

At the suggestion of an appreciative reader records of "Anniversaries" are grouped together in this issue. Perhaps this new layout does not quite meet the suggestion. Ye editors welcome suggestions (provided they do not mean more work) and also welcome material for our family history on the march. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W.B. Sargent, assistant editor.

First Lieutenant James C. Sargent wrote to Sargentrivia from somewhere in the Pacific on February 25th: "My mail is not sufficiently good to have informed me as to whether this grand paper is still in publication, but, on the hope that it is, I write this note. If it has gone out of circulation, perhaps then the Editor and Assistant Editor, because of their recent close connection to me, might be interested in my doings since I left Brisbane, Australia. My trip to New Guinea was by plane and took only about seven hours. The ride in the alto-stratus was both cool and refreshing, and we rather dreaded coming down which business was performed a little too often for our pleasure. At Townsville we managed to snatch a little snack and it was here that I drank my last glass of milk - a memorable occasion, I assure you. The journey was a most interesting one, for a large portion of it was flown over almost uninhabited mountainous regions. Even from high altitudes one could see the beautifully colored tops all in different shades of green. These could be followed down to deep valleys where occasionally small cold-looking streams dashed over innumerable rocks. Very infrequently we could see an occasional hut surrounded by a small open space where a farmer might have planted produce or perhaps some herdsman watched his small flock grow its wool. The northern coast of the "land down under" is most impressive, for it has both sandy beaches and beautiful coral which shone and sparkled even to us high in the sky. This was the last continent land I would see for many months and so I watched it until it finally disappeared below the horizon as we continued out across the Coral Sea. As we passed over this vast expanse of water I recalled that not so very long ago - while I was at Camp Upton in 1942 - it was in this very sea that we had had a gigantic naval struggle, that it was here we had met and defeated the Nip on his advance towards Australia. I thought of the old 'Mother of the Flat Tops', the Lexington, and wondered if her resting place was surrounded with adorning coral reefs. As we flew on and neared our destination, we began to crane our necks for the first glimpse of land. I can assure you that that first glimpse was a beautiful and long to be remembered one. For out of the mist suddenly appeared the most brilliantly lit shore I have ever seen. The reflection of the sun from our left, the West, on the coral covered projections was almost too glaring and too dazzling for the eyes. Then behind and rising far above us were the most stupendous mountains imaginable. This I was certain must be the Owen Stanley Range that I had heard so much about. Again I reflected that it was in these huge affairs where we had stopped the forward movement of the Japs who had even attempted infiltration as a last resort. Our landing was safely made and in good time we loaded our baggage and ourselves on a large G.I. truck and were toted out to a Camp area where we were to spend the night. Fortunately we had arrived just in time for chow and this restored our waning spirits. Then we prepared our tents which means putting up our mosquito bars, placing blankets on an army cot - the folding variety - and unpacking the essentials from a musket bag. The next morning we called on Colonel Cunningham, the A2 up here who recognized me as his 'teacher' when he attended Harrisburg's A.A.F.A.I.S. in September. After he had dismissed the other intelligence officers who had come with me, he asked me what I wanted, and I told him heavy bombardment. But because the Major in charge of intelligence for bomber command was away in Sydney on leave, I was assigned to the advance Echelon of the Fifth Air Force until his return. In this interim I worked up some statistics on airplane sorties, bombs dropped, and number of missions during the month of December. We were quartered in tents, dined in a magnificent building which was known as an officers club, where Chinese Army boys served us amazingly delicious chow. One of the real novelties was a cold water fountain - cold if you became a chow hound and got there early. Fresh Army cooked bread and excellent preserve jam made the meals seem even better than they probably were. At this spot there was a detachment of Army evacuation nurses - the gallant girls who fly the wounded from the forward areas to the rear and hospitalization. Some of them, in fact most, were quite pretty and added a certain charm to the dining hours. You can see that I was man enough to look but husband enough to do no more. At that station I was very close to the war, for I could read the reports at the end of each day and see our progress. But at the same time I was impatient for the intelligence work for which I had been trained. On the 24th of January - the day after my first wedding anniversary - I transferred ***, to Bomber Command, where I stayed one night and on the 25th I took another plane to the place I am now stationed. I had been assigned to the 43rd Group as an intelligence officer to gain practice & experience in the methods and procedures of this particular phase of the war. In short order I found myself briefing crews in the wee small hours of the dawn and interrogating them on their return in the late afternoon. I had wondered when I came over here how much pilots and crews would rely on the S2 for information and whether they would respect his opinion. I soon found out that there was tremendous reliance on his knowledge of the enemy, and missions were actually planned according to the lay of the land and the various Jap installations. I began to feel the importance of the job which gave to men going out to bomb the daylights out of these yellow men information which was so vital that a failure to heed it might mean one less crew returning. The task is an arduous one, for it requires long hours and much research. Rising is at 4.30 a.m. and bedtime seldom before midnight. Occasionally a cat-nap is caught from 7 a.m. to 10 a.m., but then there is work to be done to prepare for the return. It is a very exciting job and one that brings me very close to the fight itself. You probably have heard many reports of the hardships and privations of any soldiers on these far-off islands. I do not find the life nearly so depressing as I was told I would. In fact I rather enjoy

it because I feel so much closer to the real cause. There are many things that could cause complaint and yet my philosophy, derived somewhat from the Readers Digest, is to try and accept the conditions as they are and at the same time try to make them as pleasant as possible. Certainly we live in tents which leak in the rain and fail to dry out in the sun, we have to tuck our net in each night, we have to make a thorough search of the bed and the air within the net before we dare slip off to sleep, but even with these and many other inconveniences, New Guinea is a fascinating land. All around us are gigantic rubber trees from which many mangrove vines hang. These trees are straight as an arrow and rise up as high as 200 feet. Among these massive jungles are many beautiful butterflies and birds including probably the most lovely of all, the Paradise bird, which has a long plume which is full of the most beautiful and varied colors one could hope to see in one creature. Very close to our tent, until recently, a huge spider had his parlor - he was at least three inches long and almost two inches wide, having legs as long as five inches. I have not found one of these in my bed as yet but would not be too surprised if I did some night! For personal interest I am happy, exceptionally well, and hard at work. Besides missing my wife, my family, and Sargenttrivia, I am completely content. My best to all your readers. Perhaps before so long the editors can hold the reunion party." On February 27th he wrote: "... You would have been amused at my washing job yesterday. Straddling a log completely nude in a stream passing about 10 knots an hour, I scrubbed shirts, socks, underwear and handkerchiefs. Twice I dropped clothes into the rapid moving water and had to slide off the log and swim madly after them. Then I had to fight the mad dashing liquid, for I had been carried quite far down. My footlocker & barracks bag had just arrived from Brisbane and, because my last days there were rainy and damp, I had been unable to do my wash. I, therefore, had a fair sized bundle. At this squadron I have briefed five out of the six nights that I have been here. It is exciting work although this particular type is a bit different. To hear more specifically of my doings, you will have to wait until my return, for on such matters I cannot dwell. It is still very hot especially in the noon day sun. I manage to stomach it and to think of the day when I shall play and ski in the snow! When I return I think Becca and I shall go off on a well-earned honeymoon after we have had a chance to see both families. ..."

Jim's address has again been changed, and is now A.P.O. #713, C/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Nancy Grove Turner and son Nicky have been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. George Lewis Sargent, in New Haven. Lieutenant (J.G.) Arthur N. Turner, her husband, is a Navy flier of a carrier-based plane with Admiral Nimitz's force in the central Pacific.

Private Pressly Forbes McCance's address is A.S.T.R.P. 1145, Center Oak 406, University of Maine, Orono, Me.

Second Lieutenant Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., on his return to Napier Field after his leave wired on March 25th: "Arrived in Dothan yesterday after hectic trip but fun. Hope you have sent barracks bag. Weather warm and balmy. Will wire address later as I think we will be in Florida next week."

First Lieutenant David C. Sargent's five V-Mail letters to his family were received on March 15th. The following are excerpts: "Believe it or not - here I am somewhere in the Atlantic listening to a broadcast from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Amazing things happen in this day and age! It is a good feeling to be finally at sea after two years of what might be called 'dry run'. The waves are not yet too large but a good swell already has a large number of men feeling rather peaked at the gills. I think our past voyages have stood me in good stead thus far as I already have found my sea legs and am doing pretty well. The convoy is an inspiring sight and I wish I was at liberty to tell you something about it. But someday I will tell you all. Right now the main interest is trying to learn what the sailors mean when they say 'Clear the head' or 'pipe the sweepers' or 'lamp is out topside'. The men are taking things in good spirit and in good humor and several of the crew have already remarked to us that our unit is a far cry from many they have carried before in their cheerfulness and ruggedness. Those things are always good to hear. Of course a troop ship is a bit different from trips we have had before. There's not even a WAC aboard to add a note of femininity to our group. And the way we sleep will make an interesting story to tell to our grandchildren. But for most of us it is an experience we will long remember and small hardships often appear bright in retrospect." ... "Today it is relatively calm and the only noticeable motion of the ship is a lazy roll from side to side that is more pleasant than otherwise. The sun is bright and warm, and it is pleasant to sit up on deck and relax in its warmth. Very few men are sick now and good spirits pretty much prevail. To see us you would never think we were bent on war, and somehow any thought of submarines or an enemy lurking in wait for us has no place in our minds. We feel safe in the navy's hands and are, at present, concerned with few worries - least of all an enemy. I suppose it is strange that we should feel so unconcerned with the realities of war, but somehow we feel apart from it all, as if the great Atlantic were still a buffer against the worst the enemy could produce. I suppose this mood is inspired by the tranquility of our surroundings for it is always difficult to reconcile a peaceful scene with the crudities and confusion of war, and the longer we continue to feel this way the pleas-

enter the trip will be for us all. Last night I played a bit of bridge with a Catholic chaplain and one of the doctors. It wasn't very good bridge but it was good fun. Also went to church service yesterday. On the program was a solo by a person named Catherine VonKessler. All eyes strained towards the 'pulpit' when that feature of the program was scheduled to appear and great was the disappointment and disillusionment when 'Catherine' turned out to be an ordinary gob." *** "You would be amused to see the cabin twelve of us occupy on this ship. I have the top bunk of a triple decker and things are forever falling down and getting lost in the confusion below. The conversation of a night is something to hear too. We have frequently thought what a perfect setting it would make for a one act play with punch lines galore. Someone makes a crack from below and is immediately silenced from above and the cross currents of conversation fire back and forth and up and down in a seemingly endless exchange of wise-cracks and oliches." *** "No longer is my residence and address some vague spot on the high seas. I am now able to say, and gladly too, I am 'somewhere in the British Isles.' For the time being, at least, that is as definite as I can be, but at least it is land. We have not yet proceeded to our final destination so no mail has been delivered to us. Therefore I am unable to acknowledge any letters from home. I'll sure look forward, however, to finding some when we get there." *** "We are finally located 'somewhere in England' - I wish I could tell you where. It has been cold and there has been snow but otherwise we are as comfortable as could be expected. Our first mail call was held the other night and it was mighty wonderful to receive the letters. *** It seems funny to be getting tangled up in English money again with all its seeming inconsistencies - and of course driving, once again, on the wrong side of the road. I have been very busy with my work but hope someday to get a pass of some kind. ***"

Private John M. Sargent wrote from Champaign, Ill., on March 14th: "*** Uncle Ziegler's petition shall have to go unanswered, as there is nothing as dull and uninteresting as a description of school-work. I might mention that I do enjoy Calculus, which opens up new horizons - to use a time-worn and hackneyed phrase. Today I have been Charge of Quarters which simply means that I am a Barracks Guard. I remain in the Bks. while the rest attend their classes. This morning 'my day' was started out by a call from the doctor who asked to have a man sent to the Chamute Field Hospital because a pulled tooth had caused a hemorrhage which had been running all night. This call awakened the Officer of the Day first who then aroused me at the hour of five. My barracks is headquarters for the whole A.S.T.P. and so such minor details are handled through it. It is a most deplorable situation. Later in the morning the Captain had me take three tables over to one of the other barracks - the first manual labor for 7 or 8 months. We still know nothing about what will happen. A bulletin (rather recent) informed us that we would probably return to the Army Service Forces, which might mean anything from C.M.C. to Ordinance. Of course, it is expected by many that we sha'n't be here for more than another week. Nobody actually knows. ***"

On the afternoon of March 16th in their home, 188 Bishop Street, New Haven, Emily, Abigail and Faith Lewis, daughters of Sargent and Carol Lewis were christened by Chaplain (First Lieutenant) William H. McCance. Besides those mentioned Molly McCance and Agnes Sargent were present as godmothers, also the baby's nurse and ye editor.

Aviation Cadet Theodore F. Babbitt, U.S.N.R., wrote from Columbia, S.C. on March 17th: "*** I want to send my thanks into 'ye editors' for their wonderful paper. Mail from home keeps me in pretty close contact with the immediate family, but without 'Sargentrivia' it would be an awful job keeping track of everybody. It's really great to know where everybody is and what they are doing. *** The paper completely amazes everybody here who sees it and makes me feel proud as the devil when they wonder if any other families are in this war too. *** This base is set up by the Civil Air Authority to train pilots for the Navy, and so we just start out on light planes here under the C.A.A. and supervised by the Navy. We have just completed the first phase here and have put in about 40 hours in Piper Cubs. ***"

ANNIVERSARIES

BIRTHDAYS

March 17 Private (f.o.) John N. Deming (25th)
 March 18 Private Pressly Forbes McCance (18th)
 March 22 Charles Forbes Sargent, Jr. (12th)
 March 27 Chaplain (First Lieut.) William H. McCance
 Joseph Denny Sargent Hinkley (5th)

WEDDINGS

March 19 John and Nancy Sargent (31th)
 March 20 Alfred and Catherine Rice Pulford
 (13th)

Joseph Bradford Sargent wrote his wife, away on a visit, on November 22, 1883: "Dear Florence: I suppose you are having a real nice quiet time and have enjoyed a good long rest with plenty of sleep. What a blessing a plenty of sleep is. I am sleepy and eye-tired from being kept up last night till after midnight. I had four engagements for the evening - one for the Englishman's lecture on literature, one for the Connecticut Academy of Science, one for the Board of Public Works and one for the Court of Common Council Committee on Finance to fix appropriations for expenses of Board of P.W. Brother George came up from N.Y. at six and took my ticket to hear the Englishman (Matthew Arnold) so that George and Laura Lewis and Lizzie, Russell and Laura, Henry, Hattie, her sister and her cousin all went. The Conn. Academy of Sciences all either went to hear the Englishman or appeared before the board of P.W. on a hearing about the layout of a new street over Prospect hill from Winchester Avenue to Whitney Avenue, between Prof. Marsh's and Mr. Gale's, both of whom were present with others of the neighbors. My time was occupied with the B. of P.W. and the Finance Committee till midnight - and I did not get asleep very soon after. George went to N.Y. this P.M. His family are all well I guess. He didn't say anything different - in fact I did not allude to them nor did he that I heard of - 'No news is good news' and so they must be well. Your dress from New York Dyehouse came today. I have not tried it on but I think it will fit you. Come home when you get rested. Send that box by Express and not try to bring it as baggage. I am to have another session tomorrow, Friday, evening. Affectionately, J.B. Sargent."

Our immigrant ancestor, William Sargent, was baptized in All Saint's Church, Northampton, England, June 20, 1602, the 7th child of Roger and Ellen. He was made freeman July 21, 1626, the year that his father was Mayor. He was a haberdasher of hats. When he left Northampton, or where he received his education, is not known. He married Sarah, widow of William Minshull, Whitchurch, County of Salop, Gentleman, and earlier of Bunbury in Cheshire. He came to Charlestown, Mass., in 1638, with his wife and two daughters by his first wife, Hannah (who died in September 1632). He settled in Malden, which was set off from Charlestown. He purchased land in the southerly part of the town, erected a house, which long since has disappeared. As a church society had been formed, but no building had been erected, he was chosen a lay preacher and served as such for some years. He had been admitted to the church in Charlestown March 10, 1638/9 as well as his wife, Sarah. He was made a freeman of Massachusetts Bay Colony the same year. He removed to Barnstable, Mass., in 1656 or 7. He purchased lands there, but was a preacher, and was associated with Rev. Richard Bourne (who married his daughter, Ruth Winslow, a widow) in Christianizing the Mashpee Indians. He died Dec. 16, 1682, and his wife Sarah Jan. 12, 1688/9. His place of burial is not marked by any stone nor is that of his widow. His will was dated March 9, 1679/80. In it he provided liberally for his wife, and to John his son gives "my house with all my lands in Malden." The inventory was sworn to Moh. 3, 1682/3, and amounted to \$309.14.9. Below is his signature, reproduced from the Sargent Genealogy.

William Sargent

WILLIAM SARGENT

WILLIAM SARGENT

WILLIAM SARGENT

March 19 John and Mary Sargent (John)
March 20 Alfred and Catherine Rice Follett
(1798)

March 21 Private (S.A.) John M. Sargent (1854)
March 22 Private Francis Thomas Sargent (1861)
March 23 Charles Thomas Sargent, Jr. (1856)
March 24 Captain (First Lieut.) William S. Sargent
March 25 Joseph Henry Sargent (1854)