

THE DOPE

Nov. 15, 1942

Published now and then at Douglas, Michigan,
for its sons in the Service. No. 3.

This issue of The Dope is devoted exclusively to news of and from the boys.Only six words for Douglas: Weather cool; business slow; everybody happy. Let's go!

Two letters reached town this week from Bennie Fisch. As you all know, Bennie is one of our four boys who write from "somewhere in New Guinea". Rolling along on the tails of the Japs, Bennie winds up a letter to Ky Walz as follows: "Gotta quit now, Ky, because it's getting late and I don't know where those Japs are. Gotta keep one eye open. Also have to put on some citronella to keep them and the bugs away". And to his sister Marge Bennie writes: "I've been thinking so darn much lately about that butter-scotch pie you used to make that I'm hungry all the time". And again to Marge! "Say, what do the papers say about the war? I have'nt seen a paper for quite a while.....I'd feel terrible if it ended and I didn't know anything about it".

Add two more stars to the Douglas flag: William Goshorn has entered the Army Air Corps, reporting for induction at Camp Grant; and Lawrence Shumaker has joined the Navy, reporting at Detroit. We're proud of you, boys, every one of us.

Also two ex-Douglas boys now in the Service, and well known to most of you, are Jack & Ed Cobb. Jack is in the Army somewhere on Long Island and Ed is in the Navy, in Newfoundland.

The following excerpts are from letters received this week by the parents of Ev Bekken. For some months Ev has been doing personnel work with the Army in New Caledonia. He writes: "Lots of rain here, once it starts we get plenty.....Glad to hear Bill Tisdale is getting along fine. (Capt. Tisdale is in hospital in Australia). I suppose by now Dad has his allotment of pheasant. (Wrong, Ev; see Dope, Nov. 1st) Many times I have thought about it. ...Food is'nt bad now, fresh meat and vegetables, and also some apples and oranges lately; they sure taste good...Have nine cartons of cigarettes on hand....Glad to hear the Bank paid off 100%...When I get another promotion I'm going to make an allotment for Defense Bonds...Hope this finds you all as well as I am. Everything fine".

Some requests have been received for the mailing addresses of Douglas men in the Service. We list herewith, in alphabetical order, the first half of the Douglas roster (the remainder will appear in a later issue):

Sgt. Cleo L. Arndt, 16084518,
Engrs. Mach. Tng. Det.,
APO 507, c/ Postmaster,
New York, New York

Cpl. Fredrick S. Ash,
Btry. K, 260th CAAA,
Seattle, Washington

Pvt. Harold Bartholomew,
Co. E, 6th Inf. Armored,
Fort Knox, Kentucky

T/5gr Everett Bekken, 36164778,
700 Sig. AW Reptg. Co.,
APO 502, c/ Postmaster,
San Francisco, California

Pvt. Eugene A. Bieler, 36157841,
Btry. F, 260th F.A.,
APO 944, c/ Postmaster,
Seattle, Washington

Cpl. Jack Campbell, 36155646,
Service Co., 126th Inf.,
APO 32, c/ Postmaster,
San Francisco, California

T/Sgt. Max E. Campbell,
Hq. & Hq. Det. 18th Ord. Bn. (M),
Camp Swift, Texas

Pvt. Robert J. Dempster,
Det. Med. Dept., Waco ATS,
Waco, Texas

The Dope, Box 216,
Douglas, Michigan

Sgt. Gordon W. Durham,
Btry. C, 98th F.A. Bn.,
Camp Carson, Colorado

Cpl. Benjamin Fisch, 36155650,
Service Co., 126th Inf.,
APO 32, c/ Postmaster,
San Francisco, California

Pvt. George L. Inman, 36182051,
321st Inf.,
Camp Rucker, Alabama

Pvt. Loyal K. Jennings,
Btry. C, 57th AA Tng. Bn.,
Camp Callan, California

Pvt. Milton A. Jennings,
Casual Det. OSA,
Fort Slocum, New York

Stephen N. Millar Jr., CM 3/C,
Co. D, Pln. 2, 42nd Bn.,
U.S.N.C.T.C.,
Camp Endicott, Rhode Island

Pfc. Neil Miller, 36155623,
Anti-Tank Co., 126th Inf.,
APO 32, c/ Postmaster,
San Francisco, California

Cpl. Lewis P. Mueller,
QMC-B-1934,
Camp Chaffee, Arkansas

Alfred L. Pshea, SF 3/C,
Submarine Base, Box 20,
New London, Connecticut

This issue of The Dope is mailed to all Douglas men in the Service through the generosity of Mr. & Mrs. Howard Schultz.

The spiciest communication received to date arrived last week from Bob Dempster. Bob's in the Medical Corps and just loves Texas. Here's what he sends Ky Walz: "You said you wanted the straight goods so here it is. If I had to leave here tomorrow and never see Texas again it would not be too soon. These people are a pain in the neck to me. They are the most cocky bunch of ***** I ever saw. The non-coms are all Texans and they think Yankees were just made to kick around....And that southern hospitality stuff is a lot of *****. ...I took a dame home last night who lived so far out that I got lost coming back and wandered around until after curfew. The M.P's would 'nt let me in until I called my C.O. and, boy, did he give me Hell". (In fairness to Bob we think such a beautiful gripe deserves an explanation. Bob says things are very slow in his department just now, with the result that he has every other day off, with nothing whatever to do. That's just too much loafing for any good soldier).

A recent letter from Alfred Pshea says he "sure missed being out for pheasants this fall - but we have something worse than pheasants to hunt now". Alfred writes from the Submarine Base at New London, so use your own judgement. In the course of his letter he mentions "red lead", a "shot of mud" and "sugar reports", which for the information of us landlubbers mean catsup, coffee and correspondence. Alfred wants to know how Steve Millar liked his Navy haircut. You tell him, Steve.

In the same mail last week we received letters from the Jennings boys, Boss and Jake. They came from opposite sides of the continent, Boss writing from San Diego and Jake from New York. Boss says it's warm and dry out there, with no rain in the seven weeks since he reached California. He reports: "swell eats...lots of work...everything fine". Jake starts off his letter with: "Dear Dope: And not so dopey at that". Thanks, Jake. He mentions particularly a trip to New York City, during which it certainly sounds as though he missed nothing. We quote: "...Empire State building....Rockefeller Center..... Statue of Liberty...and hell-a-whooping in the subway, all for a nickel". Also: "the ice-skating rink at Rockefeller Center... the girls in red blouses with their legs hanging out, trying their best to outdo Sonia Henie. And not doing bad, either". Attaboy, Jake!

So long,

H. S. K.