

Private (first class) John N. Deming of the Infantry, recently in France, wrote from somewhere in England on August 1st: "Well, I never thought that I would see England again, at least not so soon and in quite this manner. To start with I am perfectly OK except for a busted ear drum and a bit in my finger, so that compared with most of the lads I am really in fine shape. Thought that I'd write at this point, as there isn't too much else to do, and tell you a bit about the way in which I got here. The explosion from some Jerry artillery put me out of action the day that the big drive started. I was more than lucky though, for the only thing that bothered me at the time was that my helmet had been blown off and I couldn't find it, and it wasn't too healthy up there without that. I was able to walk back to the aid station where I was tagged and given some sleeping pills. I must have been pretty shaken up as I was listed as an exhaustion case. Went back via ambulance to what is called a collecting station I think. There I was given a shot and went to sleep. Woke up at another hospital - stayed there a couple of days. While there it was discovered that I had a bum ear. I was able to get cleaned up and take a shower, the first after some thirty days, so I really felt like a new man. Had another ride in an ambulance to a place called an air and sea evac. hospital. There I was put on a plane and flown over to this hospital. At present am at one of the general hospitals here in England where the best possible care can be had, although for me it is a matter of nature taking its course. And those who can be fixed up are eventually sent back to their outfits, and those who are disabled go back to the states. So you can see that all along the line everything is done to help us in the best possible manner in the quickest possible time. They don't rush things here by any means, for time is thought of in terms of weeks rather than days. The only drawback is that now we are back in the army's fold again and away from the front we are once again subject to inspections and all that goes with them, but all of us agree that all the generals and their inspections aren't half as bad as one Jerry 88. So while inspections and the like seem anti-climactical to say the least we gladly put up with them. I am sorry that I didn't land in the same hospital as my 'cousin' Patience Shorey is stationed with. Have heard from her, and to date hadn't succeeded in meeting up with Dave Sargent. I sent her the clipping from 'Sargentrivia' about Dave's adventure with the London stage, so perhaps that will help a bit. \*\*\* Pat's address is Pfc. John N. Deming, #31051557, 4190 Hosp. Plant DOP, APO 209, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y. Pat wrote V-mail on August 22d: "Your August 9th issue came tonight and I read it with the usual interest and enthusiasm. \*\*\* As a matter of fact I read with particular interest those accounts by those cousins who are flying, Lawton and the others. Many is the time when our planes have helped us out of a tight spot, and perhaps they don't realize how comforting they can be. Once in a great while they get a bit too close for comfort and that without doubt is the most helpless, terrifying feeling there is. The only consolation from such accidents is that Jerry has been on the receiving end of most of it and that it certainly is producing results. I have seen our P-47's come in so low to bomb that it was a wonder they didn't get hit by their own stuff. I myself am recovering in pretty good fashion and when am discharged from here should be pretty fit again. We are just hoping that it winds up as soon as possible. \*\*\*" His family report that Pat recently spent a few days leave at Oxford with the Bostons, some of whom after evacuation at the time of the 1940 blitz spent many months in New Haven.

First Lieutenant David C. Sargent of the Engineers wrote air mail from "Somewhere in France" on July 28th: "There is not much I am allowed to say about what I am doing over here but it is fun to try out one's fragmentary French on the good people along the way. I find the words come back to me surprisingly well. Although the final result is probably an insult to the French language, I find I can at least make myself reasonably understood, and even manage to elicit a certain degree of "admiration" from my fellow officers and men. One also enjoys a sort of false glory driving in convoy through a city or town. An armored column is a pretty impressive sight, and the people line the streets and wave as you pass. As you look at their faces you can pick out the lines of tragedy, bewilderment and resignation in the faces of the older people; and in the faces of the children the conflict in emotions between bewilderment and a hope of a future brighter world. I have seen sights concerning which I cannot write. But someday I will tell you of those things. In the meantime things look brighter on all fronts according to the news reports we hear. \*\*\* Dave's Armored Engineer Battalion is a part of the 6th Armored Division, commanded by Major General Robert W. Grow. An AP dispatch from General Patton's 3d Army HQ dated August 20th said: "The spearhead of the American drive to Brest in a ten day advance of 250 miles was the 6th Armored Division, it was disclosed officially to-night. \*\*\* Although it was the division's first combat action, its members exploited their opportunity to the limit, capturing 5,000 Germans, including Lieutenant General Karl Spang." Dave wrote on August 6th: "It seems ages since I have written you, but the long silence is one easily explained. Time is no longer governed by the normal cycle of night and day, but rather by the host of fast moving events of which we are now a part. Days drift into nights and nights into days without one feeling the sense of passing time, and as a result some days and some nights seem endless. When weariness becomes acute, our nervous energy supplies the spark to keep us moving. You have read the papers and have perhaps been able to guess where we are. I have seen no papers and so cannot tell how much you may know. But the days recently passed have passed like a vivid picture of swift impressions of things we have done and things we have seen. There is the tragic side - the destruction wrought by war - the wreckage of German carts and the swollen carcasses of dead horses filling the air with the stench of decomposition; the faces of the dead, grim testimony to the brutality of war; army materiel littering the roadside; the hollow shells of gutted buildings in towns reduced to ruin. There is the exciting side - the game of life and death - skirmishes with snipers; hide and seek with enemy patrols; captured prisoners marching up the road with their hands clasped behind their heads; strafing of enemy planes, and at night the



uneven drone of German planes circling overhead, punctuated by the thunderous explosions of their bombs; the fireworks of ack ack and tracer bullets cutting the air with ever changing patterns of light; sleepless nights and long blackout marches over tortuous winding roads. There are impressions of the country we pass through - wheat fields and orchards and pastures full of healthy cows - symbols of peace in a land torn by war; high hedgerows and landscape checkered with the colorful pattern of cultivated fields and meadows; a peasant people - wooden shoes and cotton frocks and healthy tans. Then there are the impressions of the triumphal march - a pageant of holiday crowds in a holiday mood cheering us, clapping us, waving us by - with the smile of freedom on their faces and the thanks of deliverance in their eyes. They were crowds swayed by the full emotion of unbridled joy. And the expression of this emotion became a heartfelt and spontaneous ovation to our column as it passed - and we must have been a pretty impressive sight - the armored might of an armored division thundering through the towns and highways like the mighty spearhead that it was. Sometimes our columns raced through towns at 40 mph and the din they made was rivaled only by the tumultuous ovation given us as we passed. When we stopped there was cognac or cider for all; flowers were thrown at us and the friendly well wishes of a friendly people. 'Vive la France', 'Vive l'Amerique', they shouted, and a few even tried a few English words such as 'Hello boys, you are welcome!'. French flags were everywhere and in a few places homemade, French-made American flags minus, it is true, a few stripes and several stars - but the sentiment was all there; the cheerful smile and friendly wave of kids everywhere; men who insisted on solemnly shaking your hands; old women with tears in their eyes waving a friendly, thankful hand - and the American response to all this - the healthy response of one friendly people for another. And so our column swept onward - sometimes moving so fast that we left more enemy behind us than were ahead of us. At times it was a triumphal march; at other times there were casualties and dead to remind us of the grim realities of war. But everywhere the warm welcome of the people gave full assurance that our cause was just. One night an incident occurred which I think would interest you. I was getting ready to sleep when the guard called me. Two small kids were at the gate in tears and scared to death and my French was sufficient to gather what they said. Their home, a farm, was about a mile from us. On the way from there they had seen two Germans (or 'Boche', as they call them). They were so frightened of the Boche that they were afraid to go home alone - so with cocked rifles, four of us formed a small combat patrol and guarded the kids to their home. But there was the indication of how they feared the Germans, whom they had known for almost four years and trusted completely the Americans whom they had seen for perhaps a day. It was a trust we were happy to accept. Meanwhile guerrilla bands, or 'patriots', are springing up everywhere armed with the most varied and miscellaneous assortment of arms and weapons of destruction known to men. They are colorful, alert, excited, but above all, intent on one thing - the complete destruction of any living 'Boche' within their reach. What help they have been to us History, perhaps, will never tell. But we who have seen them know the very real value of their aid. Well, these are but a few impressions out of many. I will try to write soon again and tell you more. But letters just don't seem to write themselves these days because we are busier than we can tell.... P.S. - This paper is off a captured German truck."

Ensign Calet Loring, Jr., of the U.S.S. Texas, great grandson of Laura Frances Lewis Hammond whose picture appeared in Sargentrivia of August 9th, wrote on August 23d: "I write to thank you for the copies of 'Sargentrivia' which I have received. It's very interesting to read of all the unknown cousins. Our family has certainly spread itself throughout the world during these years. You've been very kind to include us (D. & I) among you. I was a bit hazy on our actual connection I'm ashamed to say until I saw the picture of the three Lewis girls of Greensboro and Griffin, Ga., in No. 16 of Vol. 2. I look forward to the day when we may drop in on you and Mrs. Sargent and have the opportunity to get to know you a little better than mere correspondence affords us. There isn't much news I can give you of myself. The ship took part in the recent (August 15) invasion of France, and as you may see in the papers all has gone smoothly for us. We were assigned 5 nine-inch guns to silence, which was done with very little difficulty. The Army moved across the beaches rapidly, with little apparent opposition and excellent support from the air force; as you know they have reached Toulon and Marseilles. I wish to thank you again for keeping me abreast of the doings of my Sargent cousins."

Second Lieutenant Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., spent a night in New Haven with his parents before leaving on September 5th for Dayton, Ohio, where he has been sent for about a month to do some special flying. He will then return to Millville, N. J. Lawt's temporary address is A.S.T.B., Dayton Army Air Field, Vandalia, Ohio.

Second Lieutenant Bradford Sargent Tilney on August 23d, the day after his birthday anniversary, received from General Welble his commission and diploma on graduating from the Engineer Officers School at Fort Belvoir, Va. Josephine, his wife, was present at the ceremonies. After a 10-day leave, most of which was spent with Josephine and young son in Madison, Conn., Brad was to report to Fort Lewis, Wash., with assignment to E.O.R.P. (Engineer Officers Replacement Pool).

First Lieutenant James C. Sargent, son of Murray Sargent, cabled in August that he had been hospitalized because of an infected hand.

Ensign Rebecca Jackson Sargent, of the WAVES, wife of First Lieutenant James C. Sargent, on August 22d received her commission on completion of the course in the officers school at Northampton, Mass. Becky has been given a teaching assignment. Her address is Regimental Staff, Northampton, Mass.



Private John M. Sargent, son of Murray Sargent, recently hospitalized in Texas because of injuries caused by an accident, recently spent his furlough, partly at the family camp at Mountainy Pond, Maine, and afterwards at his home in New York. He started back for Texas on September 7th.

Lieutenant Bruce Fenn, U.S.N.R., returned to this country on August 20th from London, England, where he had been Air Combat Intelligence Officer attached to the admiral's staff. He spent two days with Gloria, his wife, and his eight months old daughter Kitty (whom he had not before seen), and on August 25th reported for temporary duty in the Air Combat Division of the Navy Department in Washington, D. C. Gloria's address is Care Mrs. Fred J. Gross, Auburn, Me.

Private Roderick M. Engert, son of the U. S. Minister to Afghanistan, nephew of the Murray Sargents and of ye editors by adoption, wrote from Ceylon on August 4th: "Thank you very much indeed for including me among those receiving 'Sargentrivia'. I think it's a swell idea & saves us writing untold letters to each other, a thing I'm sure very few of us would have done anyway. To begin with I thought I'd just see how Bill (Rappleye), Murray, Jimmie & John were getting along, but I found the other letters so interesting & the general standard so high that I now read them straight through from cover to cover. If by any chance you have any old numbers previous to Vol. 2, No. 7, I would be very glad to have some. Probably, however, you'll be out of them by now. I have received so far Vol. 2, Nos. 7-12 (inclusive). I am no longer at Kandy, but at a camp on the coast. The swimming is superb & most of us get a chance to bathe daily. The weather is pretty warm but not unbearable & much cooler than Delhi. Every so often we get cloudy days which are naturally most welcome. There is not a great deal to do here in the way of relaxation as the nearest town (scarcely a village) is 15 miles away. We do however have camp movies 2 or 3 times a week. Our quarters are long huts of palm leaves supported by upright poles & fastened by string. They aren't completely waterproof but nearly so. I should perhaps explain that the palmleaves are dried & woven into sections first. Primitive Prefabrication! I have now completed my training & have been assigned an interesting administrative job. Cpl. Bill Rappleye has just got 2 weeks furlough & has gone up to Afghanistan to spend it with my parents. We are beginning to get quite modern here. They started wiring some of the huts for electricity the other day. We might get some sockets next month, which would indicate the possibility of procuring some bulbs by October. However, we have just got in some superior gasoline lamps to replace some very inferior kerosene ones & have Electricity in our recreation room! Corporal Rappleye mustn't kid himself that his hangout is the only one that the phrase 'Total War' was not designed for. We have no such thing as K.P. or Guard details either. It's pretty rugged though; we have to be up by the atrocious hour of 7 a.m. for 15 minutes of calisthenics. I keep wondering how long we can stick it. As one order reads: 'Our last sweeper went home on a section 8 due to the amount of cigarette butts on the floor. Let's not lose any more men. PUT YOUR BUTTS IN ASH TRAYS PLEASE!' Yes, it's a Tough Life." His address is 10500114, Det 404, Advanced H.Q., S.E.A.C., A.P.O. 432, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Second Lieutenant Roswell G. Ham, Jr.'s, address is O-583245, Sp. Auto Pilot M.T.U. #103, H2, XV A.F., A.P.O. 520, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y. The following comes from his parents (Roz and Hilda Sargent Ham) vacationing in Cotuit, Mass., the quotations being from Roddy's letters. He is now in Italy, "cannot say where except on the Adriatic Coast. We shall be at HQ here for a short time and then hit the road and go about to various Bomb Groups in the country to give our mobile training." His work is peculiar, in that he commands a small contingent of Technical Sergeants whose business it is to give a refresher course in the Sperry Auto. Pilot after the pilots have had enough missions under high pressure to make them forget most of what they have known. "It took a time to get over here, largely because we went all over hell-and-gone on the way. I pitched my tent on deck and spent the trip in airy comfort. The sun browned me all over - nudism was the watchword with nothing to see us but the flying fish. It is good to be overseas again though this is a far cry from England. The towns are all hacked up and the people and their 'homes' horribly dirty, unkempt - many children undernourished and covered with fly infested sores. We have done a lot of traveling in a short time. Off on a 200 mile trip tomorrow and a 400 mile flight roundtrip on Friday."

Private (first class) Cornelius Kimball Ham remains very busy as Drill Instructor at Parris Island. At last writing he had his platoon on the range, a group heavily Yale with any number of his old friends. The preceding group was Brooklyn and the Bronx. Meanwhile he has found time to enter a swimming meet or so, take his examinations for Corporal, engage in combat training, and absorb salt tablets. It is to be suspected that in due time he will be a first rate "gyreen". When last heard he had completely mastered the incredible jargon of the marine drill field. He seems on the job and philosophic.

Flying Officer James Sargent Wiser wrote from Ottawa, Canada, on August 16th: "....As you know, I was married in Toronto on June 16th after many numerous and complicated letters and telegrams to arrange all details. Dad arrived from Victoria B.C., Mom, Tom, Joanie and Norma came from Ottawa, while I wangled six days leave from Winnipeg. Strangely enough, we all arrived in Toronto Friday morning the sixteenth and were married that evening. Despite the hastiness of our preparations the ceremony went off beautifully and the knot, I believe, was tied with perfection....The following evening we left for Winnipeg where we were wined and dined by members of my Squadron. Norma had to return to Ottawa after a week's honeymoon as her leave had expired and the Army couldn't get along without her any longer. Since I have been doing staff pilot duties for a year, the Air Force decid-



a refresher course was in order and consequently I was posted on temporary duty to No. 1 Flying Instructor's School, Trenton, Ontario where they tried to remake a pilot out of me. Apparently they were successful for to my surprise and delight I was posted overseas from there. Back to Winnipeg again for my equipment, clothes, clearance, and leave form..... At the moment I am enjoying my two weeks embarkation leave in Ottawa before reporting to the No. 1 'Y' Depot at Lachine, Quebec, on the twenty-fourth of this month. At the moment I have no idea as to what type of aircraft I will be flying or where I will be sent. However, rumour has it, that the draft I am on will go first of all to England where we will receive our operational training and thence to India, Burma, or Australia. In any case, time will tell.... Jim has now gone overseas. His address is Flying Officer James S. Wiser, J29170, R.C.A.F. Overseas, England.

### ANNIVERSARIES

#### BIRTHDAYS

- August 18 - Murray Sargent, 3d, (3d)  
son of Murray Sargent, Jr.
- 19 - Wallace Bruce Fenn (3d)  
son of Russell Sargent Fenn, Jr.
- 21 - Barbara Lois Male Sargent (24th)  
wife of Richard Collier Sargent, Jr.
- 22 - Second Lieutenant Bradford Sargent Tilney  
son of Rhoda Miles Sargent Tilney
- 28 - Leslie Sargent (2d)  
daughter of First Lieutenant Frederick K. Sargent
- 29 - Richard Collier Sargent  
Ruth Kingsbury Sargent
- 30 - Murray Sargent  
Ellen Hayward Pulford (18th)  
stepdaughter of Catherine Rice Pulford
- September 1 - Henry James Wiser
- 3 - Mary Sargent (18th)  
daughter of F. Homer Sargent
- 4 - Captain Frederic Homer Sargent Tate (25th)  
son of Alice Maud Sargent Tate
- 8 - First Lieutenant William Parker Sargent, Jr.
- 11 - Russell Sargent Fenn, Jr.  
Joseph Denny Sargent (15th)  
son of Major Thomas Denny Sargent
- 12 - Elizabeth Collier Sargent

#### WEDDINGS

- August 23 - First Lieutenant Frederick K. and  
Janet Wyer Sargent (3d)

The picture below was taken about 1905 of the Joseph Bradford Sargent garden at Elm and Church Streets, New Haven. The photographer faced about north toward the greenhouse, in which were raised, among other items in the vegetable kingdom, Black Hamburg and Muscat grapes. In front of the greenhouse was the driveway with the stable (second building to the left) and the gate breaking the stone wall (to the right) on Church Street.

