

THE DOPE

Dec. 15, 1944

Published now and then at Douglas, Michigan,
for its sons in the Service. No. 44.

On December 1st Old Man Winter moved in on Douglas, and it looks as though he's here to stay. Fourteen inches of snow in twenty-four hours; and most of it still with us. The national Retriever Trials, which had been scheduled for December 2nd and 3rd out on the Hooter Road, had to be sent to Barrington, Illinois, much to the disappointment of all of us. Reporters & photographers from Life magazine and the New York Sun were here, also some of the finest Labrador and Chesapeake retrievers in America. And five hundred pheasants. . . . It was a heart-breaker for Douglas.

But the new Saugatuck-Douglas Lions Club uncorked a turkey-shoot here recently that was a honey. 3 shots for a dollar at 60 yds. - with only the head showing. Altogether, 17 turkeys bit the dust. Ben Eddy & his daughter each got one on their first shot, Lloyd Engel got one on his 2nd, and Father Nugent got none in fifteen. As far as we can learn this latter performance was the most generous contribution to the success of the occasion. Other generous contributors were Meb Powers, Irv Pershing, Jimmie & Jack Sewers, Dick Quade and Frank Wicks. Frank said he didn't want a turkey anyhow - with which fantastic idea we'll close the subject.

Here's part of a letter from Harold Lamb, of Ganges, and known to most of you. Harold served in the Canadian Army during the last war and is a CM3/C, U.S.N., in this one. "Am at present on island X", he writes, "which is not bad after nine months in New Guinea. That's one spot you have to see to appreciate. Endless jungles, temperatures well above 100, incessant rain and mud - and everything that crawls. Was in Australia for 5 months after New Guinea - and it will leave some pleasant memories - but I wouldn't trade one little piece of the Lake shore for all of it. Had a pleasant trip up here from Australia, and although we have lots of rain we have no mud as this island is all coral. . . . But we do have a time getting a night's sleep. Have had to hit the fox-holes 63 times since we landed - and always after dark. . . . Will have had 18 months overseas by the end of this month; you can't guess how appealing little old Ganges is to me right now".

One more for Douglas: Lloyd Engel reported to Ft. Sheridan last week & is now on his way to a new station. Good luck, Lloyd; your home town is especially proud of its 18-year-old fighting sons.

And Ted Engel is home on a ten-day furlough - from Newport News, Virginia - after chaperoning 120 Jamaican laborers from there to Racine, Wisconsin. Ted reached Douglas in time to see Lloyd off, then started running a trap line in the Kalamazoo marshes. He's taken 4 mink and 86 muskrats to date - not bad for a loafing G.I.

"Johnny Jones" said the magistrate with severity, "you are charged with habitual drunkenness; what have you to offer in excuse for your offense?"
"Habitual thirst, your Honor".

Joe Volkers got his buck, so did the Rev. Dawe; but the rest of the Douglas hunters came back empty-handed. There were plenty of men in the woods this year, but not too many deer. Also, the duck flight has been a disappointment, with the weather very non-cooperative: First it was too mild for the ducks; now it's too severe for the hunters.

True story (we're told): After completing his medical exam at an induction center, a mountain boy from Arkansas was interviewed by a personnel officer. The officer asked him what he wanted to be.

"What are you?" asked the inductee.

"I'm a captain".

"Well, that's what I want to be".

"No", explained the officer, "I mean what do you want to do, where do you want to go?"

"I want to go home" the boy replied.

"But who'll do your fighting for you?" asked the captain.

Said the mountaineer: "The same guys who are doing the fighting for you".

Matt Sabo's a Flight Officer. Got his commission in Deming, New Mexico, and is now at the Army Air Base out in Walla Walla, Wash. "I'm in a B-24 outfit here" he writes, "and like it a lot. . . . Give my regards to Benny and all the boys". Congratulations from the home folks, Matt - you've earned those bars and we're all pulling for you. Incidentally, Bob Anderson, of Saugatuck, has also been commissioned a Pilot lately; and is now 2nd Lieut. Bob down in Columbia, South Carolina.

Sign in a Big Office: "Don't grouch too much about the boss being dumb. If he were smarter you might be out of a job".

As mentioned in our last issue, T/Sgt. Bud Standish is home from the wars. After fifty missions over No. Africa, Sicily, Italy, Corsica and southern France - and six months in hospitals and a bout with pneumonia - Bud came back with an honorable discharge, the Air Medal with nine oak leaf clusters, and three Presidential Unit citations. We hope it is needless to say that Douglas is mighty proud of Bud and his record - and we're delighted to have him safely home. "And tell all the other boys", Bud says, "I sure wish they were home too".

"Joe, you look all in today" said a friend, "what's the trouble?" "Well", replied Joe, "I didn't get home until after daylight, and I was just undressing when my wife woke up and said: 'Aren't you getting up pretty early?' So to save an argument I just put my clothes back on and came down to the office".

Advice to the Lovelorn: Dear Editor:- I went out with a young man a few nights ago and drank two gin fizzes, five glasses of red wine, a taste of moonshine and two coffee royals. Did I do anything wrong?
Answer: You probably did.

From Capt. Bill Tisdale, November 29: "As you know I'm stationed at the New York Port of Embarkation, and am responsible for the maintenance and repair of all Army vessels under 200 feet here, both those attached to the Port and passing through for overseas. There are few dull moments. My brother White is on the 'Peter V. Daniels', now on his fourth trip across. Please wish all the boys a Merry Christmas from White and me, and tell them that we think a reunion in Douglas will be in order before long. Also, if any of the boys are passing through New York they can always locate me at the Brooklyn Army Base".

Bud Bekken has a new address: 1st Co., 1st Stud Regiment, Fort Knox, Kentucky. Bud says he likes it fine.

This issue of The Dope is mailed to all Douglas men in the Services by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Tyler. . . And we wish to acknowledge also a very generous check from Mr. Willard Prentice, a former Douglas boy now of Baltimore, Maryland. Willard writes: "Please apply the enclosed check against your deficit - I've never heard of an amateur publication that didn't have one". Well, Willard, thanks to the generosity of a lot of folks like yourself, you've heard of one now.

So long,

H. S. K.