

THE DOPE

Sept. 15, 1944

Published now and then at Douglas, Michigan,
for its sons in the Service. No. 41.

Another summer has come and gone, and "had it lasted two weeks longer" says Ky "I would'nt be here". That gives you the general idea; you never saw such a bushed-looking lot of natives in all your life. Bushed but happy. As we said before, it was a whale of a season - and it's swell to have it behind us.

Out in the country everybody's up to their neck in fruit. Never saw so many roadside stands before - nor better looking stuff. Down around Ganges and Glenn the Arkies, Mexicans, Hun prisoners and local folks are working from sunup to sunset - and won't get it all off the trees at that. Altogether an excellent fruit year -- good crops, good prices, and everybody happy.

Two more Douglas men in France: Jake Jennings and Cleo Arndt. Have'nt been able to get any dope on Cleo, but Jake's back with his old outfit (after his session in hospital in England) and writes: "It sure feels good to be among the boys again. . Am now driving a jeep and doing mechanic's work in between. . How these Frenchmen go for our cigarettes! Guess the four popular brands were rather scarce here before D-day".

Famous quotation (slightly revised): "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country - if I had two I'd feel safer".

Bud Bekken has gone to Fort Sheridan. It was'nt easy for Bud to leave a wife and 2 children; but Bud took it in his stride, had a breezy good-bye for everybody, and is now knee-deep in Basic. Good luck, fellah! The two towns are proud of you.

De Thomas is in Burma. Left Camp Sutton about July 1st, sailing by way of Panama and Australia to some port in India. "Plenty hot here" he writes, . . "and will have lots to talk about when I get back. . . Say hello to everyone". (APO 689)

And Don Hall writes of seeing the Taj Mahal - and sends a clipping telling about having the living daylights scared out of him by a couple of jackals. It seems that Don left some unconsumed K rations lying around his tent one night, and the jackals decided to police up. According to the clipping, Don had been a notorious scoffer when the boys talked about mystic India - but that's all changed now.

Johnny Vasil caught a 22-pound cat in the river last week; and Cully, assisted by his 10-year-old son, brought in a 20-pounder. Also, the boys have taken some nice bass lately, running from 2 to 5 pounds. . . The duck-hunting season opens on Sept. 20th this year, five days earlier than usual - with everyone scouring the countryside for ammunition and not having much luck either.

Leighton Buck dropped in for a couple hours recently - after an eighteen-month stretch in Porto Rico. Leighton spent most of his 14-day furlough in Allegan, with his sister, Bruce Gates' mother, but Douglas was happy to have even a glimpse of him. He's down in Mississippi now - Camp Shelby.

And Leonard Shumaker has been among us again - this time with 10 days from Camp Endicott. "California our next stop" says Leonard, "then we shove off for the Big Push". Well, Leonard's trained almost two years for that - and we must say he looks READY.

"Ma!" called Sammy. "Ma, I got a hundred in school".
"Fine" said his mother. "What subject did you get a hundred in?"
"Two" said Sammy. "Sixty in readin' and forty in spellin'".

Charlie Ten Have came home last week - with three ribbons on his chest, the old Ten Have smile, and a 14-day furlough from Skagway, Alaska. The cool air up there must agree with Charlie - he looked about four inches taller, at least six slimmer, and a bigger and better Dutchman in every way. But we're happy to report that the Army has not killed the grocer in him - he roamed around Van's like an old bird dog - and still thinks everything's underpriced.

And young Don Kingsley has been here for a week - after completing his training in B-17's down in Hobbs, New Mexico. At 19, Don was one of fifty pilots selected for training in B-29's, but it meant six more months of schooling so Don passed it up. Now he's in Lincoln, Nebraska, assembling a crew for his Flying Fortress - then it's God knows where. . . . Good luck, Don! Your home town will be watching you - and pulling for you.

True story (we're told): A man presented the following letter to his draft board: "Dear Army, My husband asked me to write a recommend that he supports his family. He can't read so don't tell him. Just take him. He ain't no good to me. He ain't done nothing but raise hell and drink lemon essence since I married him eight years ago and I got to feed seven kids of his. Maybe you can get him to carry a gun. He's good on squirrels and eating. Take him and welcome. I need the grub and his bed for the kids. Don't tell him this but just take him and send him as far as you can". He is now in the Army and probably still wondering how he happened to be drafted.

From Heath Crow in New Cakedonia to Ky, September 1st: "Now what good would it be to tell you any news? I'll leave all that to Ev (Bekken). He knows it all and he's done left these parts. . . And whatever he tells you about me is the truth and don't let him lie about it. . . Now to more serious things. How was the crop of gals this summer? Do they still come in blonde, brown, red & assorted shades? This is important as I want to know if things have changed since I left. And how's everything in the old clip joint?" (Flash: Ev has just landed in California).

"She looked at me as if she had just stepped off Plymouth Rock - and I had just crawled out from under it".

Domestic know-how: A man appeared in a newspaper office to place an ad offering \$100 reward for the return of his wife's pet cat. Clerk: "That's a high price for a cat, is'nt it?" "Not for this one", said the man. "I drowned it".

This issue of The Dope is mailed to all of you by Mrs. P. J. Conley of Chicago, sister of Howard Schultz. And we're happy to announce that The Dope found ten big iron smackers in its mail the other morning - contributed by the Village of Douglas.

Baseball: With the summer almost over & the field gone to weeds, what should the boys do but come up with a ball team! Here it is, not a pre-war team, of course, but still a hot bunch of kids and oldsters: Bud Bekken and Ned Roberts catchers; Willard Beery pitcher; Garth Wilson 1st base; Jack De Vries 2nd base; Roy Key 3rd base; Lloyd Engel short; Demy Deamerest or Lyle Jones roving short; Marvin Volkers left field; Dave Thomlinson center field; Lyle Jones or Spike Van Syckel right field; and Jerry Roarty sub. Games and scores were as follows: Douglas 7, East Saugatuck 6. Douglas 11, Hart & Cooley 2. Douglas 5, Lake Shore 2. Douglas 14, Lake Shore 4. Douglas 9, Macatawa 1. Precision Parts 12, Douglas 3. Chris-Craft 13, Douglas 0. Douglas 10, East Saugatuck 4. And Blood Brothers 15, Douglas 9. Willard Beery turned out to be a surprisingly good pitcher, Bud caught with all his old skill till the Army got him, and, as scores indicate, the rest of the boys all did their stuff. Three games were enlivened by appearance in the line-up of men home on furlough: Charlie Ten Have and George Breckenridge for Douglas and Bill Corley for the Lake Shore. The turnout was excellent and the "take" about \$75 for the 9 games. Bud Bekken and Pat Engel served as managers, Einer Sather as announcer, and Ky Walz as bookie, godfather and general factotum.

Guide: "We are now passing the oldest rum house in Louisiana".
Voice: "Why?"

So long,

H. S. K.