

WEEKLY NEWS LETTER FROM FOLKS AT HOME
TO BOYS IN ARMED SERVICE
Sponsored by The Sunbright Methodist Church
A. T. Judkins, Pastor.

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No. 21.

Psalm 94; 18; When I said, My foot slippeth; thy Mercy, Oh Lord, help me up.

Today's Bible quotation was suggested by: Cpl. W. T. Scott, 34280952, Hq & Seri Co.
331st. Engres., A.P.O. 984 c/o Postmaster Seattle Washington.

The mail bag: First here's a V-Mail from Cpl. Carlos R. Vanover from Australia. The Corporal has been seeing a few of the sights - botanical gardens and the Kangaroos says the Australians treat the boys like white folks. Glad to hear from you Carlos.

Then here's a nice letter from Pvt. Gene Hickman at Sheppard Field who hails from Lansing.

Another letter from our old friend Pvt. Clifford L. Sharp - in fact two letters - Clifford says he saw Raymond Payne the other day. Clifton Payne is also in the same outfit, Clifford says they have those snowshoe rabbits up there - you know that kind of rabbits that wear snow-shoes to get through the heavy winter snows up there in Wisconsin and then forget to take them off in the summer time. One of these editors saw some tracks of one of those rabbits up there near a lake in Northern Wisconsin several years ago and ran two miles back to camp, thinking he had run across a bear's tracks.

Then here's a change of address from Byssell Hurst - from Santa Rosa Calif. to Charleston, S. C. When Byssell moves he sho' do take a long hop.

Well, they say perserverance brings success. Wilbur Jones has been in the Army over a year - trying to get into pilot training and now here's a letter from him and we see he's an Aviation Cadet at last. Congratulations, Wilbur! Incidentally, Wilbur writes he is in the same neighborhood with Ken Galloway and Mark Brooks out there in Calif. and intends to look them up. Once those three get together they will land in the guard house and all get busted back to yard bird third class.

A fine letter from Sgt. Johnnie Larue. Johnnie liked that General Orders of a Mess cook which Lank Dunaway sent in. Several other boys like it too. Lank have you got any more skits to send in? We have another good one from Lank, but so far have not had space for it on account of its length. Johnnie, we saw Elmer the other day - he is now hoss trading on land and timber says that beats sawmilling.

Pfc. James K. Armes writes us he has moved and the new camp has swell chow. Well, that old chow is just about the main thing you know. He's now with a Ferrying Squadron at Wilmington, Del.

CM 2/C Edwin Langley also notifies us again of his new address at Port Hueneme, Calif.

Here's a letter from Pfc. Chas. E. Jones brother of Postmaster Bill, dated in North Africa. Charles we hope you are now out of the hospital. Seen anything of that guy Rommel this spring? We understand he moved out and left his family to the tender mercies of you fellows, but he didn't send us his new address. If you catch up with him, send us his corrected address, will you? You have probably heard of the Italian general, Old Electric Whiskers Gargon-zola, who was captured by the British at Tobruk a couple of years ago. Rumor has it he is in the internment camp over at Crossville, whiskers and all. Thanks for the suggestions for the News Letter, Charles. We are trying to give the boys what they want, and have to mix the news and foolishness together and the result is mostly hash. Also thanks for the snapshot.

And two letters from Sgt. M. E. Garrett. The Sgt. says he ran into John and Barney Stewart and they talked of all the other fellows. Incidentally these two letters are dated a month apart, the first one signed "Corporal" in Nebraska, and the last one signed "Sgt." at another camp. Sgt., since you are with Barney, that spots you for us, but it might be military information to mention the place. We just happen to know where Barney is and have to do our own censoring. Do you get a promotion in rating every time you move?

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The Burrville community had their annual homecoming last Sunday - we don't have all the details yet, but of course they must have talked about all the Burrville boys who are in the service. You Burrville boys certainly must get in on the very first one when the war is over.

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Come to think of it, all you boys are eligible for the American Legion when you get out, and the Legion is raising funds to build a real nice Post Hall in Wartburg, hoping to have it built as soon as the war is over. It will be a fine place for all you boys to get together; and take it from an old Legionaire, don't lose that association with your buddies after the war is over - it will grow more pleasant and valuable to you as the years pass.

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Rev. Henry Summers, former cashier of the Wartburg Bank, was drowned Tuesday while fishing in Emory River near Old Montgomery. He was alone at the time, and it is thought he may have had a heart attack and fallen. You boys probably all know him - he was a veteran of the Spanish American War, and one of our finest citizens.

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Sheriff Armes, Deputy Pete Boutwell and Major Stancil together with Constable Charley Summers last week furnished us some real hot news when they went to the home of Laura and Minnie Spurling near Coon Hollow Road and Boone Camp Creek.

Neighbors of the Spurlings had made a complaint that Silvia Spurling, Laura's daughter had not been seen in several months; that when people called at the Spurling house they were not permitted to enter the house, the occupants usually talking from the inside and refusing to open the door.

Consequently a warrant was sworn out to enable the officers to find out if there was anything wrong. According to testimony at the hearing held later before Squire John R. Davis, the sheriff and Pete went to the front door and Charley and Major made a circle around to the back. The Sheriff identified himself when he stepped to the front door, and while he was explaining his purpose there Laura appeared on the front porch. About that time a shotgun was fired through the door, carrying the Sheriff's hat away after passing through about an inch of wood in the door. Some of the shots lodged square in Laura's face, and Pete got one shot in the hand. It was revealed at the hearing that this shot was fired by Sylvia.

After the officers had secured the women folk and the sheriff had got his ventilated hat back on his head, they began to search the house. One room was two feet deep in clothing and rags. From another room however, came a stench like a horse had wandered in and died. The odor was traced to a box. Neatly wrapped and laid away in this box were two dead dogs, two dead cats, two dead chickens and a dead bird. Evidently the operators of this malodorous packing house had decided to start another Noah's Ark by assembling two of each living creature and fowl, except that unlike Noah they didn't seem to care about assembling them alive. As soon as the officers could get a breath of fresh air the occupants of the house were taken off to the upstairs of the Sheriff's residence. At this writing a complete search of the premises has not yet been completed.

Well, boys, we knew sooner or later some hot news would turn up around Sunbright that we could pass on to you. But that isn't all. Charley Summers and Major Stancil are as usual taking a lot of ribbing about the affair. They are accusing Charley of making a two-mile circuit to get to the back of the house and that Major even stopped enroute to fish awhile in the creek when he made the circle with Charley and that they appeared on the scene only after the sheriff had a woman in each hand with his shot-up hat lying on the floor and gangrene had already set up in Pete's wounded hand.

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