

THE DOPE

Oct. 15, 1942

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for its sons in the Service. No. 1.

Beautiful fall weather in the village these days - the trees all red and green and gold, and the sky an endless blue. We wish that every one of you could be here with us - you can't beat a Michigan fall - and wherever you are we wish we could share it with you. Yet it isn't the season that you have always known, because the war is bringing changes to the lives of all of us, even here in Douglas. Perhaps the most noticeable of these changes results from the tire-saving program and the cutting of auto speeds to 35 miles per hour. No more the long line of whizzing cars on US31, with license plates from Maine to California; now it's just some ambling local boy, taking plenty of time and liking it. You wouldn't believe how quickly folks have gotten used to the 35 mile limit. At first we all wanted to get out and walk (it seemed faster) but now if we open the old bus up to fifty we feel like gangsters making a getaway. So it goes with the folks at home; same old Douglas, yet not quite the same either.

We dropped into Ky Walz's Barber and Beauty Shop recently - Ky was swinging a dangerous razor as usual - and while undergoing minor lacerations we got the following low-down on this year's ball team. The boys played 32 games in all, winning 20 and losing 12. Fennville was their particular meat and the Detroit Demons (former major leaguers) were their toughest nut. The Douglas batting order was usually as follows: Biller 3B, B. Bekken C, Stehle SS, Millar, Kingsley or W. Beery P, Kingsley or Millar RS, Engel 2B, H. Beery CF, Eagelton 1B, W. Beery or Deamerest LF, Robinson RF. Extras were Culver, Vaughn and Atkins. The best hitters on the team were Stehle and Millar; the best fielders Stehle, Deamerest and W. Beery. The prize-winning boner of the season was Bud Bekken's leading too far off second with two out and the sacks loaded, and getting caught flat-footed. And the season's most spectacular play was a triple-out against Fennville, Biller to Engel to Vaughn. One never-failing source of interest was Ev Bekken's old uniform on little Ray Biller. Ray always had his hands full trying to keep his feet out of the bottom of Ev's pants. Everything considered, the team had an excellent season, though the old familiar faces were greatly missed.

Sgt. Max Campbell was home on furlough not long ago, looking so fat and healthy that we didn't recognize him when we ran across him in a local hotspot. Max was comfortably settled between two beautiful women and behind a large brown bottle.

During the month of August, as most of you know, the Douglas Athletic Club had the great good fortune to be able to pay off its mortgage. How this was accomplished, however, may not be known to all of you. Through the kindness of Father Nugent the Club was able to use the Bingo equipment of St. Peter's Church and to throw a Bingo party at the clubhouse that was really something. First of all, the boys saturated the surrounding country with complementary tickets. This brought them in from near and far, and then the delicate business of "milking" took place. Bud Bekken was in charge of this operation; and with a bow to the steering committee we must say that no better selection could have been made. Bud actually had to be restrained at times - he had his hands in people's pockets before they were even through the door. The total "take" was \$209.00, which permitted a beautiful bonfire, with the mortgage right in the middle. You've got to hand it to the people of these communities; when they found out where their money was going they came through like a million. And incidentally, we are informed that the present balance on hand at the Club is 76 big iron dollars.

Sgt. Gordon Durham was home from Camp Carson for a 10-day furlough during September. We didn't get a look at Gordon but folks report that he looked great in Uncle Sam's uniform.

Cpl. Louis Mueller was in Douglas on furlough late in August; we had a pleasant visit with him during one of Freddie Daw's jam sessions at the pavilion. When Freddie learned that Louis was among those present, and was returning to his second hitch in the Army on the following day, he gave him a grand sendoff to which the audience responded with a big hand.

As far as we know, the names and present locations of Douglas men now in the Service are as follows:

Cleo Arndt	England
Harold Bartholomew	Ft. Knox, Kentucky
*Everett Bekken	New Caledonia
x Eugene Bieler	Alaska
x Jack Campbell	Australia
Max Campbell	Camp Swift, Texas
Robert Dempster,	Waco, Texas
Gordon Durham	Camp Carson, Colorado
*Benjamin Fisch	Australia
Frank Haven	Australia
George Inman	Camp Rucker, Alabama
Milton Jennings	Ft. Slocum, New York
Loyal Jennings	Camp Callan, California
Stephan Millar	Detroit, Michigan
Louis Mueller	Camp Crowder, Missouri
Matthew Sabo	Berry Field, Tennessee
Clair Schultz	Indio, California
<i>Everett</i> Everett Thomas	Australia
Floyd Thomas	*Camp Pickett, Virginia <i>Camp Rucker</i>
William Tisdale	Australia
Lawrence Welch	Camp Gruber, Oklahoma

This is some scattering and some representation for a village of four hundred people. To say that we homefolks are proud of every one of you is putting it very mildly indeed.

Now how about some word of yourself for future issues of The Dope? We know you're busy, but don't forget that old friends in Douglas and in various parts of the world will be mighty glad to hear something of you. So unkink the old elbow and let's have it. What are you doing and how do you like it? Are you learning anything? What do you do in your off-hours? How's the grub? The Girls? The top-kick? Etc. Etc. Anything you'd care to write will get a real welcome at: The Dope, Box 216, Douglas, Michigan. And we promise to keep everything strictly confidential - to go no farther than England, Alaska, Australia, the United States, and many points between.

So long,

H. S. K.