

THE DOPE



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for its sons in the Service. No. 40

This picture was taken from the Douglas end of the bridge, late on the afternoon of August 11th, with the temperature at ninety degrees. . . . Never did our river look more peaceful - or more inviting. (That's Frank Leonard and his granddaughter in that boat off the piles - catching themselves a mess of bluegills).

As far as we can learn, our boys in France now number three: Harold Beery, Lewis Muller & Val Smith. Harold picked up a hand injury somewhere along the line, from which he is now recovered, but otherwise the boys have done swell. Lewis Muller writes: "Have seen a few French towns and they're all alike - in ruins. . . . The onlyest thing I hate here is sleeping in foxholes". And Val Smith comes through with: "All I have time for now is to let you know that I took part in the invasion and some nice fat battles. 'Herman the German' is sure getting the hell kicked out of him. But it is 'nt all gravy either - these damned snipers give me a pain in the you know what. . . . All the best to the folks at home and sure wish I was there".

Val's wife, by the way, the former Jean Smith of Glenn, is now a Wave at Moffat Field, Calif. - serving as a blimp dispatcher. And Winnifred Biller has completed her prelim training with the Waves at Hunter College and is now in Bethesda, Maryland.

Definition of a defeatist: A fellow who thinks "No" means NO.

Did you know that you men have made another Honor Roll? Saugatuck has erected one, beside the tennis court north of Wilson's, & has listed thereon the one hundred and thirty-six men & women now serving from Saugatuck township. It is a handsome Roll, with neon lighting, a gold shield, and red-white-&-blue decorations. But the thing that gives it particular distinction, of course, is the inclusion of Douglas names.

Ev Bekken sends word from New Caledonia to hold up further letters, papers, magazines etc. and promises "good news soon". . . And Lt. Ev Thomas writes from somewhere near Smoky Miller (New Guinea) that "Smoky should be rolling into Douglas one of these days". We sure hope these portents mean something - it's about time those furlough rotations were catching up with our boys.

Gal: "What's a military objective?" 2nd Gal: "Just walk past those G.I's on the corner. You'll find out".

Another for Douglas: The family of Lieut. Robert Osterberg, cousin of our boy Buren, has moved from Chicago to the old Carmen Forrester place on the River Road. Welcome to Douglas, Lieutenant - and to one swell roster. Lt. Osterberg, incidentally, is a Pilot in the Air Corps, and not long ago flew from his base at Sebring, Florida, to Camp Howze, Texas, wangled an afternoon off for cousin Buren, and the two of them golfed, had dinner together and took in a show.

Young Jack Wicks came home recently, with a 10-day leave after graduating from the Naval Electricians School at the University of Minnesota. Jack looked fine and sure seemed happy to be back on Main Street. He has volunteered for the Submarine Service and reported to the big base in New London, Conn. last week.

Did you hear about the infantryman who wanted to be an aviation cadet, so went to an old Army man and asked how. Said the O.A.M: "Do you drink? Do you smoke? Do you go out with women?" "No, absolutely NO", replied the G.I. "Then why study aviation?" asked the old Army man, "you've got wings already".

Jack Campbell has been promoted to 1st Lieutenant in the O.C.S. in Australia. Swell work, Jack - you're our first "First", and we're all proud of you.

Breathes there a man with soul so sad
Who never turned his head and said: Hm-m-m, not bad.

Political story: A teacher in one of the new schools built with WPA labor was trying to teach her 5th grade students something about religion. She asked: "Who gave us this beautiful school?" A little boy in the back of the room promptly yelled "Roosevelt". The teacher then asked: "Who gave us the beautiful park out there?" Another lad answered: "Roosevelt". Trying once more, the teacher asked: "Well, who gave us the beautiful trees in the park?" A little girl answered: "The Lord". To which another little boy in the classroom yelled: "Throw that Republican out!"

Wayne Weed writes from some "absolutely beautiful" island in the far Pacific: "Tell us about the 1944 summer season. How's business? Who's in town? And what are folks doing? Even if it's the usual thing we'd like to hear it". . . . O.K. fellah, here goes:

Douglas and Saugatuck are having the best season in their history. No vacant cottages anywhere; all hotels and boarding-houses full and booked solid through Labor Day. Reservations, we're told, have not even been considered unless accompanied by check. . . . Who's in town? Everybody in God's world except you boys. We've never seen a more delectable assortment of gals, or more attractively garbed - you're really missing something. And believe me, they're missing you. We even saw one young thing trying to date Joe Erlewein -- Joe, the father of seven children. . . . What's doing? Same old story - not so many cars and big boats perhaps - but plenty of bikes, row-boats and canoes. . . And never before, so many folks of all sizes, shapes and descriptions, on foot and on the beaches. . . . All in all, it's a whale of a season! As Harry Jackson of Mt. Baldhead says, "If a man can't make dough this year, he needs a keeper".

T/Sgt. Bud Standish, our Air-Medal-and-9-cluster man, has been transferred from the Convalescent Center in St. Petersburg, Fla., to the Traymore Hotel at Miami Beach. He's feeling fine again, his mother reports, and "raring to get back to his radio & guns". Gotta hand it to Bud - he's turned down both an instructorship and the O.C.S. because they'd ground him.

Here's one of those Texas stories (with apologies to R. Dempster): During a party at a Houston hotel a pretty young woman who had imbibed too freely suddenly felt the need of fresh air. She rushed out the first door she encountered. The fresh air was too much for her and she fainted, falling over a trash can. A Seabee, stationed in Houston, happened by and seeing the prostrate figure took her in his arms and carried her to his room. Shortly afterward he wired his former business partner in Jersey City: "Close office. Sell everything. Come to Houston at once. They throw away better stuff in Texas than you can buy in Jersey".

This issue of The Dope has been mailed to all Douglas men in the Services by Mr. Alva Ash. And the picture of the old Kalamazoo is contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Reel of the Lake Shore.

Douglas was at Saipan -- as usual. Hallie Jones, of the Fourth Marines, went through the whole miserable business. . . Have you ever thought of the many campaigns and battles that this little village has been in on? North Africa, Tunisia, Sicily, Italy, Normandy, Tarawa, Saipan, and, as everyone knows, we practically won New Guinea.

So long,

H. S. K.