

In this issue Private First Class Joseph Weir Sargent tells about some of the happenings during the war in the Pacific that can now be told. He is the second of our veterans to so report for these pages. Ye editors ask our other service men and girls to contribute their accounts for this family history on the march. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W.B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Private First Class Joseph Weir Sargent, Jr., of the Marines, responded to ye editors' request by writing from Pine Orchard, Conn., the following account of some of his experiences and other happenings, largely in the South Pacific area, that can now be told: "Going back to the War days to recount some of my activities, I shall start with the date Jan. 26, 1942, as that day was my first full one as a United States Marine. Six weeks of indoctrination or Boot Camp training followed, learning the whys and wherefores of esprit de corps. Following this we spent 4-1/2 months putting theory of tactics into practice, amphibious warfare (what experience they had) and schooling on Barrage balloons, my outfit at the time. Aug. 15, 1942, found us sailing on board the large prewar luxury liner U S S Lurline, headed for Samoa, unknown to us then, a United States Naval Base since 1914. 11 months here were idled away in comparative safety and routine garrison life with one exception. This being the time Japanese submarines shelled the harbor and airport facilities early one morning. It was foggy, a cool, rainy, misty day breaking, and once again a sneak attack proved the Japs more wily than we had guessed, as they caught us napping and we were only able to fire at uncalculated, unseen targets. Samoa, as well as the Fiji Islands, being on a direct route from 'Frisco to Sydney, were the next to fall in the Japanese plan of cutting off Australia from her then main co-helpers, prior to invasion, but our hard pressed men on Guadalcanal finally stopped the Jap southern advance. Sept. 1943 saw the U.S. pick up the offensive and start on the long vaunted trail to Tokyo via the Central Pacific Isles by capturing four of the Gilbert Island atolls. Two months prior to this our Balloon Squadron ceased to exist, as they proved inadequate against the tropical weather plus lack of hostile aircraft at this spot. We were inactivated and sent on to reinforce the Second Division, the invaders of the Gilberts. An interesting thing happened while the invasion force was assembling. The whole force was there, in a lagoon off Funafuti Island of the Ellice group, capital ships, cargo, landing craft, etc., when the Japanese bombing planes came over. Their objective: the airfield our aircraft had flown from to bomb the Gilberts. This was a small atoll, 7 1/2 feet above sea level, just about big enough for the planes, repair shops and antiaircraft guns. The moon was big and bright, high overhead as they came over in three waves, a total of about 40 planes, and not one bomb or plane seemed to see the shipping. Every bit of their attention was concentrated on land. What a break for us—suppose they had seen us??? I'll never understand their seemingly stupid reaction. I was sweating the raid out loading ammunition from a heavily laden barge onto our larger cargo ship. The next day we set sail as planned for D-Day. Our objective was a little south of the main thrust, on Betio, central isle of the group, and taking only 2 1/2 days to oust the sons of heaven. Looking back on the operation the two standout faults seemed to be—one: improper landing boats. All atolls have a surrounding fringe of coral, some above water, some below; and this particular one was about 4 feet underwater and caused no end of trouble in the early stages. All D-Day morning the early landing parties were stymied because of this barrier. Some boats got over it, others couldn't until they rode a wave in and some couldn't make it at all. Naturally all this confusion in one spot made by 100 landing barges proved advantageous to the Japs, and with murderous fire at a distance of about 500 yards they almost wiped out the first 3 boat waves. Men began wading in to shore, rifles above their heads, stumbling and cursing the sharp coral. It was a pitiful sight to see, but pushing man power in, and in, the beach was finally reached. It was oft told of H. 'Howling Mad' Smith, the General in full command, when the first few waves failed, 'By God, sir, call the ships crew, cooks, bakers, barbers and merchant marines, we're going to take this island if I have to let the ships go unmanned.' I went ashore late in the afternoon, hence missed all this A.M. tangle, as our job was secondary infantry. The second fault, as I saw it, was that once the Japs were removed we had no plane or antiaircraft protection to ward off the night air attacks for about 3 weeks. These attacks originated from the Marshall Islands, 300 miles to the north, not heavy, just irritating. Soon our air strip and A A fire came into being, and these raids dwindled to a mere nothing. Propaganda leaflets printed in broken English spoke of the U.S.A., its snug homes, food, wine and loved ones. 'Tokyo Rose', familiar to everyone in the Pacific, a woman radio broadcaster from the home islands, pursued the above even farther, played popular American music and generally tried to taunt us with 'We will be over again tonight. Happy sleeping in a foxhole.' 7 months here and we were sent back to Kani, the Garden Island, where 252 inches of rain fall a year, 100 miles north of Pearl Harbor, for a rest of 5 months, baseball, dances, and general relaxation. This was the first time in 18 months I had spent more than \$10 a month, as here at last there were stores and money had a real value other than cigarettes, soap, shaving gear, etc., choice goods at a P.X. or Post Exchange. Those days passed quickly, and all too soon we were off again to parts unknown. 500 of us were transported on to an LST (Landing Ship Tank) where the maximum amount of bunks was for 200 men. This presented a problem and was overcome by having 2 shifts of 12 hours; 200 men sleeping during the day and 200 men changing places at night time. A left over of 100 men were told to find their own among trucks, around gun mounts, in the tank deck, anywhere. 61 days were spent on board the ship. We ran out of cigarettes, books, magazines, playing cards, etc. Our one excuse for having fun was in crossing the equator or rising in ranks from a polliwog to a shellback. Terms of the supposedly mystic crossing. Having crossed this imaginary line the year before I was not on the receiving end of the traditional antics. The only available showers were four rain squalls the ship ran into. We would all rush topside, fight for an overhanging corner

where water would gather and spill down in shower effect form. To see so many men scampering over the decks a la nude was indeed an unusual sight. Our route was very diversified from Hawaii going around Guadalcanal up to the Admiralties, then around the eastern side of New Guinea and headed straight for the southern Philippines. 400 miles away we made a right angle turn towards the Palau Islands 500 miles due west of Leyte, our destination. 2 months finally removed most of the earlier inhabitants after some of the toughest fighting in and out of caves, marshes, where mobile equipment could not adequately move about. Peace settled down except for a few night landing attacks from Bablethrop, a Japanese held island 10 miles to the north where 25,000 Imperial troops were by-passed. Their attacks caused little damage but kept us leery of night movements. Their object seemed to be to try and find information, food or to destroy the bombing and fighter planes which were pounding their Island of Bablethrop and the Philippines daily. It was here that I had my closest call in having 'my number turn up'. A new mortar of the Japs, a 155 m.m., landed right in the middle of our foxhole of two men and did not explode. One particular Japanese ingenious plan of defence was in having a battery of heavy artillery guns situated in a hill so tunneled out that an elevator ran the 4 guns up to a 6 foot thick steel plated swinging door. A volley would fire, the doors close and the guns were lowered to another such platform. They had three such openings on this hill known as 'Bloody Nose', and it was finally won after a bitter battle and changing of hands 16 times according to the official count. The supporting machine guns were knocked out by a flame thrower, then we were able to swarm up the escarpment, using a blow torch on each of the steel doors, thus entering a fantastic network of shafts, tunnels, storage rooms, ventilating system, office space, etc. 7 months here and the much publicized rotation policy caught up with me after 32 months. They sent us in a big four-motored C-54 plane to Pearl Harbor. 9000 miles in 25 hours, and thence by boat to the land of dreams and 'Home alive in 'forty-five', as went our slogan. 30 days rehabilitation leave and I was sent to Norfolk, Va., to guard our own courtmartialled prisoners, 1500 in all, 4 months and they started us on our way overseas again. The war over, everything was dropped, and I was discharged Sept. 26, 1945."

Joseph Weir Sargent, Jr., began working in the new mechanized iron foundry of Sargent & Company, New Haven, on January 2d. He and Patty, his wife, are living in an apartment in a four-family house on Spring Rock Road, Pine Orchard, Conn. Their telephone number is Branford 924-14. Ye editor understands that they are playing some badminton at the Pine Orchard Club.

First Lieutenant Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., of the Army Air Forces, wrote from Kitzengen, Germany, on December 19th: "Things are about the same except for a few technical and administrative changes, which have confused everybody. Someday maybe someone will finally decide just what command we are under! We continue to lose more men, but the other day we actually got some replacements direct from the States. Of course these men are brand new in the army and know very little about it, besides the fact that already they are speculating about when they can return home! Last Sunday I flew to the 44th A.D.G. and had lunch with Ebbie Pugsley (next door neighbor and childhood friend of Lawt's.—Ed.). I had seen his orders, so knew where he was, and as I had to fly over on business I was able to see him. He was certainly surprised when I walked in on him. I hope to get there again in the near future. Ebbie is stationed near Munich and the country is beautiful. Sunday was a clear day, and the Swiss Alps were an impressive sight jutting into the sky. Last night some of us got a jeep and drove into Nuremburg to see the Radio City Music Hall Revue, featuring the Rockettes. It was a good show and well worth the trip, even though it takes about an hour and a half to make the trip each way. We drove past the War Crimes Building, which was brilliantly lighted up and well guarded—imagine that's as close as we'll get to the trials, however. From the papers I gather that at present you are having a severe cold snap with lots of snow. Here, strangely enough it is just the opposite, almost mild, altho it won't stay that way long, as this is a pretty cold part of Germany." On January 2d he wrote: "Ho, hum, Christmas and the holidays are over and I shall now write a resume of the past week or so. First note my new address. I am now Adjutant in the Engineering Squadron. We have a new T.O., and a lot of us were shifted about for the mutual benefit of everyone. We have some new officers and new men, and they are placing them in positions where they can work up. Our new A.P.O. is supposed to quicken the mails, but I shall have to see that for myself as we have virtually had no mail for the last two weeks. Storms and a plane crash either delayed or lost it. ... We had a nice Christmas dinner here with all the trimmings down to wine, cigars and candy. Monday and Tuesday were holidays, and Christmas night I went with a group to Nuremburg to the Club Americana (the officers club), where they had a floor show and lots of Christmas carols. Thursday after Christmas Pop Warner and I borrowed a sedan (real style) and set out for Munich to get some supplies. We spent the night in Nuremburg in the transient nurses' ward in the hospital! Friday A.M. we hit the road at seven, in the pouring rain, but the drive to Munich was pretty good as we had a real car and the road was one of the German autobans. These autobans are nice and remind me of the Merritt Parkway. On the return trip, however, things went sour with the car! We had to clean out the fuel line, as it was filled with dirt, and the engine just wouldn't run. While doing that a tire went flat! We finally got going again after much labor and 'cussing'. It was now dark and raining again, and next thing we knew a wire came off the car battery, shutting off the motor and putting out all lights. It took us quite a while to find the trouble, as we had no flashlight! We finally got near Nuremburg and stopped to get some coffee and doughnuts, only to discover that the trunk in the back had ripped loose and was just about off. Some rope helped us to tie the car together. Then we left Nuremburg for Kitzengen and bowled along until about a mile from the base when the gas gave out, but as we had some extra cans along that situation was soon remedied. Again we had trouble with the fuel line, as the gas over here is not too clean at times, and letting the tank run dry had pumped in some dirt! It was, all in all, quite a trip, and I shan't borrow another car for a spell. New Year's Eve we went over to Nuremburg

again for a party, and it was really fun and like a celebration back home. By eleven P.M. we were knee deep in confetti and colored tape plus champagne. Got back to the base at Kitzengen on New Year's Day in time for a delicious turkey dinner. So ended another hectic week! Lawt's new address is 0-827520, 899th Air Eng. Sq., 481 Air Sv. Gp., A.P.O. 64, o/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Captain James C. Sargent, son of Murray Sargent, and Becky, his wife have taken an apartment at 529 East 84th Street, New York City, into which they moved on January 26th. Becky has begun her courses in English at Columbia University, working toward her M.A. Jim is continuing his various legal refresher courses. He has returned to the legal department of the Consolidated Edison Company.

"The Devil's Picture Books", a description by Margaret Sargent Fisher, Aunt Daisy to most of us, of her extensive collection of playing cards recently presented to Yale, appears in the "Yale University Library Gazette" for January. The librarian states that "Mrs. Fisher has collected cards from all parts of the world illustrating their development during the past five centuries." The editor had understood that she had been pursuing her hobby for only some fifteen years.

The editors attended the Yale-Harvard hockey game on February 9th. It was scheduled to begin at 8:30 P.M. in the Arena in New Haven, but due to the late arrival of the equipment of the Harvard players the game did not get under way till about 10:40. Though Harvard scored first Yale won by a 9-2 score. This ended a successful season for Yale.

C. Forbes Sargent, vacationing in January at the ski paradise at Stowe, Vt., met there Sally Fisher McCawley and Bill, her husband (now out of the Navy).

Corporal John M. Sargent of the Engineers, son of Murray Sargent, sailed from Manila on January 28th on the S.S. "Marine Swallow."

Bibby Deming Goeller, daughter of Laura Rice Deming, and Bill, husband, moved the first week in January to a house available to veterans at Fort Dupont, Delaware City, Del. Bill is in the employ of Hatzel & Buehler Company, electrical contractors, at their Wilmington branch. Bibby's address is Mrs. William J. Goeller, Box 542, Wilmington, Del.

Russell Sargent Fenn, Jr., who resigned from Sargent & Company last November, started at the first of the year in the Trust Department of The New Haven Bank, N.B.A.

Ensign Converse G. Fenn of the Merchant Marine, son of Russell Sargent Fenn, who has been in the Pacific for some three months, is now on his way from Yokohama, Japan. His ship will probably dock early in March either in Baltimore or New York.

Mary Cunningham Sargent, wife of Murray Sargent, on Tuesday, February 5th, while crossing the street in New York was hit by a tricycle push cart (going contrary to traffic regulations). Her left arm was broken and two ankles were sprained, which put her in the hospital (New York Hospital).

Timothy Collins Tilney, much traveled for all of his 3 years, son of First Lieutenant Bradford Sargent, lunched recently at the publication office while his mother was elsewhere attending a Farmington School alumnae luncheon. Timmy was good company. When he left he went into the kitchen and said to the cook, "Good-bye. I will write to you".

ANNIVERSARIES

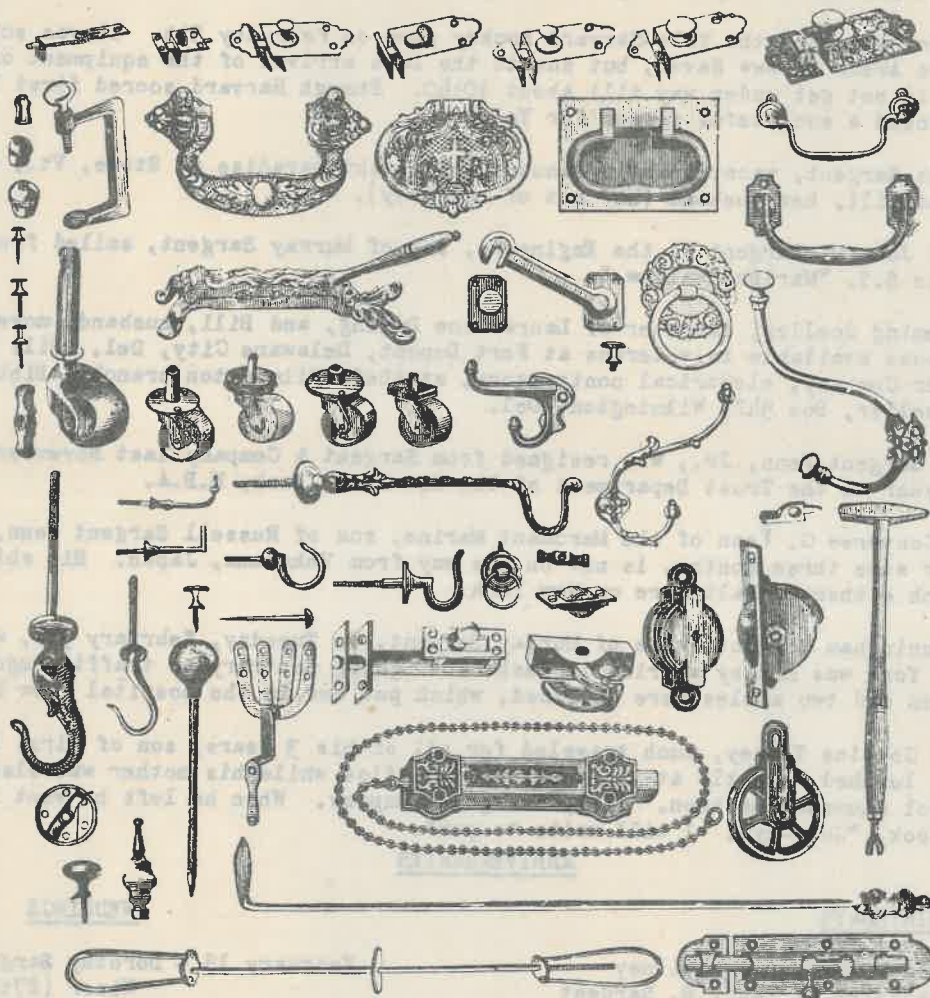
BIRTHDAYS

- February 5 - Rhoda Miles Sargent Tilney
daughter of Henry B. Sargent
Lieutenant (j.g.) Caleb Loring, Jr. (25th)
- 10 - Henry B. Sargent
son of Murray Sargent
- 11 - Jane Collier Cumming (14th)
daughter of Laura Lewis Bailey Cumming
Sandra Buck (12th)
daughter of Jean Sargent Buck
- 12 - Howard Lewis (Peter) Sargent, Jr. (17th)
- 14 - John R.W. Sargent (81st)
son of Homer Earle Sargent
- 17 - Colonel Theodore Babbitt
husband of Peggy Fisher Babbitt
- 22 - Samuel Fisher (Terry) Babbitt (17th)
son of Peggy Fisher Babbitt
- 23 - Sarah Atlee Downs Fisher
Catherine Virginia Deming (22d)
daughter of Laura Rice Deming
Corporal Frederic Homer Sargent III (22d)

WEDDINGS

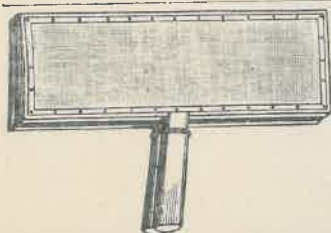
- February 15 - Dorothy Sargent and Henry J. Wiser (27th)

Below is a facsimile of a hand proof made in 1931 of an old electrotype. Ye editor had supposed this was a page from the 1861 catalogue, but it does not match any page of that year or of any of the catalogues near 1861. (The New York warehouse was moved in 1863 from 85 to 70 Beekman Street.) Not long ago such a sheet was offered for sale at \$12.50 by a dealer in "Business Americana", who stated that it "seems to be one of the earliest advertising pieces we have ever seen. It is probably dated 1860 since someone used the back for a letter dated September 13." While in no sense complete the illustrations convey a fair idea of the type of product of those days. Needless to say the illustrations are not all on the same scale. The horizontal object in the third row (below the coffin handles) is a "cork presser". The four-pronged article down near the bottom (just above the business end of the poker) is called a "slat iron with standard" for use in baby carriages. The cut incorrectly gives the name of the family Hand Card manufactory as "Sargent Brothers". The correct title was "Sargent & Brother", a partnership in which the three brothers, Joseph Bradford Sargent (1822-1907), George Henry Sargent (1828-1917) and Edward Sargent (1832-1883) had equal interests.



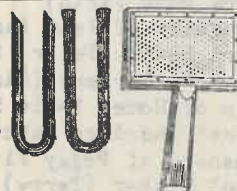
J. B. SARGENT AND COMPANY
 PROPRIETORS OF THE PECK & WALTER MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
 NEW BRITAIN, CONN.,

Manufacture over Two Thousand articles in Shelf Hardware, consisting of HOUSEKEEPING, FARMERS', BUILDERS', CARRIAGE, FURNITURE, COFFIN, CHILDREN'S CARRIAGE, TRUNK, WINDOW SHADE, and other Hardware, STEBBINS' MOLASSES GATES, &c. BRASS AND IRON CASTINGS. See below.



SARGENT BROTHERS,
 Leicester, Mass.,

Manufacturers of
 HAND CARDS, of every description,
 and WINDOW BLIND STAPLES.
 Particular attention given to
 STRIPPING CARDS.



NEW YORK CARD MANUFACTORY, 85 Beekman St., New York, (successors to J. H. Whittemore & Co.,)
 Manufacture all kinds of COTTON AND WOOL CARDS, "successor" stamp.

SARGENT AND COMPANY, 85 Beekman Street, New York,
 Manufacturers of Hardware, are Agents for all the above concerns, and keep a large stock of their goods at factory prices.