

Harold H. Howey, Sm 1/c, Naval Operating Base, Navy 3256 - B-4F, c/o F.P.O. San Francisco, California, former Iola High School star, and certainly one of the scintillating stars for the Olathe Naval Base, writes that he is longing to get out of the service and to complete his college education. Here's wishing you all kinds of good luck Harold, and may your intercollegiate career be as promising as were your high school and service records.

 Captain John Pfitsch, formerly of Pflugerville, not Ft. Worth, (we do not have his address but he certainly did not have a chance to get over to see the Nips before peace was declared. He was all hepped up on going.) dropped in on us from overseas. John called us from Syracuse, N.Y., where he had been to pay his respects to the wife of his closest buddy who was killed in Germany near the close of the war. John's buddy left a baby whom he had never seen, and John was doing his soldier duty to tell the young wife of the associations the two had together in Europe. John came on to Lawrence and spent the night with us. A student mixer, "The Corn Meal Shuffle" was taking place in front of Bailey Hall out on the concrete driveway. John had a fine time visiting with Dean and Normal Nesmith, Denzel Gibbons, and a host of friends who greeted him with great joy. Capt. John Pfitsch has been a real officer and has an outstanding war record. He is the same unspoiled Texan who came up here to get his master's degree in education. As soon as John can get mustered out, he is returning for his doctorate here at Mt. Oread. It was swell to see you John, and you have lost none of the winsome personality and engaging conversation.

On the heels of John Pfitsch came personable Howard Engleman whose hair is darker and straight. He had it all burned off at Okinawa. Howard is a little thinner, but his twinkling eyes speak the same human Engleman as he was when he was on the campus. When a Japanese Kamikaze suicider hit Howard's ship, Howard was entirely engulfed in flaming gasoline. He jumped into the ocean and was in there five hours, coming out badly burned. After a half a dozen transfusions, Howard made the grade. They later flew him from Okinawa Hospital to Oakland, California, at Oak Knoll Hospital. On July 5, Engleman was sent to Norman, Oklahoma and he was on a thirty day convalescent leave from July 30 to August 19. At Oak Knoll, "Rope" saw Wayne "Bill" Replogle and Eddie Hall. Howard's wife and son, Howard Dodge Engleman, are at Salina. To demonstrate that "Rope" has lost none of his wise-cracking, Howard stated that his brother, who is an engineer with Phillips Petroleum Company, had a son while Howard was on sea duty. Howard stated that his brother had named the son, Howard John, fearing that Howard would not return, and he would have a namesake for him. Then, with that famous twinkle, "Rope" smiled and said, "I bet he is darn sorry of it now."

Howard is expecting to come back to take his Law Degree as soon as he is discharged from the hospital.

We then discussed the war seriously. Howard said he nor any of the other boys, could see how the war was going to end in less than three to five years, even right up until the last. He said when you are out there seeing your buddies being killed all around you, you naturally think the next one may hit you. And there isn't any way that you could see a short termination of the war. I talked with Captain Johnny Pfitsch about the war's horrors, and he said that the most terrible experience, so far as he was concerned, were the bombings. Johnny said, "You just never could get used to them and that I dreaded them more than anything else." And Johnny was just speaking of the ordinary bomb, not the atomic bomb.

 The atomic bomb blew the Nips into perdition, blew Uncle Joe Stalin off the fence, and gave the Japs an atomic-ache.