

SARGENTRIVIA

Vol. 2

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No. 1

Happy New Year. Ye editors celebrate by starting a new volume. This number follows Vol. 1, No. 14 of December 15, 1943. On Christmas day at the publication office there was a dinner of seven, but the guests were all on the assistant editor's side of the family. Ye editors thank the many members of the family who sent Christmas cards and penned messages of appreciation and good wishes.

First Lieutenant James C. Sargent's cable of safe arrival reached the Murray Sargents on December 13th. He wrote on December 11th: "Dear 'Sargentrivia', Much water has passed over the dam since I spent last summer in Maine - at least twelve days of the summer - and I shall try to give you some first hand information as to my doings since then. A possible chance for overseas duty came my way shortly after my return from Maine around the end of August. I requested permission to attend an amphibious school in Norfolk, Virginia. The permission was granted, and on October 1st I left my wife and the Air Intelligence School at Harrisburg, Pa., and travelled alone to Norfolk. For the next three weeks I had a great deal of fun learning all about the amphibious phase of modern warfare. I learned, for instance, how to drive a jeep in deep sand, how to contact airplanes from the ground by using one of several signal corps radios, how to embark and debark from landing craft, how to climb rope nets to large vessels and vice versa. The month course was composed mostly of practical field experience, and, when the Colonel at my old base interrupted my training with a telephone call, I had begun to feel like a real soldier. The obstacle course at Camp Bradford, incidentally, was the toughest I had seen or tried. It was good, too, to fire a rifle after so many months without even seeing one. That telephone call was a very important one because it requested my services overseas. I was told to pack & leave on an 8 o'clock (p.m.) train for Pennsylvania. Since it was then 4 p.m. and I had just come in from a field exercise, I had some fast moving to do. First I called Becca in Toledo, Ohio, & I told her the news and suggested that she leave her sister immediately and head for Harrisburg. I hastily cleared the post, took a ferry to Cape Charles, a Greyhound bus to Phila., Pa., and a train to Harrisburg. Arriving there around 7:30 a.m. to find my cute, little wife waiting for me. She had arrived around 5 a.m. but was without a key to our establishment; so the poor little girl had to wait for her tardy husband. My Colonel was amazed to see me and told me that I had until Monday to report to Goldsboro, N.C. It was then Thursday. I darted hither and yon to clear that post and collect as much overseas equipment as I could. Becca and I began the long & tedious process of closing our little Harrisburg home. Then on Sunday around noon all came to an end as I said my farewell to her & to the town and sadly departed by train for the south with the keys to our car in my pocket and the car parked in the middle of the underground part of the station! Calling Becca from Washington I was informed of my error, and mailed the keys right back to her! Goldsboro, N.C., was small and my stay very short. I arrived on Monday, processed, and cleared the post on Wednesday. Lt. James Stubner and I were destined to travel together across the continent and then across the Pacific to Australia, where we are still together. The trip from Goldsboro to the West Coast was very long and very tedious. It took a little over six days and, whenever we stopped, one of us had to check our baggage because we were informed that, unless it arrived with us, we would probably never see it again. I might add that the baggage rooms at Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Kansas City are especially large! While on the coast I managed on two occasions to get to San Francisco and to call on some of Mother's relatives. In fact I discovered that I had some exceptionally beautiful second cousins in that area. We were asked to a dame on a Saturday night at the San Mateo country club, but as luck would have it we were alerted Friday & could not leave the camp. 48 hours after we were alerted we had left the U.S. shores. On the trip over I managed to run into some luck. I was made the Guard Officer - in charge of the guard - and as such I was placed on the C.O.'s staff. This meant that I ate with him in the ship's mess instead of in the Army's mess. The difference was amazing. We were fed steaks, roast beef, lamb chops, veal chops, or pork chops every meal except breakfast when we got eggs to order and hot cakes or french toast. Rationing had no place in that dining hall. Below in the Army mess where all the men & all the other officers ate they had hash & potatoes for almost every meal including breakfast. For me the time passed exceptionally comfortably. For them it was long & tedious. Needless to say I arrived safely and am now resting in Australia awaiting passage to the actual war theatre. When I arrive there I will send you more information. In the meantime may I wish the editors & staff of Sargentrivia a most enjoyable Christmas and a very Happy New Year. Perhaps in 1945 or 1946 I shall have the pleasure of personally celebrating with them." Jim's address is 1st Lieut. James C. Sargent O-57329, APO #12574C, C/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Major Robert L. Fisher is now Commanding Officer (C.O.) at the Scribner Army Air Base, Scribner, Neb.

Private (first class) John N. Deming in December completed the army's one-month course in "recognition" at Richmond, Va., and has been assigned as an instructor in the subject at Bethpage, Long Island. His address is Co. B, 113th Infantry, Bethpage, L.I., N.Y. Pat was able to join his family in New Haven at Christmas.

Aviation Cadet Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., wrote from Bush Field, Augusta, Ga., on December 14th: ".... We have been pretty busy lately doing nothing but flying. But let me add that whoever said Augusta weather was 'lovely', was mad. Last week our flight flew in the afternoon which was lucky because the morning boys only averaged about four hours all week. We had fog or smoke every morning; however it did clear up in the P.M. and turn out bright and balmy. To-day it is raw & cold and we hit snow at 4000' followed by rain and a cessation of air activity. This is supposed to be one of the worst times of the year for flying here, so I only hope it doesn't get any worse and we don't get farther behind - at present Sq. 4 is about 9 hours behind. Last week we flew about 3 hours a day (average) to even catch up to that. So we are plenty busy. Just to give you an idea, one day I was on the line all afternoon in and out of planes, and then flew on the graveyard shift from 10:00 to 12:00 at night, which put me to bed at 1:30. Every other week you fly every other night of that week. This night flying is quite the thing. Luckily we started off when the moon was high, and it was really beautiful up there. We flew from the auxiliary, however, which was like taking off into a black barrel. You get about an hour's dual and then you solo, and that first night flight really feels good when you get on the ground again. We fly in zones at night and it simply consists of taking off, flying to your zone and circling about till they call you in for a landing. There is an upper and lower zone in each zone and about 4 zones to each field. So all you have to do is look for the other planes in the adjacent zones, etc., keep on the ball, watch the instruments to see that the motor keeps running or that you're not in a spiral - eastward bound, and come in for your landings. These consist of 3 types: floodlight and winglight landings (a combination), plain winglight landings, and blackout landings, where all you have to guide you are the smudge pots that outline the landing lane. It's great sport. The last two Sundays I have flown cross country - about 250 miles each Sunday. The trips weren't bad as visibility was pretty good both Sundays. You usually go a triangular course, landing once and dragging the airport field where you don't land. Control ships check you in and out at each place, and as you can usually see other planes somewhere, there isn't much danger of getting lost. There are usually some people at each airport to watch the cadets as they come and go, so it's a gay affair. It's usually O.K. till you hit a course with a stiff cross wind or something, which - if you don't compensate - blows the course to hell and guys get scattered all over the state. Am also doing instrument flying now which is proving both interesting and difficult. One of the biggest troubles that gets in your way (besides being able to follow the dials at all!) is flying by feel. You'll swear a month's pay you're turning right when you're going left or that the plane is wing low when it's perfectly level. So you just have to do what the instruments say and manipulate them to do the various exercises directed by your instructor, regardless of what the hell you think you're doing. You fly from the rear cockpit with a large black hood all about you - you see only the controls and panel before you. We are also starting formation flying, though I haven't started yet, which should be great sport. You fly 3 plane formation with 3 feet difference in altitude (you hope) and close enough to count the cavities in the next pilot's teeth. We have been having a lot of fun on weekends, limited as they are, but I seldom go in during the week as time is short and I catch up on 'sack' time."

Catherine Rice Pulford, in response to ye editor's request for Pulford news, from West Hartford on December 14th wrote on a Christmas card picturing a long circular staircase with children and grown-ups of an earlier period: "This card reminded me of the stairway at 51 Elm St., though the costumes are not right for the Christmas celebrations we used to have there. The Pulfords enjoy your Sargentrivia very much and appreciate your sending it. It is so nice to hear about all the family, and so many are doing such interesting and patriotic things. We are busy. A. (Alfred) is a gauge inspector at Colt's for the duration. We get up at 5:30 every morning. Ellie and Mary go every day to Chaffee School in Windsor. This fall all the girls at Chaffee spent many days helping to gather in the potato crop, so they felt that they were doing something worth while. Ellie is planning to go to Mount Holyoke College next fall, so I hope to see Hilda now and then while E. is in college. My activities are not very interesting - house-work, Red Cross, etc., and much gardening and canning last summer...."

Lieutenant Colonel H.E. Skerrett, Jr., stopped off at New Haven on business for the Army Air Corps one day shortly before Christmas and had a brief telephone conversation with ye editors. Kerry and Sylvia's home at 901 N. George St., Rome, N.Y., also houses Kerry's mother. Sylvia wrote on a Christmas card: "The editors of Sargentrivia should have a special Christmas present from the lucky ones on their mailing list, for they are bringing so much pleasure to all of us, but I guess we are all so widely separated at the moment that this idea will have to wait till the war is won. The genealogical paragraphs are most interesting as well as the letters from the 'Boys'. Where do you find all the material?.... We are having 16 here for Christmas Dinner - some Wacs and officers who live too far away to get home. We are going to use our Ping Pong table in the dining room - it only just fits! We have 5 10¢ presents for each one of them - from each one of us. It should be fun. We shall open our presents Christmas eve, after the children's party which is so big that it has to be held in one of the hangars. Santa is arriving by plane & will be 'brought in' from the operations tower just like all the planes & then he will come into the hangar, plane, presents & all. There will be jeeps for the kids to ride in & a magician - we can hardly wait!!"

Phebe Norton Fisher is a probationer at the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia. She is reported as doing well and enjoying the work. On Christmas morning at 4 A.M. all the student nurses paraded through the wards singing carols. Norton had Christmas dinner with her family.

Sally Fisher McCawley for the "duration" is living in her mother's house at Bryn Mawr, Pa., with her five months old baby. Bill, husband and father, is an ensign in the Navy. With Sally is also her sister-in-law and the latter's two children.

First Lieutenant David C. Sargent's leave allowed him to cross the continent and spend Christmas with his family in Greenwich, Conn.

Phebe Sargent Howard celebrated her 21st birthday on December 22d. Many happy returns of the day.

Howard and Florence Sargent celebrated their 17th wedding anniversary on December 24th.

On December 26th Jean Sargent Buck celebrated her birthday, and Elizabeth (Bibby) Lewis Deming her 21st birthday. We hope they both had singing telegrams.

Weir Sargent celebrated his birthday on December 29th and his brothers Tom and Bill celebrated theirs on the 30th. Many happy returns to all is ye editors' wish.

Tom Sargent has recently been promoted to Major. His address is Major Thomas D. Sargent, Liaison Officer, Fiscal Division of the Army Service Forces, Federal Reserve Bank Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Hilda Sargent Ham wrote to ye editors on the train nearing California a few days before Christmas: "Roz and I are about to be greeted by the western contingent of the Sargent family and are thrilled. It's to be a reunion for me after ten years. We are to be away for 2 months, primarily on a speaking tour for Mount Holyoke. However, expect to cram some fun in with my family in L.A. and R's relatives in San F. My R. is even booked to preach a couple of sermons...."

Sydney F. Sargent wrote from Pasadena, Calif., on December 15th: ".... On Christmas day four members of the family once known to its elders as the 'little G.L.s' will convene in Los Angeles to exchange greetings and - probably - mutually admire each other. This will be the first time in many years that the four have been together, so will undoubtedly call for quite a celebration. In fact, we'll celebrate. The four are as follows: Hilda Sargent Ham (with Roz), Mary Sargent McCance, Howard L. Sargent (and Flo and family), Sydney F. Sargent. To the Sargents - in or out of uniform - we send wishes for a Merry Christmas and a happy new year. We are justly proud of all those who wear uniforms of so many branches of the Allied armed forces, and no less justly proud of those whose uniforms are simply the services they render to the home front. We salute you...." On December 26th he wrote: "I hasten to give you a report of the Christmas convening and conviviality of the 'little G.L.s' and in-laws out here in Los Angeles where men are men and the Zoot Suit is the mark of a 'character'. The shouting has died down now and the get-together is just a memory. But oh what memory, marred only by the absence of Mollie and Bill McCance who were by circumstance forced to remain in Seattle - the Chaplain awaiting assignment while doing duty at Fort Lawton; Mollie entertaining a Flu bug. We understand that the bug is fairly insipid so the family need not worry. Cheery word, accompanied by 'Christmas loot' (as the irrepressible Hilda Ham expresses it) was received by us from the Chaplain and Mollie, however, and we are sure - knowing them well - that their Christmas together was much pleasure to them both. The festivities here started on Thursday afternoon when Howard and Florence greeted some 40 of their friends at their home, in honor of Hilda and Roz Ham. It was a Deluxe cocktail party in the manner of the West and may best be described in the words - again - of our fascinating sister Hilda, who says that it was one of those parties where 'everybody screams at each other and nobody listens'. The party was a great success. On Friday night Roz and Hilda did some entertaining of their own. They took Howard and Florence and me to dinner at the fabulous Earl Carroll's in Hollywood. It was our first experience at attempting to eat really delicious 'Breast of Capon' and frills while seated in the 'Super-Colossal' amphitheatre known as Earl Carroll's, while at the same time we watched a 'Stupendous' floor show (a new one), which included 40 of Hollywood's trickiest young females disporting themselves in dance and song, but in little else. Our table was on the center aisle. Past it, during one or two of the numbers, the girls paraded so that we got a

really close-up view of that gorgeous array of feminine pulchritude. So much beauty too close to the eye causes touches of indigestion. Or maybe it isn't the beauty but the fact that make-up, goose flesh, vaccination soars, and yes, even reminders of the surgeon's scalpel sort of take the gild from the lily. We all decided that artistically draped beauties keeping their distance would have enhanced our pleasure and added more zest to our appetites. At midnight the show was but half over. None the less, being all of an age when too much excitement and late hours tend to make us come unglued, we departed for home. Imagine Earl Carroll's as an enormous and gaudy theatre in which tables on terraces take the place of the usual seats for the audience. Bright and early (too darn early to allow the usual amount of sleep) Christmas morning Hilda, Roz and I arrived at Howard's for coffee-and. Later - with young Louise and Peter not wanting it any later than absolutely necessary - we sat around a beautifully decorated tree while Santa Claus (sans beard and costume) distributed 'the loot'. Shrieks of delight from the youngsters. Happy and contented gratitude from their elders. Nice things we got from each other, and from absentees of our family. It was, being in Southern California, a beautiful day, its beauty enhanced for me, and the H.L.S.s too, by the presence of our charming sister Hilda and her no less charming husband Roz...."

Frederick K. Sargent, M.D., in December completed his term as interne at the Rhode Island Hospital in Providence, and has been called to active service as First Lieutenant in the Army Medical Corps. He reported on January 1st for a six-weeks training course at Carlisle, Pa. While he is there Janet and Leslie (their son, born August 28, 1942) are expected to stay with Fred's parents, the Dick Sargents, Ridge Road, North Haven, Conn.

The engagement has been announced of Elizabeth Lewis Deming, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Kenneth Deming, to Cadet William Joseph Goeller of the Army Air Forces, son of Mr. Robert A. Goeller of Scarsdale, N. Y. Bibby and Bill both attended the University of Vermont, she graduating in 1943 and he a member of the class of 1944. He entered the army in March 1943 and is now in training as a pilot at Park's Air College, East St. Louis, Ill.

Cousin Mary Boggs Gude died in Atlanta, Ga. on December 29th in her 96th year. She was born February 4, 1848, the fourth of the nine children of William Boggs and Sophia Sargent (an elder sister of Joseph Bradford Sargent). She was married to Albert V. Gude on January 20, 1876. She outlived her husband, her sisters, her brothers, her son, her daughter and her son-in-law. Atlanta was her home during most of the time after her marriage. Her daughter-in-law, her son's three children and her daughter's adopted daughter survive her. She retained all her faculties and managed her affairs until her last illness. Up to a few years ago she used to spend her summers in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Ye editors recall an enjoyable day spent as her guest at Intervale, N.H. In her will she named the New Haven Bank, N.B.A., as executor.

The annual Christmas Frolic was held at the New Haven Lawn Club on December 28th. While not a family affair, the 'H.B.s' and the Fenns were among those who started the first one in December 1891. It was skipped one year, perhaps another also. For many years Elizabeth C. Sargent has been the general manager and Ziegler Sargent and Lawton G. Sargent have been floor managers. Games such as "Drop the Handkerchief", "Potato Races", "Going to Jerusalem", "Battling the Candy Bag", "Magic Carpet", and "Virginia Reel" were interspersed with general dancing. At 10:30 after the assembled multitude sang "Auld Lang Syne" the younger and the older members departed and left the floor to the "in-betweens" for dancing till midnight. 550 tickets were issued. Among the patronesses were Mrs. George Lewis Sargent, Mrs. Ziegler Sargent and Mrs. Charles Forbes Sargent. Mrs. Lawton G. Sargent had been expected, but that afternoon she started for Macon, Ga., for a three weeks' visit to her relatives. While in Georgia she also expects to see occasionally her aviation cadet son. Mrs. Murray Sargent and Mrs. Sargent Tilney were unable to serve as patronesses.

The trustees of the Sargent Trust Estate held their annual meeting on December 10th. The major portion of the original principal was distributed in 1938. A further partial distribution was made in the last fiscal year consisting of the portion in which Bruce Fenn had a life interest. All of the year's income of \$13,225.05, excepting \$219.01 required for expenses, was paid to beneficiaries. The principal or corpus of the trust at the close of the fiscal year consisted of 10,681 shares of the new \$15 par value stock of Sargent & Company plus \$16.00 in cash. The trust is no longer the largest stockholder of the company. The trustees are John Sargent (chairman), Samuel H. Fisher, Ziegler Sargent (secretary and treasurer), Lawton G. Sargent (auditor) and C. Forbes Sargent.