

THE DOPE

June 20, 1944

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for its sons in the Service. No. 38.

Plenty hot and rainy in Douglas lately - temperatures above 80 and humidity around 70 - lots of bugs and mosquitoes -- in fact if we had a few dusky, grass-skirted gals strolling under our maple trees, we'd think we were in the war too.

But Douglas is in the war all right - no mistake about that. The only young fellows around town these days are the occasional men in uniform - home on leave or furlough. And the complaint from them is always the same: how they miss the rest of you!

We have'nt heard as yet whether any of our men hit the French invasion coast, but the town's practically agog with the rumor that Billy Goshorn broadcast from England on D day. As far as we can learn, no one in Douglas actually heard him broadcast; but it's reported that folks in Holland heard him, and we understand that those Dutchmen are considerably set up now over their proximity to Douglas. In any case, Billy, when you go on the air again, for Gosh sakes tip the homefolks off.

Cpl. Jean Simonson, of Saugatuck, is now in Percy Jones General Hospital in Battle Creek. As many of you know, Jean took it in both legs in the Italian campaign and, we're sorry to report, was crippled rather badly. But he's in fine spirits, his Dad tells us (he sees Jean almost every week) and "mighty glad to be back in God's country".

From Jerry Bekken somewhere on the Pacific, May 25th: "Hello! How's everything? I'm O.K. and everything is swell. . . Sure a lot of water out here. . . We went by the place where Ev is (New Caledonia) - I could'nt see it but I knew it was there. . . ."
May 29th: "Well, here I am in New Guinea - O.K. and everything all right. Making our camp now. Kind of warm but not too bad".
And May 30th: "Raining like blazes today and can't get much work done. Everything swell but just a trifle damp. . Best to all".
(For your info, Jerry, Bull Durham's APO is 929, Benny & Smoky's 32, and Johnny Smith's 301. And for B.B.S.&J.: Jerry's is 9881).

Jake Jennings is in hospital in England. For some reason this hit us with considerable surprise - we'd always figured Jake as one of those durable guys who just go on forever. . . But it's nothing serious, he writes - and after fifteen months of crawling over jeeps and trucks, those white sheets seem rather nice. Incidentally, it's Pfc. Jake now - nice work, fellah.

Invasion story from Newsweek: A sailor whose ship had been sunk yelled from the water at a nearby barge crew. One of the crew called back: "You don't want a line from us. We're sinking". "The hell I don't!" cried the sailor, "I'm sitting on a mine".

From A/S Matt Sabo, in Deming, New Mexico, June 6: "I've shoved off again and am now down in the cactus country. Honestly, you'd never believe that God was in a mood to create a place like this. Only people who have become disgusted with life live here. . . . Even the buzzards stay away". . . . (Ye Ed lived in that country two years, Matt. Try cultivating the lizards & rattlesnakes. You're lonely, that's your trouble).

Here's part of a letter from Sgt. Jack Cobb (an ex-Douglas boy known to most of you) from somewhere in Italy: "Have taken a good many photographs here but the pictures I'm proudest of are the eruption of Vesuvius. . . . The day before the thing started belching I climbed to within a few hundred yards of the cone. Next day it really went to school. . . . Imagine a column of fire, ashes & smoke twenty thousand feet in the air - a river of lava fifty feet high and a quarter mile across - tearing along, covering villages, knocking down bridges, and burning everything in its path. . . . It was an awesome sight".

From "Can Do", a swell Seabee publication in Davisville, R.I.: "There is Cassidy, and Leonard Shumaker, and Gordon. . . Good men, these. They'd be standouts on any construction job".

You should see the pair of white moccasins that Kate Bieler has received from Alaska - from Cpl. Gene, of course. White deerskin, beautifully embroidered in red and blue and gold, and trimmed with white marabou and lined with white satin. Kate keeps them on the mantel, she says - under glass. Incidentally, our well-known glamour girl has gotten herself engaged recently - to an outlander from Chicago. He's a good Army man all right - a slightly redeeming feature - but with all the good guys we have on our own roster, we think it's scandalous!

From Val Smith, somewhere in England, to (guess who) June 6th: "Hi, you old Bum! Well, there is'nt much I can write about but I hope this finds you and Douglas at their best. Have'nt seen Jake (Jennings) in over a year now, nor anyone else from home either. . . . But this war will be over one of these days and then look out - boy, we're coming home! As for me I'm as mean as all hell yet, and getting meaner all the time. Really, Ky, I can't stand living with myself much longer. . . . So long, mugg!"

The Home Front

Customer (to waiter in restaurant): "Take this steak back to the kitchen. It's so tough I can't eat it".
Waiter: "Sorry, Sir; I can't take it back now - you've bent it".

A minor run on brides here lately: No sooner had we gotten used to Alfred and Mrs. Pshea around town than in breezed Max & Mrs. Campbell. Alfred had 18 days from the Submarine Base in New London, and brought his wife to Douglas for a glimpse of her future home. Now she likes it so well that she's staying right here - certainly a break for the rest of us. Max and his wife are spending a week with Max's folks, then will go to Iowa to spend the second week of their furlough with her folks. Both look fine, highly domesticated, and very happy.

Ted Engel's a Corporal now - Company Clerk with his M.P. outfit at Camp Custer. Gotta hand it to those youngsters of ours.

And Bob Mueller has been home for 15 days - after ten months as a gun-crew man on the S.S. Stage Door Canteen. The "Stage" sails out of New York and during recent trips Bob has been hot shell-man on her biggest gun. Altogether he's made three trips to No. Africa, one to Russia, and one to Australia. And just to vary the monotony he's made stopovers in Corsica, England, Ireland, Scotland and Panama. Some getting around for a boy of eighteen! And may we add, one swell boy.

"I just took a shine to your wife" said the Doc to the Negro as he left the house. . . . And on this subject, have you heard about the two colored soldiers discussing the comparative merits of their company buglers. Said one: "Fellah, when dat boy of ours plays Pay Call, it sounds 'zactly like a symphony orchestra playin' de Rosary". The other boy snorted: "Brothah, you ain't got no bugler a-tall. When Snowball Jones wraps his lips around dat bugle of his'n and plays Mess Call, I look down at mah beans an' I says: 'Strawberries, behave; you is kickin' de whipped cream right out ob de plate'".

This issue of The Dope has been mailed to all Douglas men in the Services through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eaton.

Ky (to customer in chair): "Was your tie red when you came in?"
Customer: "No; it was white".
Ky: "Jeezus!"

So long,

H. S. K.