

# SARGENTRIVIA

Vol. I

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No. 6

No, Sargentrivia has not moved, but the New Haven Post Office has adopted, as have many other cities, the Zone or Unit Plan for addressing mail. As far as we can discover most of the residential area in our part of the city is in Zone 11, hence our new address. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W. B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Aviation Cadet Lawt Sargent writes on July 11th: "Well, I am now fully settled at Maxwell and have learned much about its traditions, the Corps of Cadets and life in general. First I must impress upon you certain facts about which you are a bit punch drunk. Times have changed - as of yesterday the class system has become a memory, much to the dismay of our officers and - strange to say - the cadets themselves. But such were orders from H.Q. So now we have only class of 44-C and 44-B. Hazing, rat lines, Zombies, etc., have vanished. All men are on an equal level, except new men are confined for the usual two weeks as of army regulations. I must confess that I am sorry to see things change, as, though it was tough, it was fun (to a certain extent) and good for you. We still have cadet officers who hand out the gigs, etc., and everything is the same except for the foregoing. It seems that Maxwell was the only place that had the rigid system anyway. Secondly, we do no flying here; that comes at primary - the next step from here. As I have said before, things are very busy here - indeed different from life at Nashville. Here you must be on the ball every minute, but you really like it. Classes are not too tough, but there are lots of them. Code and airplane identification classes being the most apt to cause trouble. We parade - gloves and all - every other night and it is really good. It makes you feel proud to be in the Corps of Cadets which is really a thing in itself with its own traditions, customs, and language. I wouldn't trade for anything. Your posture and habits really improve here and you can feel changes taking place which they expect of you. And they expect a lot, believe me. The standards are high. One of the most interesting things to realize is the honor code - your word. It is placed on a pedestal by itself and it's amazing the effect it has, for once you cross it (no matter how) you are liable for immediate dismissal. Money belts are a thing of the past. Social life is also gay. There are two cadet clubs in town with dances every weekend - taxi service between clubs and date bureaus supplying lovely gals! We have our own dance bands, etc. There is an underclass dance, senior dance, and a big graduation dance which they say is tops. So when not working (or walking tours) they treat us royally. However, such only happens on weekends. You can get every other Sat. night off - all night. In between you have open post on Fri. night and Sunday. That divides it between the Wings here and keeps down the crowds. We still won't hit town for a few weeks - one at least. So you can see, that contrasted to the various excerpts which appeared in Sargentrivia, the time has changed and life is no longer led with loafers on. We are now working hard to become flyers - no more are the days of "goofing off," which became tiring in itself. Time passes quickly as you're so busy. My only regret is that my tan has vanished as sun exposure is limited. We have been dining on watermelon, cantaloupe and fried chicken lately! Physical training is the toughest thing here - we had a 4 mile jog on Friday and have another to-morrow. They gradually work up! The Burma Road is terrific. About two miles of twisting paths up and down and over hill and dale! That procedure varied with half mile sprints, tumbling, obstacle courses, etc., makes it gay. Actually it isn't the P.T. that gets you, but the fact that our barrack is 3/4 of a mile from the field and you have to double time both there and back. Oh for another pair of lungs. Really, though, it isn't too bad. . . . Well, this should acquaint you with life at Maxwell - it's really great, and good for you." His address is A/C Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., Sq. C-10, Class 44C, A.A.F.P.F.S. (pilot), Maxwell Field, Ala.

Laura Rice Deming's three daughters are in New Haven and, as usual, are hard at work this summer. Elizabeth Lewis Deming (Bibby) received a B.A. degree in May from the University of Vermont, majoring in psychology. She is working at the First Federal Savings and Loan Association. Kitty and Linda are respectively junior and sophomore at the University of Rochester. Kitty's vacation job is with the H. B. Ives Company, now in war production. Linda's work is at the Yale Library. Linda, by the way, celebrated her seventeenth birthday on July 1st. Many happy returns of the day.

Private John M. Sargent, back in Texas after his furlough, was transferred on July 17th for about a week to Texas A. & M., which is about 12 hours journey from his former post. He wrote: "At last we were shipped - and again found ourselves on that slow thing called a train, which crawls from North Camp Hood to Waco. We arrived at College Station for breakfast. We had grapefruit juice and a pint of milk each, which here we can have at every meal. We have music while we eat - and everyone commented "Please don't wake me up"! While here, we have one hour a day to ourselves, which will be a change from the last days at Camp Hood where they gave us very little to do. I had 1/2 day K. P. once, and one day detail of another nature - guarding the payroll. It was a small one and I had only two bullets in my rifle. One afternoon I pressed a shirt with an iron that somebody owns and later drove a lieutenant down to 8th Street for something that wasn't there. I'll let you know where I'm going as soon as I know. If I don't pass the tests, it's back to Hood for reclassification."

Major Robert L. Fisher has recently returned to this country from North Africa. He was sent by the Army to Harrisburg, Pa., for two or three days. Through Sargentrivia he had learned of Lieut. James C. Sargent's address, so Bob, Becky and Jim had a get-together.



Private (f.o.) Joseph Weir Sargent, Jr., of the Marines wrote from "somewhere in the Pacific" on May 30th: "The vic. records came and are wonderful also the books, thanks a lot. Does thee think possibly somehow or somewhere thee could send me some maps, pretty much in detail of various areas of importance to-day, like S.W. Pacific, Russia and North Africa. The food is not bad considering everything, and so far rationing hasn't touched us except for butter and that's just recently. Instead of putting a pound of butter on the table they dole it out two pieces to a man. Until last month we could get new clothes monthly on a survey but now they repair equipment, instead of giving you a new pair of shoes, they resole them. Coffee and sugar are plentiful. I still can't get to like coffee. I guess more rationing will come eventually. Sammy Tease is here for about a week. He is fine and really quite an expert in his line and knows a plane forward to aft. All I can say about him is, he is stationed nearby but not here. I spend quite a bit of time with him while he shows me many parts and gadgets of the plane. I could almost fly one myself. Not really but wish I could. Nothing more to write about. Things still the same and nothing bright for the future." On June 14th Weir, Jr., wrote: "I have been moved from my original area to a place closer to civilization, so to speak. I used to be out in the 'boomdocks,' an expression used for sandy or isolated spots, and now am living right next to a native village where there is more activity. The first couple of days here I spent cutting grass via native style and really got a laugh out of it. If thee can imagine a thin blade of steel or tin, something like a weather vein striping, curved at the end in the form of a putter and on the other end a rag wrapped around this 'thing' to act as a handle. Well, the object is to make long sweeping strokes, like a mow ball in squash or tennis, thinly trimming the blades of grass. When you see four or five people doing this it strikes me as a very amusing scene. . . . A while back I put in an application for a college training program but don't believe there is much chance. This is naturally a great sought after plan and only a very few will go from this area. It was explained to me that being in what they call a 'Bastard' outfit that carried little weight I would hardly have a chance but I thought such an opportunity should not be missed. V-mail letters now come without any envelopes. I guess this takes less room. They arrive open and on a small sheet of paper." On June 28th he wrote: "Don't know if I ever told thee, that there are close to a 1000 dogs here of all breeds, mostly mongrel. Anyway we had one and she had 5 of the outest pups one could imagine. We are struggling to bring them up. . . . I have come across a new idea for a bed and, Boy, it works great. I got an old worn-out inner tire tube, cut it up in strips about an inch wide and interlaced this across some two by fours. This is better than any bed I have ever seen, although it is likely to wear out soon and some night I will find myself on the ground. . . . Never in my life have I heard such rumors that we hear. It is a constant topic of conversation and a new one always pops up every few days for us to dwell upon. If it weren't for these harmless rumors talkitiveness would no doubt be slow. Dick is getting ready to leave for parts unknown. He has been an instructor in Jungle Warfare after having gone to school here for ten weeks and was crammed with this sort of fighting. No doubt pretty soon he will be in the thick of it and I wish to Hell I were going with him." (At the last minute Weir was not put in that outfit as he was over 6 feet, and was he annoyed!) "Got something I never heard of before, the 'Sargentrivia,' quite a sheet. Where in Hell did that originate?"

The five Henry J. Wisers in Canada are 100% in war work. Bud is a government official in the Aircraft Division of the Department of Munitions and Supply. Dorothy is on duty 18 hours a week in the Canadian Red Cross Corps, Office Administration Branch. She wears the gray uniform with a ribbon up for service in the last war. The two boys are in the Canadian Army: Jim is Leading Aircraftman with the R.C.A.F., and Tom is Lance Bombardier in the Royal Canadian Artillery. Joan, the youngest of the family, is employed six days a week in a company making precision instruments for aircraft.

Virginia Rice celebrated her birthday on July 27th. Many happy returns of the day. She has been a very successful interior decorator. She and Miss Margaret Ramsay have their shop and office at 45 Whitney Avenue, New Haven. Virginia lives with her father, William A. (Dad) Rice, in the Rice home-stead at 240 Bradley Street.

Aunt Margaret Sargent left Edwards Street recently for the sea breezes of Maine. She has not opened her house at York Village, but has taken a friend's house at York Harbor. With her is one granddaughter, Ann Loring (Nanoy) Grove Turner (whose husband, Arthur, is an ensign in the Navy Air Service in the southwest Pacific). The other granddaughter, Barbara Moorehead, Jr., is expected at York Harbor after August 1st. Elizabeth Sargent is visiting her Uncle Lewis during Aunt Margaret's absence. Uncle Lewis reached his 81st birthday on July 26th.

Sylvia Tilney Skerrett, wife of Lieut. Col. H.E. Skerrett, Jr., of the Army Air Corps on July 15th reports their activities: "The Skerretts, Kerry and Sylvia have just completed their 5th move in a year! They are now in a very comfortable house at 901 N. George St., Rome, N. Y. Kerry was called to Rome last Christmas to act as Sub-Depot Control Officer. In February, he was appointed Area Administrator, and in March became the Control Officer at Headquarters of the Rome Air Service Command. (For the benefit of the uninitiated, Air Service Command is responsible for the supply and maintenance of our Army Air Forces, and the Rome Air Service Command is, in turn, responsible for all Air Service Command installations in the northeastern portion of the United States. The territory includes all of New York, except Long Island, and all of the New England States. Being Control Officer simply means that Kerry must have at his finger tips complete and up-to-the-minute information regarding every phase of the Air Service Command activities in this entire area). Kerry complains bitterly that there are only 24 hours to a day, and would probably vote for legislation increasing each day to 48



hours! Incidentally, when this war is over, Kerry can claim to be "a veteran of two Wars". He started out in World War I as a 2nd Lt. and rose to the rank of Major. He was recalled to active duty in March 1942 as a Major, and was promoted to Lt. Col. in December. Prior to coming to Rome, he first attended the Air Corps Maintenance and Supply School at Middletown Air Depot, Penna., and then was made the Commanding Officer of the 319th Sub-Depot at Westover Field, Mass. Between her work as a Nurse's Aide, Red Cross, Victory Gardening, and housekeeping, Sylvia manages to keep pretty busy. Their English Setter, Brook, who belonged to Bob Fisher, is obviously bewildered by all that's going on, but manages to retain his traditional dignity! . . . The Officers' wives here are about to start a tennis ladder with a tournament to follow later on. I have been playing quite a bit lately and loving it. There is a macadam court only two blocks away, and hardly a day goes by without either singles or doubles. There is a tennis pro at the depot, Mel Kamm, who used to tour with Tilden, etc. We are going to ask him to give us a few lessons. There is a swimming pool not so far away which we have been invited to enjoy - and I am sure we will, if this hot weather keeps up, but neither of us are very keen about fresh-water bathing except in the tub! How we miss Waterford and the grand salt breezes down there! Our garden has produced peas already, and soon we should have stringbeans and limas - there is a skunk who has discovered our garden spot and it is a race to pick before he gets there. Unfortunately, he is an early bird. The crows aren't any help either! Such is Life!" . . .

Ye assistant editor began to celebrate her birthday on July 20th. On the same day the Willard Rappleyes celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary. Agnes has a commendable notion that celebrating a birthday anniversary should not necessarily be confined to a single day, so it may be that it is still not a closed incident. A complete file of Sargenttrivia in a binder was among her prized gifts. The second night Elizabeth Sargent put on a wonderful lobster dinner in her apartment at 98 College Street. The three Bishop Street visitors returned home just as the black-out signals began disturbing the peace of the City of Elms. Elizabeth Sargent for nearly a year has been the Chairman of the Used Clothes Committee of the New Haven Branch of the British War Relief Society. The Calvary Baptist Church at 165 York Street has donated a work room, where the clothing is repaired and renewed, after which it is started on its way to Great Britain.

Captain Thomas D. Sargent is Liaison Officer, Fiscal Division of the Army Service Forces. He has recently moved his office from Cleveland to the Federal Reserve Bank Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Atlee Downs Fisher is a proud grandmother. A daughter was born on July 23d to Mr. and Mrs. William Morris McCawley, 2d. Sally Fisher and Bill McCawley were married in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, on October 4, 1941. He is an ensign in the Navy, at present on "off shore patrol" in the Atlantic. During his sea duty Sally has been living with her Mother in Bryn Mawr.

Private (f.c.) John M. Deming, Company D, 113th Infantry, U. S. Coast Guard, Fire Island Station, Bay Shore, Long Island, N.Y., uses discretion in writing about his military duties, but Pat has the following to say in letters written in July. " . . . a lot of things have come up which have kept me pretty busy. Sunday morning I was told over the phone that I had to report to Camp Upton by 530 Monday morning in order to go to 90 Church Street for some kind of an interview. No one there at camp knew exactly what it was all about. I went to Upton Sunday night, and was picked up by truck from Riverhead. There were about 14 of us from the island. We got into NYC and went to Church Street. There we filled out various forms and listened to several lectures by different newspapermen on just how to report news and write articles for a serviceman's paper. The whole plan is to start a combat team paper which will include men from Montauk to Delaware. There are two men from each unit who are to act as reporters. I don't know exactly where I fit in as I can't do much from here, but I may try my hand at writing a few stories. After passing some time at 90 Church we went over to the Daily Mirror plant and watched them put a paper out. It was fairly interesting, but the place was hot and filthy and so were the people. I got out of there as soon as possible, and came back to Bay Shore. The next day I left Fire Island on liberty. Stayed in NYC at the Y which is nice. Saw the show "Early to Bed" which is good only in spots. . . . Also saw the movie "Stage Door Canteen" which while it had some phony scenes in it was on the whole quite entertaining. Got back here this noon, and found a nice big package from Mrs. Miller - the Bradley Street one - with a nice card about letting my birthday slip her mind. The box was the best one I have ever seen - filled with everything. It is so grand that all the guys here want to know where she got it. It certainly was sweet of her. . . . Well now that the holidays have ended, we can once more settle down to a more routine life. For we were kept pretty busy what with one thing or another. Not a great deal has happened since I last wrote you all. Last night I did go down to Ocean Beach on what is called a runoff. That is to say we left here about eight and had to leave there at midnight, but it gave us a chance to have a few beers. Met a few nice gals so all in all we had a pleasant evening. . . . It seems that Helen Hayes and the cast of "Harriet" have been helping us by contributing toward the movie fund here - so much a month. Well I wrote and thanked her for some of us. I will be anxious to know whether or not she writes back. . . . Yesterday a major from Riverhead came out to give us the once over and I guess that everything was in order. This afternoon I spent some time on the beach and got a bit of sun as well as had a good swim. This letter is sort of stupid, but it is now 335 in the morning and I am quite tired. . . .

# SARGENTRIVIA

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Corporal William F. Sargent is back in civil life. He was released by the Army on account of age July 16, 1943, and is now in the Enlisted Reserve Corps. (We understand that honorable discharges are to-day given only in cases of disability.) Bill was inducted September 11, 1942, sent for a few days to Camp Devens, Mass., assigned to the Army Air Force and transferred to Miami Beach, Fla., for processing and basic training. In the latter part of October he was moved to Gulfport Field, Miss., where for 4 1/2 months he attended the Airplane Mechanics School. On March 1st he was sent to the Army Air Forces Technical School, Chanute Field, Ill., to take an advanced course in airplane instruments. (While there the "flu" put him in the hospital for two weeks.) He was made a corporal in March. In the first week in May he was transferred to his final post, the Ferrying Command at the New Castle Army Air Base, Wilmington, Del. (It was in being transferred to this post that his barracks bag was lost, as told in an earlier issue, but he reports that it eventually turned up. That clears the record.) Bill is enjoying a few days of independence from the bugler before getting back into civilian work. Aunt Laura Sargent's house, 178 Bishop St., New Haven, is his home address.

Joseph Bradford Sargent was the third child of Joseph Denny Sargent and Mindwell Jones. His brothers and sisters are listed below in the first column (except a sister, Mary Denny Sargent, who died in infancy), with their children and grandchildren in the second and third columns.

Harrison Jones Sargent m. Sarah A. Griffin	Sallie Colbert Sargent m. Thomas F. Parrott Harrison Rupert Sargent Eight children died young.	Thomas S. Parrott
Sophia Sargent m. William Boggs	Sophia Boggs Jane Boggs Mary Denny Boggs m. Albert V. Gude	Mary Boggs Gude m. Algernon Coleman Albert Valdemar Gude
Lucy Baldwin Sargent m. Elon W. Rupert	Isabella Boggs Edward Sargent Boggs Four children died young Elon Sargent Rupert Mary Boggs Rupert m. James W. Holland	Rupert Sargent Holland Lucy Sargent Holland m. George P. Putnam Leicester Bodine Holland
George Henry Sargent m. Sarah C. Shaw	Harry Henkel Rupert Leicester Sargent Rupert	Emily Bush Rupert m. William Gordon Cole
Edward Sargent m. Adeline S. Conklin	Leicester Sargent Rupert Sargent Emily Shaw Sargent m. Wilfred Lewis	Rupert Sargent Lewis Wilfred Sargent Lewis Millicent Hacker Lewis m. Horace Pettit Leicester Sargent Lewis Winthrop B. Sargent Adelaide Sargent m. Samuel Dike Hooper Mildred Sargent m. Alfred Newton Miner, Jr. Joseph Bradford Sargent
	Winthrop Sargent Harry Edward Sargent	Evelyn Sargent m. Lionel F. Jealons

Yale began its new year on July 1st. The only civilian students in the undergraduate departments are those under military age and those deferred because of special preparation for civilian war industry or because of physical disability. Nearly all are in uniform, on government pay and under military discipline. All extra-curricular pursuits are out for the duration. The only athletics will be those connected with physical training, but will include football. The largest group of undergraduates, some 1,500, are in the Navy College Training Program, known as V-12. The courses are prescribed by the Navy, or in the case of the A-12 by the Army, but will be taught and administered by the Yale faculty. The boys live and mess in the undergraduate colleges, which still retain much of the traditional academic atmosphere. The Navy day begins on week days with "Call the Watch" at 0530, "Reveille" at 0600 and ends with "Lights out" at 2200 Navy time (10 P.M. civilian time). Yale is teaching foreign languages to army officers sent for that purpose. The Army Air Force Technical School is located in Yale buildings and is occupying the old Campus, the gymnasium and many other buildings under lease.