

This paper's mailing list is slowly growing and has now passed the 60 mark. According to ye editors' latest information, descendants of Joseph Bradford Sargent, including of course the "in-laws", serving in the armed forces in World War II number 24, Daisy Fisher being the latest and the only one of her sex. Sargentrivia has become perhaps a "family history on the march". Its completeness depends upon written support of you, dear readers. Ye editors appreciate the help given by many members of the family. Letters and items of news about both members of the armed forces and those on the home front are welcomed. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W.B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Colonel Theodore Babbitt wrote from Tangier, Africa on December 15th: "The Moors are celebrating their feast of sacrifice, for which a sheep is absolutely necessary for every family whether they can afford it or not, and for the last week not only the market place but the streets have been literally jammed with sheep being driven, led or carried into town for the occasion. (Yes, you carry a sheep by slinging it over your shoulder with the forefeet on one side and the hind on the other, and very undignified it looks!) This morning the Basha went in procession to the Mosque and slaughtered a ram with due pomp and ritual, by slitting its throat. After a brief draining period, the beast was rushed through the streets to the Basha's palace and as far as I can make out, practically popped into the oven, hide, hoofs and all. The point seems to be that you must get the sheep into the home while it's still warm or Allah will be displeased. But one nasty result is that everyone does the same thing, and by now every street in the old part of town where the Legation is, has trails and streams of blood on it where the fresh carcasses have been carried along from the slaughter house. It has been raining a lot lately but there will be fervent prayers for more to-night. In addition to being a Moslem feast, 'Aid el Qbir' it's called, it happens to be the day of the Immaculate Conception, which is the Infantry's day in particular, and the Army's in general. Now the Army being what it is in Spain, that amounts to a national holiday, so the only people who are working in Tangier are the Jews and the beligerents, and the town is full, but really full of soldiers, most of whom I regret to say are rapidly getting boiled to the ears. They seem to take it out entirely in song, so far at least, and I know they're supposed to be back in barracks at seven, so all will be peaceful this evening.... I was over optimistic about the hour the boys were to be off the streets last night, but it didn't bother me much, although they certainly were noisy. Comparisons with other nations being odious, we will say no more. There is no holly in this country of course, but there is a lot of pointsettia in bloom everywhere and that's what everyone uses for Christmas. I can't get used to the way the seasons are turned around here. There are lots of beautiful roses on the market now, and also violets, lilies of the valley, narcissus, and other flowers that should know better. The answer is, I suppose, that they all start to bloom when the rains come, and it doesn't really get cold enough to kill them off. I don't know what's supposed to happen when the Spring really comes, but I do know that it's all over by the end of June except for the tough ones that don't need much water. We had a hail storm last night and with the tin roofs were nearly deafened. The Moors don't come in from the country when it rains, and it has been doing little else but that for the last three days. The result is that there is very little food for sale, and what there is is most expensive. Eggs jumped from five francs apiece to eight, and there were not many of them at that and there is no fish to be had as the boats haven't gone out lately."

Lib Sargent, in order to join her husband, Major Thomas D. Sargent, now stationed in St. Louis, resigned on December 1st her position as Assistant to the Personnel Supervisor of Pratt & Whitney Aircraft (a division of United Aircraft Corporation) at East Hartford, Conn., which she had held since May 1, 1942. Both of their sons are attending St. Paul School, Concord, N.H., Tommy in the fifth form and Joe in the second. The whole family were together at Christmas at their home at 1943 Albany Ave., West Hartford. Joe had an appendicitis operation in December. This recalls the time when his grandfather and namesake lived on Bradley Street, New Haven, in the days when appendicitis operations were a relatively new vogue and brought a certain kind of distinction to a neighborhood. The elder Joe was apparently about to have such an operation. The neighbors were a bit let down when the affliction proved to be nothing more than an old fashioned stomach ache.

Leslie Sargent, the young child of Fred and Janet Sargent, was reported in our last issue as a son. Ye editor's mistake. "She" is a daughter.

Thomas Owen Sargent celebrated his 17th birthday on January 3d, and Thomas Huntington Wiser his 21st on January 4th. Many happy returns of the day to both of ye.

Mary Hale Cunningham Sargent celebrated her birthday on January 11th. We hope she had a singing telegram.

Nancy Hoyt Sargent celebrated her birthday on January 16th. Many happy returns of the day.

First Lieutenant James C. Sargent wrote (V-mail) on December 23d: "*** Australia it is *** and, as we say in Army lingo, it isn't a bad deal either. The most amazing thing about the people is first their universally poor teeth, for there is hardly a girl or boy of my age whose mouth (especially front teeth) isn't filled with gold or perhaps a full plate. The second thing that catches an American's eye is the almost hideous way that both the women and the men clothe themselves. Of course clothing here has been noticeably rationed for better than two years and yet the taste of the femmes seems to be extremely poor. Our trip over was a good one with no scares and some fun. I'll save my experiences for a future date as I am afraid they would not get through to you. ***" On December 29th he wrote: "Christmas has 'done and gone' and I hope yours was a very Merry one. Mine might have been quite sad, for my mail has all been sent up to APO #929 where I hope soon to go. Fortunately I ran into John Davis (an intimate classmate at the University of Virginia - Ed.) in town and he asked me to call on the Clevelands with him. The Clevelands are Americans living over here, for he is the manager of the Swift Company of Australia. We had a very delightful time singing Christmas carols, dancing with a few Aussie beauties, and talking with U.S. naval and army officers. Not though it was, I did manage to have a good celebration. The other day I ran into Mr. Hanson's son (the Hanson of Sargent & Co.) He is in the signal corps and has recently been sent over here, having already spent 7 mos. in England. I certainly was surprised and pleased to run into John Davis. He has been in Communications with the Navy and has been over here about five months. On the day I met him he had just received a cablegram from his wife, Mary, announcing the birth of a son and he was both beaming and greatly excited. I have on two occasions gone out to the hotel, where he is billeted and played tennis with him or a friend of his. It is certainly most delightful to get onto a court again and to swing a racket until perspiration rises on one's brow, and in this tropical heat that doesn't take long. The custom of eating food off the back of the fork held in the left hand is considered bad table manners in America and yet the Aussies make this a standard practice. I suppose our method of switching the fork from left to right hand before taking the food to the mouth seems inefficient and awkward to them. *** When my change of station takes place, I will probably find much to do that will prevent letter-writing on too large a scale. I can tell you I am itching to get started. Almost two months ago I left Harrisburg and Becca and since I have done little but relax and wait!" On January 6th he wrote: "As you may have noticed on the envelope of my last letter, my APO # is now 929. You can forget 12574C as I will never have to use that again. On January 2nd I boarded a transport plane and flew to New Guinea and at last I find myself in this strange land which, only a few years ago, we recognized only by name. There is much that is unpleasant about being stationed here but with it all, it is not so bad. Life, you know, for an individual, is what he makes it and what he makes it is purely an individual problem. Some men have the faculty of deriving benefits from even a desert island; others cannot gain intellectually from any setting. I have found that there are many rather pleasant and delightful parts of these comparably unsettled lands. Beautiful mountains tower all around us and one of the most lovely waterfalls is quite near my station. At present I am stationed at Headquarters - in the intelligence section - and while I don't believe I'll stay here very long, I appreciate my position because I am able to familiarize myself with the locality and the names of spots of prime importance to this area. The Colonel - Cunningham by name who is the A2 was one of the students in one of the classes I taught. He recognized me when I first met him up here and said, 'Oh, yes, You were my teacher'. The flight up here was most delightful and as smooth as a becalmed sea. Yesterday I ran into Jim Stubner, who left my Australian base two weeks before I did. To think we traveled all the way from North Carolina together, and, though separated that once, we are again at the same place. ***" His new address is First Lieutenant James C. Sargent 0573249, APO #929, C/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif. Jim's and Becky's first wedding anniversary was on January 23d.

Pilot Officer James S. Wiser wrote from Winnipeg on December 21st: "One parcel arrived yesterday, and another to-day, and I fear I am going to have a difficult time waiting until Christmas to open them, but since it's only four days off I guess I'll manage, but it will be hard to just sit and look at them. *** They have been working us like slaves of late, & I must say I wouldn't be surprised if I hit the hospital before the train home. I hope not, though, for if this leave falls flat I shall be completely disgusted! I have looked forward to it so long now. Hope you're in skiing shape, Dad, 'cause I'm not but anxious to be none the less. I'm delighted that we will be going to the Royal Ottawa Golf Club for New Year's Eve. *** Unfortunately the gods that be have decided to make me orderly officer from 9 A.M. Christmas Day to 9 A.M. of the 26th, which pleases me no end. It will mean, of course, that I shall not be able to accept the Phillipps' kind invitation to partake of their Xmas turkey, and shall spend an even more miserable day doing absolutely nothing on a deserted station. I'll open your presents in lonely solitude, holding a sprig of pine over my head. If the 29th sees me on the train, I shall not care, though! As I told you, I have finally moved into quarters. Since there is space for 22 officers and only seven of us are 'living in', we each have a room of our own. They are done in light green with white ceilings making an attractive color scheme. The greatest advantage is the fact that only a slight walk is necessary to & from meals, work, etc. It has been bitterly cold lately and the wind is something to behold. To-day at 16,000 feet my outside air temperature gauge read 58° below zero. When it's that cold you might just as well have nothing on. I can assure you it's no fun flying when you're strapped down in your seat for two hours at a time in weather like this. *** It will seem strange my first Christmas away from home." Jim reached home on December 31st for a two weeks leave. His new address is P/O James S. Wiser, #3 Wireless Station (Flying Squadron), Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Private John M. Sargent wrote from Champaign, Ill., on January 12th: "....The problem of Champaign and Urbana is simple. The twin cities are divided by a street, not a river. This street separates the other streets into East and West, so that East Main St. is in Urbana whereas West Main is in Champaign. This, at least, is the principle if it isn't the fact. The campus of the University is in Urbana, whereas the gym, the Armory, and most of the fraternities are in Champaign. Practically every day I go from one town to the other without a thought about it. I'm scheduled for a furlough around the beginning of February, but whether or not I'll get it is a matter of great wonder. If you will recall, the last one I was supposed to have fell through. If they must ship me again this time, I think I'd like to go to some southern university, for it's frightfully cold at this point. Perhaps some institution out in California would be nice so that I, too, could look up our Western Contingent. This, however, is wishful thinking, and so I'll stop! Since I've been here, I've gone to Chicago frequently, for I do not like the way this whole town closes up at one o'clock every Saturday night. My 'New York' heart revolts, and this mid-western metropolis is as good a substitute for the big city as any. There isn't much to say about the A.S.T.P. that I haven't said before. From day to day my life does not change. It isn't the same as going to college in civilian life. One feature I missed at Yale were these 4000 co-eds, but, of course, they serve only to distract, rather than aid one's study. Rumor tells me that Illinois has more Fraternities and Sororities than any other college. The football team, nevertheless, seems to be the cause for its being included in the 'big ten'. The campus is much larger and more attractive than that of Syracuse, I will admit...."

Murray and Mary Sargent celebrated their 31st wedding anniversary on January 18th.

Lucy Holland Putnam wrote on January 17th about Cousin Mary Gude, or "Aunt Mary" as she used to call her, who died in December: "She was almost like a sister to my mother and it was on one of those old fashioned prolonged visits to Kentucky, spending the winter, that she met and married later her Danish husband, 'Uncle' Albert. ... The last time she came over to Pronts she brought a delightful Danish connection with her, 'Cousine Maria'. George Putnam had the pleasure of introducing her to the Cocktail of which she said she had often heard. After dinner she said: 'The taste of the cocktail was not good; but the feeling was very good!' Lucy's grandparents, Elon and Lucy Sargent Rupert, apparently kept open house at their home in Louisville for members of the family. Ye editor often heard his father speak of the winter he spent as a boy under their hospitable roof.

A daughter, Katharine Avies Fenn, was born on January 10th to the Bruce Fenns. The baby was born at the Central Maine General Hospital in Lewiston, Maine, at 10 A.M. and weighed 8 lbs, 8 oz. She has been named for her two grandmothers. While Bruce is overseas Gloria and her daughter will live with her mother, Mrs. Fred J. Gross, Fairview Ave., Auburn, Me. Bruce is a lieutenant (senior grade) in the Navy, serving as Naval Attache for Air in England. Military necessity prevents his writing much about his activities. He is enthusiastic about the R.A.F. Curiously enough, he seems to feel the cold in London much more than he ever did when he was teaching skiing in sub zero weather at Lake Placid.

First Lieutenant David C. Sargent wrote from Camp Cooke, Calif., on January 16th: "The week has been a particularly busy one. Army ground forces has prescribed a series of tests for all reconnaissance and intelligence sections of the Division so my battalion intelligence section has been well occupied all week with these. The tests have covered everything from panoramic and topographic sketching to sitting in an observation post all night and trying to interpret sounds. Some of it has been interesting; some of it has been dull; but all of it has been time consuming in the extreme. On one test we drove along a trail on a mounted observation mission and ran into an ambush - three half-tracks charged out at us from concealed positions, firing blanks from 30 cal. machine guns. The problem was to see what action we would take. We distinguished ourselves by stalling the peep at the critical moment when the half-tracks charged! There's one thing I have noticed in all these tests - whether it is sketching, interpreting maps or what have you - the umpires that are testing us all seem to expect the Engineers to turn in the best drawings, reports, or answers depending upon what the situation demands. The Engineers enjoy an enviable reputation though it often means that the toughest assignments are also given to them. Tomorrow I go up in a cub plane for a bit of aerial observation. It should be fun. Then starting Tuesday I will be out for six days umpiring a platoon problem. We will cover quite a bit of ground and it may prove interesting being out with a single platoon that way for that long. Last Monday an unfortunate episode occurred which landed three of our officers in the station hospital with more or less serious injuries. Coming back from Santa Barbara their car went off the road and plunged over a high embankment. There were five officers in the car and not one escaped without a broken bone of some kind. This came as a body blow to our battalion being as hot as we are, particularly as two of the officers may not now get to go overseas with us."

Private Margaret S. Fisher left Philadelphia for the Marine camp with 14 other recruits on January 11th, joining a contingent on the train from New York and picking up more in Washington. They reached camp at New River, N.C., at 2:30 P.M. the following day, a bit hungry from having had no food since leaving Washington at 5:30 the previous day. On arrival, after appeasing their appetites, they were shown their barracks, made up their double decker bunks, attended lectures, etc. There are 84 girls in the barracks - 8 showers. Their daily program begins at 5:45 A.M., breakfast at 6:45, classes,

etc., till noon. In the afternoon more classes and drill. Supper (chow) at 5 P.M. Daisy reports the food good and plenty of it with 20 minutes allowed for a meal. Partly because of her height she was selected as the second squad leader of her platoon. "That means I march in front." Her address is Private Margaret S. Fisher, Recruit Depot, 24 Battalion, Company K, Platoon 1, Barracks 124, Camp Lejeune, New River, N.C.

Sally Fisher McCawley has been visiting her husband in Miami, Florida. Bill has recently been promoted, so that he is now a Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy. He is soon to leave Florida for another school and in between he hopes to get to Philadelphia to see both his wife and his six months old daughter, whom he has not seen for nearly five months.

Aviation Cadet Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., expecting to leave Bush Field, Ga., on January 16th, wrote on January 9th: ".... Flying is progressing, and we are finishing up our basic slowly. Due to bad weather we are being held over an extra week to complete the required flying time. I still have some acrobatic and instrument time left to go, besides the usual 'Army check' before you move on. Where I am going to advanced school is not certain as yet. As you may, or may not, know, after 'Basic' you supposedly choose and are recommended for either single or twin engine school, depending upon whether or not you want fighter work (single eng.) or bombardment work. I elected fighter, but of course your instructor has something to say as to whether you are qualified. There is also a quota for 'single engines', which means some men will go to twin engines regardless of their choice. At present it is a tense affair and I will let you know more next week. Here's hoping to hell I get single engine, but if not of course I'll do my best at the other...."

Joseph Bradford Sargent wrote from the "Mayor's Office" in a playful mood to his wife, visiting the Justus Hotchkisses, on Sunday, March 11th, 1894: "My Dear Florence: I learn by your letter of Saturday, received by me today, that you have arrived safely at Laurel-in-the Pines Lakewood New Jersey. Nellie has already written to you today. In reply to suggestion in your letter, you are the mistress of yourself and of your own time. You can judge better than I can whether Justice and Fanny would like to have you remain longer. Only remember not to outstay your welcome. Everything is going on here as usual so far as I know. I suppose you hear every day that Hellen Baldwin is better. I met Mr. Baldwin, her father, at the Park Com'rs. Meeting Friday evening. He looked weary and pale, but otherwise as usual. I suppose he has worried and been wakeful on account of Hellen. I have not called on Charlotte yet, but intend to do so this evening. Rather hard on her to lose her visit at Lakewood. But you are a lucky dog, but never quite satisfied after you have had the good luck. I suppose you do not find quite so much "chinning" and gossip at Lakewood as among the Our Societies, Friday Morning Clubs, Whist Clubs and Hospital Societies and going to market and shopping in New Haven. But you can study and practice the blessings of quiet thought and contemplation. Think of the blessed Gautama who gave up a kingdom with all its glory to sit in contemplation on a sharp stone under a fig tree for forty days and forty nights! - and then ate only plain boiled rice without dip, or sauce, and then gave his life's work to all the poor of the world. You don't have to give up your life to but one poor fellow, and still you are lonesome after only four days among the Jersey pines and laurels. I do not remember when you left me but you say it is four days. I came back to the house two minutes after nine and you had fled for Jersey. I had a good audience at my show of India pictures, and today I have got Burmah all ready. Tomorrow I have no particular engagement, but Tuesday morning I am to go to Boston and eat a Hardware dinner at the Parker house, and tell them about early hardware manufacturing in the United States or rather in the Colonies. I have written out my talk and it is in a typewriter's shop to print it. I must return on an early train from Boston to show Burmah Thursday evening. Friday evening is to be the banquet of St. Patrick's Society here. They stay all night and so must have the banquet on Friday night, to not desecrate the holy Sabbath morning. I would prefer to have them all at home and in bed before 12. Mr. and Mrs. Fenn and their Russell were here today at midday dinner, and Bessie's three old children came in the afternoon and sang their usual songs. A bowl of ice cream was sent somewhere after dinner. Henry and Edward returned from Buffalo last evening or today. "Brud" was here to supper tonight, Daisy is to return tomorrow, Joe, John, Russell, Nellie, Laura and Miss Jennings are all as usual. The Electric Cars are running full up and down Church St. and Whitney Avenue, and State Street to beyond Neckbridge and then through Ferry Street to Quinnipiac drawbridge and across it and through Farren Avenue to Morris Cove and beyond. I went over the whole lines, since you left, with an invited excursion party. Fanny need not have horses any more, tell her. Best regards to her and Justus and love to you. J.B.S."

The christian name of Mindwell Jones, mother of Joseph Bradford Sargent, was a family name. A great aunt bore it. One of her great grandmothers, wife of Ebenezer Woodward, was Mindwell Stone, who was a great granddaughter of Deacon Simon Stone. The latter emigrated from Buxton, County of Essex, England, in 1635. He sailed in the ship "Increase" and settled at Watertown in Massachusetts Colony. The eighth of eleven children, he was born near Buxton at Great Bromley, where he was baptized February 9, 1585/6. For generations his ancestors had tilled as yeomen lands they leased from the lords of various manors. The "Simon Stone Genealogy" traces the line back in England for ten generations to Walter atte Stone, who was born about 1285 and was living in 1326.