

# T H E D O P E

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for its sons in the Service. No. 39.

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Everything in full summer swing here now. Cottages at the shore are all occupied; hotels and restaurants are turning 'em away in Saug - the streets full of gals on bikes and kids on foot. . . The cherry crop's the biggest in Michigan history; and they're even using German prisoners to bring in the stuff near Glenn. . . . . "I've never seen anything like it" says that greatest of all local authorities, Francis Johnathan Walz.

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"How is the old man in the barber shop?" asks Vic Culver from Peterson Field, Colo. "Is he as good looking and jolly as ever?" Good looking, yes, Vic; even more so, we'd say. But he sure lost his good nature for a while last month. Helen had to go to Grand Rapids for an operation, and the old man was 'nt himself at all. But she's home now, we're happy to report - and everything's rosy again.

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As some of you already know, Ev Thomas has gone ahead & done it. Married Miss Gertrude Johnson, of the American Red Cross, in Australia on June 24th. Charlie Bird was among the guests and Jack Campbell was best man - and from the few details we've been able to gather, it must have been a handsome wedding. . . . . Congratulations from all of us, Ev - we understand that Mrs. T. is from Michigan too - so we know she'll like Douglas.

And Charlie Gilman popped into town recently - after two years under that Hawaiian moon - and not alone either. Charlie's bride was Miss Margaret Marie Hill, of Grand Rapids, and an old childhood sweetheart, we're told. She and our former banker seemed extremely happy while here - and we sure hope it won't be long before they're back to stay.

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"Can you milk cows?" a farmer asked of an 11-year-old applicant for a job on his farm. "I guess so", was the reply. "I did when I was a kid". (That's the home front - and no kidding).

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Harold Beery & Billy Goshorn are Sergeants now. Swell work, boys!

And after 3 months of silence word has finally come through from Clair Schultz - "up where he can pick off a Jap most any day". Good luck, Clair! We well remember how you wanted just that, the last time we talked things over.

Have you read about the American air-borne trooper who went through Sicily, Salerno and the French beach landing without a scratch, then got stepped on by a cow while resting in a fox hole. Jake Jennings talked with the fellow in a Convalescent Center somewhere in England, and writes: "About all he could say of such luck was about what I used to say when putting a distributor on a '36 Ford. A bit on the ripe side, you know". . . . "It might interest you to hear", Jake continues, "that before going into hospital I had succeeded in making a couple of our mechanics a bit on the 'bugs' side. One trick I did was to throw a rock of fair size into the air and catch it on my helmet on the way down. This produced a loud, metallic clang but no harm was done provided it was caught on the helmet. Bob L. was good at it but Crosby was no good. He seemed to always catch the rock on the back of his neck. Finally he just called us two a pair of screwballs and gave up the rock and helmet game for good".

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From Hugh Jones, 17, out in the Hawaiian Islands, June 25th: "Well, I have one stripe now and am going to work hard and get some more. This is a wonderful experience for a young fellow. A guy can really learn a lot in the Marine Corps. After all the ironing and pressing I've done I think I'll start a laundry when I get back". . . .And "O.K. and feeling fine" Harmon Jones writes from Port Hueneme, California. "We're shoving off soon and it's all right with me. I'd like that road back - by way of Tokio. . We're sure giving them the works now".

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Definition of a corset: It takes the Waves out of the WACS.

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Young Don Hall is in India. He left Miami, Fla., on June 23rd and landed on the other side of the world four days later - flying by way of Brazil, West Africa and Egypt. They needed a refrigerator expert in a hurry out there and Don got the call. Looks like a sweet assignment to us. (On second thought, however, we're not so sure. At the rate our boys have been taking wives - well, can you imagine your old man, Don, with a coffee-colored grandchild?)

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From Lieut. Don Kingsley down in Hobbs, New Mexico, June 29th: "Why in God's name did they ever take this country away from the Mexicans? . . . Saugatuck and the Lake shore must be going strong by now. Sure would like to be there to enjoy the fun; but my turn will come later - much later, I guess. . . We're training in B-17's (Flying Fortresses) here - I suppose you've more or less heard of them - flying box cars, we call them. . . Eight more weeks of this, then we go to Lincoln, Nebraska, to pick up our crews, then nine more weeks of finishing touches. . After that our training will be over, so form your own opinion. . . Up at 4:30 to fly tomorrow. Sure is 'nt like civilian days".

Bob Dempster's home again - a trifle thinner perhaps after six weeks in hospital - but otherwise the same old Bob. As things stand now it looks like he's stuck with Texas for the duration. "And I can certainly think of places I'd rather be", says Bob.

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An excited female voice over the phone: "Two men are trying to break into my room through the window". "Listen lady" answered another voice, "you've got the wrong number. This is 'nt Police Headquarters; this is the Fire Department!" "I know" she replied, "but my room is on the second floor and they need a ladder".

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From Benny in New Guinea, June 10th: . . . "Johnny Smith lives next door to me but it would'nt be any fun for us to go dining like "Shennanigan" Wicks. Johnny would either come to my house and have hydraulic spuds and camouflaged beef, or I would go to his house and have C rations & hydraulic onions. We used to get fresh food here but that's history. However, I have'nt lost any weight and am still sane. Been up here 8 months now (Benny's 2nd stretch in Guinea); some of us have gone a little bush happy, so when we hit civilization things are sure gonna bust loose".

And from Jerry Bekken on the same island: "Am working plenty hard here; about all we do is eat, sleep and work. As far as I know it never hurt anyone, but did it ever do anyone any good? I can't see much future in it".

And from Wayne Weed "somewhere in the South Pacific": "You'll notice I did get over here. . . . and you can tell Frank Wicks and various and sundry others where I ended up. Last time I saw Frank he started trumping up reasons why I'd never go overseas; said I was almost ready for the old people's home and all that. Really, I would'nt be a damn bit surprised if he got drafted before it's over. . . . Our island is absolutely a beautiful spot. . . bats as big as crows and, though I have'nt met one yet, the largest snakes in the world. . You could call these places romantic in any other setting than a war - though by romance I don't mean girls - they just don't exist as far as we are concerned. . . They say these seven-foot head-hunters, back in the mountains, will really take a white man apart if they catch one monkeying around their women. . . Got the right idea at that".

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This issue of The Dope is mailed to all of you by Bill Wanner.

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SAME OLD G.I. LINE:

We stand in line to get a pass; we stand in line to wash;  
We stand in line to find a place to stand in line, by gosh!  
We stand in line to draw our pay; we stand in line to spend it;  
But damn it, Pal, we never have to stand in line to lend it.

So long,

H. S. K.