

"One tremendous roar shakes the sea for miles around. We blink and steady ourselves--that must be the Glasgow and the Texas. It is. Now Gunnery Officer Jim Arnold, in his fire-control tower atop the flying bridge, gets the word he's been waiting to hear. Our 5-inch guns speak as one, and to us they sound louder and truer than any we've ever heard.

"Our first salvo has lowered the first designated target. Arnold quickly works out the problem anew. The guns are corrected and our third salvo sends a pillbox cascading into the air in fragments.

"Within a few short minutes, on automatic fire, we get our second target and attempt our third. This one is a battery cunningly concealed behind a stone wall down a gulch jutting away from the sea. A salvo below, a salvo above, a salvo to the left--this fellow is really stubborn. Jim Arnold's lean, sensitive face now is twisted into something approaching a snarl. His long fingers adjust his instruments--for this moment the scholar has become a killer.

"The next salvo smashes the gun and sends it down the gulch, starting a minor avalanche. By 6:15, all our assigned targets that we can reach have been knocked out or previously demolished by air bombing. We have fired 250 rounds in twenty-five minutes of automatic firing.

"Sir, suggest we shift to targets of opportunity", Arnold phones the bridge. "Targets of opportunity" are those enemy surprises that bob up, those strong points we don't know about in advance. There will be plenty of them. "Permission granted."

And so Jim Arnold, a quiet country boy who enrolled at Kansas in 1937 from Downs, Kansas, who during the time this article was written was a lieutenant (jg) - we hope he is an admiral by now! - makes the big top with our world's heroes. Congratulations, Jim! We are sending you a copy of our Robounds with our deep admiration and our heartiest congratulations. We are also sending a copy to your parents. We are mighty proud of you and all the rest of our boys.

Your good friend and mine, Sgt. Bill Kollender, who has served the University enthusiastically and most faithfully since October, 1928, has retired to enter private life. Every one of you will remember the efficient sergeant who was always on top of things at all the athletic contests, especially the football and basketball ushering and seating. He was a past master in meeting friends, in taking care of the salubrities and the celebrities who visited the University. He was Col. Karl Baldwin's right hand man - in fact, all of the commandants of the R.O.T.C. - in handling the affairs of that department. He served four years in the Philippines and was at Corregidor and other Army bases over the country. Perhaps no man with an Army connection has made so many friendly contacts with University students, faculty and alumni as has Sgt. Kollender. We will miss him greatly, and our best wishes will go with him in his next field of endeavor. We might say that he retires on a healthy stipend as compensation for his many loyal and faithful years given to Uncle Sam. His address in Lawrence is 202 West 15th Street.