

Ye editors thank the many members of the tribe who are contributing to the compilation of this "family history on the march". Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W.B. Sargent, assistant editor.

George Lewis Sargent ("Uncle Lewis" to most of us) died after a long illness early in the morning of Saturday, February 5th, in his 82d year. He was the seventh of the twelve children of Joseph Bradford Sargent and Elizabeth Collier Lewis, and was born in New Britain, Conn., on July 26, 1862. Before the next child was born the family moved to New Haven. With his brothers Ned and Joe he attended Hopkins Grammar School. All three boys were withdrawn from the school when Mr. Cushing, the rector, threatened expulsion of Ned for something the boy had not done. (Too late Mr. Cushing learned that he had been misinformed and apologized to Ned.) The boys completed their college preparatory work at Hillhouse High School, Joe and Lewis entering the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale a year after Ned in the Class of 1881. Joe did not complete the course (Yale later awarding him the degree) but Lewis graduated before his 19th birthday and then took the two-year course in the Yale Law School as further preparation for the family business. Lawn tennis was a relatively new game in this country in 1883 when he became the Yale champion and represented Yale in singles in the first intercollegiate tennis tournament at Hartford. (A Harvard man won it, a round robin affair.) Yale's representatives in doubles were Walter Camp and Henry W. Slocum, later national singles champion. In 1883 he entered the employ of Sargent & Company, was treasurer for thirty years from 1887, vice president for ten years and president for the last year of his active participation in the business, continuing however as a director till 1940. He was married on April 28, 1886, to Alice Bessie Forbes, daughter of Charles Forbes of New York, who died in 1902. They had eight children. He was married on October 24, 1911, to Margaret Berrien Motte, the widow of his brother Russell and the daughter of Ellis Loring Motte of Boston, who survives him. Eleanor Strong, his oldest child, died in childhood. The other seven are Richard Collier, Sydney Forbes, Dorothy (Mrs. Henry J. Wiser), Hilda (Mrs. Roswell G. Ham), Mary Denny (Mrs. William H. McCamie), Howard Lewis and Charles Forbes. Barbara Louise (Mrs. Ludwig K. Moorehead) is a niece and step-daughter. Seventeen grandchildren and three great grandchildren also survive him.

Colonel Theodore Babbitt has been transferred from Tangier to Ankara, Turkey, where he is Military Attache at the United States Embassy.

Private Joseph Weir Sargent, Jr., of the Marines, wrote from somewhere in the Pacific on December 25th: "Well, here it is another Christmas away from home. Last year I certainly thought I'd be home by now and am thinking the same of next Xmas and the way things are going I'll probably think the same of Christmas '45. On and on, it's beginning to get a little discouraging - this whole mess. I was on guard duty last night, quite a contrast to last years' eve when we managed to get ahold of some beer, a little whiskey, and alcohol mixed with fruit juice, topped off with turkey sandwiches at midnight. Of course all this wasn't a general issue to the men, it depended on whom you knew. This year I had coffee and guard with a little water. So thee oan see it has been from bad to worse but maybe some daythings will take a turn for the better. Two days ago our packages arrived, thoroughly wet and battered but appreciable. *** Many thanks, they are all swell and the towels came in very handy. The one and only I have been using for the past 3 1/2 months is slightly discolored and thin. Extremely so. The only thing I haven't gotten yet is the watch and cig. case. Maybe next time, even though they say all packages have arrived. I have plenty of equipment now and lots of reading and writing to do, so guess I will be pretty busy for awhile. *** I tried again for this V-12 program and had better luck but didn't make it. This time I was interviewed by two men, given two math problems to do and then went before a board of 5 officers. Ten of us went, it was narrowed down to 10 and from that one guy was picked. Sort of elimination and it seemed to be all fair. They stress math principally and admit it's no playboy stuff. Another novelty I am in is a marine guard of honor when they present purple hearts to a few men. This is no particular honor to be selected but as I said a novelty and naturally has to be done very snappily as I guess a lot of Brass will be present. To-morrow I am sending home the belated money (\$200.) which I have said I would for a long time. Didn't get paid until a few days ago, also didn't draw as much as I thought. Then a few dollars went down the sink when I tried to invest some on a game of chance. Just finished eating a large Christmas dinner, (3) helpings of all and now am enjoying a cigar. Almost like home, but far from it. Here is a memo. I think they use the strongest adjectives and some imagination on the memo. It was good and plenty for all but in a way it was like eating a feast in a restaurant. It looks delicious and smells wonderful but somehow the potatoes have lumps, the carrots seem to be half raw, the gravy is watery and so on. I don't mean to be downing their good efforts to treat us, it's just the old home cooking is missing and when you get turkey it should be cooked the way one is used to it and not an imitation. However, I was well filled and enjoyed it all. I have turned into an airplane bug. Now have a book that supposedly teaches one how to fly in all conditions and what to do. This and a few other pamphlets give me straight dope. Practice a lot but if I ever were in the air would hate to see my reactions. I have seen two movies lately, produced back in 1937, nevertheless they are a great amusement and time passers. ***"

Captain Murray Sargent, Jr., of the Army Air Forces, wrote to ye editors from Miami Beach, Fla., on December 28th: ".... Your two grandnephews grow more active by the day. Robin's efforts to get at the various sources of candy over the Christmas week was a major problem. He was twice successful, tho not seriously. Tommy crawls all over the place, & nothing white escapes his eagle eye. Whether it is thread, paper or food, it receives a careful study and is then popped into his mouth. I have been kept quite busy here for the past six months because of increased duties due to the reduction in number of officers on hand. I was relieved this afternoon of a tour of duty as Officer of the Day. That used to mean practically a day off, but this time I had to do my regular work in addition. Tomorrow night Lucy & I trip the light fantastic. The Miami Yale and Harvard Clubs have gotten together and have very generously arranged a supper dance - card party combination at one of the local country clubs. Due to my dual alma mater situation, I have been asked by both the Yale and the Harvard clubs, and feel I must attend. Sargentrivia continues to keep us in touch with the family. I am sorry I can not compete with some of the fancy experiences, but I seem to be doomed to continue to sit quietly at a desk in Florida." Lucy wrote on February 3d: "I was so disappointed to learn from the last Sargentrivia that a member of the Sargent clan had been down here without our knowing it in time to have them for dinner. I don't know the McCawleys at all and would love to. Would you issue a general invitation from us - no actual bands at our disposal but lots of enthusiasm." Their home is at 961 West 48th St., Miami Beach, Fla. The captain's office is at the Shoremede Hotel, Miami Beach 40, Fla.

Nancy Grove Turner wrote on January 23d in response to ye editor's inquiry as to whether her husband had received his promotion to Lieutenant (junior grade) in the Navy: "Arthur did get his promotion but not until the all-navy promotions early in January. So Nicky's proud papa is really a J.G. after lots of wondering on all sides. He seems to have seen most of the Pacific now. He's had leave in Australia & in Hawaii & he's had a wonderful time. He's now off on a long cruise for several months or more, but we hope he'll get back here afterwards. He'll have been gone a year in April. Nicky is flourishing. He's the image of his Daddy. He's blonde & blue-eyed & weighs 12 lbs, 10 oz. He has a Sargent mouth but otherwise he has no resemblance to any members of my family. He has a bunch of adoring relatives, & I'm sure he'll be spoilt by them all."

First Lieutenant Frederick K. Sargent wrote from Carlisle Barracks, Pa., on January 23d: "I thought you might like to have some information about what goes on in the Medical Corps of the Army for Sargentrivia, so here goes. I'm down here for six weeks; then go on to Lovell General Hospital, Fort Devens, Mass., on Feb. 10th with a three-day leave in between. I remain there an indefinite period of time in the MDRP (Medical Replacement Pool) till assigned to a unit I hope for overseas duty. They give us a little bit about everything in our course down here. Because of the fact that we may be assigned to any type of unit in the Army or Airforce, we have to know the organization & functions of all parts of the Army. We get one short course in Medicine, the rest is just all Army. We have had periods in the classroom, road marches, drilling, field exercises, physical exercise, tent pitching, gotten ourselves lost trying to use the compass at night, plenty of examinations, the keeping of Army records and reports, map reading, training films, many lectures and conferences. Our day is a complete one & often we have problems to do at night. The men are sent all over the country from here, & assigned to units when the need arises at their next stations. I have many friends here, classmates from Medical School (Cornell - Ed.) & fellow internes from Rhode Island. Janet is coming down the end of this week to stay until the course is over. Then we will drive back together. The course certainly is putting us in good shape physically anyway. We go out in the field rain or shine, snow or mud. That is natural, of course, as in actual combat the weather makes no difference. We certainly have a good representation in the services among the tribe. It's fun to hear about them all from your paper & you are doing a great job in keeping us posted on one another. Hope this gives you a little information on the Medical life in the Army." Fred's address is 1st Lt. Frederick K. Sargent, A.V.S. 0513373, 45 O.T.B., Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

Chaplain (First Lieutenant) William H. McCance is now "somewhere in the Pacific". His address is S.S. Christopher Greemp, C/O Fleet, San Francisco, Calif.

P. Forbes McCance graduated from Darrow School on January 30th. At the graduation exercises he received the prize awarded to the boy who had done the most for the school.

Molly Sargent McCance and her son Forbes are now residing in New Haven, occupying the top floor apartment at 188 Bishop Street, where Sargent and Carol Lewis and three daughters live.

Ye assistant editor has had her first experience as a juror, serving as a member of the federal Grand Jury at New Haven on February 8th.

Aviation Cadet Theodore F. Babbitt, U.S.N.R., was transferred about the middle of January to Columbia, S.C. He wrote on January 22d about his first flight in a plane: "We are all sitting at the airport waiting for the fog to lift so that flying can start. This flying is all they say it is and more. I went up yesterday for about 45 minutes and there is nothing like it. I wasn't as excited as I thought I would be as I met the plane, a light Taylorcraft. The boy who had just come down seemed fairly happy about the whole thing, so I figured everything was O.K. I struggled into a parachute harness and after much straining and fumbling got it to fit and climbed in, trying to remember what I knew about flying. Then the instructor got in and we went bumping down to the end of the runway. After warming the engine up we started down, picking up speed. Next the tail came up and the plane was level, and then the ground began dropping and I was in the air grinning like a kid and his first lollipop. It's a great but queer sensation sitting up there with nothing to hold you up. You sort of bounce gently along. It was funny but nothing was as I had imagined it would be and yet it was perfectly natural. The instructor flew around while I tried to act as if I did this sort of thing every day. It's a wonderful feeling, sitting up there looking down. You can see everything for miles around. Every so often another plane goes by, many of them army bombers. I knew the theory behind flying and after showing me various things the instructor put his hands over his head and said, 'It's all yours. Do what you want.' I can assure you I did nothing radical, if anything at all. He then told me to do some turns which are fairly complicated because you have to use all the controls together. I did some, and he gave me some pointers and I did some more, a few of which he said were fairly good. At first you can't figure out what you are doing when you move because the earth is sliding past your window. We did some climbing and then he cut the engine off to glide and I almost quit then and there. The nose just dropped and it was quiet as the devil. Once I got used to it it was really pretty nice. I got a terrific kick out of the whole thing and know I'm going to like it a lot. It's loads of fun and is really pretty simple once you catch on. It's like letting the clutch in when you start a car. Impossible at first but you can do it pretty smoothly after a bit. For some unknown reason we lined up for P.T. and they divided our wing into two flights. I was made flight leader for the time being. Now I am leading 'my Boys' around a strange college deep in the heart of the 'rebel' country. I've got to stop now as things are beginning to happen. *** P.S. Went up again. Better yet. He said I had good co-ordination. Also felt a little queer when he started getting frisky." Teddy's new address is Aviation Cadet Theodore F. Babbitt, U.S.N.R., U.S.S. Lexington Barracks, University of South Carolina, Columbia, S.C.

First Lieutenant James C. Sargent's address is now 0573249, 43d Bombardment Group, A.P.O. #503, C/O Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Private John M. Sargent and one of his buddies spent most of a recent six-days furlough visiting his parents, the Murray Sargents, at their apartment in the New York Hospital. He surprised ye editors with a few hours' visit to New Haven on February 3d on the invitation of his former Yale roommate, supping at his old college, Pierson.

Rhoda Sargent Tilney celebrated her birthday on February 5th. Many happy returns of the day.

Murray Sargent, administrator-in-chief of the New York Hospital, was heard talking over the radio on February 7th. He gave a very interesting explanation and outline of the work performed in the hospital by volunteers.

Sydney F. Sargent wrote on January 24th: "I know it is of interest to the entire family (and so to Sargentrivia) to hear that a new and lovely member has very recently joined us. On January 21st a small, dark South American (Chile) neighbor became Mrs. Sydney Sargent - to be known to the family as Inez. The happy couple, of which I am half, will be 'at home' to friends and any traveling members of the tribe at 3445 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena."

First Lieutenant David C. Sargent has gone overseas, destination unknown. His address is 1st Lt. David C. Sargent, O-1101202, Headquarters 25th Armored Engineer Battalion, A.P.O. 256, C/O Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Private (first class) John N. Deming has recently been transferred. His address is Co. B, 113th Infantry, Watertown, L.I., N.Y.

Joseph Bradford Sargent was an advocate of free trade and in the presidential election in 1884, left the Republican party and worked for the election of Grover Cleveland. On October 31, 1884, he wrote his wife, at that time a patient in a private hospital in New York: "Dear Florence: My grip-sack is packed and I am waiting for a carriage to take me to the Station for New York on the 8-35 train, and I take the few minutes to inform you of that fact. I expect to sleep at the Windsor House tonight, arriving there at about 11-. I may see you tomorrow (Saturday) forenoon and I may not. It depends upon circumstances. We are all well. The Demo's were to have had a grand parade last evening but it was postponed to Saturday night on account of the weather. Tonight is the parade of the Repubs. But it is drizzly and muddy. They are out I suppose, as the Drums are beating, although none are on the green yet. Govn. Cleveland was here last evening and had a reception at the City Hall. Gov. English and I accompanied him in his carriage to the depot and I continued as far as Bridgeport as one of a committee to deliver him to the Bridgeport people where he had a reception at about 10 P.M. Goodbye. Yours Affectionately, J.B. Sargent." On November 3, 1884, he wrote: "Dear Florence: While I was in New York Saturday my brother George was parading with Blaine (the Republican presidential nominee - Ed.). He was one of the escorting committee to accompany him to Hartford and back to New Haven, Bridgeport and Stamford and New York. Blaine was entertained by Thos. R. Trowbridge at his house, near us, and there was quite a display. Blaine rode in a fourhorse turnout with N.D. Sperry, Lynde Harrison and one other. In one of the carriages was Capt. Wilkins the negro gambler and policy ticket seller - so much to get the colored vote to the party of great moral ideas. In another carriage was Ed. McCarthy the wholesale liquor dealer here who being Irish is made much of by the same party of moral ideas - They were of the reception committee who received Blaine at the station. Gen. Fremont was the fourth man with Blaine, Sperry and Lynde Harrison. I called at Fanny's last evening and all are well. Fanny thinks you better stay in New York till you get thoroughly 'rested'. I told her, when you first went to New York, that the Dr. had put you on a course of entire seclusion, starvation, and perfect rest. They think the Dr. is one of the 'rest cure' practitioners, and they think it will do you good. I told them that the idea is to starve the blood, famish the body, quiet the nerves and drive out the disease for want of something to live on. I told them yesterday that you had got past the famishing period and now are eating gradually and taking a very little exercise, and would soon be ready to fatten at a hotel. Tomorrow will be election day if it ever comes. I hope it will come quickly and go p.d.q. Yours affectionately, J.B. Sargent. Laura received your letter today."

Illustrated below is an artist's conception of the factory of the Peck & Walter Manufacturing Company at the foot of Franklin Street in New Britain, Conn., as it was at the time of incorporation in 1853. Joseph Bradford Sargent was a director, owning one-tenth of the capital stock. The business was later acquired by J.B. Sargent & Company, a partnership. In 1864 it was moved to New Haven to occupy new buildings and was incorporated as Sargent & Company.

