

THE D O P E

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for its sons in the Service. No. 29.

O what a lovely world 'twould be, and folks I don't mean maybe,
If Mamma Schickelgruber had never had a baby.

That's not original, of course - just one of those things we
lightly lift from better papers . . . but how we agree with it!

Young Ted Engel popped into town early this month - got twelve
hours notice on a ten-day furlough (down in Camp Wheeler, Ga.)
and was in Douglas pronto. Ted was lean and hard, had put on
ten pounds in the right places, and sure made one fine-looking
soldier. He's at Fort Meade now, but not for long, we're told.

And Buren Osterberg had ten days recently, which he too spent
in Douglas, looking very impressive in his big uniform. During
his year in the Army Buren's been a rifleman, a machine-gunner,
and a cannoneer - and now wants to try the Air Force. We sure
hope he makes it - if he can ever get that six-feet-four of his
into a turret or a cockpit.

From Lawrence Shumaker in New Hebrides to Fr. Nugent, Dec. 5th:
"Am still in the best of health and everything here is nice and
quiet . . the Japs have'nt been over for a long time. All we've
got to worry about now are rain and hot sun. And does it rain!
When we first came here we had seven weeks of it, and not a dry
dud to wear. It was take off wet and put on wet all the time.
But at least we have'nt the mud to contend with now. . . . We
had a very nice Thanksgiving and the last two weeks have been
like a holiday - candy and fruit cake coming in all the time. .
Well, I'll close by wishing all the folks back home a fine new
year - good luck and, as an Aussie would say, 'Tally-ho'".

Another for Douglas: Henry Baker, out on the Hooter Road, has
volunteered for service in the Air Force and is now with the
27th Tng. Grp., A.A.F.C.T.T.C., Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.
Congratulations, Henry; your home town is proud of you.

A couple of very successful meetings at the Athletic Club this
month: At the first, in which a whole roast pig with all the
trimmings was featured, ten new members were signed up - com-
pletely under the influence of beer and pig. At the second,
held last week, the following officers were elected for the en-
suing year: Garth Wilson President, Willard Beery Vice-Pres.,
Iner Sather Secretary, Bud Bekken Treasurer, and Father Nugent
and Ky Walz Trustees. As usual, poker, ping-pong, pitch and
pool topped off both pig and elections.

From the Grand Rapids Press, Dec. 6th: "Ganges - Lee Conklin has received the purple heart. He was aboard the USS Marbelhead in the battle of Macassar strait and now is stationed in the Aleutian Islands".

Also from the Press: "Lansing -(AP)- The 27-day march of the 126th Infantry, Michigan National Guard, across the almost impassable Owen Stanley mountains of New Guinea to lead the attack on Japs at Buna bay may be recorded as one of the outstanding marches of World War II, Maj. Garnet J. Burlingame (first field officer of the Red Arrow division to return from New Guinea) said in an address here. . . Maj. Burlingame said that the 2nd battalion, made up of troops from central and western Michigan, almost became the 'lost battalion' of this war in the mountain trek. Existing throughout the trip on one can of C rations per day, the troops started out with only four days' rations and were forced to depend on supplies dropped by plane. That battalion, he said, was in constant action for forty-two days and the men lost an average of thirty pounds each in weight". As most of you know, this is Jack, Ev, Smoky and Benny's outfit.

K.P.: "Can I help you with that soup, Sarge?"

Top Kick: "What do you mean? I don't need no help".

K.P.: "Sorry, Sarge; from the sound I thought you might want to be dragged ashore".

We've just learned that Arnold Garrelts has been in hospital down in Miami Beach, Florida, for two months. "Rheumatic fever and an allergy", he writes, "and it gets tiresome lying around in bed all the time. . . Sure wish I could get home to see my wife and that big new boy of mine (now 10 months old). . . . Weather nice here, just like summer. . . But I'd rather be in Douglas. Because everything here is always the same. You get tired of nothing but sunshine and big hotels". Folks will soon be paying twenty bucks a day for that, Arnold. Wish we could swap about three weeks of it with you.

From Steve Millar in the Aleutians: "I'm like Gene Bieler (in Alaska) - can't tell you where I am, what I'm doing, or even about the weather. . . But that photograph of the big pavillion made me wish I was back in God's country. . . Tell Ky he has a job waiting for him; I don't want no more G.I. haircuts nohow".

And Orville Millar has returned to Douglas with a medical discharge, after six months in Selfridge Field hospital. The old arthritis just took all the joy out of Orv's soldiering, both for him and the Army too. . . . And as we go to press we learn that Boss Jennings is home for the same reason (after seven months in hospitals in Hawaii and Spokane) and with the same sort of discharge. We sure wish these boys all the luck - and are mighty glad to welcome them back to Douglas.

Definition of a bathing beauty: A gal with a wonderful profile all the way down. And definition of a regular guy: One who is more scared while receiving a medal than while earning it.

We're glad to report that a Boy Scout Troop has been organized in Douglas - with 9 Scouts and Harry Burgess (the new factory manager) as Scoutmaster and Howard Schultz as Asst. Scoutmaster. The Committee consists of Jack Tyler, Ky Walz, Louis Quade, Sam Mancuso and Ken Monique; and the Scouts are: Montie Arnold, Bennie Bieler, Billy Erlewein, Larry Erlewein, Jerry Goshorn, Fred Hamlin, Milton Herring, Lester Mueller and Frank Wicks (Bill's son, not his brother). Already the boys are engaged in a waste-paper drive, have gathered about four tons to date, proceeds from the sale of which will go into the Scout Fund.

Did you hear about the father who was instructing his young son in things religious. "And what is the man called", asked the father, "who brings us in contact with the world of the spirit?" "A bartender" said the son.

We received a clipping from Vic Culver last week - from "Wingspread", the camp paper at Peterson Field. It referred to Vic as "a butcher from Chicago, aristocratic as the meats he handles". Vic wanted us to know that he had given them hell for it - not the aristocratic part, of course, but the Chicago stuff. Said he told 'em that he came from Douglas, Mich. - not lousy Chicago - and they'd better remember it if they wanted any more steaks.

Cpl/T Harold Beery has arrived in England and thinks it's a great country; and Clair Schultz landed in Hawaii but doesn't say what he thinks. These add two more to our out-of-the-U.S. list, making 20 altogether. Here's where our ambassadors are: 2 in Alaska, 4 in Australia, 5 in England, 2 in Hawaii, 2 in Italy, and 1 each in New Caledonia, Newfoundland, New Guinea, New Hebrides and Porto Rico. And the remaining 25 on our roster are scattered all the way from Massachusetts to California and Michigan to Florida. Who'd have thought it 3 short summers ago -- when you boys were booting grounders, socking homers, or just bending an ear to the local bull?

This issue of The Dope is mailed to all Douglas men in the Services by Mr. & Mrs. Irving Lee of St. Louis and the Lake Shore.

A thought for today (from the Christian Herald):

This is indeed a funny world - its wonders never cease;
The "civilized" peoples are all at war; the "savages" all at peace.

So long,

H. S. K.