

THE DOPE

Aug. 15, 1943

Published now and then at Douglas, Michigan,
for its sons in the Service. No. 21.

Tomatoes came down 20¢ a pound last week, beans 18, and cucumbers are a gift. It's those Victory gardens we wrote you about - they're doing their stuff now.....And so are the resorters. We have'nt seen so many of them in years (at least of the feminine contingent)...And the fishing's good, the bathing's good, and everybody's up to their necks in work...Briefly: a fine August.

— V —

Bruce Gates is home on leave again, from the Naval Receiving Station in Boston, Mass. He's an MM2/C now (corresponding to S/Sgt. in the Army), weighs 170 pounds - and is certainly one handsome sailor. We've got to hand it to you, Bruce; you've made some record for your seventeen years.

Charlie Ash, we're told, is married. A Macomb, Illinois girl whom he met during his stay in Camp Ellis. Congratulations, Charlie - all the best from all of us - and don't forget to bring her back to Douglas.

And Maurice Van Os writes from Camp Robinson that he's just passed his physical for the flying cadets. Nice work, Horsie. He says that if the rest of the Army is no worse than Basic it's right up his alley. Also mentions seeing Charlie Ten Have now and then - who, we understand, is having his Dutch legs worked off.

— V —

Another promotion and another decoration: There's no stopping Bud Standish. It's Tech. Sergeant Standish now; and after a recent bombing mission over the Italian mainland Bud got a second oak leaf cluster for his Air Medal. A grand job, Bud; you're a credit to Douglas.

Flash: Word is just received as we go to press that T/Sgt. Standish took part in the raid on Rome and has been awarded a third oak leaf cluster. Beautiful work, Bud; beautiful work.

— V —

Here's one to figure out: A bright lad in No. Africa wrote to his folks that he would let them know where he was by spelling out the name of the town, one letter at a time, which he would put at the top of each of his next five letters home. But the Post Office department did not deliver the letters in the order in which they were sent. With the result that, after receiving the last letter, the old man wrote to his son as follows: "We can not find NUTSI on any map of Africa". Where was the son?

From the one and only Benny - "somewhere in Australia" July 16:
"I've been receiving the Dope very regularly, so it's about time I let you know I'm still around, and just as happy as if I was in my right mind. You know, they always say you don't have to be crazy to be in the Army but it helps.....I'm getting burned up. Men from home landing all around here, but none here. What's the idea?.....I'll bet you guys are having a lot of fun there this summer. Especially with Ky and his 250 perch. What did he use, a hand grenade? They're a wonderful thing for fishing, no kidding. Man, the fish really come up.....I might get a furlough before long. If I do it's gonna be different from the last one. Too many Giraffe parties (all neck).....Got a big inspection tomorrow. I can see them now, stomping me in the dirt because something is'nt polished.....Give my regards to everyone".

— V —

Ted Engel calls his folks on the "long distance" every Sunday, from Camp Wheeler, Georgia. But his Dad says it is'nt the folks that's worrying Ted - it's some new Springer pups.....We don't blame you, Ted; they're sure cute pups.

— V —

On the very day that we announced the arrival of Captain Tisdale at the Army hospital in Springfield, Missouri, what did the Captain do but make a bum out of us by showing up in Douglas. And looking very fit and healthy too. With his mother, wife and son he's now enjoying a well-earned leave, out at the Albert Koning place on the Peach-belt road. We had a pleasant visit with him there, and came away with a new respect for our men in the New Guinea campaign. "It was plenty tough", said the Captain, "those boys were attacking all the time". He told us, too, about his "special service" in Australia, squiring Joe E. Brown around, and managing the big Army show, "Yankee Doodle Dinkies". It all made little old Douglas seem very safe and peaceful. After his leave, Capt. Tisdale goes back to hospital again - where we all hope his stay will be short.

— V —

Lieut. Jack Campbell has been assigned to duty as an instructor in the O.C.S. from which he graduated recently in Australia. Jack wanted a hotter assignment, we're told, but we think he's to be congratulated on selection for such duty.

— V —

Big-Navy note: Stormy Weatherston, the 220-pound Chicagoan who used to umpire behind our home plate, has taken the plunge; he goes to the Naval Training Station in Idaho tomorrow. We told Stormy that we didn't know Idaho had enough water for drinking purposes - let alone float warships - but he just gave us a cold stare and called us out.

Lots of moving lately: Billy Goshorn has arrived abroad, location unknown as yet; De Thomas has been transferred to Camp Sutton, North Carolina; Lewis Mueller is in transit on the Atlantic; Lawrence Welch has moved to Camp Phillips, Kansas; and Matt Sabo is "somewhere in Florida". Matt, by the way, left a wife and son in Nashville, Tennessee.

— V —

From Gordon Durham "somewhere in New Guinea": "If they don't get me out of this jungle soon I'm going to be as bald as Benny Fisch". (Gosh, Bull, surely it is'n't that bad).

— V —

Shore ball team: Jay Lee has completed his pre-flight training down in Henderson, Kentucky; and his sister Kay recently married Sgt. Steve Sinclair of St. Louis. Paul Bekman has been promoted to 1st Lieut. F.A., in Camp Claiborne, Louisiana; and Bob Bekman, recently released from the Reserve because of a physical defect, has joined his brother Jack at the Jesuit Novitiate in Milford, Ohio. Sam Watt, now a 2nd Lieut. with the Mechanized Cavalry, is attending Mine Field School in Indio, California; and Ensign Bill Clark, after sessions at Notre Dame, Northwestern and the U. of Cal. is now stationed at San Pedro.

— V —

From Jake Jennings "somewhere in England": "England is a great country - full of citizens and aliens....They have some of the finest gardens here that I have ever seen....And fish and chips, my favorite dish. Chips are what we call French fried. A huge plateful for a shilling. Also they have a black shellless snail called 'slugs'. They're not very fast - do about a mile a month in high gear. They have the other type of slug here too. You know - five or six of them and you look once and see twice. Well, you can't say I didn't write".

— V —

This issue of The Dope has been mailed to all Douglas men in the Services by Mr. and Mrs. Donald Sperry of the Lake Shore.

— V —

From some anonymous rhymester, raconteur and rake:

He grabbed me 'round my slender neck; I could not call or scream.
He dragged me to his dingy room, where we could not be seen.
He tore my flimsy wrap away, and gazed upon my form;
I was so cold and damp and bare, while he was very warm.
He pressed his eager lips to mine, and finished with a smack;
His eyes took on an awful gleam - just like a maniac.
He made me what I am today - that's why you find me here -
A broken bottle thrown away, that once was full of beer.

So long,

H. S. K.