

THE DOPE

Nov. 1, 1942

Published now and then at Douglas, Michigan,
for its sons in the Service. No. 2.

Plenty of nip in the air today - a cold sharp wind blowing in off the lake, and the sky full of big gray clouds. The trees are stripped pretty clean by now, the temperature hovers around freezing and we had our first snow flurries this week. In other words, November has come to Douglas.

The hunting season opened, as usual, on the 15th of last month; but not with the usual bang. Opening day was a wet one, so folks got their customary sleep. We're told that game is plentiful, with pheasant, rabbits and squirrels in abundance but ducks not so good as yet. Cully Ash, Bill Wicks, Andy Jager and Gerald Bekken have all brought in nice pheasant, but we understand that Pa Bekken has lost his eye completely. (Two beautiful birds are still laughing at him, on no less an authority than Ky Walz). The only other untoward incident of which we have heard, happened to Newt Belgum. Pat Engle and his boys took Newt out for ducks one morning, after Newt had spent considerable time in preparation with the bottle. Newt was carefully stood up in his blind, which unfortunately had no seat, and was then left to his own devices. What with one thing and another the boys didn't get around to retrieving Newt until about 5:30 that afternoon - when they found him very sober and very sore.

Did you know that Osie Welch has moved into Dave Plummer's old gas station, opposite Norton's? Osie offers home-town service with comfortable rocking-chairs and Shell gas.

Ben Wiegert reports that the recent drive for scrap metal has been a huge success in Douglas. And certainly the tons of junk piled in our schoolhouse yard seem to bear out Ben's claim. Iron bedsteads, old auto bodies, lawn mowers, ancient propellers, pumps, iron pipe, garden and wood-working tools, a safe, an old rudder, a gas engine, plates, bars and shapes of every size and description - they're all there. As Frank Wicks said, the only thing that he couldn't find in the heap was a threshing-machine. (Apparently Frank is trying to replace that car of his).

We drove over to Fort Custer last month to visit a nephew and have a look about. The old 5th Division had pulled out for other parts, and recruits for the new 94th had not yet arrived. The result was that the post looked rather deserted, with nobody around except officers and non-coms. But it would have done your heart good to see Staff Sergeants washing windows and Shavetails sweeping out quarters. That's our idea of an ARMY.

We're happy to report that the Village Board is considering the purchase of a fire siren, to replace the old brass bell in front of Norton's drug store. We thoroughly approve of spending money for a siren and hope it will be a completely useless investment.

By the way, did you know that John Norton has snapshots of many of you in his drug store window? It's an inspiring sight (and we mean this) to walk downtown in the morning and see your smiling faces looking us over. If your handsome map is 'nt in John's gallery how about sending it to him?

This is 'nt new but it may be news to some of you: Pvt. Eugene Bieler came home from Fort Leonard Wood some time ago expecting to spend a 10-day furlough in Douglas. But the War Department must have heard that Gene was off the job, because he had 'nt been here 60 hours before he was ordered back to duty. He found his outfit packing for parts unknown, and not long afterward turned up in Alaska. Incidentally, it's Mr. and Mrs. Gene now, Mrs. being the former Verla Clausen of Hopkins.

225 pounds of Harold Gibson was in town recently, looking for a house for his mother, with whom he lived here for many years. Harold reports himself happily married, with a job and a bungalow in Indiana Harbor.

Have you heard about the tough Sergeant who had ideas of his own about making democracy work? Given a detail of recruits to do police duty, he told them off as follows: "You college guys pick up the cigarettes; you high school guys pick up the matches; and you guys with no education stand around and learn something".

Some inquiries have been received as to who is putting out The Dope. The question is easily answered. Father Nugent has provided all printing facilities and invaluable encouragement and advice. Ky Walz is principal legman, his Barber and Beauty Shop serving as a fountainhead of news, gossip, inspirational endeavor, and just plain tripe. H. S. Konold serves as editor. The purpose of our publication is twofold: to send you news of folks in Douglas, and to send you news of each other. This latter can only be accomplished, however, with a little help from you. Figure it out: one item of news from each of you means 26 items in return. Brother, that ain't no goldbrick!

And may we add that this issue of The Dope is being mailed to all of you through the generosity of Mr. & Mrs. John Campbell.

The following names should be added to the Douglas roster:

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|----------------|-------------------------|
| Fredrick Ash | Seattle, Washington |
| William Millar | Detroit, Michigan |
| Neil Miller | New Guinea |
| Alfred Pshea | New London, Connecticut |
| Harold Scott | Marianna, Florida |
| Bertyl Swanson | Hawaii |

Total: 27. Some showing for little old Douglas! Again, boys, don't ever forget that your home town is proud of you.

Since our last issue the following men have been moved:

| | | |
|----------------|----|-----------------------------|
| Jack Campbell | to | New Guinea |
| Benjamin Fisch | to | New Guinea |
| Stephen Millar | to | Camp Endicott, Rhode Island |
| Lewis Mueller | to | Camp Chaffee, Arkansas |
| Clair Schultz | to | Nashville, Tennessee |
| Everard Thomas | to | New Guinea |
| Floyd Thomas | to | Camp Blanding, Florida |

Please note in the above lists the names of four Douglas men recently sent to New Guinea. As you all know, there has been considerable mystery in this country lately as to why the Japanese in New Guinea suddenly called off their drive on Port Moresby and beat it back across the mountains. That mystery has now been cleared up. When those Japs heard that four boys from Douglas, Mich. were after themthey just EVAPORATED!

So long,

H. S. K.