

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

wards: "When I first met him, and I'm sure this goes for every one of the other crew members, I liked him and thought him to be one of the best. He didn't try to be bossy or a big shot even though he had every right in the world to be that way. He wasn't sneaky yet he made every detail of the duties of his crew clear as crystal."

At his first opportunity after arriving at Westover Field, Garrett came back for a Sunday at St. Paul's. Hard as his training had been and still was, he looked superbly well. He spent a happy day, seeing old friends, masters and boys, and especially talking to those of the latter who were about to enter the Air Corps and were eager to hear about the training from someone who had been through it.

On May 3, 1944, within a month of his last visit to the School, Garrett, on a combat training flight from Westover Field, was obliged by mechanical failure in his plane to choose between "abandoning ship" and making a forced landing, under very difficult conditions, on a small field not intended for bombers. He chose the latter course, radioed for crash cars and other emergency equipment, and, by the skill with which he handled his plane, managed to save all lives but his own. He himself was instantly killed.



CHARLES JARED INGERSOLL, JR.

1942

Charles Jared Ingersoll, Jr., entered the Second Form in 1937. He came quite a small boy and he was over six feet four when he left. Independent of mind and frank of speech, he grew in responsibility and understanding. As a councillor and as a supervisor in his Sixth Form year, he served the School well, with good sense, tact and courage. He played on the Old Hundred football team and won his S.P.S. in hockey. An oarsman of unusual skill and power, twice chosen No. 7 for the S.P.S. crew, he was also a devoted captain of the Halcyon Boat Club, on whose float his genially commanding figure was an unforgettable sight.

Four months after graduating from St. Paul's, he enlisted in the Army, and was assigned to an Engineer Battalion, the 310th, made up largely of men who had been coal miners. Ingersoll liked his battalion so much that he refused several opportunities to go to Officers' Training School. He was promoted to Corporal in February, 1943, and to Sergeant in September. That December he went overseas.

After two months in North Africa, where he became an expert in the handling of enemy mines, Ingersoll was ordered to Italy. His division, the 85th, moved into the front line near Minturno, April 26, 1944. During the next two and a half weeks, he was almost constantly under fire.

On May 14, Ingersoll's company received orders to clear out two minefields. Lieutenant Hobbs and three squads were sent to one of them, Ingersoll and his squad to the other. Both missions were completed, and costly. Lieutenant Hobbs and two of his men were killed.

Ingersoll reached his objective, three disabled American tanks at the foot of hill 85 which needed to have the mines around them removed so that they could be salvaged and returned to action. Enemy artillery and mortar fire were so intense that Ingersoll sent back part of the squad and finished the job with four men. The five were on their way back, walking up a little mule trail, when a shell burst caught them. Ingersoll, in the lead, was instantly killed. Another man, mortally wounded, died while being carried in.

Of these Americans fighting in Italy, the *New York Times* said in an editorial May 30:

"Two draft divisions, the 85th and the 88th, have been fighting their way with the Fifth Army's Second Corps through Santa Maria Infante, Itri, Fondi, Terracina. From now on, as long as this war is remembered, the blue clover leaf of the 88th and the 'C.D.' of the 85th or Custer Division will be badges of honor. These boys never intended to be soldiers, never wanted to be. Nevertheless, when they were needed for soldier's work they were found to have the soldier's qualities. They voted, on the Italian front, wordlessly or with words that will never get into the history books, for liberty, for righteousness, for all the things and people that they had loved at home.

"Words will never repay those who fell. There is not, and cannot be, any payment. All we can do is to give honor, in inner remembrance, in thoughtful and unselfish devotion to our country's good, to those who have passed beyond the reach of honors. . . ."

The news that he had been killed in action reached the School on Race Day, 1944. Many at Long Pond that afternoon thought with sadness and with pride of Jared Ingersoll, Halcyon captain, Sergeant of Engineers.