
Bennett, Richard
Boyd, German
Bowman, Coleman
Barnard, Charles
Conner, R. W.
Carter, Walker
Cheeley, J. A.
Carter, John
Craddock, Jack (D)
Collins, Jack
Canidy, Constant
Chaney, Steven
DeHart, John
DeHart, Green W.
Dilon, Reid
Dilon, John G.
Doss, Joel
Eperson, Wm.
Edwards, Albert
East, Wm.
Fain, Henry
Fain, Jacob
Foster, Abe
Floyd, John
Fray, John
Gilbert, W. P.
Gilbert, Robert
Gates, Wm.
Hatcher, Rich

Hall, Waller
Hall, Russell
Hancock, Lewis P. (D)
Hubbard, Jeff (D)
Hooker, James
Hooker, Eph.
Joyce, Abe
Joyce, Calvin
Jenkins, Peter
Keaton, Hanceford
Martin, Isaac
Martin, Daniel
Martin, Richard
Martin, James
Moran, George
Mize, Lee
Mills, James
Marshall, Elijah
Newman, Hayman
Newman, Joseph
Oakley, Wm.
Orander, John
Perkins, Jordan (D)
Pigg, George
Pigg, Beverly
Pickeral, Thomas
Pendleton, George
Ross, Samuel
Ray, Pink
Ross, Wm.
Ross, Jeff
Rickman, Henry (D)
Reynolds, Caloway
Stovall, John P.
Smith, Daniel
Scott, Joseph
Spangler, Coon
Tuggle, Tab
Tatum, James
Thompson, Taylor
Wimbish, James (D)
Williams, Henry
Ziglar, Wm.
Duncan, John
Tate, James
Spencer, Toliver

Promotions

A. D. Reynolds, to Major
P. H. Giles, to Captain
Ed Davis, to 1st Lieut.
Zack Frazier, to 2nd Lieut.
John P. Stovall, elected to 3rd
Lieut.

Members of Company I, Confederate Reserves at
time of A. D. Reynolds promotion to major.



MANUFACTURER OF REYNOLDS CELEBRATED A.A.A.A.

A. D. Reynolds,
Tobacco Manufacturer

Bristol Tenn.
Nov 17th 1894 189

Gen Scott Shipp,

Lexington, Va.

Dear General:-

I am in receipt of your valued favor of the 15th and in reply will state that I do not remember the exact date that I entered the Institute, but I am sure I left there just before the battle of New Market as I was in the army at that time under the rank of Captain, and was promoted very soon after to Major of the Regiment which was in '64. I was born in Aug. '47, and think I was just 15 years old when I entered the Institute, and was not 17 when I was promoted to Major of the Regiment.

Yours truly,

A D Reynolds



Major A. D. Reynolds in Confederate uniform.

BRISTOL HERALD COURIER

MORNING, SEPT. 24, 1925.

8 PAGES—THREE CENTS

GRIM REAPER TAKES MAJOR A. D. REYNOLDS FROM MIDST OF BELOVED SURROUNDINGS

BURIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR MAJ. REYNOLDS INCOMPLETE

Plans for funeral services for Major Reynolds have not been fully worked out, however honorary and active pall bearers have been chosen. Due to the fact that Mrs. Staley had not been located in New York last evening the definite hour of the funeral has not been fixed. In all probability it will take place from the home Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock and will be in charge of the pastor of the Mary Street Methodist Church, Rev. J. A. Ellison, assisted by Dr. Charles C. Carson of the First Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Tyler Frazier, a life long friend and Confederate Veteran of Chilhowie, Virginia.

R. S. Reynolds was in Washington and will reach Bristol this morning. Clarence and Abe Reynolds, the latter with his family, left Louisville last night for Bristol, and will arrive this afternoon

at 1:20 o'clock.

A strange co-incidence took place, for after wiring that his wife would accompany him to Bristol, Mrs. Clarence Reynolds was called to Mississippi on account of the death of her sister.

The honorary pall-bearers named are: Capt. C. L. Sevier, Dr. N. H. Reeves, E. W. King, Colonel Sam L. King, Judge E. K. Bachman, H. W. Powers, Chancellor H. H. Haynes, Henry Staley, John N. Huntsman, E. S. Kendrick, Capt. George Cocke, Dr. William Martin, G. E. Newland, Governor John I. Cox, Sam Peaver and Bland Ballard.

The active pall-bearers: Archer Beasley, W. F. Daniel, J. A. Stone, James Lynn, St. Christian and W. F. Smith.

The flower bearers will be Confederate Soldiers.

Interment will be made in the East Hill Cemetery.

Philanthropist, Capitalist,
and Manufacturer Dies
At His Home In Fair-
mount Addition

REQUEST FOR WATER ARE HIS LAST WORDS

Public Benefactor and An
Estimable Citizen, the
Death of Mr. Reyn-
olds Is Mourn-
ed By All

Major A. D. Reynolds, manufacturer, capitalist and philanthropist, who had been ill at his residence in Fairmount Addition for several weeks, died Wednesday at noon. Taken ill a few weeks ago while on a visit with Mrs. Reynolds and Dr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Staley at Bromide Arsenic Springs, he was brought to Bristol, where he underwent an operation successfully and improved to such a degree that in a week's time he was taken to his home. There he improved steadily, received old time friends and great offerings of flowers, and his appearance promised a renewed lease on life. However, about 11:30 o'clock, while sitting in his bed room he became faint, and called for his helpmate throughout the years.

When Mrs. Reynolds approached he stated that he believed that he was going to faint, "something that I have never done. Please give me a glass of water." The glass of water was given him and he sipped it, but the smothering up in the chest and the muffled heart indicated unerringly that the end was near. Being helped to the bed he fainted away into the eternal sleep. Thus passed the leading citizen of Bristol for the last half century, one who was interested in every development of church, school, college, industry—in every benefaction.

Died 9-23-1925

Bristol Herald Courier
September 24, 1925

*Closing paragraph in the will of Major A. D. Reynolds,
1847-1925 (Bristol, Tennessee).*

(Will seems to have been written January 15, 1921.)

With implicit faith in God Who rules over the nations as well as individuals and Whom I have tried to serve, I commit my children to His care. It has been my policy to treat my Creator as my partner in all my business affairs, and it is my desire that my children will not dissolve the partnership that I entered into with Him in 1875 and which partnership has been so satisfactory to me all along through these many years; and I pray that they will acknowledge His leadership and follow the teaching of His spirit and that they will use the small inheritance which I have been able to provide for them under His leadership without abusing the trust. All I have is His and I simply commit a part of it to my dear children to use for their comfort and His glory and for the upbuilding of His kingdom, asking Him to help them multiply and increase their faith and to supply His grace that they may meet me in heaven." 

been murdered less than a day before. Grandfather suddenly realized that the farmhouse offered more than hospitality.

So, with justifiable suspicion, my grandfather got dressed again. Then he tilted a straight-back chair against the bedroom entrance door and sat in it with his pistol in his lap. He spent the entire night in a half-sleep in this uncomfortable position.

Near sun-up he heard tiptoeing in the hall approaching his door. At this point he shouted a warning to the would-be assassins: "All right I know what is in the closet. I'm waiting for you inside this door with pistol in hand. I will kill all of you who come through that door. What's more when I leave in the morning I am going to shoot anybody I see. And if anything has happened to my horse, I'm going to burn down the barn and this house."

When he stealthily withdrew from the farmhouse there was no one in sight. Nothing but dead silence. He saddled up and rode off.

On another trip a drunken mob in Elizabethtown, Tennessee, tried to lynch him. It seems Elizabethtown was a Yankee town. It's populace all favored the North during the war. Grandfather A.D. didn't know about this. He rode into town wearing his old Confederate uniform with military buttons removed, a common economic custom all over the nation at that time.

The drunks were about to pull him off his horse and hang him when a storekeeper came running up shouting: "Wait a minute, I think I know this man."

Then he addressed my grandfather: "Aren't you Major Reynolds? Didn't you have the guard duty over Yankee prisoners in Danville? I was one of those prisoners and you, Major Reynolds, treated us good. Let him alone, boys."

The mob agreed and dispersed. The storekeeper bought grandfather's tobacco and was one of his best customers for many years. Grandfather got to like Elizabethtown and later bought a large real estate holding there.

The last time I saw my Grandfather Abram alive was when he visited me in McCallie School near Chattanooga, Tennessee. It was a hot spring day. Grandfather rode all the way up to school from Chattanooga on a streetcar. I was delighted to see him and tried to get him to stay for lunch. But after talking for an hour he got back on the streetcar. I never saw him again. He was a great man, a wonderful man. A copy of his last will, a picture of him, and some old records that were given me by V.M.I. are included in this book.

UNCLE WALTER

My Uncle Walter was a really brave little man. During the Civil War when the Yankees were passing through Patrick County, they paused to rest and water their horses. Uncle Walter walked up to the Yanks and jeered at them with: "If some of us had time to grow up we would lick you Yankees."

One of the Yank soldiers replied with a smile: "Yes, I believe you would, my boy."

Of course, Uncle Walter was a very small boy of 9 or 10 at the time.

UNCLE HARBOR REYNOLDS

Uncle Harbor was really the Peck's Bad Boy of the Reynolds family. One day Great Grandfather Harden handed Uncle Harbor some money and instructed him to ride down into Martinsville—I think it was Martinsville—to buy some horses and mules with which to get the crops going. This was right after the war. Harbor galloped into town with all the enthusiasm of a thirsty sailor on pay day.

Late that afternoon a neighbor rode by and asked Harden: "Where's Harbor getting all that money? He's been in town in a saloon, buying everybody drinks all day long."

My great grandfather replied: "I gave it to him."

When Harbor returned home—no horses—no mules—no money. Great Grandfather Harden instead of bawling him out, handed him some more money and rather firmly suggested: "Now, Harbor, I want you to go back to town and buy some horses and mules. I know you're going to do it this time."

Well, this straightened out Harbor for a number of years, but not permanently.

Later on Uncle Harbor Reynolds and my Uncle Sam Hoge, my grandmother's brother, both huge men and the best of friends, decided to attend a fair in St. Louis together. They apparently enjoyed it, because both were big drinkers and big gamblers—and they ran out of money **twice**. The family twice had to send them funds with which to settle their debts and return home. But no luck.

Finally, in answer to Uncle Harbor's and Uncle Sam's third S.O.S. for money, the families sent Uncle John Hoge complete with new cash and strict orders to bring home Uncle Harbor and Uncle Sam.

Uncle John Hoge was only half the size of his brother Sam and only half the size of Uncle Harbor. Initially he thought his mission to St. Louis was fraught with risks. However, he must have been a most persuasive man. Because everything finally worked out all right. Uncle John told me this story when I first got out of college and visited with him.

Uncle John Hoge told me another story about Uncle Harbor and Uncle Sam. Seems an unidentified third man had made a terrible mistake and tried to pick Uncle Sam's pocket during the fair. Sam grabbed the man's hand in his pocket and yelled: "Hit him, Harbor." Harbor put him to sleep.

All of which proves that the frolicking Uncle Harbor Reynolds and Uncle Sam Hoge did not go broke at the St. Louis fair due to pickpockets.

Grandfather Hoge had a lot of children. He also had a lot of good farming land plus a lot of mountain land. When it came time to write a will, Grandfather

Hoge took all things into consideration and tried to divide the good land among his sons and daughters who had not married too well.

One of his daughters (Esther) had married a man named Sawyer, who was quite wealthy. Therefore, without specifying why, Grandfather Hoge willed Mrs. Sawyer a large area of mountain land in West Virginia. At that time nobody knew what was buried under that vast stretch of apparently poor mountain land.

It turned out to be the fabulous Pocahontas coal field and Mrs. Sawyer thereby became the richest of the Hoges.

Later in life she was talking to my father's first cousin, Joe Hoge.

"Joe, are you in trade?" she asked.

Joe replied: "Yes, Aunt Esther, I'm in trade. I'm in the wholesale grocery business."

Aunt Esther was absolutely horrified and she said so.

Joe wasn't lost for words. "Well, if you don't like my being in the grocery business, I know a good way you can get me out of it."

Joe Hoge always told this story, even when he was an old man. He loved this story.

UNCLE WILL

Uncle Will, it seems, was crazy about cake. And Aunt Lucy obviously baked delicious cakes. At least this appeared to be true one day when Lucy baked a cake.

Uncle Will couldn't resist a yearning for that cake. He finally spoke up: "Lucy I have a fine young calf. I'll give you the calf for that cake."

Lucy agreed. It would seem that Aunt Lucy was a better trader than Uncle Will in those days. But then Will was very young and Lucy was a few years older.

RICHARD J. REYNOLDS

Great Grandfather Harden lost heavily during the Civil War years. Immediately thereafter he estimated that he had almost nothing left but land. And he had five sons to work with him. Harden was disappointed in his first crop of tobacco. So he decided to manufacture it instead. That was the start of the Reynolds family in the tobacco processing business. Harden and sons began by producing chewing tobacco.

Grandfather A.D. was the first salesman to take to the road with this tobacco and peddle it to the country stores in return for gold. Grandfather Abram and R.J. started on their first trip together with Great Grandfather Harden constantly reminding A.D. to keep an eye on Dick and look after him. A.D. would ride horseback, taking five or six wagonloads to the market. And, before they left, great grandfather would remind them to sell the tobacco for gold—only for gold.

Well, a couple of years later Great Grandfather Harden decided Dick was experienced enough to have a route of his own. Next time out the two brothers led their wagon-trains in separate directions with instructions to meet in Bristol at the end of their sales trips. My grandfather was first to arrive in Bristol. He waited for R.J. When he heard Uncle Dick was approaching A.D. rode out to the pike to meet him and was flabbergasted.

In rode R.J. with a crazy assortment of horses and mules and all kinds of junk. And he stood still while A.D. upbraided him for not bringing back gold for the tobacco he had sold.

R.J. smiled and said: "But, Abe, I got this to boot." With that, he reached into his pocket and extracted a purse full of gold. "I got gold for the tobacco and did some other trading for this other stuff which I'm going to sell and keep the money."

Next day Uncle Dick saddled up and headed for

Bristol with his road show of horses, mules and "junk". There he sold it all for a sizable sum, which he kept for himself.

My Grandfather A.D. had a prophetic reaction to his brother Dick's sharp trading. He reminded his father Harden: "You told me when Dick first went out that he was a little slow and I would have to watch him. I think Dick may wind up supporting all of us. He is smarter than any of us."

Uncle Will tells another story about R.J. Reynolds. One day when Uncle Dick returned from a tobacco-selling trip, his father asked Dick if he'd like a drink. Dick said he would. Then he strolled over to the sideboard, tilted the decanter, poured himself about half a waterglass full of whiskey and gulped it down.

Great Grandfather Harden was amazed at this performance, but his reaction was negative. He scolded: "Dick, I am never again going to invite you to have a drink. You don't drink like a gentleman."

Uncle Dick shrugged innocently: "Well, you asked me to have a drink and that's what I did."

I don't know whether his brother Dick's waterglass jiggers of whiskey had anything to do with my Grandfather A.D.'s strange turnabout later in life. A.D. not only gave up drinking liquor, but he also became an ardent Prohibitionist. He went so far as to lead Prohibition parades of "Drys" in Bristol. The "Wets" and saloonkeepers on the Virginia side frequently threatened to shoot A.D. for his zealous teetotaling campaign. He was very happy that he lived to see Prohibition become the law of the land. As far as I know, my grandfather was the only Prohibitionist in our family tree.

Uncle Dick always thought big and acted big. One Sunday when Uncle Dick was visiting his brother A.D. in Bristol, my grandfather persuaded him to join him in attending church services. When Uncle Dick put a \$20 goldpiece in the collection plate, the usher's eyes popped. First the usher stood there open-mouthed.

Then he gasped: "But Mr. Reynolds, don't you want some change?"

In those days—in that little church—\$20 was like \$500.

R.J. Reynolds had one of the most brilliant marketing minds in the United States. While my father, R.S. Reynolds, was working with him in the tobacco manufacturing business, the company had promoted Prince Albert pipe tobacco to a phenomenal success.

Thereafter, my father and Robert E. Lassiter put together a blend of cigaret tobacco, which later became Camels. They almost had another name at first. My father had worked up a beautiful package for the new cigaret. It showed a handsome picture of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany with plumes in his helmet, riding a fine white horse. The proposed name for the new cigaret was Kaiser Wilhelm.

However, you must remember the Kaiser then was very popular in the United States. He was a great friend of Teddy Roosevelt, and all this was before anyone had any idea of World War One. My father believed a cigaret named Kaiser Wilhelm might logically become as great a success as Prince Albert pipe tobacco.

Next day Uncle Dick called in my father and said: "R.S., that's a beautiful package for the new cigaret, but I don't think we should ever name a product after a living man. You never know what kind of fool he might make of himself before he dies."

That proves how smart R.J. was. Two years later the Kaiser started the first World War.

When James Buchanan Duke had put together the American Tobacco Company, he was always trying to buy or break the R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. He cut prices all over the place and even undersold in Reynolds territory.

Ultimately, Mr. Duke arranged a meeting with Uncle Dick in New York and declared: "Dick, I want to buy your company."

Uncle Dick replied: "Well, Buck, my company is not for sale."

Mr. Duke ignored the statement and continued: "I'll give you \$1,000,000 for two-thirds of your company, or I'll break you. Take your choice."

"I might have considered \$2,000,000," Dick retorted. Dick got so angry that he got up and started to walk out without another word.

Mr. Duke interrupted him with: "Come on back, Dick. I want to talk to you some more."

Still flushed with anger, Uncle Dick came back to the bargaining table and exploded: "Well, Buck, my price is now \$3,000,000. Otherwise I'm going to walk out of here. And for every dollar you cost me—I'll cost American Tobacco a hundred. I'll move into the rest of the states and cut prices, too."

Mr. Duke called in his treasurer, drew up a contract and handed Uncle Dick a check for \$3,000,000.

One must recall that \$3,000,000 in those years had the purchasing value of \$50,000,000 today.

Uncle Dick pocketed the check, walked on air to the nearest telegraph office and wired his brothers: "PREPARE FOR GOOD LIVING."