

SARGENTRIVIA

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No. 4

The editors have received many commendatory comments about Sargentrivia, all of which are appreciated, but, they would observe, their dear readers are the sources of information about the family tribe and should not be too reticent about releasing it. Please send in items suitable for publication, especially letters from members of the armed forces. It will be our endeavor to use editorial discretion and avoid giving away military secrets. 39 copies of Number 3 were distributed to members of the family, two copies going overseas by airmail. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W. B. Sargent, assistant editor.

First Lieutenant David C. Sargent, Chief of Staff Section, Division Headquarters, APA #256, Camp Cooke, Calif., writes: "Last Monday the office phone rang. It was a Los Angeles operator with a call for anyone in the office of the Chief of Staff. Col. Thayer was out so I said, 'Go ahead', and then waited patiently while the party at the other end began dropping the necessary nickels and dimes into the coin box. From all appearances it was to be just a routine call. Then came a man's voice at the other end:- 'Hello, this is Gen. Grow—and I am reporting into the division tonight.' This was the first word anyone in the division had had of our new Division Commander, so I quite accidentally became the first man in the division to know who he was. Brig. Gen. Robert W. Grow came to us from the 10th Armored Division where he had headed one of the combat commands. This was the first big news of the week. The second event, and one considerably closer to me, was the transfer Friday of Col. Thayer to Corps. He will be the Chief-of-Staff of the II Armored Corps at San Jose, California. In this the 6th Armored Division has lost a really great man. Col. Thayer has a capacity for detail and a mind for decision which has long commanded my admiration. I sure liked to work for him and am really sorry to see him go. His successor is not yet known, but in the meantime there is an acting chief-of-staff, the G-2. . . . Col. Thayer's departure broke up our plans for what promised to be a thoroughly pleasant week-end next week. He has friends in Santa Barbara, and we were going down to be their house guests. The occasion was a big dance opening up some big Santa Barbara club on Saturday night, and I was to escort a friend of the family. It was a thoroughly nice invitation and I was particularly pleased that Col. Thayer would ask me to join the group. I have managed to get along very well with him, and I suppose on that basis there is a chance that I might some day be called up to Corps Headquarters. But this is only a small chance and not worth worrying about since I don't actually care particularly where I go. I have so many friends here in the Division that I am happy here. But you never can tell where you may end up these days. Last Thursday my old outfit, the 25th Engineers, put on a demonstration of street fighting that is the best thing I ever expect to see short of actual combat. The scene was the 'village' constructed by Dick Brooks and my old company. Using live ammunition and plenty of fire the Engineers invaded the village disregarding all the conventional safety precautions of range firing. Machine guns and rifles were firing into the village while the troops entered and bullets flew everywhere within the town. It was a magnificent demonstration and made me feel once again proud of the Engineers and particularly the 25th Engineer Battalion to which I had formerly belonged. I have just finished reading Louise Dickinson Rich's refreshing story 'We Took to the Woods'. It is an autobiographical account of family life in the Maine woods, takes fishing and hunting 'sports' for a wonderful ride, and is a book which I feel Dad would particularly enjoy. I also recommend Saroyan's 'The Human Comedy' which I recently saw as a movie and which I am now reading in book form. Judy Russell sent it to me along with Willkie's 'One World' which Dad had already sent me. You can see that I am doing a bit of reading. There isn't much to do at night other than read, go to a movie, have a ball session, play ping pong, or drink a little beer. Incidentally this ping pong angle has taken great hold in our barracks. I managed to dig up a table for us some months ago and it is fast becoming one of the most popular past-times. . . . I just received a letter from Dick Storm in a reply to a vicarious visit I paid him when a friend of mine went home on a furlough to Houston, Texas. This sounds a bit complicated so I'll explain. A boy here in the office was going home to Houston. I remembered Dick and Sal were there so I asked him to give them a ring. He not only gave them a ring—he went to see them too and came back full of enthusiasm for Dick and Sal and their youngster, 'Mike' and the hospitality of the Storm household. It was good to hear again from Dick. He expects to get in the navy soon. . . ."

Major Robert L. Fisher wrote on May 11th: "A young flyer & I started out by car for the ostensible purpose of trying to find one of our pilots who had been shot down behind the lines and who might have been liberated. That night we camped by some Byzantine ruins . . . and at dawn the next morning continued on our way. Good roads, with very little traffic led us through scenes of recent fighting — disabled tanks scattered about in the wheat fields, bombed and mixed vehicles on the roadside. . . . By about 7 o'clock we came to a big enclosure for prisoners — several thousand of them, mostly Italians, all seemingly perfectly happy to be there. . . . We drove into the city that had been liberated only two days before. The townspeople were all about, cheering and clapping at every vehicle

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with soldiers in it, and it seemed like a mistaken triumphal entry for us, for it had been the British who had taken the town. There were British soldiers all about but we saw only a few other Americans. We saw the docks - almost ruined - and the harbor with its sunken ships, and the thoroughly bombed airport. Later we cooked our lunch on the shore - by some early Roman baths and looked across the bay at the artillery barrage rolling up the mountain where Jerry was still fighting. (He was still fighting near us, we discovered when we heard sniper's shots not far off; a few had hidden about and occasionally took pot shots at people just to make life interesting). . . . and then more prisoners. Italians driving truck loads of prisoners and long lines of them walking out to the camp, very lightly guarded. We talked to a few of them - they all seemed content to have been captured, and one German private hoped he'd be sent to America so he could see his brother in South Bend, Indiana." Of course, it is Tunis that he is talking about.

Horace Pettit, M.D. (husband of Millicent Sargent Lewis) is chief of the Medical Service of the 112th Station Hospital, with the U.S. China-Burma-India forces, stationed somewhere in India. He writes that so far he had not had much medical work, but is having an interesting time being entertained by the Indian doctors in their homes. The climate he reports terrific, but, except for an illness when he first arrived, he has kept well. His address is Major Horace Pettit, A.P.O. 883, New York, N. Y. Millicent is keeping the home fires burning at 202 St. Georges Road, Ardmore, Pa.

The Bradford Tilneys celebrated their 5th wedding anniversary on June 16th.

The Bishop of California (Episcopal) was a recent dinner guest at the publication office. Bishop Parsons recalled the time in 1922 when he was being driven by a friend to Litchfield to officiate at the Fisher-Babbitt marriage and was stalled in the wilds of Litchfield County by a flat tire. There was a prospect for a long delay and of not being able to reach Litchfield at the time scheduled for the wedding. It so happened that the editor drove his car over the same route, was not far behind and therefore came upon the worried bishop. A rescue was staged, and the wedding ceremonies took place as planned.

Private John M. Sargent, having completed basic of thirteen weeks, the last three days of which having been spent under (simulated) battle conditions, has come home from Texas, to the Murray Sargent apartment at the New York Hospital on a 12-day furlough plus a week-end pass. He boarded a train due to leave Texarkana at 4 A.M., changed at St. Louis and arrived in New York late in the afternoon of the following day. The trains were late. No air conditioning. He traveled all the way in day coaches, which were so crowded that no seat was obtainable until Indianapolis was reached.

Ken and Laura Rice Deming celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary on June 15th.

Dick and Ruth Sargent celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary on June 21st.

Weir and Phebe Sargent celebrated their 23rd wedding anniversary on June 28th. On the same day Lucy and Murray Sargent, Jr., celebrated their 3d wedding anniversary.

Willard C. Rappleye, Jr., the editor's nephew by "adoption", was drafted while at Yale, inducted into the Army on January 13, 1943, sent to Camp Upton for three days and then transferred to the Air Corps Ground School at Atlantic City, N.J. He completed basic training February 22d, was offered a job in Personnel but refused - applied for Infantry - ignored. On February 23d he was transferred to "Basic Training Center (No. 7), A.A.F.T.T.C., Seymour Johnson Field, Goldsboro, N.C., where he was made a member of Personnel, though he applied again for Infantry. On April 13th he was transferred to Army Air Force Technical Training School at Pawling, N.Y., as a private first class in Army Air Force Intelligence, from which he graduated on May 13th and was transferred to Smyrna, Tenn. On June 13th he was transferred to McClellan Field, Sacramento, Calif., for probably another brief stay. Bill is a cryptographer and graduated very high in his class. He wrote on February 27th: "They keep me moving pretty rapidly. The day after completing my work at Upton I was shipped. And on the Friday after the Monday I completed Basic Training at Atlantic City, out I went. Yep, little Willy has moved again. It is not A.T.S., but it seems to be a sort of "dispersal center", as far as I can gather. Atlantic City was so horribly crowded they practically had to throw us out as soon as we were through. As you see by the address, I am deep in Dixie - near the town of Goldsboro in North Carolina. We just got here, so are very vague as to why we are here. There are several rumors, and since I have no idea which are right, I will give them to you with a few comments. First, some say we are to get Basic all over again. That seems a little improbable, although it is not impossible. Another is, we are to be given more vigorous tests, to determine the extent of our practical abilities, particularly in mechanics. That will serve as a definite check on what we showed in our paper exams. Then we will be re-shipped. That sounds fairly logical. A third theory is that we are all to go to a primary mechanic school, which is here. That does not seem

too probable, however, since there are boys here who are classified for practically everything in the Ground Crew. The last is the one I first mentioned - that we are just transferred here until we are called to school. I just don't know what is what, but will let you know as soon as I do. Frankly, whatever they decide for me is OK - that's a different attitude from what it was when I was classified for ATS, but I figure that even if it is mechanic school, I am young enough, ambitious enough, and willing enough, to go places, even though it may take a little longer. That brings up another subject. I am firmly convinced that I should spend a good six or eight months in the ranks before even applying for OCS. I am determined to be a grade A soldier before moving up. I want to be absolutely sound in background, making sure of every step before taking the next one. If I ever do get to OCS and get my bars, I want to be fully respected by my men, and the only way to do that is to be an absolutely topnotch soldier. Upon completion of school, unless my record is so good they move me right into OCS in the same field, to do work that is not strictly dealing with men, I would far rather work for a couple or three months with men, and then apply, as a soldier, rather than as a high IQ only. As a matter of fact, that is probably the way it will have to be anyway. But it's a pretty good way of looking at it, don't you think? This particular theory is not crystallized, as it is just taking shape, but I think it is a very good one. This place is a real Army camp - barracks, outside washroom, and, after a few hours here, it seems pretty swell. The food is wonderful so far, and they have swell recreation facilities. The only drawback is that Goldsboro, the nearest "metropolis" is 3 1/2 miles away, and is a hick town in the true Southern style. I don't mind so much - the only advantage Atlantic City had was movies & lots of 'em, but since there is a post movie house here, it doesn't make much difference. This is one job where I am not swerving in the least, and a city might offer too many diversions. Frankly, I am just crazy about the Army - it really is the nuts. But I guess you know how I feel already. . . .

Peggy Babbitt has received the card telling the safe arrival of her husband, Colonel Theodore Babbitt. Peggy has forsaken the warm breezes (and hot air) of Washington, D.C., for Litchfield, Conn.

Aunt Ellen Fenn, who died in 1930, generously remembered many of her relatives in her will, the legacies to be paid after the death of Uncle Bruce. Funds for the payment of the bequests were invested in United States "G" Savings Bonds. The New Haven Bank, N.E.A., surviving trustee, has sent the bonds for redemption and expects to make distribution to the beneficiaries soon after the funds are received from the government.

Faith Sargent Lewis quitted the New Haven Hospital on June 23d to make a long visit to her parents, the Sargent Lewises, 188 Bishop Street. She weighed 5 1/2 pounds, which is a 57 per cent increase over the 3 1/2 pounds with which she began life on May 3d.

Converse G. Penn is in the Personnel Department of the Bath Iron Works. He and Jane with their four year old daughter, Diana, live at Elmhurst Farms, Bath, Me.

Aviation Cadet Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., writes on June 13th: "Well, I am now a cadet! Have been classified as a pilot and am now awaiting shipment to pre-flight, which may be in the near future. Just about all the boys were made pilots; however, there were a few navigators and a handful of bombardiers. Only a couple of fellows didn't make the grade. We finished the tests at the end of last week. They were really thorough and included a seven hour mental which really brought out your different aptitudes and skills. Then there were the psycho-motive tests which were mechanical in nature, i.e., you lined up lights, were tested for your reaction speed and all sorts of tests where you used both hands, etc., to test your co-ordination and speed. There were seven in all and they took about two hours. Then lastly came a series of physical tests. . . . It is hot as all hell down here - you just live in your own sweat most of the day! Most of your spare time is spent in the shower or at the P.X. drinking liquid. You down water, coke, beer, and salt pills by the gallon. To-day we had a parade and spent the morning marching around in the dust. It was great. Little M.D. cars went about picking up the boys as they passed out! The heat doesn't bother me too much, so I don't mind. I have a beautiful tan, nice and dark. I got to know the head sergeant of this section and wormed my way into being on a more or less permanent detail. I play the part of a carpenter by fixing walks, digging ditches, etc. It gets me out of K.P. and guard and leaves me to mess around in the sun all day and tan up! It's a great life! We have been into Nashville several times, it's nice but cadets are a dime a dozen and no novelty. I never saw so much khaki on the streets in my life. Then of course the red and blue army is on maneuvers here so that adds to the fun. They won't let cadets go in on weekends, but they divide the week up, i.e. different sections get different nights. We have Tuesdays and Thursdays. Nashville being a dry town, all you do is get beer or set ups if you bring your own. Last Thurs. we went to a cadet dance which was very gay. There are a couple every week so that everybody can make them. The accents on these gals is really terrific! We probably won't be here long enough to make the contacts or have the fun we had in Springfield. The cadet uniforms are really nice. We wear a wing & a "U.S." on our collars and the cadet insignia on the shoulder. We finished processing this week and now have a lot of new clothes. You turn in all regular army equipment like mess kits, canteen, etc. They issue you two more pants & shirts, a lot of new underwear and socks and a bunch of insignia, including white gloves. I shall endeavor to get my picture taken in the near future. Just when I don't know. We got paid \$18 yesterday, but as I have

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to buy some athletic equipment, why I'll save the rest for my stomach and movies (we go about 4-5 times a week). When we get to pre-flight cadet pay of \$75 a month will start (unless that changes!) so I can send some money home. * * * "Lawt's Fathers' Day telegram read: "A joyous month. Please wire twenty-five dollars quick. Your broke and loving son." Later he wrote: "Thanks for the money! I was down to four cents! You see, we have only been paid \$18 since we got here, and I had to spend \$10 for athletic equipment; the only thing the army makes you buy is a cadet athletic uniform, So there went the dough. As I only came down with a little anyway, I was getting pretty low. Most of my money goes down the hatch in the form of food and beverage, and then we took some gals out in Nashville - well, you know how it goes. * * * We hope to leave this week or next - to Ala. probably. If I stay a pilot I should be home next March! It takes 9 months to get a commission if you last. So that's that. Don't count on furloughs, etc., as that holds no water for us "K-dets"."

Joseph Bradford Sargent and Nathaniel Job Hammond of Atlanta, Ga. married sisters: Elizabeth Collier Lewis and Laura Frances Lewis, daughters of Curtis Lewis of Atlanta. Many of the Hammonds and the Sargents used to spend their summer vacations together, and all through the years kept in touch with each other. The two families were almost as intimate as brothers and sisters. Of the eight Hammond children only one, Mary Emma, nicknamed "Tiny," who married David Jackson Bailey, had any children. She had four, two daughters and two sons. The elder son, Nathaniel Hammond Bailey, is a captain in the Quartermasters' Corps of the Army and is at present stationed in Philadelphia. He is married and has a daughter, Mary, who expects to be in a boarding school in Philadelphia next winter. The younger son, Seaton Grantland Bailey, unmarried, is a lieutenant (senior grade) in the Navy and is at present stationed at the Naval Air Base at Dallas, Texas. The two Bailey daughters are married: Laura Lewis Bailey married David Robert Cumming. The Cummings have four children: Three daughters and one son, the eldest daughter, Laura Lewis Cumming, graduated this month from Agnes Scott College. The younger Bailey daughter, Suzanne Grantland Bailey, married Caleb Loring and lives in Boston. The Lorings have four sons and one daughter. The eldest son, Caleb Loring, Jr., married Rosemary Merrill in February 1943 and is now an ensign in the Navy. David Loring, the second son, is in the Naval R.O.T.C. at Harvard. Suzanne Loring, Jr., is a student at Vassar.