

Some of our readers, familiar with the geography of Asia, called ye editor's attention to an error on page 3 of our last (June 15th) issue. The letter of Joseph Bradford Sargent refers to his trip in 1890 on the Yangtze River in China (called also the Yangtze-Kiang), not the Ganges, which is in India. "J.B." left a pen and ink copy of the letter, much crossed out and interlined. His capital Y's are much like his capital G's. A person unfamiliar with the geography of Asia might easily mistake in the copy the word (on the third line) between "Upper" and "gorges" for "Ganges", but ye editor should have caught it. (Ye assistant editor avers that she did not see it before the printing, which lets her out.) This recalls a visit some months ago from one of ye assistant editor's cousins, Betty Woolsey, who is the war-time editor of a ski magazine. Betty was shown a copy of "Sargentrivia", which she proceeded to read from beginning to end. Naturally ye editors felt much complimented that she found it so absorbing. When she finished the reading she looked up and said: "I cannot find a single error." Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W. B. Sargent, assistant editor.

John R. W. Sargent, son of Homer Earle Sargent, in response to a query from ye editor wrote on June 14th: "Yes, I still own and have operated for more than forty years the farm of 2560 acres in Cass County, North Dakota, just north of the town of Buffalo. That you may realize it is not entirely a plaything but is providing our mite toward the food supply of the nation, will say that last year (1943) we raised on and sold from the farm 12,093 bu. of wheat which would make 2402 bbls or 470,792 pounds of flour; 3738 bu. barley, 153 bu. flax, 965 bu. rye in the way of grain; 367 doz. eggs, 6314 pounds cream. Also raised 165 acres of corn that was entirely fed on the place to the stock and poultry and helped produce 35 head of cattle weighing 31,941 lbs. and 96 pigs weighing 16,860 lbs., which would make some chewing. The farmers in the middle west as elsewhere are worked hard because of shortage of help and in some cases of equipment, but are doing their best toward supplying food for the nation and its armed forces...." Jack came to Yale from the Chicago public schools, graduating from the Sheffield Scientific School in 1887, in the same class with Julius G. Day, father of Betty (Mrs. Forbes) Sargent. He roomed while in college at The Cloister, then on Elm Street, New Haven, where also roomed Uncle Will (Dad) Rice of the class of '86S. Both his son and his daughter are married. He and his wife live at 2440 Lake View Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois.

First Lieutenant David C. Sargent of the Engineers wrote V-mail from somewhere in England on May 21st: "I think I have at last discovered, at least to my own satisfaction, why the Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock, why Jamestown was founded; and why our ancestors decided in their turn to leave England and try their fortunes in America. It wasn't religion; it wasn't economics; it wasn't politics. What it was, I feel confident now, was this damnable British weather which, by comparison, makes a rainy day in New England seem like blessed sunshine. Today it isn't raining, but it threatens rain; yesterday was the same, and the day before that. And when it's cloudy it's raw and cold and not even a small coal stove will take the real chill out of the air. And so I say again - give me New England...." On May 30th he wrote, air mail: "Have just arrived back at the Battalion - my intelligence course having been now successfully completed. In fact I can even take a little further satisfaction in the fact that I graduated second from the top in a class of 40 officers. We wound up our course with a combination 'beer party - graduation-get-together' with the emphasis decidedly on the lighter side. An artillery captain was introduced as the high man in the class and 'formally' presented with a big paper medal bearing the inscription which you may be able to translate into the order of the purple belly-button. This magnificent emblem of achievement was dutifully buttoned to the blouse at the point appropriate for such a designation amid loud laughter and applause. And then a few minutes later, much to my surprise, I was formally inducted into the same order. I'll send you the 'medal' one of these days because I think it may amuse you - and besides, I confess, in spite of its foolishness, I am a little proud of it myself. The preceding week has been one of a good many exams, more noticeable for the nuisance value than the difficulties involved, and that is the main reason I have been neglectful of you. I am still too new here back at the Battalion to know if any changes are going to occur. All seems to be a bit mysterious on that score. ... I received a letter from Patty Shorey the other day saying she was now 'somewhere in England' with The American Red Cross and announcing also that she had met Pat Deming on the boat coming over. She said 'He was very nice to me and got me a spoon for my mess-kit as well as a clothes-line and I certainly enjoyed meeting him and listening to his stories of army life.' I don't know how she ever figured out that Pat was my cousin but, anyway, I thought you might be interested in her comments.... I managed recently to make a trip to Oxford where a little old lady conducted us through the colleges trying to impress us for all she was worth with the antiquity of the place. I confess we were impressed. Whenever I go through places like that I invariably wish I knew more about architecture. The smattering of it which I have had only serves to whet the appetite - it doesn't satisfy...."



Sara Cunningham Engert, sister of the Murray Sargents and wife of Cornelius Van Hemert Engert, our minister to Afghanistan, wrote to ye editors from Kabul on May 29th after having received copies of some of our recent issues: "Ever since receiving your first copy of 'Sargentrivia' I have meant to send you a few words of congratulation both on its production and because it is so excellent

an idea. I thought appreciation might be welcome and perhaps doubly so as coming from a part of the world where you cannot have many other correspondents. *** As I have had the great privilege of being with our soldiers in both Wars and have seen much of them while they were serving overseas, I should like to say how absolutely wonderfully the American Red Cross looks after them. Perhaps some parents would worry less if they could see the effort that is made and the success achieved in making the boys as comfortable and happy as is possible in foreign lands and under the difficult conditions now existing after so many years of total war. The 'Duration Den' in New Delhi is an outstanding model of a club for the men which is certainly a little corner of home to the hundreds who crowd its doors. There are attractive bookshelves with gold letters indicating the class of book to be found in each: History, Poetry, Fiction, Mystery, Adventure, etc.; there are countless American magazines of quite recent date, and the much prized 'Home Town Papers', all sorts of games, including ping pong and billiards, and an excellent restaurant where delicious meals are served at extraordinarily low prices. Needless to say there are chicken salad sandwiches, devil's food cake, and doughnuts as well as countless other American dishes. Better than all the above, there are Red Cross Girls! These are the most appreciated of all the good things provided, and these girls do a magnificent job and seem to know each individual boy and all about him. They were ever so kind to me when they learned that I had been a Red Cross girl in France during the last War and couldn't do enough for me, so that I felt they were glad to have me come as often as possible during my stay in Delhi and thus experience the thrill of again being with our boys overseas. I won't say that they are not homesick. Every mother's son of them is longing for home every day and hour, but they do find ready sympathy and understanding and it makes this far easier to bear. Our first letter from Roderick (her son, reported recently in these pages as having enlisted abroad in our army after graduating from Harrow School in England-Ed.) since he left for Ceylon reached us yesterday, and he seemed well and happy. He is wonderfully enthusiastic about the Army and I know will try his best to make up for his youth and inexperience by giving his best. He has missed so much during most of his life by being so far from home and this is the only time it gives him a slight advantage, because things do not seem strange to him in any country, because he is unable to compare them as other boys can with things at home. We have always regretted that his knowledge of his own country is mostly a dim recollection, but just now it probably makes things much easier for him that he has lived so long in the Orient. The Americans have a truly remarkable camp or series of camps at Kandy, and the climate is excellent, so our boys are well off. ***"

Second Lieutenant Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., wrote from Millville, N. J., on June 12th: "We are still busy as hell here and outlooks on leave are slim. Bob's idea about leave after the 1st of July is correct, except that we have been told here that the 1st Air Force feels that since we all had leaves after graduation in March, why we really don't rate another one yet. I'm trying, though, but if I can get a couple of days it will be lucky. However, we do get days off here. *** We are doing a good bit of flying here and getting better acquainted with the P-47. Our main objective here is gunnery both ground and aerial, and it is great sport. *** The other day they added a new point to the program, dive-bombing. *** Shortly we begin night flying - both transition and formation; that should be fun and full of thrills, especially as the moon has now gone down and things are a bit black. *** We are busy, you can see, trying to learn to fly and shoot. ***"

Major Horace Pettit of the Medical Corps, husband of Millicent Lewis Pettit, wrote from India on June 4th: "The languor of India has settled over me and all of us, yet we have quite as much work to do as we had at home. The equation doesn't balance, but somehow the work gets done. We take time to go to the delightful swimming club where one has the choice of an indoor or an outdoor pool. There are tables for tea and drinks. Barefoot bearers bring good things on trays. Afterwards, refreshed by a swim, one can take a ricksha to an air-conditioned movie or a hot night club. Once or twice a week I do this. *** All is quiet, comfortable and pleasant here except for the heat, which is hot!"

Sylvia Tilney Skerrett wrote on June 15th, enclosing two newspaper clippings, one picturing herself and three other ladies at a special luncheon in honor of the wife of the C.O. and the other showing Kerry (Lieutenant Colonel H. H. Skerrett, Jr.) shaking hands with the commanding general while other officers look on: "The enclosed clippings may amuse you - I'm afraid they aren't anything you can use in 'Sargenttrivia'. We don't seem to have any news of general interest. Kerry has been given supervision of all the Installations throughout the N. E. Area, as well as his other job as Control Officer, since his last write-up. That's why he travels around so much. He has 15-20 air hours a month usually.***"

Pilot Officer James Sargent Wiser of the R.C.A.F. was married in Toronto, Canada, on June 16th to Miss Norma Estelle Harvey of Toronto. They are now back in Winnipeg, where Jim is continuing his Staff Flying.

Lieutenant (J.G.) Arthur N. Turner, U.S.N.R., returned about June 1st from the Pacific on leave. He saw his eight months old son for the first time. He and Nancy took their baby, Nicky, to York, Me., where they spent about a week. On Sunday, June 18th, Arthur Nicholson Turner, Jr., was christened at the house of his grandmother, Barbara Sargent Moorehead, in New Canaan, Conn. At last report Arthur is on navy duty at Norfolk, Va., and Nancy is with him.

ANNIVERSARIESBIRTHDAYS

June 16 - Catherine Rice Pulford
Jane Cater Sargent
22 - Major Robert L. Fisher
23 - Lawton G. Sargent
30 - Mary Sargent McCance, Jr. (17th)

WEDDINGS

June 16 - Candidate Bradford S. and Josephine
Collins Tilney (6th)
17 - Colonel Theodore and Margaret Fisher
Babbitt (22d)
21 - Richard C. and Ruth Kingsbury Sargent
(31st)
28 - J. Weir and Phebe Downs Sargent (24th)
Captain Murray (Jr.) and Lucy Garfield
Sargent (4th)
Willing and Phebe Sargent Howard (3d)

Captain Murray Sargent, Jr.'s, new address is 4909 29th Road So., Arlington, Va.

First Lieutenant James C. Sargent wrote V-mail from somewhere in the Pacific on May 26th: ".... Having spent a full five months on this vast island, which is about as desolate as could be imagined, I think I am beginning to realize how lucky I was before I chose to try to fight the war! I wonder if the time will ever come when I accept and take even the little things of life for granted. You know it often seems funny to me how much the little things mean to us. It is when you cannot get them that they seem to loom up to tremendous heights. Take, for instance, an ice cream cone or even a five and ten cent store purchase! Here everything is issued to us, and no person is entitled to any more than the next fellow no matter what his particular personal demands may be. It always amuses me to receive a package of say gum drops and find hidden within a wrapper a piece of paper on which will be written words similar to these: 'This package is sent to our fighting men as a courtesy from the "Young Men's Christian Society for the Preservation of Temperance Throughout the Land" or some other ridiculous donor. You see advertisements are as persistent here as they are in the States. Along the road there are even the usual signboards except these are slightly different in their purpose. They say such things as: 'Did you take that Mighty little pill to-day. Atabrinize', à la Burma Shave or: 'Did you tuck your mosquito bar in last night?' All good attempts to protect the soldier from Malaria, which is one of the more bothersome diseases of this locality. But it all adds up to the color of the place. All the roads would be classed as cattle tracks in Bethany (Conn.) and this is because they are in constant use by both the innumerable jeeps and the tremendous trucks. Whenever it rains the traffic does not stop and, since rain means mud (as I have never seen it before) and mud means deep furrows which there is never any chance to fill, the roads are in a constant state of disrepair. For long distances the only available means of transportation is by air as the roads are only local and there are none that go from one town to another. Not so long ago I had to go to another town to pick up my footlocker. The distance over was about 100 miles and so I boarded a B-24 and set out. Because I ran into a delay I was forced to spend the night in what is known as a transient officers camp which consists of no more than a few scattered tents in a cleared area and a mess tent. The next day I picked up another B-24 which was returning to my same destination and I piled on my footlocker and back I came. The entire trip amounted to some 500 miles and the cash outlay was 50 cents for two meals. Where else could this be accomplished? As we push the Japanese further and further back, the supply problem becomes somewhat relieved for shipping can advance. But in many areas the only means of supply is by air. When you begin to add up even the fuel consumption, you begin to appreciate the tremendous cost of the war. This letter sounds disjointed, for I have tried to give you brief pictures and incidents of the life out here that you probably cannot get in publications there, in the hope that you will get some idea of what New Guinea is like."

Joseph Bradford Sargent was nominated for Governor of Connecticut in 1896 on the Democratic ticket. That year was the first of the three times that William Jennings Bryan was the Democratic nominee for President, nominated on the "free silver" platform. The Republican presidential nominee was Congressman William McKinley, a leader of the high tariff group in Congress and author of the McKinley tariff bill. "J.B." for a dozen years had written and spoken in many parts of the country in favor of "free trade". While he in no sense approved of Bryan's monetary views, he just could not bring himself to support a high-protectionist like McKinley. The handicap of being on the same ticket with Bryan was too great in a state that usually elected a Republican governor, as it did in 1896. In October 1896 he received the following letter from a man in Middletown: "I take liberty to drop you a few lines as you are running for Governor this term on the Silver ticket. I could do some good work for you here. I am a member of the O.V.A.M. and A.P.A. and I am wright in with the boys. A brother mechanic of New Haven wanted me to write to you in regard to this matter. I can refer you to some of the best men in town in regard to my ability if you want my help let me know as soon as possible." He answered: "In reply to your letter of Oct. 21st, I presume that you know that I did not want the nomination for Governor, although the delegates from every county in the State unanimously selected me in their county conventions, and the next day, when all the delegates met in convention they selected me unanimously, although I refused to take the nomination even if they gave it to me unanimously. But they sent a committee after me and I could not honorably refuse to accept, and I did go to the convention and accepted. They told me that the workingmen and mechanics wanted to make me governor as a compliment for what I had done for them in starting the weekly payment law and for sticking to it till

I got it passed into the present law. I feel very proud to get so many letters from mechanics and other workers for wages who offer their best efforts to bring out as large a vote for me as possible, without any other reward than the satisfaction of helping to elect the man who, from the year 1881 to 1887, did so much in getting a weekly payment law, and the change in the old cruel factorizing law, put upon the Statute Book of laws of the State. Presuming that you are actuated by the same motives, I have to thank you for your good wishes and for what you may do in my behalf."

Some of our officers may be interested in the two bills of the same tailor illustrated below for what appear to be making parts of a militia officer's uniform. The cloth was probably purchased separately. The original bills are in the papers left by our ancestor, Joseph Denny Sargent (1787-1849) of Leicester, who rose to be a colonel in the Massachusetts Militia. The first bill for a coat and "sundry Trimmings" is dated 1807 and was apparently rendered to a general. The second bill of 1814 for pantaloons and vest, plus the inevitable trimmings, was rendered to "Capt. Sargent". What our ancestor wore at military functions between those dates the record does not disclose.

Septm 18 1807

WORCESTER,

Mr.

G. D. Sargent

Dr.

To CALVIN FOSTER,

	\$	Cts.
To making a Coat, - - - - -	2	25
To making a Vest, - - - - -		
To making Pantaloons, - - - - -		
To sundry Trimmings, - - - - -		42
	\$	2-67

Received Payment.

B. J. Foster

Worcester June the 25 - 1814

Capt Sargent to C. Foster

To making Pantaloons	125
Trimmings - - - - -	084
To making vest	1-00
Trimmings	084

3-93

W. H. B. Cash

5-0

Wm D. Sargent to C. Foster

3-73