

THE DOPE



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for its sons in the Service. No. 25.

We're launching The Dope on its second year with another hometown picture. And we know it needs no explanation.....John Campbell says "It'll make 'em all homesick. Better tell 'em it doesn't look like that now - but that's the way we'll have it waiting, when they all come back next summer".....True, the water isn't that inviting today; the boats are gone and the trees are fast losing their leaves -- but it's still the same lake and the same old pavillion -- and a mighty pleasant spot to come back to.

(Photo by Simonson, printing by Simonson, and "Good luck to all of you" from Simonson).

Looking over our roster recently (and noting the large number of "stripers" thereon), it occurred to us to break down the line-up and find out how we're doin'. The result, we think, is rather interesting. Of our total of forty-five men in all branches of the Service, Douglas now has 36 in the Army, 7 in the Navy, and 2 in the Maritime Service. The thirty-six in the Army include: 8 Privates, 7 Privates 1st class, 10 Corporals, 3 Sergeants, 1 Technical Sergeant, 1 Master Sergeant, 1 Aviation Cadet, 1 Aviation Student, 2 Warrant Officers, 1 Second Lieutenant and 1 Captain. The seven in the Navy include: 1 Ship's Fitter 3rd class, 1 Ship's Fitter 2nd class, 1 Carpenter's Mate 2nd class, 1 Machinist's Mate 2nd class, 1 Fireman 1st class, 1 Seaman 1st class, and 1 Chief Store Keeper. And the two men in the Maritime Service are both Lieut. Commanders. This is a very impressive list, it seems to us. We wonder if any other village of four hundred can offer such a record.

From Val Smith in England, October 3rd:..."Tell Ky that I'm going to spend a whole day in that chair of his when I get back....I want the whole works: haircut, shave, shampoo etc., with plenty of powders and tonics - all topped off with that wonderful boloney".

Word comes from New Caledonia that Heath Crow has had another interesting meeting down there. A passenger on his boat recently was a young Naval officer who looked familiar. The two men got to talking - Heath casually mentioned Saugatuck - then each recognized the other immediately. It was Lieut.(j.g.) Jack O'Donnell, former shortstop on the Lake Shore ball team.

Steve Hamlin writes that he's been out in the California desert but it wasn't as bad as expected. Says his particular ambition right now is to get back to Douglas for a visit. Also mentions seeing Jerry Bekken occasionally and doing some of the local hotspots with him. Incidentally, it's Corporal Bekken now. Nice going, Jerry.

Harry Costello, of the Merchant Marine sailing out of New York, writes from God-Knows-Where that he has'nt been able to get his shoes repaired because the natives don't wear shoes and have no cobblers; has'nt been able to get his clothes repaired because they don't wear clothes and have no tailors; but has finally found a port where he can get a bottle of beer - at \$1.40..... Guess the Army is'nt so bad after all.

From Cpl. Billy Goshorn somewhere in England: "I had a little vacation of two days last week....went to a town about the size of Holland and had a good time. I walked all over the town.... Had a nice room with a double bed all to myself; and boy, what a breakfast! Eggs, bacon, ham, tea, muffins, and the best strawberry jam I ever ate. Even the tea tasted good..... It rained again today; but for a week it has'nt rained at all, which must be some kind of record for this country.....Say hello to everyone for me".

And Clair Schultz sends a farewell line from San Luis Obispo - to forward an APO address out of San Francisco. We don't know where Clair's headed but we sure wish him all the luck.

Here's one about a youngster who was hurrying to school. He was awfully afraid he was going to be late, and as he hurried along he kept asking the Lord: "Please don't let me be late - please, God, please don't let me be late". Just then he stumbled and fell on his little face. Picking himself up, he grumbled: "Well, you don't have to shove, do you?"

From Ev Thomas in Australia, Sept. 9th: "Just starting spring here; the flowers and flowering shrubs and trees are really beautiful. Quite a lot like spring in Douglas. Almost 2 years now since I've seen the old place". And De Thomas is already a Cpl/T down in Camp Sutton; and Tommy, recently given a medical discharge, is back with his old trucking firm in Chicago.

Armour Wiegert popped into town recently, and stayed just long enough to move the furniture out of his house to make room for Ken and Mrs. Monique. Bob and Mrs. Wicks have moved from the old Huck house to South Haven. And Tony Preston has resigned as manager of the Douglas Plating Works and is moving with his family to Grand Rapids.

Cully Ash reports taking some nice catfish lately - 17, 20 and 21 lbs. Caught 'em off the old basket factory site, with blue-gills for bait. "No trouble getting the big ones", Cully says, "the trick is catching the blue-gills". And Newt Belgium has brought in some 3-4 lb. smallmouth bass from the same location.

Pearls from "Prop Wash": "Don't get het up about butter - it can be made from grass. All you need are a churn and a cow".

T/5 Gene Bieler writes to tell us that he can't write anything. About all we've been able to learn about Gene, after a year in Alaska, is that he's still up there. And the same goes pretty much for Steve Millar. Both men are apparently happy, however, and getting ready for a long, dark winter.

Last-minute news: Two more of our boys are laid up. Boss Jennings has been sent from Hawaii to Ward C-5, Baxter General Hospital, Spokane, Washington; and Bull Durham is in hospital in New Guinea. We have'nt been able to get details on either of these boys' difficulties, but certainly hope they'll soon be over them.

This issue of The Dope has been mailed to all Douglas men in the Services by Mr. and Mrs. Royal Reeder of the What-Not-Inn.

Civic spirit in war time (from the Decatur, Illinois, Herald-Review): "It is proposed to use this donation to purchase new benches for our park, as the present ones are in a very dilapidated condition".

So long,

H. S. K.