

Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W. B. Sargent, assistant editor

Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Soranton Tate, Jr., of the Army Air Corps, eldest great grandson of Homer Earle Sargent (see second chart on the last page of *Sargenttrivia* of April 18th), graduated from Kent School in 1936, was a member of the 256th Field Artillery, New York National Guard, from June 1936 till July 1937, and graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1941. He was married March 1, 1942, to Margaret Husson of St. Augustine, Fla., a graduate of Furman College in 1941, and four days later received his pilot's wings (heavy bombardment) at Albany, Ga. He was promoted to First Lieutenant on April 1st. He is expert rifle, machine gun and pistol marksman. In a daylight raid on Lille, France, October 9, 1942, in a 4-motored B-24 Liberator, after dropping bomb load in the face of terrific anti-aircraft fire, headed back for England. Attacked by 30 Focke-Wulf fighters. Took ship up to 26,000 feet. In running fight men shot down 3 Nazi planes, but were badly shot up, and oxygen line broken. One man held finger on punctured gas line until frozen. Finally saw land and a small field surrounded by planes, but went in and made successful landing and passed out. Had landed in a small English airfield that was being used to train a squadron of Polish fliers. Soon after he was transferred to the Middle East, where he won his captaincy and two decorations: Air Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross. The citation for the latter read: "First Lieut. Joseph S. Tate, Jr., O-24034, Headquarters 93rd Bombardment Group (H), for distinguished achievement while participating in aerial flight. On January 30, 1943, while leading an element of a formation of B-24 bombers in a co-ordinated attack on an enemy target in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations, he exhibited outstanding skill and airmanship in the timing of his attack. By his excellent timing he was able to bring his formation over the target one minute after the first element had completed its bombing run in the opposite direction, thereby obtaining greater bombing efficiency. To maneuver into the proper position over the target at an extremely high altitude, he was forced to undergo intense enemy opposition. Lieut. Tate's fine degree of leadership and ability attributed to a great extent for the highly successful results of the Mission." The decorations were presented by Major General Brereton. His family have not yet seen later citations for the oak leaf to the D.F.C. nor the five oak leaf cluster to the Air Medal. He was commissioned Major on March 1st. He participated in the raid over the oil fields of Ploesti, Rumania, on August 1, 1943, for which he was awarded the Silver Star. The citation read: "As pilot of a B-24 Tate flew his plane at an altitude of 250 feet through a heavy barrage of anti-aircraft fire. He handled his plane with such brilliance and skill as to bring it directly over the difficult target, and enabled bombs to be dropped with great effect. His courage, superior flying ability, and great daring in a mission of extraordinary importance and danger played a major part in the success of his organization." He was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel on September 4th (aged 25). On December 22, 1943, he led his squadron in a raid on Kiel, Germany, and in returning his plane developed trouble from being hit badly. Unable to keep his plane in line after leaving the target, Col. Tate was last seen over Holland where all bailed out safely from the burning plane. He has been missing since that date.

Phebe Norton Fisher is hard at work, but enjoying it, as a student nurse at the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia. At last report Norton was "on recovery", being in charge with two student nurses of her class as assistants. Her address is Pennsylvania Hospital, 8th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Sally McCawley, daughter of Lieutenant (J.G.) & Mrs. William Morris McCawley, II, was christened on Saturday afternoon, April 8th, in the Church of the Redeemer, Bryn Mawr, Pa. Great Aunt Peggy Babbitt was one of the guests. The McCawleys' address is 911 Mt. Pleasant Road, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Private Margaret S. Fisher wrote on April 9th: "I like the Aerial Gunnery School very much, & it couldn't be more interesting. Aircraft Recognition is my best subject & believe it or not I am the best one in the class, but the girls beat me in other subjects such as the 50 caliber machine gun. That seems to be hard for me to understand, although I know how to field strip it, load & unload it, charge it & set it. The names of the parts are hard for me to remember. We are studying range estimation, gun sights & turrets. There is a lot more to being a gunner than just shooting enemy planes. Next week we spend a day down at the range shooting at dummy targets towed by planes. I got the highest mark, 80, in the recognition test yesterday. The planes are flashed on the screen at a 25th of a second & we are shown side, front & head on views of every plane & have to be able to recognize each plane at any angle. We finished American ones & are now taking up Jap. planes."

A daughter, Carol, their second child, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Sargent, Jr., at the New Haven Hospital on April 21st. The baby weighed 6 lbs. 11 oz. Mother and daughter are doing well.

First Lieutenant Frederick K. Sargent, of the Army Medical Corps, left Fort Devens on April 1st and is now stationed at Ogden Arsenal, Ogden, Utah. Janet (his wife) and Leslie (the daughter) are visiting her parents in Minneapolis.

Colonel Theodore Babbitt wrote from Tangier on April 1st: "To-day is no doubt just April Fool's day to you, but to the Spaniards it is the Dia de la Victoria, when they won the Civil War. They had a tremendous parade and Field Mass in the morning, which was attended by all the foreigners—so I got all dressed up and duly appeared. It was a beautiful day and they had set up an altar right in the main door of the station, and on the other side, across the street, was the reviewing stand. There was a central box, raised up about ten feet, where General Uriarte was to take the review, and where the chiefs of missions were to stand, and at ground level on either side were boxes for other distinguished guests, including foreign M.A.'s. There had been a bit of a fuss made last year about the relative precedence of the Axis and Allied representatives—this was the first time I had been exposed to direct contact with the Other Side. The Senior Spanish Consul had the job of the meat in the sandwich, and, accompanied by two Army and two Navy officers, placed himself in the middle of the front row of our stand, and put us on his right and the Axis (three Germans and one Jap) on his left. Matters were balanced by having the German and the Vichy Frenchman on the right of the General in the principal box, so we came out even. Several things worthy of note took place, aside from the gorgeousness of the diplomatic uniforms, particularly of the Belgian, who, in the absence of the Dutchman, in Algiers, is Doyen of the Corps. He was solid gold all down the front and simply covered with medals, stars and large ribbons, and hardly seemed the same Marcel Polain with whom I am used to rolling dice in the Valentina bar at 50 francs the round. The others were almost as swell, but he had it on them on an actual count of decorations as well as having the finest, whitest and most wavy plume in his chapeau, as it appears you call those fore-and-aft hats, even in English. The question which had been agitating all and sundry was whether the Italians would show up this year. You see, last year they did, and naturally sat with the Germans and Japs, so it was a bit ticklish for them to change sides so literally and openly, and they might well have found it inconvenient to attend. But they bit the bullet and came. I think I've told you that I've seen a bit of their M.A., Colonel Bronzini, and I like him very much. Well, he came along with his Minister, rather late, when we, and the British and French on our side, and the Germans and the lone Jap on theirs, had already taken our places. So when he came up to the stand, he found himself on the end and looking distinctly out in the cold. I thought that that was not only bad for his morale, but not good from the point of view of what the Spanish might think, so I called him over next to me and put him between David and me. I really didn't think a great deal of it at the time, but as we were leaving Bronzini turned and thanked me for what I had done, and I saw that there were literally tears in his eyes, and that he was all choked up about it. Then I realized a bit of what he had gone through all morning. Another interesting point was that the neutral Ministers, consisting of the Portuguese, the Swede, and of course the Spanish, all came over on the Allied side without the slightest hesitation. The only one who is really surprising is the Spaniard, who practically shoved himself in beside the Belgian, making it quite crowded on that row. He is one who would not do that sort of thing without thinking it out thoroughly, so it may mean something."

Chaplain (First Lieutenant) William H. McCance and Molly attempted to move by automobile to Seattle, leaving New Haven on March 17th and taking their daughter, Mary, as far as Philadelphia. Molly wrote from 3437 59th St., S. W., Seattle 5, Wash., on April 13th about their trip: "*** It was quite eventful, for as we left Cheyenne we ran into a blizzard—a ground blizzard, which was something new to us, and quite terrifying. The snow was only a few inches deep, but a terrific wind whipped it into a heavy cloud that was so dense we could scarcely see the road. It was coming straight on, and although Bill's foot was down to the floor, we made little headway. Finally we were 'ditched' in a snow drift, which was quickly piling up into heights. Bill could scarcely open the door to get out, for the wind; and the rug he put down for traction was covered in less time than it takes to tell. A car pulled up alongside for company—but more of a liability than help—for at any minute we feared a Greyhound bus might loom up out of the dense snow and pile us all up in a mess. One passer-by refused to take me on to Cheyenne (I don't know whether it was I or the road that was looking dangerous!), but a baker piled me in with his buns, and I arrived at the hotel looking like something the cat brought in. My story couldn't have sounded too plausible, for the girl gave me a room at last, I think only to get me out of the lobby! The natives of Wyoming take it all in the day's work to have a chain along to help those in distress along the way, and so one pulled Bill out, who said the road ahead of us had at least three other cars ditched, one being our first-attempted helper. The next morning no cars were allowed to leave Cheyenne in any direction until further notice, and since we had to be on our way, we went over to the station to inquire for trains. There was an express leaving in half an hour—could we make it? I could be ready to sail for Africa in that time if necessary—and so, right there in the waiting room I repacked my steamer trunk with all the odds and ends one tosses into the back of a car when one travels in a Ford with an otherwise empty back seat. Extra coats, suit, coffee percolator, thermos, flat iron, umbrella, books, rubbers and goodness knows what all. We had that little old porter running his legs off between the car at the curb and the trunk! And the negress in charge rocked in merriment watching us with her 'Lawdddy!' every so often. But I got 'em all in somehow! Tho I chose to protect my precious iron with a less-precious silk dress. The trainman was calling 'all aboard' when I realized I had no keys, but 'they'd rope it for a quarter'—so we dashed it across the station, left it and grabbing the duffle bag, two suit

cases and typewriter, made a dash for the train and caught what might have been our last hope from A.W.O.L. As we went through the bad spot of the day before there was the snow-whipped up into the same sinister, thick cloud—and the train slowed down and ploughed through. Thankful we were not to have the responsibility of guiding it. Bill has sailed for his second trip on the 'Greenup'. It's been investigated by the delegation from Washington, re-enforced and pronounced more seaworthy. I watched it slip out of the harbor into the most beautiful sunset, from the window here. A plane carrier is going by as I write, and an old side-wheeler in the other direction, so the water front is fascinating at any time of day, and visible from almost any home here in Seattle, where they are view-conscious and build their houses with much glass on the Sound side. Bill had gone by Easter dawn service, which I had hoped to attend with him. Mrs. Baldwin and I crept out to one of the four held here in Seattle. They are very well attended, even by servicemen who must treasure their sleep more than most. This one had an all-negro choir—and as the excellent tenor sang some of the old spirituals—it fairly tore your heart out. The sun came up to reveal the flowering trees in full bloom in the lovely park, and I for one felt refreshed by the splendid message with new hope in these hard days..."

First Lieutenant James C. Sargent wrote V-mail to Sargenttrivia "April Fools' Day" from somewhere in the Pacific: "Today I round out my first three months stay in New Guinea and as a fitting celebration I decided to write you in an attempt to keep you informed of my whereabouts and my doings. As you can see I have changed addresses and at present I find myself in a command enjoying the life of a 'fatoon'. (Note. A 'fatoon' is a person who is in a command and is so named because the commands are supposed to have their own planes which must make regular trips to the Mainland, and they are supposed to bring back various delicacies as fresh cabbage, ripe turnips and possibly a few brussels sprouts which foods are supposed to help the so-named add large quantities of weight. So far I have not seen those results but nevertheless I am a 'fatoon' in the eyes of the squadrons and groups.) Yesterday a rather amusing incident occurred which might be of interest to some of your readers. I returned from taking a refreshing shower-bath to my tent to discover about 6 ace-black natives cutting the kunai grass which had grown to staggering heights. As I began to dress they began to jabber, and, before I had a chance to get more than one article on, one of them had come into my tent and begun a conversation about life with me. Apparently, since I gave him an agreeable reception, his friends also decided that my tent was the place to be in New Guinea and so they all trooped in to continue the jabbering. I was faced with 6 of the blackest faces I have ever seen, and, while I realized that they were both comparatively civilized and tame, their numerous beauty scars and their kinky hair done up in a bushy fashion made me feel a little skeptical. There we were trying our best to converse in Pidgin-English which is composed of a mixture of English, French, German and just plain native. They looked over my memoirs which I have arranged on a little dresser that I built with much curiosity. First they admired Bruce Foster's picture and then they spotted Becca's picture. This quite delighted them and so I thought I would show them the colored picture that I carry in my wallet which is a beauty of her. When they saw this they seemed to feel that it was just what they were looking for. Immediately they wanted to trade their prized possessions which in the main were some 5 & 10 cent store safety pins which were on pieces of horsehide around their necks. I couldn't figure out whether they cherished the picture or they wanted me to exchange wives. In any event I decided that I had plenty of safety pins, but it certainly is lucky that I left my wife at home! On a hill overlooking a valley we have a most beautiful and spacious officers' club. Its main room is about 100 feet by 50 feet and is completely screened. Here the officers are served by orderlies who wanted to earn a little extra money. We have a beautiful modern kitchen with a large ice-box and several efficient fuel-oil burning stoves. (You may think I am trying to sell you the place and maybe I am!) Off this main room there is another tremendous one in which is a bar that is about 50 feet long. Its main purpose so far is to remind us that such things do exist in the outside world, for liquor of any description is as scarce as hen's teeth up here. The material for the bar is marvelous, having a deep red leather front which material was brought to Bomber Command by some public-spirited member who probably aspired the presidency of the club. The days continue to be frightfully hot but the nights are both cool and invigorating. I was fortunate to make contact with a most comfortable air mattress which makes my Army cot resemble in feeling a 'beauty rest'. This morning for breakfast we had real eggs, excuse me, a real egg. I watched most of the men as they approached this novelty. They seemed almost to sneak up on it for fear it might run away. Some of them sat and looked at it for several moments just thinking about it before eating it. It was delicious! We hear that the choice American meats are being sent to the armed forces. But so far we haven't exactly grown fat on them. In fact, where are they?..." Jim's address is 1st Lt. James C. Sargent, O-573249, c/o Bomber Command, APO #13, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

ANNIVERSARIES

BIRTHDAYS

WEDDINGS

April 17 David S. Ham (7th)
25 John H. Buck, III (8th)

April 18 Samuel H. and Margaret Sargent Fisher (49th)

Aviation Cadet Theodore F. Babbitt, U.S.N.R., wrote recently from U.S. Navy Pre-Flight School, Chapel Hill, N.C.: "This is really quite a station. It's the Annapolis of the Air Corps in every respect. Everything is spit and polish, and there is even a band to play for us when we march to chow in a huge mess hall. ... When we first got here, we were given a posture test, a strength and fitness test and a swimming test. Those who flunked were put on special squads and lost a lot of liberty. I passed!! In the strength test we had to do at least 7 chin-ups, 20 push-ups, jump 2 inches straight up and run a sort of obstacle course. Then, with a third of your weight on your back, you step up and down on a bench for 5 minutes, after which they take your pulse to see how quickly it drops back to normal. In swimming we had to tread water for 5 minutes and then they looked at our form in the strokes. Later on we have a long distance to swim with clothes on, and, as a final exam, they strap you into a dummy plane cockpit and dunk you in the pool. You have to get out, swim to a rubber boat, paddle to a rope and climb 20 feet. The Skipper is a retired Commander and an Annapolis man. I get a great kick out of marching here with a regiment of 1800. There is an officer to every platoon, so we are really on the ball all the time. At Mess we are waited on by Italian prisoners at noon and local girls at supper. Talking with either is taboo."

Major Robert L. Fisher is now at Army Air Base, Lincoln, Neb.

Joseph Bradford Sargent wrote his wife from Chicago on Sunday November 15, 1885: "My Dear Florence: I am still here at the Palmer House, where we, from New York and Connecticut, arrived near midnight of Tuesday. We left New York in a special Wagner sleeping car and were due in Chicago Tuesday at 9 P.M. We left New York on the 6 P.M. train from 42nd Street Station, via Hudson river and New York Central to Buffalo, and thence over the Lake Shore and Michigan Central. We were late by two or three hours, so that instead of a trip of 27 hours we had one of 30 hours. We filled in the spare time with whist and euchre, High-low-jack-and the game, etc. Companions all intelligent (of course, as they were free traders) and we all agreed in holding extreme views and in desiring to adopt a platform of progress in moderation, as expressed in the resolutions adopted by the convention. I today sent copies of the proceedings as published in the Chicago Times to Henry, Edward and Lewis. We have had a very enthusiastic gathering, and I found myself well known as a free trader all over the far West to the Rookies, through my Boston and my Brooklyn lectures, for both of which I find I get much credit for the good of the cause in killing the old protectionist bugbear 'The pauper labor of Europe'. Personally and collectively I have had a very satisfactory visit here. Mr. Homer E. Sargent has kept close watch upon me and my movements, coming to the convention at its sessions as a spectator to see me and take charge of me, but I was so closely occupied that I could not go with him till after the two days of the convention were over. Both days we, of the conference, were discussing, debating and resolving all day in Haverly's Theatre, and both evenings had monster meetings at Music Hall, the largest hall or theatre in the city, overflowing full and crowds refused admission for want of room. I spent yesterday afternoon with Homer E. Sargent, taking 1 o'clock dinner and 6 o'clock supper, with him and family, at his house where I met John Sargent and his wife. John Sargent's mother lives opposite Mr. May's in Leicester. His father was a store keeper and Post Master many, many years in Leicester. I, with Homer, called on Mr. McRae at his office. I saw his father there - also Mr. — (Woodford - Ed.) a student who married the daughter of Mr. Bowditch of New Haven. He knows our boys. He is now a young professor or something in Indiana and was a delegate to the convention. Mr. McRae dined us at the Union Club House Friday and then Homer and I went to the Fat Cattle, Horse, Sheep and Hog Show. Yesterday afternoon I attended to business. Business in wholesale hardware ends Saturday P.M. at 2. and so I dined and supped at Homer's house, and, between meals, we drove to see the sights and on the trip called to see Mr. Crane and his father at their works. We saw young Mr. Crane but his father had gone away. Young Mr. Crane had been to see me at my hotel and spent some time with me. They are large manufacturers. Friday evening I went to hear the Boston Ideals in one of their semi operas, with one of the New York delegates, a Yale graduate of 1881, who had never been in Chicago before and remained one day to see the city. Have not gone to bed till after midnight since last Sunday night. Mrs. H.F. Sargent (Jack's mother) will leave here tonight at 10 for Warren, Rhode Island, to spend Thanksgiving. She will probably spend a day in New Haven to see Jack, - unless he goes to Warren, to see her, Thanksgiving day. But he will probably conclude that, as the Thanksgiving baseball at New York (Yale-Princeton football - Ed.) comes only once a year and cannot be oftener, he better go to that. His mother can go to see him any time. I urgently invited Mrs. Sargent to spend her time at our house - to come there from the RR Station. I shall go to St. Louis about Tuesday night. Yours affectionately, J.B. Sargent."



Henry Bradford Sargent

(from a photograph made in New Britain when he was 13 or younger, prior to 1864)