

THE DOPE

Nov. 1, 1943

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for its sons in the Service. No. 26.

October has been a beautiful month - full of cool, sunny days and starry nights. We've had only one hard frost as yet -- it wilted the victory gardens alright - and turned the trees from green to gold and carpeted the village with leaves..... So it's peaceful and pleasant in Douglas now -- as we rake our lawns and tend our fires, and prepare for the coming winter.

The upland game season opened on October 15th, but the hunting to date has not been too good. Two reasons principally account for this: the birds are 'nt as plentiful as usual, and shells are almost unprocurable. (Montgomery Ward, in Holland, offered a small consignment on a 10-to-a-customer basis recently - and had a lineup a quarter block long). In spite of such handicaps, however, Cully Ash, Kenny Fuller, Howard Schultz, Andy Jager and Willard Beery have all brought in pheasants, and Ky Walz came in with ten squirrels. Also, most of the local ducks have been brought down, though few flight ducks or geese have come in, owing to the moderate weather.....And as far as we know no untoward incidents have developed - but complete reports on Pa Bekken and Newt Belgium are not yet available.

Speaking of shells, we know of one fellow who has the problem solved. He delivers fresh country eggs to a clientele in Grand Rapids, and recently notified his customers that, during the hunting season, payment for each dozen of eggs should be accompanied by one 12-gauge shell - "Sorry - no shells, no eggs". At last reports the egg business was thriving - and the owner was lousy with shells.

No sooner had we published the news that Bull Durham was in hospital than along came word that he was out. It seems that Bull had an argument with a mule - and lost. Everything O.K. now, though, which is welcome news in Douglas. And Bull's Dad tells us that he's no longer in the Mountain Artillery - he's now a "jungle trooper". We must say we can't understand it at all. With all the Rocky Mountains to call on for mountaineers, and all of Florida, Louisiana and Arkansas to look to for jungle material, they come to a cultured community like Douglas and pluck Bull for both.

Big fire in the village last week - big for Douglas, that is. One of Mrs. Williams' old houses, the one at the corner of Fremont and Mixer, went up in a cloud of smoke. No one was living in the house at the time, and the first the village knew of it the place was a roaring furnace. It took three hours and five hoses (the full Saugatuck department as well as our own) to finally get the thing licked. Only two walls are left standing, and it looks as though a good breeze might take them.

Another move for Harold Beery - this time with an APO out of New York. Number 4915, to be exact - and though we don't know Harold's destination, our good wishes go all the way with him.

Word comes from Australia that Ev Thomas has made the Officer Candidates School. Lt. Jack Campbell, recently reappointed instructor in the O.C.S., reports walking into his classroom one day and finding Sgt. Thomas among his pupils. Gotta hand it to Ev on this; he took two turndowns and made it on his third try. That's real stuff, Ev - and we're all going to be pulling for you back here in Douglas.

By the way, did you hear the tragic case of the Army Corporal who put \$125,000 into War Bonds before his Sergeant could get a blackjack game organized?

From Vic Culver, Meat & Dairy Inspector at Peterson Field, Colorado:"I was inspecting can milk the other day. The way we inspect it is to tap the can with a pencil. Without my knowing it, I was observed doing this by a regular officer who happened to be in the warehouse. Finally he walked up to me and asked what I was doing. I told him 'Inspecting can milk', and explained how we did it. He said he had thought I was going nuts and was about to recommend me for Section 8. I told him I should've explained so fully - maybe I could have gotten out of the Army. Just goes to show what they think of us Vets".

The Douglas Athletic Club held its first business meeting of the season last Wednesday night. Decided to get together on Wednesdays hereafter; and voted a much needed shingle-patching job on the clubhouse roof. This, to hold things together until you boys return - when it's hoped to get going on a real clubhouse. Pool, poker, ping-pong and pitch were the only other business transacted.

Steve Hamlin's a Cpl. now; and moved to L.A. Attaboy, Steve!

From Leonard Shumaker, in Newfoundland, to Howard Schultz:
"Suppose you fellows are pretty busy (on the roads) now, putting up snow fence and getting out sand. Meb writes that I'm lucky to be 'on vacation'. Maybe he would'nt think so if he were up here.....Sixteen hours of work a day and half a day of drill on Sunday. Does that sound like vacation?Have to ring off now and get to the canteen and hoist a few - if I'm lucky. The quota for the evening is only a hundred and fifty cases - and believe me it does'nt last long.

Two more for Bud Standish -- winging his way over Italy: On Sept. 14th he was awarded the silver oak leaf (signifying five separate oak leaf awards), and on Sept. 24th he received his 6th such award. We can only say what we've said before, Bud - we take the greatest possible pride in your accomplishment.

This issue of The Dope has been mailed to all Douglas men in the Services by Mrs. Bessie Tisdale of Grand Rapids. And the paper in this, and the two following issues, was sent to us by Mr. Fred Asman, Frank Haven's brother-in-law, also of G.R.

From Ev Bekken in New Caledonia to Ky Walz: "Everything about the same down this way - and getting more G.I. every day..... I usually manage to see Heath about every ten days. They keep him on the go most of the time, but he likes his boat job very much.....Hear from our old pal Ben every now and then - still the same old kid, having himself a swell time as always. Also hear from Gord, Boss, Charlie and Lawrence Shumaker occasionally - all getting along fine.....Warm here the last few days...summer just around the corner. And you folks up there will soon be wearing overcoats. No kidding, I wish I were there to enjoy some of it. These next couple months really get me down. All that good hunting up there and I have to sweat it out down here.....Must be darned lonesome around the shop nowadays - with all the hell-raisers gone.....How is Bill Fat?

For your express information, Ev, we submit the following report on Bill: Like all other entrepreneurs hereabout, Bill had a good season. Did a nice business out on US31; and despite long hours behind the till, has well maintained his tonnage. Prosperity has neither stooped his shoulder nor dimmed his friendly eye - he's still one helluva good fellow -- all two hundred and eighty pounds of him.

So long,

H. S. K.