

SARGENTRIVIA

Vol. 1

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No. 3

This number of Sargentrivia has a considerably wider circulation than the two previous issues. Items suitable for publication, in future numbers, especially letters from members of the armed forces, will be welcome. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W. B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Ted Babbitt went from the Reserve into the Army as a Major in July 1941, was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel early in 1942 and on June 1st of this year he was commissioned Colonel. He has been on the General Staff Corps with the title of Foreign Liaison Officer. As head of that branch of the War Department he was responsible, directly or indirectly, for all foreign military men in this country (prisoners-of-war excepted). That he was successful in his work is attested by the fact that he has recently received two decorations from foreign governments: in March he was decorated by the Commander-in-Chief of the Chilean Army and made a commander of the order "El Merito", and in May the Bolivian Government made him a commander of their order "Condor de los Andes". (He will be abroad on his wedding anniversary on June 17th, for) he is on his way to Tangier, Africa, where he is to be Military Attache at our Legation.

Teddy Babbitt is in the Naval R.O.T.C. at Yale. He has recently returned with his unit from convoy duty and now wears an "American Theatre" ribbon. He expects to be in New Haven until October 1944, when he hopes to be commissioned.

Bob Fisher joined the Army in March 1942 as a Major in the Air Corps. He is in Combat Intelligence, but his work has been broader. He has acted as commanding officer of his outfit much of the time, both in this country and in Africa, where he landed last November in the first convoy. He is probably now in Algiers. His address is Major Robert L. Fisher, A.C., O-185870, 350th Fighter Group, A.P.O. 525, c/o N.Y.C., New York City.

Jean Buck, after a brief sojourn in a New York apartment, has moved with her children, Sandra and John, to her parents, address care John Sargent, Esq., Meadow Lane, Greenwich, Conn. Her husband, Captain Richard A. Buck is stationed in New York, and hopes to see his family week-ends. He is in the Procurement end of the Corps of Engineers.

On Friday and Saturday, June 3d and 4th, at Simsbury, Conn., the Pettibone Tavern ("Taverne" according to the auction catalogue) was sold at auction. The pasture, which is bounded on the east by the Farmington River, was sold separately from the other land and buildings, and the furnishings and equipment were sold in several lots. The house was built in 1790 by Colonel Jonathan Pettibone and was maintained as an inn during his lifetime. After the Ethel Walker School moved to Simsbury Rhoda Tilney re-established the Pettibone house as an inn, first occupying it as tenant and later as owner. It had become a hostelry of note.

The two Wiser boys are in the Canadian army. Jim's address is L.A.C. 164663 Wiser, J.S., #2 S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F., Uplands, Ontario. Ye editor understands that "L.A.C." means "Leading Aircraftman", which he will be until he receives a commission. "S.F.T.S." stands for Service Flying Training School, and if the reader doesn't know what "R.C.A.F." stands for, we won't tell. Jim has started his solo night flying, and his "wings parade" is scheduled for August 7th, when he hopes to receive his wings. He does not know yet whether they will want him to be a fighter pilot or a bomber pilot, but at last report he was flying "Harvards" - what do you know about that?

Tom Wiser's last address was, C.102464 Gnr. Wiser, T.H., A. Troop, #7 U. Hut. "C" Battery, C.A.T.C. (A-2), Petawawa Military Camp, Ontario. As may be guessed he is in the artillery. "Gnr." stands for "Gunner". He expects to be sent soon to an officers training camp. He writes: "At the moment I'm taking a wonderful sun bath just outside our hut - it certainly reminds me of the life of Riley. Except for the lack of salt water, all the sand reminds me of the beach in Westport. This morning A-2 training center marched to the airport about 4 miles from here where we had our church service with the whole camp of Petawawa. I wish you could have seen the march past, massed bands playing the Grenadier March, with the salute taken by Brigadier _____ nearly 40,000 men. I imagine they had to take a mallet and knock the Brigadier's arm from the salute position after the last regiment had passed by. But seeing all those men lined up really made me feel pretty small - just one among tens of thousands. . . . Thanks a million for the cookies, etc. . . . We're going out on a three day scheme-field maneuvers this week, and those cookies will come in mighty handy."

The Henry J. Wisers have moved from Westport, Conn., to 531 Mariposa Ave., Rockcliffe, Ottawa, Canada. Bud is an official in the Department of Munitions and Supply.

The publication office is having a visit from ye editors' niece, Jill Bacon, who is trying to avoid catching measles to which her younger sister has been exposed. Jill reached her "teens" on May 29th.

Major Charles A. Watrous of the Field Artillery returned to New Haven from the South Pacific for a few days leave. He proudly reported that he had acquired a Sargent cow bell in New Caledonia, and had carried it as a part of his equipment to Guadalcanal. Just how he used it was not disclosed, perhaps it is a military secret, but it was attached to his tent.

S A R G E N T R I V I A

Cheshire air has been so salubrious for the Bradford Tilneys that they have changed their son's two middle names to one. The five months' old youth is hereafter to be known as Timothy Collins Tilney instead of Timothy Bradford Sargent Tilney. We hope he won't run into any snags in procuring a birth certificate when he is old enough to need one.

The Connecticut State Tennis Championships were abandoned this year because of the war, but the Lawn Club held a club mixed doubles tournament. Ye senior editor enlisted, got a good partner, won two matches and lost in the semi-finals to the Gaillards, the eventual winners, who have been almost perennial winners. The racket presented by his nephews was a prime assistant to the editor-player.

Captain Thomas D. Sargent is in the service of supply. His address is Office of Liaison Officer, Fiscal Division, Federal Reserve Bank Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Private John M. Sargent, whose address is 1st Platoon, Co. A., 127th T.D. Tng. Bn., 1st Regiment, T.D.R.T.C., Camp Hood, Texas, writes: "That K.P. Thursday was the longest I've had yet. It lasted about 19 hours, and that's pretty close to 19 hours of good, hard work! My waking hours that day were about 20 and so you can easily see that I had no time to write. Friday night I had to clean the floor space around my bunk and clean mess-kit, entrenching tool, etc., for Saturday inspection. . . . Today, having little else to do, I went to the Orderly Room and signed out to go to South Camp Hood. One is allowed to do this without a pass, as it appears. However, the bus which runs to South Camp starts at Gatesville, and so one has to hop a bus for that town and make connections there. Well, the buses are always so crowded that we got a ride into the outskirts of town on an army truck which happened along at an opportune time. Thus, we had to walk to the bus depot, and, as a result, we never went to South Camp. In Gatesville we saw "Random Harvest". Excellent! I also had my picture taken. . . . After being told of his presence last night, I had to get out of bed at about 10 and dress quickly to see Lt. Col. Mathews, whom Cousin Bill Brewer told me about. He shook hands with me after I saluted him. . . . The officer asked me if I had plenty to read, and I answered that I had a few pocket books. Then he handed me a book and asked if I would like to read it! . . . Our conversation turned when he asked me if I planned to go into O.C.S. I told him that I planned to at a later date, but was waiting at the present for more experience as our captain had advised us. He admitted that this was sage, but he replied in the negative to my question asking if O.C.S. would close in July. He stated that if battalions of Tank Destroyers were formed as quickly and thickly as they have been up to now (in an ever increasing rate), they would need a certain number of new officers and would at most just reduce the numbers in each O.C.S. class. . . . I live on 13th (street) between Headquarters Avenue and Park Avenue."

Lieut. James C. Sargent's address is A.A.F.A.I.S., Harrisburg, Pa. The initials are those of Army Air Force Air Intelligence School. We hear he has been hobnobbing with generals.

Lieutenant David C. Sargent is a first lieutenant in the Engineers Corps, is now liaison officer for the 6th Armored Division, which has completed a long period of maneuvers in the California desert and is now in barracks at Camp Cooke. His address is Chief of Staff Section, Division Headquarters, A.P.O. #256, Camp Cooke, Calif. He writes: "The "DHONS" (Division Headquarters Officers Hiking Club) finally tried the sixty-four dollar question and completed the 25 mile hike. That night I was feeling disgustingly healthy from the knees up - but from the knees down it was quite another matter! I was unfortunately lugging around with me one of the tiredest and most unhappy pair of feet that you might have seen in many a day. The hike was tough on us only because of the fact that we have become softened by too many hours spent at office desks in Division Headquarters. All the officers of this headquarters were tragic sights that night - limping around on feet which almost visibly groaned! And what groans weren't visible were certainly and distinctly audible. We didn't make too bad time, however - 25 miles in a little over 7 hours - and tired as my feet were I walked the last 4 1/2 miles in one hour! Bill Harrigan left a few days ago for the East so you probably won't hear from him for a few weeks yet. He still has two weeks at Ft. Belvoir before he gets his official leave. Bill's always doing things a little spectacularly. The other day Maj. Fowler, the Post Executive, came bursting into the office of the chief-of-staff complaining that someone had blown up a big bridge on the reservation. The seriousness of the situation was aggravated by the fact that the bridge was over a deep ravine and some farmer was unable to get his cows across! Col. Thayer promised immediate action and replacement of the bridge - and the net result was to produce Bill as the culprit. Bill had figured a kick might come, but he had nevertheless secured the O.K. of the Engineer battalion - and blown the bridge. He told me that he was sick of trying to teach demolition by "simulating" all the charges, so he had decided to give his men the kick of actually blowing a real bridge. "Simulate" is unfortunately an awfully over-used word in military training. In the army one is asked to "simulate" conditions that would tax the imagination of a child. When a training area doesn't suitably adapt itself to the terrain to illustrate certain points, the men are asked to "simulate" everything from lofty mountains to sparkling streams - and of course the "enemy" is in almost every case a "simulated nonentity". I judge that you have gathered either from my letters or from Mr. Schield that I intended to spend my whole leave in San Francisco. This is not the case - I had only thought of going up there for two or three days which would in no way conflict with any chance of going home. Transportation out of here is, however, pretty poor and inconvenient so I haven't much idea when it might come off. I can't even think about coming home until after July 1st because I haven't enough accrued leave to my credit left to take the necessary days. As

of July 1st, however, I will get the credit which I need. It would be much more convenient for me though if they would move the whole division east for a while. That would suit me fine. California is not a place I'd care to settle down in for any length of time. Its climate is almost the antithesis of its boasts. The wind seems to blow almost unrelentingly, and it is often cold and raw. I have ordered a set of maps for you from the Nat. Geography Society. I think you will find them interesting in following the news of the war. In the office we put a transparent paper over them and use grease pencils to mark the battle lines, which rub right off with a cloth and so the maps are easily kept up to date."

Ziegler Sargent celebrated the 40th anniversary of his cap and gown ("it was tattered, it was torn, it showed signs of being worn") at the Hopkins Grammar School Commencement Exercises on June 5th. The school awarded 16 diplomas on that day - in January 17 boys received diplomas so that they could enter college and fulfill certain requirements of the Navy. The gown upset the symmetry of the parade of trustees from the platform after the ceremonies by its sleeve tipping over a vase of flowers.

Aunt Edith Woolsey spent a few days in Cornwall, Conn., to get a vacation from Bishop Street. She whiled away her time in Cornwall preparing her house for a tenant and wheedling the oil ration board to let her have enough kerosene to heat hot water.

Frederick K. Sargent, M.D., is in the Army Medical Reserve and is interning at the Rhode Island Hospital, Providence. He and Janet are living at 25 President Ave., Providence, R. I.

Private (First Class) John N. Deming's address is Company D, 113th Infantry, U. S. Coast Guard, Fire Island Station, Bay Shore, Long Island, N. Y. Patsy was transferred from Camp Upton to the Coast Guard about a month ago. He gets one day off a week and occasionally gets home, which he did a week or so ago.

Lieutenant Bruce Fenn, after receiving his commission in the Navy, went to Quonset to school, and then spent five months at the primary flight school at Ottumwa, Iowa, as security officer. After that he was transferred back to Quonset to the Intelligence School, where Lieutenant Commander Clarence Mendell, formerly dean and professor at Yale, is director. In early May he was transferred to Naval Air Station, Brunswick, Me., his present address.

Private Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., after a mysterious disappearance from Springfield, Massachusetts, turned up at Nashville, Tennessee. He writes: "Figured I might as well drop you a line now as time will be limited in the days to come. It is now 8:30 a.m., and I am taking a sun bath. I have really got quite a burn by now! We got here last Monday, but the tests don't start till this Monday; result, we have had a week to get settled and sun, shower and sleep. 'Bout the only work we do is detail work, as that's all they can find to keep us busy. Had K.P. the first day and spent most of the day in places where they couldn't find me. Yesterday we dug weeds and rocks and dug a moat around the barracks so it won't wash away in the rain - when it rains here it really rains and the place is a typical sea of southern mud! Aside from that it's very hot and we spend spare time lolling in the sun with dark glasses on. Starting Monday the tests begin! Hope I make them. After that we are classified, probably as pilots as most of the boys here fall into that category; then if you wash out later on - and about 70% do! - you may be sent back and re-classified as bombardier or navigator. If you fail at that you have to look for other channels, though you're still in the Air Corps. On making classification we officially become cadets and then wait around here doing K.P. and guard details until we are shipped out to pre-flight; we will probably go either to Alabama or California! The average time here is from 4-5 weeks it seems, maybe less, depending on demand, etc. We had a very dirty train ride down from Springfield; though it was Pullman, they were rather old, and all the fellows opened the windows - one result was cinders and soot everywhere along the line. We never did get our weekend party in at Springfield, but the girls came up and saw us Saturday night before departure, so we had some fun. Being on the alert, they wouldn't let us go into town. The food has not quite the touch that Springfield had, but that is to be expected. However, it is really pretty good and there is plenty of it - more so than at Springfield. Today I am on a haircut detail, as the stuff is just about growing down my back! We are in quarantine for about 12 days after arrival - then after tests, etc., we get Tuesday and Thursday nights to go into town. I understand the town is gay and holds dances, etc. Of course we have several movies on the post as the place is really a town in itself with its own bus system. How they keep track of everybody is a miracle! - and they don't!" His address is A/S L.G. Sargent, Jr., Squadron B-1, N.A.A.C., Nashville, Tennessee.

Buffie Rappleye has skipped, or is about to skip, her senior year at the Brearly School in New York, and has been accepted for Vassar for next fall.

Henry B. Sargent is working for the British Ministry of Supply Mission in New York City.

Lawton and Jane will celebrate their 21st wedding anniversary on June 14th. Two days later Jane should have a singing telegram.

On June 13th, First Vice President C. Forbes Sargent should receive a singing telegram. On the same day Bill and Molly McCance celebrate their 22d wedding anniversary.

Yale had a strange commencement this year. On Sunday, June 6th, certain graduate and professional degrees were awarded, and an address was given by President Seymour. No honorary degrees were conferred. There were no graduation exercises for the undergraduate schools, because the members of the class of 1943 received their degrees in December 1942 and the class of 1944 will be graduated next October. There were no athletic events over the week-end, and it was between terms for the undergraduates.

X Joseph Weir Sargent, Jr., is a private first class in the Marine Corps and has been stationed on an island in the southwest Pacific since last September. He left the University of Virginia in January 1942. He had his preliminary training at Parris Island, South Carolina. He writes: "We have put in exactly seven months out here and looking back time seems to have passed rather quickly although the last few months seem to have dragged by slowly and I think in the future they will even be slower. It is the same old routine with nothing new to look forward to. The war and me don't seem to have progressed very far. Not that I mind it down here but I have not felt hot water since last August in San Diego and I bet it will feel funny as also will sheets and other luxuries. Once in a great while we get some coke and then it is syrup and water mixed. If we ever get to another post I hope it is somewhere near civilization and not on an island like this where there is absolutely nothing to do and it rains two hundred inches a year. Guarding a beach head on a tiny island in the Pacific is not a bit exciting and everybody gets terribly fed up with it after awhile but I suppose someone will have to do it or the Japs will take over." His address is Private Joseph Weir Sargent, Jr., Second Barrage Balloon Squadron, Second Defense Battalion, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.