

## THE DOPE

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for its sons in the Service. No. 16.

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We ran into Cully in the P.O. yesterday and asked if he had any news for you. "Sure", said Cully, "tell 'em that the sun shone one day last week". The Commissioner was right - we had to admit it was news. We've had just four days of sunshine in the last 4 weeks - which is something of a record for Douglas.

But sun or no sun, those Victory gardens are going to town now. Folks around here are getting positively hump-backed from doing so much bending over. "Who've got the gardens?" we asked Ky. "Who've got the gardens!" says Ky "who have'nt got the gardens? That's the question to ask".

And what with all the rains we've been having we've never seen the old river quite as high as it is these days. The marshes and bayous are all under water and even the boat-landings are submerged. "No fishing, no boating, no NOTHIN'" says Ky, (just missing your editor's nose with the razor).

—v—

Two more for Douglas: Jerry Bekken and Steve Hamlin, two of our eighteen-year-old boys, have reported for duty at Camp Grant. We're all pulling for you, Jerry and Steve; and we're very proud of our forty-first and forty-second stars.

—v—

Arnold Garrelts and Billy Goshorn have had furloughs lately. We didn't get a look at Arnold - he spent most of his time here with his new two-months-old son - but folks who did see him said he made a fine-looking Corporal. We had a pleasant visit with Billy, though. Billy's put on twenty pounds in the Army and looked swell. He's anxious to get into things, and with his bombing squadron putting on their finishing touches down in New Mexico now, he should'nt have long to wait.

—v—

Gordon Durham, our only remaining representative in New Guinea, reports things very quiet in his sector now. Says the grub is the best he's had in the Army; "and the villages hereabout" he writes, "are so deserted that even Ev Thomas could'nt find a girl". (In this connection we're advised from Australia: "The girls don't bother Ev Thomas any more. As a matter of fact it's - well, it's the lack of girls that bothers him").



Here's part of a letter from young Don Kingsley, our eighteen-year-old boy in the Air Corps and recently transferred from Keesler Field, Mississippi, to the College Training Detachment at Marietta, Ohio: "Dear Mom and Dad - ....You should see the muscles and chest I'm getting. Have gained 10 pounds already. We have two hours of exercises a day. When I get home I'll be able to wring a civilian's head right off his neck....We have lectures most of the time. Have to identify all types of planes in 1/25th of a second. Sorta hard but am doing O.K.....My uniforms fit swell, just like I was poured into them. In our hut all the kids call me handsome. Don't think it fits though. ....Well, it's 11:00 o'clock and we have to get up at 4:45 - some fun. I really like it a lot. Almost knocked myself out on KP".

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In the same mail last week we received letters from Val and John Smith - Val's from England and Johnnie's from Australia. "Tell all the boys I think of them a lot" says Val, "and the fun we used to have at Tara and the Crowbar. And tell Ky that I'd gladly pay a pound just to sit in his barber chair and have one of those 50¢ haircuts". Says Johnnie: "Boy, I sure miss everything around Douglas and Saugatuck. Do you folks remember that black mustache that Smoky Miller used to wear? He and I had a \$10.00 bet on who would lose theirs first. But when I ran into him up in New Guinea, after all those months he'd been in the lines, he still had the damned thing.

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A number of village houses have changed hands in recent months: Wallie Williams sold his place to Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eaton and he and Mrs. Williams have moved to the former Eaton place. Mrs. Boyd sold her house to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Norman. Mrs. Bruce sold the old Bruce home to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Atwood. And the Rev. and Mrs. Dawe have moved into the Parsonage.

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More about that grass skirt that Ev Bekken sent to his Dad. Bob Dempster writes in to ask: "How did Ev get the thing?" We contacted Pa Bekken on this and he says that Ev bought it in a New Caledonia department store. That's all we know officially. (For your private information though, Bob, the skirt had a rather used look to us, and we noted that the fastening was torn).

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This issue of The Dope is mailed to all Douglas men in the Services through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Philipp.



Floyd Jennings had a letter from Jake recently, telling about another trip to London, and referring particularly to the girls, the subways, and Trafalgar Square. Jake's getting to be quite an authority on subways; (remember his New York trip: "hell-a-whooping in the subway - all for a nickel"?). His observations are more restrained now, as becomes one who has sampled the world's best. "The scenery is monotonous" he says, "but after all, it's a lot of ride for twopence". Along with the letter Jake sent a picture of himself, feeding the pigeons in front of the Nelson monument. (It's really a swell picture and we wish you could see it). There's our Jake, standing in the heart of London, tossing out food with a lordly air, and looking for all the world like some royal bloke who owns the place.

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The following youngsters graduated from Douglas School on May 27th: George Atwood, Russell Gates, Jerry Goshorn, and Phillip Quade. Mrs. Walkley gave her customary dinner for the boys, at Hiestand's, and the Rev. Dawe delivered the baccalaureate.

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We had a letter from Orville Millar not long ago telling about his transfer from Lowry Field, Colorado, "back to good old Michigan". He had been sent to "one of the best schools in the U.S.", at the Briggs Manufacturing Co. in Detroit. Then along came word that Orv was laid up with neuritis and holding down a bed at Willow Run hospital. But his Dad tells us that everything's going fine now and that Orv will be on the job in a few days; we sure hope so. ....No word from Steve recently. But Mr. Millar says he thinks Steve has been busy in Attu. He's had a change in rating, by the way; CM2C now - nice work, Steve. And Billy Millar, since his disability discharge from the Navy, has been employed as a clerk in a war plant in Lansing.

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Here's one about some "brass hats" holding forth on the subject of matrimony. The General said that he thought matrimony was 60% work and 40% fun. The Colonel said that in his opinion matrimony was 75% work and 25% fun. And the Major said that he considered it 90% work and only 10% fun. Just then an orderly entered the room and the General suggested that the matter be submitted to him. So the orderly listened respectfully and then spoke as follows: "Begging your pardon, Sirs, but it seems to me that matrimony must be 100% fun and no work at all". "How do you figure that?" asked the astonished officers. "It's very simple", said the orderly, "if there was any work in it, you guys would have me doing it".

H. S. K.