

Monday's mail brought me a letter from Pfc. Vaughn W. B. "Chick" Pontius, APO 4, New York, our former golf pro at the Lawrence Country Club. We are thrilled to know that Chick has proved to be one of America's first class fighting men. Wounded a couple of times, Chick relates his innermost thoughts as follows:

"I thought I would drop you a line while I am in the hospital. I received two wounds while I was on the front line. They aren't very bad, tho. I got hit in the right leg and once in the right arm. I received the Purple Heart July 13. They tell me that I will be ready to go back to the front in about another week. . . . I sure would like to have a golf club in my hand instead of a gun."

We can appreciate what the boys over there -- and over there -- are doing for us. Sure, every one of those boys would rather have a golf club in their hands, or some other fine recreational facility, than to be exchanging pot shots with the enemy who may have their number on one of those shells. Chick, we are proud of you.

Our good friend and Marine, Bill Winey, has been spending a couple of weeks here in Lawrence, and playing golf with his many old friends at the Lawrence Country Club. Bill is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Green on the old California Road. To be specific, Harry Green lives in Major Art Anderson's former home, and before that it was Jim Barrows' domicile. Jim was one of the early Kansas Betas and an insurance man. When I saw Bill last week he was having a flare-up of malaria, but he acknowledged it was his own fault because he could have controlled it had he taken his stipend of quinine. Bill is looking fine and has had a great experience with the Japs, a la Australia and New Guinea way.

In our last letter we told you of the arrival of Lt. (jg) Howard Engleman's son. "Rope" expressed a splendid paternal and patriotic sentiment when he wrote regarding his young son -- "I didn't hear about it until about 20 days later, but anyway you have a young Jayhawk for your 1962 team. . . . Hate to be so far away but if so being will make a better world for him I won't complain."

This week I received another letter from Howard, in which he says, "Since I last wrote I ran into Knute Kresie who is exec. on a PT board. We had a long chat. Also saw a young Haines fellow who is Bob Haines younger brother who lives close to you. I didn't remember him but I know Bob and we hashed over old Lawrence stories. It's sure fun to meet an old Jayhawker out here in the Pacific. What a time we'll have when we all get back, and it won't be to talk of landing at Iwawa or invading Normandy, but it will be that overtime game with A. & H. and the rally against E-State at Manhattan when we were 12 points behind and had 8 minutes to go, and we licked them 4 points -- those events will haunt our memories."

"Doc, I'm not in such good shape being on a small ship with little shore time available. It is very easy to overeat and under-exercise. However, I play ball whenever I can and I still have that old love of the game that time and wrinkles can't erase. It will be good to get back, so see if you all at home can't hurry the day. If you ever go through Salina look up my son and teach him to rebound while he's young."

Howard Dodge Engleman will certainly have a soft touch and lay-up if he is like his daddy.