

THE D O P E

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for its sons in the Service. No. 34.

Cpl. Arnold Garrelts has been in town again; and we must say we don't know why anyone would leave Miami Beach in March to come to wintry Michigan. Perhaps a 13-months-old son & a pretty wife have something to do with it. In any case Arnold sure hated to leave Douglas. Mrs. Garrelts, by the way, now sports 3 stars on her service pin: one for Arnold, one for her brother and one for her father. "And if that kid of mine doesn't stop growing" remarked Arnold, "they'll soon have him too".

And Pfc. Vic Culver's been among us again - and as usual, not long enough. Same old Vic, with all that wonderful enthusiasm of his for everything and everybody in Douglas. He spent two days here with Ky and Helen Walz - and apparently left no stone unturned. Our last glimpse of him was on a late Saturday afternoon, after he and Leonard Shumaker and Fagin Ash had had a long session with Bill Schultz. Leonard and Fagin (two of our most accomplished elbow-benders) were in excellent form, but Pfc. Vic had a helluva time keeping his eyes open.

Bud Standish, it seems, is really on his way to Douglas at last. Late in February he left Corsica for Algiers, expecting to ship home at once, but things got hot in Italy just then and he was ordered back to Corsica. But this time, he writes, he has orders that are really orders. Any time now we're hoping to hear all about it. FLASH (as we go to press): BUD HAS ARRIVED!

Have you heard about the Irishman, telling a friend about the various countries at war. "Sure and they're all in it" said Pat, "all except that cowardly Sweden and me own peace-lovin' country".

Lieut. Ev Thomas was still hospitalized in Australia at last report, March 14th; Lt. Jack Campbell is teaching "diesel engines" at the Australian O.C.S.; and Bull Durham was down there on furlough recently but is now back with his outfit in New Guinea. Bull reports "a big time" in a town "about the size of Holland".

And Steve Millar (who is apparently learning lots of things not taught in Douglas) sends us this one from the cold Aleutians: "A big business man is one who framed the first dollar he ever made. And a big business woman is one who "framed" the first business man she ever made".

Lt. Cmdr. Chas. Dailey has been here for a couple weeks, having a last lay-off before going on the lakes April 3rd. Chuck will again be second in command on the big ore-carrier, W.W. Holloway, with headquarters in Detroit. He and Iris both send their best.

Rose's are red; Pearl's are white;
I seen 'em on the clothesline, just the other night.

Ted Engel and Jack Wicks popped in the other day - Ted from Ft. Custer and Jack from Farragut, Idaho. Ted looked fine but was genuinely disappointed when that old knee ailment kept him from going overseas. He's doing office work at Custer now and at least has the consolation of getting home rather often. Jack, too, looked swell and seemed to have the true naval spirit. In the best tradition of a sailor on leave, he barged in here with a lump on his forehead that looked like a big red doorknob. Said he had walked into a door, of course - but it sure looked like swinging doors to us.

From Lawrence Shumaker in the New Hebrides to Father Nugent, March 12: "Still in the same old place and in the best of health. And still don't know when we'll pull up stakes and shove off. . They say we're not going home and not going to rest camp, so we just mill around and get headaches trying to figure when & where we are going. . . Hope this finds everything fine in Douglas".

And we're happy to report that Mrs. Shumaker is much improved in health since our last issue. Leonard returned to camp 12 hours before his leave expired - and apparently so startled the guard that he took Leonard before the C.O. It seems that no one in Davisville had ever heard of a sailor coming back 12 hours early.

From Jerry Bekken at the Hotel Lamar, Yazoo City, Miss., to Ky Mar. 19: "Been busier than the devil since I got back. Came down here on pass to get some rest. . An ideal place for it - nothing to do but sleep. And did I knock it off last night! Those sheets looked plenty good too. . Weather really swell here. The flowers are all out and the grass is really green. In fact I'm sitting in front of an open window in my undershirt writing this. Not a bad setup. . . Well, take it easy on the haircuts, Ky. I suppose you're getting the fishing fleet ready by now - and we'll soon be hearing those weird stories about you hauling them in. By the way, how do you comb that stuff, wet or dry?"

This issue of The Dope has been mailed to all Douglas men in the Services by Floyd Thomas. Tommie is with his old trucking outfit in Chicago again, but is still bothered by the sinus that gipped him out of the Army.

Sentry: "Halt! Who is there?"
Voice: "Friend, with bottle."
Sentry: "Pass, friend; halt bottle!"

One of the pleasantest surprises we've had in a long time came on a recent Sunday when Moffat Bird, formerly of Douglas and now of Charlotte, came into our place with 2,000 sheets of mimeograph paper for The Dope. Moff looked swell, as did Adelaide and the children also, and the whole family seemed the picture of pharmaceutical prosperity. We think you'll agree that it's pretty nice of former residents, now living almost a hundred miles away, to still want to do things for Douglas boys.

And please note that your current issue of The Dope is once more bound with two staples -- and will continue so for the duration. We are able to do this through the generosity of a shop-lifting friend - without whose talents we should have no staples at all. We regret that the gentleman's name cannot be divulged (he's allergic to jails) but you may take our word for it: he's your friend.

It occurs to us that some news of your old neighbors and classmates in Saugatuck might be of interest to you; so we list herewith the names of Saug men in the Services - together with their latest locations - as reported by your old friend, Frank Wicks:

Somewhere in England are Franklyn Bryan, William Hacklander, Eugene Lundgren, Paul & Richard Newnham, Val Smith & William Wilson.

Somewhere in Italy are Everett Comey, Donald Moore, Jack Powers, Jean Simonson, Howard Wilson, and William Woodall - Jean and Bill wounded and in hospital.

Somewhere in the Pacific are Terry Costello, Heath Crow, Johnson Fox, Charles Gilman, James Greene, Dale Inderbitzen, Paul Moker, John Smith and Darwin Woodall.

Lincoln Bird is in Porto Rico, Henry Hungerford in Iceland, Chas. Ten Have in Alaska, and Richard Hoffman in the Merchant Marine.

And in various camps and ports in this country are Bob Anderson, Henry Brady, George Breckenridge, Richard Brown, Donald Bryan, George Chase, Robert Crawford, Donald Davis, Bud Edgcomb, Morgan Edgcomb Jr., Roger Ferry, Junior & Norman Force, Chas. Greenhalgh, Fred Koning, Jack Mc Dermott, Braman Metzger, Robert Olsen Jr., Charles Petill, Gerald Rasmussen, Erwin Sewers, Joseph Sheridan, Max & Allen Staples, Edgar Tharpe, Allen Valteau, Andrew & Dale Van Leuwen, Maurice Van Os, Harry & Raymond Wilson, James Woodall, and Suzanne Leland, WAC.

And should the mailing addresses of any of these guys (or gal) be wanted by you, just drop us a line & we'll have them on their way.

So long,

H. S. K.

George Atwood, 15, has gone to Boystown, Nebraska - the first youngster from Douglas ever to be given the advantages of this famous home for boys. "Having a swell time" he writes, "making a lot of nice friends, and hope to make a lot more".

"Here's something queer" said the dentist, who had been drilling into a tooth. "You said this tooth had never been filled, but I find flakes of gold on the point of my drill". . . . "I knew it" moaned the patient, "you've struck my back collar button".

Neighbors in the Service: The Lincoln Clark family, of Glenn, now has six stars on its flag - one each for Lincoln Jr., Daniel, Julian, David, Hamilton and Sam - all in the Army.

More dope on Gordon Durham's furlough in Australia: Bull spent three weeks in Sydney, two more travelling, and one in rest camp. And a snapshot just arrived shows him with his arm around an Australian girl - and a look on his face that is not military. . . . The gal? We don't blame him!

The current boy scout drive for funds has gone over the top. Kenny Monique sent a cool hundred smackers to the Boy Scout Council last week - to make our troop a full-fledged member of the national organization. . . . Credit Neva Tyler, Hattie Goshorn, Hannah Dempster & Mrs. Ben Bieler with some fine work on this - and all the homefolks who contributed so generously.

Here's another of those English stories - this one for men only. An American G.I. was invited by some English friends to participate in a hunt. He had gotten on well with this particular set but noticed, when the hunt was over, that they treated him very coolly. Perplexed, he asked one of the men what was wrong. "Well, old chap, it's this way" said his friend, "when we sight the fox we yell 'Tally ho, the Fox!' - not 'there goes the son-of-a-bitch!'"

Notes from Texas: Max Campbell has been sent to Camp Maxie on a special assignment, and Frances Campbell has gone to Abilene to stay with Max's wife, ex-Lieut. Helen. Buren Osterberg is still in Camp Howze - and still a cannoneer in the 409th Infantry; and Bob Dempster has been in hospital in Waco for over a month. Bob does'nt say much about the nature of his illness, but apparently it's cramping his style very little. His Dad, by the way, has certainly turned the tables on him - Jim's up and around again - and looking better than ever.

Sailor: "Going my way, baby?"

Gal: "Sir, the public street is no place to accost a lady who lives at 215 Central Avenue, Circle 9-0412".

We've just learned why young Jack Wicks went to Electrical School. Before Jack entered the Navy, Ky wanted an electric bell installed in his house. Jack offered to do the job - but Ky insisted that he have electrician's papers. So there it is: now Jack's at the University of Minnesota learning how to install Ky's bell.

Walter Welch sends an APO out of New York - and latest reports have him somewhere in England. . Which makes six from Douglas in "the tight little isle". And Jerry Bekken sends an APO from San Francisco, destination as yet unknown. All the best, boys!

Last night I held a lovely hand - a hand so soft and neat,
I thought my heart would burst with joy, so wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my heart could greater solace bring
Than that dear hand I held last night - four aces and a king.

From Benny to Marge, April 22nd: "Tomorrow is a sort of anniversary for me. Have been in the Army three years, two of them spent overseas. Which means I'll start drawing a fogie: that's 5% more pay. Every 3 years it's five more per cent - but here's one guy that doesn't want the percentage to get too high. This place has me baffled. It still rains most of the time, and when it isn't raining it's too hot to move. The evenings are almost as hot as mid-day. But after midnight it really cools off. Whew! I just polished off two pieces of chocolate cake -- and should've. But I always figure I'd better eat when I can".

Accompanying the above was Benny's latest photo - a shot for the book. It shows Cpl. Fisch standing possessively at the tail-board of his truck - which is completely filled with black fuzzy-wuzzies. They're all practically naked - and all staring at the camera like startled monkeys. Benny appends this note: "In case of doubt, I'm the one with the cap".

This issue of The Dope is mailed to all Douglas men in the Service by Mr. & Mrs. John Campbell. And the picture of the Honor Roll is contributed by Mr. & Mrs. Harry Penfield of the lake shore.

G. I. Blues

Sitting on my G.I. bed, my G.I. hat upon my head,
My G.I. pants, my G.I. shoes; all for free, nothing to lose;
G.I. razor, G.I. comb -- G.I. wish that I were home.

We too,

H. S. K.