

SARGENTRIVIA

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No. 11

Modesty is characteristic of our family, as ye editors have rediscovered. Modesty causes many to withhold information about themselves, even when specially asked for it. Modesty causes some to withhold letters from soldier sons because they feel their sons' letters have appeared often enough. Modesty causes some to withhold information about their children's activities because they think it would not interest others. Ye editors have even been accused of being too modest to print written praise for their editorial efforts! Modesty shows character and is to be commended, but members of the tribe are widely scattered and are interested in hearing about others. The enthusiastic reception of Sargentrivia is because it does fill in gaps that would otherwise tend to grow larger. Circulation, now nearly 60, is limited to the family. Ye editors dislike to print information that has reached them by passing from several people by word of mouth, because on checking it is frequently found to be not wholly accurate. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W.B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Private (first class) Joseph Weir Sargent, Jr., of the Marines wrote from somewhere in the Pacific on October 2d: "I have so much to write about and so little I can say that I hardly know where to begin. This letter can't be too long nor can I tell thee very much interesting news as censorship regulations, we have to adhere to, are very strict. I am doing something entirely different and a thousand and one times more interesting, exciting and harder. For awhile letters from me will be very scarce. No chance of coming home in the near future, but I think I can safely say I have spent half of my time here, being 14 mos. out. This is a little consolation. We got some mail last week. Aren't allowed to write more than two pages and again don't worry if mail doesn't come often. I am even limited in how many letters I can write. I'll do my best and thee will hear from me when it is possible." The above is the first letter from him since the end of July. In his move Weir lost most of his belongings. His new address is P.f.c. Joseph W. Sargent, Jr., Special Weapons Group, 7th Defense Battalion, c/o Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Calif. Weir celebrated his 22d birthday on November 3d. Many happy returns of the day.

Barbara Sargent Moorehead is a proud grandmother. Arthur Nicholson Turner, Jr. was born on Saturday, October 23d to Ensign and Mrs. Arthur Nicholson Turner. The boy was born at 2:30 A.M. at St. Joseph's Hospital, Stamford, Conn., and weighed 7 lbs. 11 oz. Mother and son are doing well. Nancy has been living with her mother in New Canaan while Arthur has been on duty as a pilot in the Navy air service in the South Pacific. In the newspaper clipping reproduced in Sargentrivia of September 16th Arthur was called Lieutenant, junior grade, but at last report Nancy had not received from Arthur confirmation of such promotion.

Private (first class) Willard C. Rappleye, Jr., ye editors' nephew by adoption, who went overseas in mid-July, destination unknown, wrote September 11th by V-mail: "I'm in India. Imagine, if you can, how excited I am to be in this strange land, of which I have heard and read so much. It's still hard for me to believe, and I consider myself pretty lucky to have an opportunity like this to see this country with the millions of amazing sights and customs. We have no idea where we are going to be sent, so you'll have to wait for specific details. Judging from the news — the Quebec conference, etc. — it ought to be a fairly important sector. You might have guessed that my first day here would be spent in the hold on KP, but that just adds to the reality. I never thought a year ago that I'd be here now — well stranger things have happened. ***" On September 20th he wrote (split into two V-mail letters): "Boy, am I feeling good — we got our first mail to-day, and I got 43 juicy letters. I've been basking in the wonderful thoughts they have brought up, and life really seems swell again. I've been grinning so hard my cheeks are aching, and every once in a while I let out a loud snort or a laugh. *** Regular mail takes less than three weeks to get here, judging from the dates. — V-mail a few days less. *** Can't tell you much about India, except it's hot as the —, but dry and a decent breeze. Chow is good, but most of it seems to come out of cans. Afraid that there is no news, as most of the interesting stuff has to be omitted. But write as much as you can — golly it was wonderful to hear from all of you. Glad to hear about Johnny — and feeling proud, almost smug, about being the first of our acquaintances and group to be over. I had a pass in a large city a while ago, and am crazy about India. Most speak some English, and they are fine, friendly people. Gee, I've been lucky so far. Chow time, so I'm off. ***" His address is Private (f.c.) Willard C. Rappleye, Jr., #32716073, A.P.O. 12218-C, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Louise Sargent Hinkley celebrated her birthday on October 27th. Many happy returns of the day.

On October 28th Molly Sargent McCance celebrated her birthday, and on October 29th Sydney Sargent celebrated his. We hope they were together and received singing telegrams.

SARGENTRIVIA

Private Bradford Sargent Tilney recently came home on a short furlough. On Sunday, October 31st, his son, Timothy Collins Tilney, was christened at the Asylum Hill Church in Hartford. On November 1st Josephine, Bradford, Timmy and the latter's nurse started by motor for North Carolina, Bradford to return to Camp Sutton and the rest of the family to go some 80 miles away, where their address is Care Miss Ellen Merrow, Eagle Springs, N.C.

Millicent Lewis Pettit wrote from 202 St. George's Road, Ardmore, Pa., on October 22d about her husband, Major Horace Pettit of the Medical Corps, in India and about their children: "You ask for news of Horace for Sargenttrivia. He is back with his outfit the 112th Station Hospital as Chief of the Laboratory. For a few months he was sent further north in Bengal, as Commanding Officer of a small hospital for one of our Bomber Groups, known as the 'Skull and Wing' Bomb Group. After he got this organized, he went back to the 112th in a bomber plane. He is quartered in a large mansion with marble floors and has an Indian bearer who wears a red fez. The officers have Chinese cooks and servants and the mess is very good. There is a park opposite the officers' quarters with a lake in which pink flamingoes wade around. The winter has set in with a drop in temperature from 128° to about 80°, so everybody is more comfortable. Horace says he is well, but very thin. (Major Gerald Klatskin of New Haven is one of his fellow officers. Klatskin's wife, Dr. Margaret Lennox lives in New Haven.) As for the home front, we are all well again now after a siege with appendicitis and pneumonia. Horace, Jr., had his appendix taken out early in September and then went out to Colorado to the Fountain Valley School at Colorado Springs. Emily Sargent Pettit parted with her appendix early in October and has made a good recovery. I have just got over virus pneumonia but am feeling much better since I got myself a cook and a laundress. Deborah Lewis Pettit was 10 years old on October 16th. Norman is nearly 14 and is at home this year and thriving." Horace's address is Major Horace Pettit, O-407395, 112th Station Hospital, A.P.O. #465, New York, N.Y.

Aviation Cadet Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., wrote on October 14th: " * * * our class is fading away rapidly - about 35% have washed already with a few every day. Sometimes I wonder at the system they use. I have lost many a good friend. * * * I passed my army check by the grace of God. The check pilot was one swell fellow and passed all of Johnson's boys by taking a liberal view of us (I guess). He said I gave him a fair ride but I had lots to work on in the next two weeks which will be hard. He gave me one forced landing where I almost chewed up a cow! I have about 23 hours solo and about the same dual. We get our dual instruction and criticism and then go up and practice on solo time. Pylon eights are the hardest where you have to keep pivotal altitude and really fly the plane. My lazy eights are anything but lazy, but I'm working on them. Then there are chandells which are tricky and require you to get the maximum performance out of the plane without mushing the job. Went up solo the other day and did one at 2500 only to slip into a power spin! You can do about anything in these PT's and get out of it O.K. They're pretty damn safe. If worst comes to worst you just let go and with sufficient altitude she'll come out into a dive and you can pull her out. That's the beauty of them and why we learn all fundamental flying here and how to get in and out of all kinds of jams which are likely to be encountered in later, heavier training planes. The PT will do about anything but an outside loop in which you usually 'red-out' anyway. We are now doing acrobatics which are an art in themselves, but a lot of fun. We go looping about and practice upside down flying which is tricky. You're just hanging out of the cockpit trying to keep her nose high and level. I have a pretty good slow roll perfected and am working on my snap roll. They require excellent timing and self orientation while you're all twisting about. We're also getting ready for a short cross country hop. We have one solo one here to prepare us for basic where you spend a lot of time doing navigation and cross country flying. The idea being to keep from getting lost! And guys sure do get screwed up. We had one joker get lost the other day on a regular flight and set down in a town 35 miles away! (You're supposed to stay within 14 miles radius of home field.) As I say acrobatics are great sport as student battles instructor to see who can throw the plane around the sky most! Or so it seems. Some of these instructors are really gay boys and get gay now and then and buzz a cotton field or hedge scaring hell out of the cotton pickers especially on forced landings. The other day a P-39 buzzed the field at 300 mph and climbed up to fool around some poor PT. The ol' PT could turn inside of the fast ship but it was funny to watch. Flying is really sweet stuff, though, and now we're working towards a better perfection and polish which make the difference between any ol' pilot and a good or hot pilot. Hell, we can all fly or they never would let us solo, but to fly with smoothness, planning, and keeping a jump ahead of the plane is what we want and keep working for. We are also starting five trainer; you know, instrument flying under the hood - here you use artificial horizons; turn, bank, and climb indicators and get familiar with flying by instrument which will come later with weather flying etc. Mrs. Wiggins friend was really swell to us. We had a fine time - we're having gay weekends which is the only time we really get free of the strain of the flight line, much as we love it! Well, that's about all the news to date. As you can see I'm still here, healthy, happy and learning a hell of a lot. I just hope I stay here and go on to basic which isn't far away. * * * " On October 27th he wrote: " * * * Well, we are just about thru with flying at Primary - I say about, because anything can happen through to the last ride; but barring any such entanglement and with a little luck, I should finish up this week-end. I think I'll make it - hope so anyway!! Next week, if all goes on schedule,

we leave for basic at Augusta, Ga. So I should be near enough to southern kin to be able to get over there or have them come see me, don't you think. The Augusta basic is the only civilian basic in the S.E. and is supposed to be very good, especially from the flying angle as the instructors have been flying BT's for some time. So instruction should be tops. . . . Last Saturday I went on my solo cross country; a triangular course of some 150 miles. It was fun and I managed to keep from getting lost, though I got to one town and couldn't for the life of me find the airport I was supposed to circle. I did see one, but when I buzzed it, it was the wrong one! I finally did spot the right one as I flew over town, but I set my course and came on home, taking time to do a few acrobatics, which, I may add, proved costly as I lost a few things in my pockets during some inverted stuff. All you could see were forest fires from the air, as the whole damn state seems to be on fire! They make nice guides. We finish up classes this week and have a few days of merry making before we leave here. Sort of rest period. . . . Monday we have a parade, cocktail party and big banquet, followed by a dance and gay time till the wee small hours; so it should be fun. . . ."

The O.W.I. would probably like to know that November 1st, besides being the birthday of Benvenuto Cellini, is also the birthday of Lucy Garfield Sargent and Sally Fisher McCawley, for whom ye editors wish many happy returns of the day.

Grandpa Sargent wrote on September 5, 1904 to Grandma, visiting the Justus Hotchkisses at Paul Smith's in the Adirondacks: "Dear Florence: Tell Mr. Hotchkiss that while we were at breakfast this morning, Henry came in from the factory bringing with him Mr. Hotchkiss' postal card requesting me to carry to his camp two door chains. Henry had the door chains with him, packed in a little bundle ready to pack in my satchell. Henry went to the factory at his usual work-a-day time—to be there at 6-45 and after getting the door chains ready came back to his breakfast at 8 o'clock. But as we were at breakfast—a little past eight—he took breakfast with us as we had plenty of Excelsior and milk and bread-and-butter, which is latterly his sole feed at breakfast. He has eschewed eggs for some months past. We had as guests Mrs. Gude, Miss Jean Boggs, Valdemar Gude and Henry. The first three of whom came Saturday afternoon (or Friday). The weather has been somewhat cool most of the past week and is so now, but no rain though sometimes threatening showers. I called on Mr. & Mrs. Fisher & family yesterday—all well. They returned Saturday evening from Rye Beach. Mr. Fisher did not get nearer New Brunswick and Nova Scotia than York Harbor. All Lewis' family, except Mrs. Forbes and the two younger boys are at home. They spent last evening with us—Sunday. Edward & family return to-day. He and Helen are to take their Midday Meal with us to-day. Their oldest & youngest son are to dine with Lewis & family. Mr. Fenn, Hattie and the G.L.S. two boys and Mrs. Forbes are still at Rye Beach. Nelly is at Pontipaug till near October. Margaret M. is to visit Pontipaug for a few days about this time. Henry, Elizabeth and Ziegler are at home. Murray is with a party of friends on an invited, Special Pullman car trip to Saint Louis Fair & back in a week or two. I do not remember where Rhoda is just now but I think I heard yesterday that she had returned from ——. Laura took me, a few days ago, in the afternoon to Pine Orchard to see the twins. On arrival we learned that Mr. & Mrs. (forget the name) and her sister were to be at Joe's and Louise's house at a 7 o'clock dinner. As our return train left the Pine Orchard station at 7 o'clock we declined Louise's invitation to stay to the dinner, but instead accepted invitation to sup with three boys. I on bread and butter only, Laura with a dropped egg in addition, which was better for our sleep and health for the future of our earthly pilgrimage. Everybody is well so far as I know. May & her children are still at Rye Beach, but expected to come home sometime. John came here Friday P.M. and he and the son of Professor who lives at the corner of Orange & Trumbull went sailing, intending to be absent some days. I have not heard from them, nor did I see John. He did not sleep nor eat here. To-day is Labor Day, and nothing is being done in the way of useful labor by the men of labor. But I could do nothing toward settlement of my land business in New Britain since Friday. I hope to be able to leave for P. S. this week. Yours truly, J.B.S."

Our ancestor Daniel Denny was the first of his family to settle in America. He was born in Combs, Suffolk County, England, November 30, 1694, left England in June 1715, and arrived in Boston September 12, 1715, in company with Richard Southgate. They both removed to Leicester, Mass., in March 1717 and settled on adjoining farms. He was among the earliest settlers of the town, became very active and influential and a large land owner. One of his possessions was a negro boy named Richard whom he purchased from his brother Samuel under certain conditions for five shillings in September 1752 when the boy was five years old. Among the conditions were that the boy should be "improved" and should not be sold except to one of Daniel's children. In Daniel's will, made six days before his death on April 16, 1760, he bequeathed the negro to his son Samuel under conditions similar to those under which the lad was acquired. Richard apparently was a family servant for life. Copies of the bill of sale and of the will have been published in the "Denny Genealogy". Daniel was the youngest of four brothers and had two younger sisters. His next older brother, Samuel, and his younger sister, Deborah, followed him from England to Boston in 1717. Deborah lived with Daniel in Leicester for two years till her marriage in October 1719 to the Rev. Thomas Prince of the Old South Church, Boston.

Daniel married in December 1722 Rebecca Jones, daughter of Nathaniel Jones of Worcester. Ye editor acquired a couple of years ago a letter written by Daniel Denny while still a bachelor to the Rev. Thomas Prince. He was not as good a letter-writer as he was a farmer and didn't have much use for capital letters and punctuation marks. Here is the letter: "dere brother these come to let you know that I received yours from mr newhall I am very glad to here that you are all in health. before that I received yours I had made some progrees as to laying out part of your land as you wright to me about I perceive by yours, and what I have heard the judg say, that he has the seven acres and a half of meadow that was laid out to the lot as its right of meadow, so that I believe you will have none or but very little meadow, so what remains yours, there is forty seven acres of the large grant yours now to lay out, but we desire to lay out one hundred acres more to each forty acer lot if that be granted then you may have a hundred and forty seven acres together which I think will be a very good farm and I have agreed with the survaier to lay it out which I shall be very earnest with him to do as sone as posible, but as to all the the 300 acres you cannot have it laid out yet and as you recomend it to my care and knowledge, I will take all the care I can and you need not fare but you will have your proportion with the rest, I will do what ever is in my power to do, there is a tax laid upon all the land in this town, which is two pence pur acer for all the land in the town, both devided and undevided, so that ther is the hundred two pences for you to pay, and it is no more than others pay though there land is not laid out this is all at present hoping these will find yourself in health as throu mercy I am at this instant and all in the familye but onely my lanlady who is often ill, we remember our love and service to sister pray accept the same your self from your loveing brother to my power Daniel Denny lloester fabuary the 3; 1720/21"

The card illustrated below was printed on the back of a playing card (the three of diamonds). Sophia Sargent, to whom it was addressed, was the sister of Joseph Denny Sargent. She married Daniel McFarland and after his death his brother Horace.

