

## THE DOPE

Sept. 15, 1943

---

Published now and then at Douglas, Michigan,  
for its sons in the Service. No. 23.

---

Labor Day has come and gone - and with it about 90% of the resorters. Almost overnight, it seemed, the two towns lost their hustle and bustle, the cars and bikes disappeared, and the natives came up for air and looked around. Most folks have been mighty busy this summer - and the relaxation feels good.

— V —

Big commotion down the shore near Pier Cove last week. After a frolicsome Labor Day in Saugatuck, half a dozen gents from Waukegan started across the lake in a 36-foot power boat. The wind was only blowing a gale and the waves were as big as a house. Along about Pier Cove the celebrants tried to turn around, got caught in the trough and capsized. Only the alertness of folks on shore, who saw their predicament and called the Coast Guard, saved their necks. By the time the C.G. boat had picked them up, however, they were all so close to shore that both boats piled up on the beach. Took 5 days to get the Coast Guard boat off - and the Waukegan boat is still there, pounding to pieces.

— V —

Charlie Ten Have popped into town recently, from Camp Robinson, Arkansas. We didn't get a look at the Dutchman but folks who did said he looked great. From all reports the Army has completely eliminated Charlie's old round front, and given him a chassis like a Hollywood actor.

— V —

Another star for Douglas: Wayne Weed, out on US31, has joined the Army and been assigned to Military Police duty in Boston. Congratulations, Wayne - you're sure doing your stuff.

— V —

Max Campbell took a jolt last month. The tank in which he was riding on a blackout manœuvre, down in Camp Berkeley, went off a bridge into six feet of water. Max got off easier than most of the crew - with some cracked ribs and a dislocated shoulder. "No fun" he wrote his folks, "but nothing to worry about".

— V —

Here's a story about a new cook who was having his first soup sampled by the Mess Officer. "Did you say you served with the A.E.F. back in '18" asked the officer. "Yes Sir" said the cook, "I cooked for two years and was wounded twice". "Lucky guy", said the officer, "it's a wonder they didn't kill you".



We had a nice letter from White Tisdale last week - Capt. Bill's younger brother. White's in the U.S. Maritime Service, now stationed in Brooklyn. "For the last 21 weeks I've been taking a course in 'Ship's Purser'" he writes. "Have already completed the pharmacy course, am now on the four-weeks purser course, and will then work in a marine hospital for a month. After that will ship out as Asst. Purser in the U.S. Merchant Marine..... Tell everyone hello for me. - An old Douglas boy".

— V —

From Orville Millar, still in Selfridge Field hospital with arthritis: "Thought I'd be out of here by now, but guess they've forgotten me. But when I get out this time I'm going to stay out. ....Don't like hospitals and doctors.....Sure wish I could see the old town again, before they ship me somewhere else". And Steve, we're told, is still up in the Aleutians, "working hard, eating swell, and having a fine time".

— V —

From Ev Bekken in New Caledonia: "I spent about 3 hours with Heath (Crow) last night on the boat; had a good time checking up on things back home and reading letters. And this afternoon I had to go out to the country and took him along for the ride. Did I tell you Heath is a Corporal now? And sure likes his job". (We don't know what a Cpl. does on a boat, but leave it to Heath. Have you noticed, by the way, that those three musketeers from the Bank - Gilman, Bekken and Crow - are now all on islands in the Pacific? Why don't you boys combine your talents out there and promote something? Start out with a crap game, say, and wind up with a Savings Bank).

— V —

Speaking of craps, did you hear about the boy on furlough whose mother asked him what he did in camp in his spare time. "Shoot craps, mostly", said the son. "Shame on you", said the doting mother, "those little things have just as much right to live as you have".

— V —

More promotions: Jerry Bekken and Bob Dempster are Pfc's now; and Jane Foster, Billy Goshorn and Smoky Miller are Corporals. Congratulations from all of us; we homefolks are proud of every stripe.

— V —

A small correction: Matt Sabo's boy turned out to be a girl - an improvement we're happy to report. And Matt has been celebrating the occasion by attending Aviation Cadets School down in Miami Beach. "Have had a wonderful vacation for the last six weeks" he writes, "ocean-view room at the Sea Isle Hotel... and will be going away to college any day now". (Awful nice baby-having, it seems to us).



Here's a letter from Smoky Miller "somewhere in Australia" August 29. (And it reached here in 8 days, incidentally, which is some moving): "Everything running along smoothly now, except when we get some "sly grog". The Aussies sure named their bootleg right - and 12 to 16 bucks a quart at that.....I saw Benny the other day, for the first time in a couple months. Same old Benny, only maybe a little balder. Fosdick is back in hospital again; Severens still in too. I have been out for two months now, and Johnny Smith got out the same time I did. Lawrence Stehle also out and really looking good again..... Ev Thomas is O.K. Just now he's in town giving the Aussie girls a whirl. You know Ev. These gals are lovin' creatures alright, but I'll take our Yankee gals - even if Ev doesn't agree with me.....We may be running into Bull Durham one of these days. It's a hell of a place to meet anyone (New Guinea, apparently) but when you see someone from home you forget the place. How about sending me Bull's address; also Val Smith's? I want to give Val the devil for not writing....Just starting spring here now. The sun is getting hot. I don't care much for this climate; will take good old Michigan, with its variety, any day. Nothing could have pleased me more this summer than to have spent it in Douglas and Saugatuck.....Give my regards to everyone".

And from Leonard Shumaker up in Newfoundland: "I'm working seven and a half days a week now. No kidding. I work 7 nights from 7 P.M. to 6 A.M. and have half a day of drill on Saturday. ....Going down to chow now, 11:20. Will let you know what we have....12:10 (Note elapsed time -Ed) All we had was baked ham with raisin gravy, mashed potatoes, carrots, peas, asparagus, fresh sliced tomatoes and a nice chunk of cake".

----- V -----

This issue of The Dope has been mailed to all Douglas men in the Services by your old friend, Father Sweeney.

----- V -----

Did you hear about the kid whose girl would have none of him because he couldn't get into the Army. The kid had been rejected for physical defects and was slowly drinking himself to death. Then he heard about an old curmudgeon on the Draft Board who so hated any man who tried to evade Service that he always went out to "get" him. That gave the kid an idea. The next time he was called before the Board he went to work on the old man. Told him that he (the kid) was a pitiful case: bum heart, bum eyes, poor lungs, everything wrong with him. The old man listened quietly, came to a slow boil and finally exploded. "Listen, kid" says he, "you're going into this man's army if I have to stick you together with Spearmint". And so it was: the old curmudgeon had the kid specially examined - and into the Army he went..... On his first furlough he married the girl.....and a year later named his new-born son for the old man.

So long,

H. S. K.