

Ye editors had to postpone their vacation for nine days because the assistant editor took to her bed for a week, afflicted with an attack of boils (we forget the Latin name). Consequently, there is a bit longer interval between Number 7 and the present issue than has been customary and than was expected. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W. B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Nancy Grove Turner's husband, Arthur, is a Navy flier in the southwest Pacific. The following clipping from the local New Canaan, Conn., paper was the first news Nancy had had that Arthur had been promoted to Lieutenant (junior grade).

Lieut. Turner In Biggest Bombing

INS Correspondent Describes Flight Against Japs From Guadalcanal

A dispatch from Guadalcanal by Pat Robinson, International News Service correspondent, tells of a bombing raid during which he was a passenger in a flight of which he says Lieut. (j.g.) Arthur Turner of New Canaan, was pilot of the wing plane. The bombing was the biggest ever staged in the South Pacific, Robinson declares.

His story follows:

"Navy Lieut. Malcolm Miller, Purdue graduate from Muncie, Ind., twisted his head around, grinned, and shouted, 'Hold onto your hat, I'm going in.' This started my part in the biggest bombing raid ever staged in the South Pacific.

"At the pilot's shout I grabbed the sides of the glassed-in cockpit of the Avenger torpedo bomber where I had been standing cramped

amid the radio equipment for over an hour.

"Ten thousand feet below we could see dense clouds of smoke rising from Jap entrenched Munda. Between us and our wing plane, piloted by Lieut. (j.g.) Arthur Turner, a Yale man from New Canaan, Conn., we could see puffs of ack-ack bursts.

"Then everything stopped as we went into a dive like a Coney Island roller coaster. I almost swallowed my cigarette. Later Miller told me that we pulled out of the dive at two thousand feet after releasing our bomb, grasscutter fashion, directly on its predesignated target.

"This was our part in the giant bombing raid in which 250 bombers and fighter strafed Munda and laid 200 tons of bombs on Jap machine gun nests, artillery emplacements, and ack-ack positions.

"During the time of the assault United States ground forces besieging Munda smashed forward 500 yards, pinning the Japs to their beach positions.

"The great American-raid went off with clocklike precision. Light and heavy bombers and fighters took off from three fields under a half

moon. Plane after plane roared down the moonlit runways with only seconds between their takeoffs.

"We all sped northeast passing over myriad islands lying dark and lifeless in the sea. After flying for a while the dawn began to break. I could see planes on both sides of us. More filled the sky above and below, ahead and behind us. They flew in beautiful formation.

"Directly ahead our flight was led by Lt. Commander Bill Keighley, Huntington Park, Calif. Lt. Turner was on one wing, and Lt. (j.g.) Turner Caldwell, Amarillo, Tex., on the other. Lt. Howard Paine, San Francisco, and Lt. Henrikson, Cranston, Long Island, were in formation behind us.

"Our formation went in on its targets, and we pulled out over the sea. Our only loss was one Liberator.

"In the later dogfight against a Jap bombing force we lost four fighters while downing eight Jap planes.

"Lts. (j.g.) John Symmes, Philadelphia, Charles Williams, Auburn, N. Y., and Martin Dillon, Birmingham, Ala., each got a Zero. Lt. (j.g.) Thomas Moore, Lakeview, South Carolina, got two."

Private John M. Sargent in early August was transferred from Texas to the Selected College Service Unit of the Army at Syracuse University for an 84 weeks course in engineering. He arrived in Syracuse while his sister-in-law, Lucy, and his two young nephews were visiting Lucy's mother, Mrs. Garfield. On August 11th he wrote: " * * * For quite awhile I will probably be confined to Syracuse. However, after every twelve weeks of study I get one week's furlough and I'll at least be able to get home. Furthermore, possibly I shall have one of these weeks off sometime in the middle of next summer, thus enabling me to visit dear Mountaineer after two years of abstinence. My engineering course will really be difficult, and I shall have to concentrate to the uttermost. However, the distractions of prep school and college will not be with me now, and so I ought to do better this time. I've been told that the successful completion of our 84 weeks course in engineering will go some way towards a degree in all colleges after the war. As further incentive for keeping up the marks we are definitely bound for officership and that means higher pay, more distinction, etc. Also I shall have to live up to Sargenttrivia standards!!! * * *." His address is Private John M. Sargent, 11092637, Co. D, 3205 S.C.S.U., Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y.

Major Robert L. Fisher writes from Student Officers' Mail Room, A.A.F.S.A.T., Orlando, Fla., on August 18th: " * * * Having finished one course here at the Army Air Forces School of Applied Tactics, I am now in the middle of another - the 'Pre-Leavenworth Course', which about fifty of us are taking preparatory to going to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, the first of September, to attend the Command and General Staff School. There we will take a nine weeks' curriculum known as the General Staff course - and from there we will presumably be sent to be staff officers in various higher Air Force units. I do not yet know what my assignment will be, but after that school I am to report to Headquarters Second Air Force, at Colorado Springs - a heavy bombardment organization. As I have been up to now an intelligence officer for a Fighter Group, that will be quite a change - but a very interesting one; I am glad that my request for that change was granted. * * *"

Colonel Theodore Babbitt's duties as Military Attache at our legation at Tangier, Africa, are not of the sort he can write home about, but he has made some interesting trips, including one to Gibraltar, where he was taken all around that amazing rock. The following is from Ted's letter to Peggy of July 22d: " * * * On Monday I flew over to Algiers, * * * but I certainly never want to go there again. The place is

unbelievably crowded, transportation is very scarce, all the various departments are spaced out all over the city, and the telephone service is so hopelessly overcrowded that it's usually quicker to walk to the office you want. I was there on Bastille Day and the parade didn't help traffic much. The next day, after a fearful battle, I got airplane priority and flew to Casablanca, where I was to be presented to the new Resident General of French Morocco, M. Puaux, who succeeded Gen. Nogues. This business of air travel is unquestionably most convenient, but there is nothing more boring than a whole day's trip in one of our transport planes. The seats are all along the sides, and you have to break your neck to look out, even when you aren't flying above a ground-haze you can't see through anyhow, and for some reason there is no comfortable position that will let you catch up on sleep. Add that the air is often quite rough because of the heat, and you have something that cannot be considered as pleasure travel. The North African country is very varied and is interesting from the air and much of it is definitely rugged and mountainous, and I'm hoping some day to see it from a really comfortable plane. We went to the Residency and were there met by the Chef du Cabinet Diplomatique and ushered into the Salon where the Res. Gen. awaited us with the other members of his staff, civil and military. Much handshaking all around, much seating in a circle (there are never enough chairs, and more have to be brought), much polite conversation, ('C'est la premiere fois que vous venez au Maroc, mon Colonel?') and finally an apéritif, and then lunch. It was really very pleasant, although it was a broiling day and much mopping was necessary. The whole staff is new to the job, as there was a complete housecleaning when Nogues left, so you could notice a certain air of uncertainty among the boys, as though none of them felt very sure of their jobs yet, but such is not the case with their Chief. He has a very confident manner, which I'm sure is not put on, and seemed on the whole a very adequate lad. After lunch we went back to Mr. Russell's house to cool off with our coats off and our feet up, until later in the afternoon, when we had to reappear at the Residency for the climax of the day, the audience with the Sultan. Casablanca is not one of the three capitals of Morocco (Fez, Rabat, Marrakech) but His Majesty happened to be there at the time, and the arrangements were naturally fitted to his wishes. When we went back to the Residency, we picked up the French delegation, got into cars with a motorcycle escort, and buzzed off through the city to the Palace, which is in the old part, down by the waterfront. We got out, saluted the "Marseillaise", inspected the guard, and then went into the palace on foot, accompanied by the Imperial Chef de Protocole, an Arab who speaks perfect French, and was beautifully dressed in flowing white robes. We were taken to what I thought was an anteroom, just off the courtyard, but to my surprise I found that the Sultan was sitting there, and almost before I knew it, my turn had come and I was being presented. We had been warned about the protocol and told that we would have to bow three times, etc., but that was not the case at all. In the first place, the room was so small that there wasn't room to do the regulation three steps, bow, three steps, bow, called for by tradition, and in the second place the Sultan put out his hand and gave everyone a perfectly normal shake. We sat in a stiff row on one side of the room, the Chef de Protocole on the other, and conversation went on in French through him. The Sultan speaks excellent French, but on formal occasions uses only Arabic, and has an interpreter. The conversation could not be called chatty, being on the stiff and formal side, but very cordial throughout, and after about fifteen minutes, the Sultan invited us to accompany him to the garden for tea. This had not been on the program as far as we knew, and when we came out into the courtyard, it turned out that the bandmaster hadn't been notified either. He thought we were on our way out for good, and accordingly gave us the honors due on departure. The band struck up, first, the Star Spangled Banner (or a reasonable facsimile thereof), then the Moroccan anthem, then the Marseillaise, and all the time the Chef de P. was desperately trying to catch the bandmaster's eye and tell him to lay off. That finally ended, and we proceeded to the garden, where there was a perfectly lovely pavillion, built of tile, with a carved wooden ceiling that was a real gem. There were divans all around the sides, and on a shelf high up on each of the four walls a very fine French clock. That was the only false note except for a telephone on a shelf near the door, but it was obvious that those Western touches were not taken too seriously, because none of the clocks agreed with any other, and the one time the telephone rang while we were there, a man came and took it off the hook without trying to answer. It stopped ringing. Here we found also tables loaded with brass trays of all sorts of pastries, fruits and candies, and a flock of white-robed servants passed a delicious fruit cup, and then mint tea in gold-crust glasses. The conversation again took place through Si Manneri, although the Sultan did break in directly once or twice, without waiting for the interpretation, which was limited to the future of Morocco, the traditional friendship with the U.S., etc. After about twenty minutes of this, H. M. rose and we all filed past him again, once more pressing the Imperial flech. When we got to the courtyard where the cars were waiting, there was no band, not so much as a piccolo, but the guard presented arms once more and off we went with the sirens going."

Dorothy Sargent Wiser wrote from Ottawa on August 29th in answer to ye editor's query: "Yes, Jim received his wings on Aug. 6th at a very colorful "Wings Parade"; the Governor General, His Excellency, The Earl of Athlone, officiated, presenting the class of fifty-eight men with their Pilots' Wings. Twenty of them received commissions at the same time, and Jim was lucky enough to receive his, much to our delight & his. He is now a Pilot Officer. They always receive their posting in a large brown envelope with the notification of their commission, and his was "Halifax in two weeks" which of course meant overseas. However, after a week's leave he was notified that his posting had been changed & he was ordered to Winnipeg, at once, where he is now doing Staff Flying for an undetermined length of time, much to his disappointment. . . . Jim's address for the moment is: P/O James S. Wiser, Care Mrs. J.L. Wilford, 994 Banning Street, Winnipeg, Man." The R.C.A.F., like its British counterpart, is a separate branch of the military establishment and is not a part of the Canadian Army. Previous references in Sargenttrivia as to Jim's being in the "Canadian Army" should therefore be corrected.

Aviation Cadet Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., writes from Maxwell Field, Ala., on August 7th:

"... I'm now in the upper class, if you could call it that - I guess the good old days of Maxwell are gone; we didn't even get any Zombies - in fact all the old boys were put in one wing and all the new boys in another. So the fun and frolic that always comes with new arrivals was lost. We finished up lower class subjects with a bang. I got tangled up in aircraft rec., but managed some extra exams and pulled thru. We are now learning naval rec., i.e. battleships, cruisers, etc. These visual rec. courses seem to come hard to me as to many a cadet, but they are fun and very instructive. Anyway, everything is going fine, and last week we went on open post. ... Mrs. Baldwin got in touch with us. ... She got us three gals (including daughter) and we went ... to a country club dance. ... Went swimming at 11:30 p.m. ... This weekend we're going back for a return engagement, bicycling and cocktails thrown in. ... This week nearly ended in a catastrophe, as I got involved in a slight episode with some other boys - thru no fault of our own we ... got put on company punishment and were faced with 5 hours of walking on the burning Ala. sands. But things finally got straightened out and after everything was seen the right way instead of the army way (as Hargrove would say) we were cleared. So here I am with open post. About 2 weeks back we had another air show wherein they put a fortress (B-17) thru her paces. It was really something watching her skim the ground and climb into a perfect chandell. We are still hoping we will get another one before we leave - this time pursuits. The last class saw the P-51's really do their stuff. Shortly to come, we face the high altitude test; here they put you in a pressure chamber and maintain conditions at 38,000 ft.! With oxygen of course! It should be very interesting. We are also taking gunnery and doing a little shooting with the ... pistol and the ... sub machine gun. They're really something. The weather is still hot, but we are surviving and sustaining life - having fun and learning a great deal about various things we will have to know at later dates on the trail. ..."

On September 1st he wrote from Army Air Forces Training Detachment, Camden, S.C.: "Well, this is it-Primary. Of all the places we could have gone from Maxwell, this is just about tops, I don't know how we rated it, but here we are. This field is something like Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer might drum up in the movies - it's so different from Maxwell that it's unbelievable. Most Primaries are civilian run, and this is no exception. The only officers being tactical ones and ones to keep up the post. The one thing that strikes you is the smallness, something like Springfield, only infinitely nicer. The whole set up gives you the impression of a summer camp with pine trees all around. The food is wonderful and plentiful and the barracks are wonderful. Radios blaring all the time, with planes warming up in the background. We have two hours of classes a day, some physical training, almost no drill, and the rest of the time you learn to fly. I think we start Saturday and I am really looking forward to it. The planes are the typical Army PT-17 trainers, bi-plane type. One week you fly in the morning, the other in the afternoon. We bed at 10:00 and rise at 6:00, so sleep is plentiful. When not studying you're free to wander about the post and visit the rec. hall which is like the Pine Orchard Country Club on a small scale. It is really beautiful with all its paneling and pictures. You can sit about and read, shoot pool, get soft drinks, play records or step outside and swim in a beautiful pool! Last night we went swimming from 7:30 till 8:30. We get off on weekends and also some during the week if our academic average is good. The town is small, but I guess there will be things to do. ... we're just getting settled, but so far we all agree that the army just couldn't be like this - it's all a dream of swimming, flying, and a Shangri-La existence. I'll let you know how things shape up, as it's bound to have its tough spots. We left Maxwell in a blaze of glory - such a last week as I have never spent. We had two final exams on Saturday plus a graduation dance. I wanted to have Caroline down, but discovered I had 10 punishment tours to walk! Luckily it being the last week, we could use free periods so I spent 10 hours between Wednesday and Friday night walking tours, and studying. Developed a wonderful cold and couldn't speak by Saturday morning, but by night it seemed to go, and Caroline finally made it after a merry exchange of telegrams. The dance was grand and quite a send off. By Sunday we were so tired we could hardly stand up but kept going anyway. Rose at 5:00 Monday morning and left at midday to get here on Tuesday after a hellish train ride, only good part being we had a wonderful diner which could really dish it out. We got here. ... have now spent a full day here. We go up Friday - am now at the club drinking lemonade. Our recreation facilities are about tops, as I said, because relaxation while off the flight line is very important evidently after the strain of a few hours learning to fly the army way. For athletics we have 15-20 min. of exercise and then we "play" for 40 minutes at touch-football, baseball, volleyball, badminton, horseshoes, paddle tennis, soccer, almost any sport you can think of! In town there is a regular cadet club with tennis courts and a golf course to putter about if you're so inclined! Here is about the only place in the army you will find white tablecloths. You enter mess, sit down together, eat at will and leave anytime you finish. Music comes over the loud speaker in front of the mess hall at various times during the day. There is just enough army discipline here to keep you on the ball and make you appreciate things. You can wear low cut shoes, shirts with loops and just about anything you want. Yes, the life of a cadet is tops, but don't think it's easy just because they treat you so well. We are now really entering our training, and while Maxwell leaves memories and ideas and experiences we won't ever forget, it's here that our lives are begun - if you make it, it's tops! We eat, talk, dream and sleep planes; types, parts, stunts, etc. As our C.O. told us this A.M. you have to become completely absorbed in your life and ambitions as a pilot to make a good go of it - if you can possibly learn to fly the army way they will teach you and help you. I sure hope I make it." Address: A/C Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., Sq. D, Barracks E, Class 14C, Army Air Forces Training Detachment, Camden, S. C.

Captain Murray Sargent of the Army Air Forces, whose new address is Shoremede Hotel, Miami Beach, Fla., writes to the editor on August 16th: "Many thanks for your letter of congratulation. It was the first indication I had of a peculiar coincidence, Jim and I were promoted as of the same day, July 29th. I did not hear so quickly, probably due to the peculiar mail service. You ask me for an outline of my job, which is a hard one to answer. In my cheery moments I look on myself as a sort of star trouble-shooter who is given all the jobs other people have difficulty in handling. Then the cool breath of reason calms me down and I realize that a more accurate description would be that of an odd job man in uniform, a sort of a John Thomas for a lot of military brass. I have done a large variety of miscellaneous things, including acting as special defense counsel in courts martial, making speeches to high school students and others on the ASTP program (brother John knows what that is), ordering men to officer candidate school (among them brother Jim), reviewing proceedings to drop property from accounts, investigating losses of property, motor vehicle accidents, officers against whom charges have been brought under the Articles of War, and other matters. Not to mention sitting on boards for giving out aeronautical ratings, for selecting men for officer candidate schools, etc. My official title has been that of Assistant Adjutant, the Adjutant being about the same as an executive secretary to the commanding officer. That should give you a rough idea. From the most recent issue of *Sargentrivia* I rather gather that I am to miss seeing you on my forthcoming trip north. I just received my orders to-day; they indicate I am to leave on or about the 3rd, and I have ten days. Driving back means I have very little time when I get up there, so it looks as tho you would not be back from Maine. I hope this will not be the case. Please remember me to the New Haven contingent." (John Thomas was an old colored factotum of the Henry B. Sargents-Ed.)

Sylvia Tilney Skerrett's husband, Lt. Col. H. H. Skerrett, Jr., heads up the Rome (N.Y.) Air Service Command Control Office. In the Rome Air Field's weekly newspaper, "Vox Prop", of August 11th is a photograph of Kerry in the Control Room with four officers junior to him, also an article headed "RASC Control Room Is Nerve Center of Area Activities", of which the following is an excerpt: "Securely guarded and sound-proofed, lest any of its secrets leak out to unauthorized ears, the new Control Room of the Rome Air Service Command was opened in Headquarters Building this week. Information is the essence of the room. It is the cardiograph of the Command, where every heart beat is recorded and analyzed by experts. Huge charts, depicting the state of every phase of RASC, its past performances, current efficiency and future plans, hang on the walls. When an engine slows down, when absenteeism rises even a fraction of a percentage point, the fact is reflected immediately on the charts. They are so arranged that Brig. General C. P. Kane, Commanding General, RASC, may see at a glance how his command as a whole, or any department of it, from Depot Supply to Maintenance to the Chaplain's Office, is functioning. The Control Room, however, is only the visual manifestation of the numerous activities of the RASC Control Office, headed by Lt. Col. Harry H. Skerrett, Jr. To supply the facts which make up the charts is a painstaking job requiring the labor and experience of a great number of trained experts. The Control Office, often called the nerve center of the Command, is broken up into three sections. There is the Plans and Operations section, . . . which conducts and supervises special studies of RASC activities; makes reports and analyzes them, and suggests projects and future surveys. There is the Statistical Branch, . . . which collects, audits and transmits to higher authority, including the Control Office, statistics affecting every branch of the Command. The third branch is the Visual Unit, . . . which prepares and maintains visual presentations, such as diagrams, charts and graphs, showing the status of the RASC program in relationship to the Army Air Forces and the Air Service Command. These charts are exhibited in the Control Room. . . . The charts line the walls. They cover every conceivable phase of RASC activities. For instance, a huge Form 110 covers one end of the room. Another chart, looking like an outside Pegity Board, indicates the location of every officer in the Command at any particular hour. One of the newest charts . . . shows daily progress in the training program of each tactical unit within the Command. . . . The Control Office has no Administrative function except for the depot coordinator, who supervises plans for the activation, expansion, and disbandment of all installations in the area. The Control Office analyzes the reports and then passes them on to the Commanding General with suggestions. . . . A great part of the efficiency of the Rome Service Command may be explained by the efficiency of the Control Office itself, for it is there efficiency starts and is regulated." It should be borne in mind that the territory of the Rome Air Service Command includes all of New York, except Long Island, and all of the New England states.

Hilda Sargent Ham, wife of Roswell G. Ham, President of Mount Holyoke College, at the request of ye editors sent from South Hadley, Mass., on August 30th the following report: "The President's House at Mount Holyoke has been somewhat changed from its customary ways, with the coming to the campus of the WAVES and the Marines. In line of duty and pleasure we have not only seen much of the officers and candidates in residence, but we have enjoyed meeting at our home Admiral Jacobs, Captain Underwood, and Lieut. Comm. McAfee of the WAVES and Brig. Gen. Rockey and Major Streeter of the Marine Corps. Both units have apparently been happy on the campus and are on the way to becoming loyal Mount Holyokers. At the termination of the Marine assignment, Ros received a fine letter from the Commandant of the Corps, which said in part: "In great measure the success in training officer candidates of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve is attributable to your keen understanding of the problems involved. Your experience as a former Marine made you keenly aware of the vital importance of the work to be done by the Women Reservists." Most of the time, however, is concerned with the routines of the college, which now run the year around. At present we have with us something over a hundred French expatriates, artists, scientists, historians, men of letters, who have turned the village into little Paris! (See a recent issue of *Time*.) Sgt. Roswell G. Ham, Jr. has been in the service for three years and has just returned from England, where he spent over a year in the Canadian, British, and American Air Forces. He was first a Leading Aircraftsman in Armory and then was transferred into Intelligence. At present he is at Miami Beach in Officer's Candidate School, suffering the torments of Florida's midsummer, with endless drill, classes, guard duty, prickly heat, and sweat. He has undergone fifty below in Canada and bombing in England, but he seems to find authentic Hell at Miami Beach. Kimball is in Yale with hopes of following in his father's footsteps as a Marine. He is now on the Yale swimming team, 24 flat in the fifty. Last year he was on the golf team, which seems to have less to do with the business in hand. He seems to be a reasonably good student with some bent toward art and science. David, at six years, is the youngest grandson of Lewis Sargent, but unhappily is still unacquainted with most of his cousins. He knows the Marine and Navy songs, and has perfect cadence in commands, picked up from Parris Island drill sergeants, who called him the little major. He starts school this September."