

Lt. (jg) Howard Engleman (S.O.Q. Navy #10, San Francisco) is safe, although injured. We have had so many inquiries from his friends that we want you to know that we received a letter from Howard dated June 10. He says, "Excuse my handwriting but try putting on a pair of boxing gloves and then write left-handed, and you will see. I am now in the Hawaiian Islands in a swell modern hospital, eating ice cream and drinking malts. (They don't make you throw free throws for them either.) Well, Doc, I thought for a while I was going to see old T. P. but I guess my number wasn't on the ticket. We took a suicide off Okinawa May 8th which put me on the sidelines for a while to come. I can't tell you our casualties or damages other than that she is still afloat and will fight again. I think I will be back in the States soon and if I get home I'll try to drop by and see you, Doc. I've missed the old Rebounds. I hope all the boys will be as lucky as I was, Doc, because there's thousands of lives to be lost yet. Give my regards to Mrs. Allen, Bob and the whole family; also your larger family. I always think of you and the University synonymously. As ever, Rope."

Previously, we had received a letter from Howard's mother, Mrs. Beulah Engleman, 1003 South 2nd St., Arkansas City, Kansas, in response to my letter to her regarding Howard's injuries. It was reported that Howard was burned badly and that he had had four blood transfusions, and we were bombarded by inquiries regarding Howard's real condition. His mother wrote me as follows: "I have just received a letter from Howard dated June 6th saying, 'Well, here I am in the Hawaiian Islands after a 3500 mile flight from the Marianas. This hospital is more modern than most in the States. I have a room and bath and get milk, ice cream and newspapers. But mostly it is heaven because you don't have to worry about Jap planes.' His letter was short and he is still writing with his left hand. He has had no news of his ship nor has he had any mail from home. In closing he said, 'I'm getting plenty salty with this left hand. Glad I'm not from Newton, those guys never could shoot left-handed.' I was glad for that little spark of humor. . . ."

I have seen Howard Engleman in joy and pain and sorrow, but Howard never forgets his sense of humor. Arkansas City and Newton were always great rivals in basketball and he couldn't pass up this opportunity to pay his neighborhood town a left-handed compliment.

Howard, it would be one of the highlights to have you back here, even for a little while. We would go down in that old supply room -- do you remember when you used to balance those handballs, 12 of them, up on a sill, and I tried for 20 minutes and couldn't get one to stay up. Boy, you were a supervisor of Harley Anderson and all the boys. You were the superintendent, and when I say superintendent I mean superintendent. And then do you remember when you visited in Dr. Peete's home in Kansas City, you and Bob Allen, between semesters, and you called Dick Harp who was the captain of the team, and told him you were Clyde McBride, sports editor of the Kansas City Star. Mr. McBride wanted to know how Dick Harp felt when he just received word that Ralph Miller had flunked (which he hadn't). You really had Dick Harp sweating! He refused to say a word. Told Howard Engleman, a lat McBride, to call up Doc Allen. He would do the talking.

Then, Howard, do you remember when we were walking along the streets of Philadelphia and I said, "Boys, that is where Benjamin Franklin -- --" That is one on me, Howard!

Capt. F. R. "Rusty" Frink (APO 84, New York) wrote as follows on the 15th of June: "I just received your May 26 Rebounds and really enjoyed it. Your account of Bill Johnson's game against Okla. had me almost as entranced as did the actual game. I was one of the lucky Boy Scouts who got to usher at that game. I shall never forget the tremendous ovation Bill received when he left the game near the end. I was awfully sorry to learn of Rope Engleman's injuries and I, like you,