

THE
DOPE



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for its sons in the Service. No. 36.

There it is - our new Honor Roll. It stands on a corner of the village Athletic Field, beside the flag-pole and facing Wiegert's. . . . And we want you to know that we're as proud as possible of every name that's on it. (Ky Walz was the spark-plug on this; Bill Wicks was the chief builder; Frank Oliver helped with the painting; Herm Bekken erected it; and the village Board, God bless 'em, came through with the dough).

Steve Millar came home last week - after sixteen months in the cold Aleutians. And we're happy to report that we've never seen him looking better, or happier in his work. Steve's a Carpenter's Mate, 1st class, now (corresponding to Tech/Sgt. in the Army) and he wears his uniform with real distinction. He says to tell you that he sure misses you all back here in Douglas; also he doesn't want to go back to those cold blowy islands - definitely, period! He'll return to Camp Parks, California - and hopes to be assigned to some nice warm spot in the south Pacific. We hope he makes it.

Young Don Kingsley's flying 12 hours a day now - out in Ontario, California - and going to school four more. "How can I write" he asks his mother, "I'm lucky if I can sleep". . . Don expects his wings in about two weeks - "but", he adds cautiously, "you've never got 'em til they're pinned on".

Maurice Van Os popped into town recently - with a twenty-one-day convalescent furlough from the Santa Ana Air Base. Horsie said he'd been in hospital six weeks when they turned him loose - and would probably return to his old job in the Medical Corps. . . . We must say his handsome 200 pounds looked awfully healthy to us.

George Atwood, 15, has gone to Boystown, Nebraska - the first youngster from Douglas ever to be given the advantages of this famous home for boys. "Having a swell time" he writes, "making a lot of nice friends, and hope to make a lot more".

"Here's something queer" said the dentist, who had been drilling into a tooth. "You said this tooth had never been filled, but I find flakes of gold on the point of my drill". . . . "I knew it" moaned the patient, "you've struck my back collar button".

Neighbors in the Service: The Lincoln Clark family, of Glenn, now has six stars on its flag - one each for Lincoln Jr., Daniel, Julian, David, Hamilton and Sam - all in the Army.

More dope on Gordon Durham's furlough in Australia: Bull spent three weeks in Sydney, two more travelling, and one in rest camp. And a snapshot just arrived shows him with his arm around an Australian girl - and a look on his face that is not military. . . . The gal? We don't blame him!

The current boy scout drive for funds has gone over the top. Kenny Monique sent a cool hundred smackers to the Boy Scout Council last week - to make our troop a full-fledged member of the national organization. . . . Credit Neva Tyler, Hattie Goshorn, Hannah Dempster & Mrs. Ben Bieler with some fine work on this - and all the homefolks who contributed so generously.

Here's another of those English stories - this one for men only. An American G.I. was invited by some English friends to participate in a hunt. He had gotten on well with this particular set but noticed, when the hunt was over, that they treated him very coolly. Perplexed, he asked one of the men what was wrong. "Well, old chap, it's this way" said his friend, "when we sight the fox we yell 'Tally ho, the Fox!'- not 'there goes the son-of-a-bitch!'"

Notes from Texas: Max Campbell has been sent to Camp Maxie on a special assignment, and Frances Campbell has gone to Abilene to stay with Max's wife, ex-Lieut. Helen. Buren Osterberg is still in Camp Howze - and still a cannoneer in the 409th Infantry; and Bob Dempster has been in hospital in Waco for over a month. Bob doesn't say much about the nature of his illness, but apparently it's cramping his style very little. His Dad, by the way, has certainly turned the tables on him - Jim's up and around again - and looking better than ever.

Sailor: "Going my way, baby?"

Gal: "Sir, the public street is no place to accost a lady
who lives at 215 Central Avenue, Circle 9-0412".

We've just learned why young Jack Wicks went to Electrical School. Before Jack entered the Navy, Ky wanted an electric bell installed in his house. Jack offered to do the job - but Ky insisted that he have electrician's papers. So there it is: now Jack's at the University of Minnesota learning how to install Ky's bell.

Walter Welch sends an APO out of New York - and latest reports have him somewhere in England. . Which makes six from Douglas in "the tight little isle". And Jerry Bekken sends an APO from San Francisco, destination as yet unknown. All the best, boys!

Last night I held a lovely hand - a hand so soft and neat,
I thought my heart would burst with joy, so wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my heart could greater solace bring
Than that dear hand I held last night - four aces and a king.

From Benny to Marge, April 22nd: "Tomorrow is a sort of anniversary for me. Have been in the Army three years, two of them spent overseas. Which means I'll start drawing a fogie: that's 5% more pay. Every 3 years it's five more per cent - but here's one guy that doesn't want the percentage to get too high. This place has me baffled. It still rains most of the time, and when it isn't raining it's too hot to move. The evenings are almost as hot as mid-day. But after midnight it really cools off. Whew! I just polished off two pieces of chocolate cake -- and shouldn't have. But I always figure I'd better eat when I can".

Accompanying the above was Benny's latest photo - a shot for the book. It shows Cpl. Fisch standing possessively at the tail-board of his truck - which is completely filled with black fuzzy-wuzzies. They're all practically naked - and all staring at the camera like startled monkeys. Benny appends this note: "In case of doubt, I'm the one with the cap".

This issue of The Dope is mailed to all Douglas men in the Service by Mr. & Mrs. John Campbell. And the picture of the Honor Roll is contributed by Mr. & Mrs. Harry Penfield of the lake shore.

G. I. Blues

Sitting on my G.I. bed, my G.I. hat upon my head,
My G.I. pants, my G.I. shoes; all for free, nothing to lose;
G.I. razor, G.I. comb -- G.I. wish that I were home.

We too,

H. S. K.