

our school of fine arts was afraid that she could not do justice on a mimeograph job so she passed it up, but I did send it on to Fred Ellsworth, our alumni secretary, and he is having an engraving of it that will appear in his Graduate Magazine.

Thanks, "Goody", and good luck to Lt. Col. J. B. Smith of our Jayhawker state.

Fred Ellsworth also called our attention to the July 8th issue of the Saturday Evening Post which carries an article, "The Longest Hour in History", written by Martin Sommers, describing among other things, Jim Arnold who was a letterman in basketball here in 1941 and also treasurer of his class.

From a pugnacious destroyer's bridge, hard under the German shore batteries, a Post editor gives you a close-up of how one of the hottest beachheads was punched into Normandy. Jim wrote Fred Ellsworth and stated when the destroyer was cruising around between the shores in the Solomon Islands they thought they were in some pretty rough spots, but, he stated, that was nothing as compared to what they got into on the USS McCook in this beachhead landing. Jim had a lot of things to say about coming back after the war, and they were much to the point. Between the lines we read a feeling of his, along with the rest of you, that you fellows want to be proud of the fellows back home for what they are doing to keep things going while you are away. I am reading in some of the letters the thought that after you have served over there and when you come back you will have something to say about how this country is run. Jim graduated and will not come back to school, but will go into business but I'll bet he will toss in a few chips in straightening out some of the muddles that the country has gotten into while he has been away. However, Jim doesn't say that -- I am guessing on exactly how he is feeling.

But I do want to quote from Martin Sommers' article:

"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 is low on 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 curving 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