
Published now and then at Douglas, Michigan,
for its sons in the Service. No. 10.

There it is..... Main Street in the old home town.....
And if that is'nt a lovely Main Street, we've never seen one.

(Incidentally, you Campbell boys, Max and Jack, that's your
mother tooling up the stem back there, coming in for those
letters from Louisiana and Australia).

Three more for the Douglas roster: Harold Beery has entered
the Army, reporting for duty at Fort Custer; Arnold Garrelts
has joined the Medical Corps, at Miami Beach, Florida; and
Bud Standish is in the Air Force, in Greenville, South Caro-
lina. That makes 40 for Douglas - out of a population of 400.
We're told that the present strength of all U.S. Armed Forces
is about 6½ million - out of a population of 130 million....
..... Whassamatter with the rest of this country anyhow!

After six weeks of silence, word has finally come from Gordon
Durham "somewhere at sea". Not a very definite location, but
Gordon says he expects to visit Bill Tisdale soon (Australia)
so at least we know where he's going. But Gordon departed
these shores from Virginia, after breaking camp in Colorado -
and if you can figure that out you're better than we are.

Good news from our boys in New Guinea: They are'nt in New
Guinea, they're back in Australia. In a letter dated February
9th Benny Fisch writes: "Can't tell you just where we are
but it reminds me a lot of Saugatuck... Boy, I'm telling you
you don't know how good fresh foods are until you have'nt had
any for some time. I never knew potatoes could be so good".
And in the same mail Ev Thomas writes: "I need a new wife.
Benny and I each bought three in Guinea. Wives cost only five
pounds apiece there, and with the deluxe job you receive an
acre of cocoanuts.so lovely in their grass skirts....
beautiful shoulders.....beads and smile".
(Editor's note: We're delighted to hear that you boys have
moved - and we think it's about time).

Bob Dempster turned up in Douglas last week, on a 10-day furlough from Waco, Texas. Bob looked very smart and military, and was still full of enthusiasm for the lousiness of Texas. We enjoyed a story about one of his buddies, a private who talks in his sleep. It seems that the poor fellow spends most of each night cursing out his officers - and then bellyaches all day about not being promoted. "It's the climate" says Bob.

Here's one for the home folks, from Sgt. Cleo Arndt "somewhere in England": "Have received several issues of The Dope and I want to thank all those who make it possible for us to enjoy the news from home. No place like the old home town, look where you please. I also want you all to know, while you sit over that one and only cup of coffee, wondering how you'll get along on four gallons of gas, and how you'll replace that worn-out tire - your boys from Douglas are proud of you too". (Thanks, Cleo; that's a generous thought and we homefolks appreciate it.)

Did you know that the Woodal family, of Saugatuck, now has four sons in the Services: Pvt. James is in Camp Livingston, Louisiana; Pvt. Darwin is in Camp Bowie, Texas; Pfc. Donald is with the Marines in New Guinea; and Cpl. William is in North Africa. That's some showing for one family.

Our Red Cross unit has certainly gone to town lately - they batted out three thousand surgical dressings in a single day last week. Two thousand were made by sixty ladies from Ganges, Fennville, Saugatuck and Douglas, and the remaining thousand by girls from Saugatuck and Fennville high schools working at night. Altogether the Douglas unit has turned out over twenty thousand dressings, which exceeds its quota to date, and is now helping the Otsego unit with its quota.

Have you heard about the young priest who was reprovng an inebriated soldier for his indulgence in evil? Pvt. Doakes listened patiently, in a sort of dim haze, then mumbled: "Listen, Father - if it was'nt for evil where would you be? In the Army like me, that's where you'd be".

This issue of The Dope has been mailed to all Douglas men in the Services through the generosity of Mrs. James Goshorn.

A big meeting at the Club last Monday night. (The boys have switched their meetings to Monday so they won't conflict with basketball and other doings). Pot-luck food; pool, ping-pong and cards; and what was not too accurately called "a small keg". Bob Dempster pulled around a toy ambulance (Bob drives an ambulance down in Texas) and picked up enough change to buy a War Bond for the club treasury. Then Charlie Koning told about Bill Slater wanting a seeing-eye dog, to help hold down his job in a defense plant in Holland, so Bob trotted out his ambulance again and picked up twenty more for Bill's dog. Altogether it was one of the Club's most pleasant and successful evenings.

Lawrence Welch was transferred recently, from the plains of Oklahoma to Camp Hale, Colorado, about two miles up in the air. Does'nt like it up there either. Lawrence says that the altitude slows up everything but a man's appetite - and he's Mess Sergeant of his outfit.

No basketball. Next week: The big play-off with Fennville here.

This is The Dope's tenth issue - and we would like to acknowledge at this time our indebtedness to a long list of neighbors and friends whose helpfulness and generosity have made the paper possible. Here they are:

Father Nugent has provided all printing facilities and materials, and in addition has served as a principal reporter, always on the lookout for something for you. Ky Walz has also been a principal reporter, covering every activity from sports to crime, and has been particularly valuable on "the real low-down". (If Ky has'nt got it, nobody has). John Campbell has acted as fiscal agent; and he and Blanche have been most helpful in gathering news; as have also been John and Mrs. Norton, and our special night-life man, Cully Ash. Our "dollar-a-year" folks - those who are so generously mailing the paper to you are as follows: Ben Bieler, Irene Campbell, John Campbell, William Devine, George Durham, Frances Goshorn, Charlie Koning, John Norton, Flora Philipp, Howard Schultz, Otis Thomas, Harold Van Syckel, Bob Waddell, Ky Walz and Carl Wicks. And we wish to acknowledge also the beautiful photographic work, which in this and subsequent issues has been made possible by an anonymous donor. So it goes. With the aid of a whole host of well-wishers our baby thrives and grows. We hope that he'll always merit your interest - and that he'll never be a model kid.

So long,

H. S. K.