

Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W. B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Private (first class) John N. Deming of the Infantry wrote from somewhere in England on May 21st: "Joe Lewis and some GI boxers came to the area the other night and drew a huge crowd. I didn't go but partook of coffee and donuts thru the hospitality of the A.R.C. mobile units. ...Tonight spent quite a bit of time swapping various pieces of English money. By now I have forgotten pretty much about the American dollar, and now it is all pence—2 and 6 and the like. Actually it isn't too difficult, tho I just hope I won't get stung...." On May 28th Pat wrote: "While on the subject of mail, no doubt you all, like myself, have heard much propaganda regarding writing to the men overseas. From my meager experience over here I can vouch for all that has been said. Actually just about the only thing to look forward to day by day is mail call. ...Have taken several walks about and at this time of year the most noticeable thing about the country is the fact that everywhere one goes one sees such gorgeous flowers. Every house, every yard has flowers of all kinds and colors and it is really beautiful. The whole landscape is something like Uncle Bruce's garden...." On June 5th he wrote: "A couple of us met a WRAF gal in town and had a lot of fun talking with her and drinking tea and eating sandwiches at the canteen. She had known American soldiers for quite some time as she could converse in a Southern drawl or switch to a version of the Brooklyn lingo—with all due respect to Brooklyn! (That's for the censor's benefit.)..." On June 11th, still in England, he wrote: "Went into town last night and witnessed a sheep shearing contest on the green. It was quite novel and at times quite amusing. I think that the sheep had some feeling of shame at having to exhibit their state of nakedness before all those people. After the contest, which incidentally I didn't gather the full particulars on so I don't know how the winner was determined, there was a tug-o-war contest. After that a couple of beers at a pub we visit. ... Naturally when D-day came about there was much speculation on our part as to what the reaction would be in the states. We all gathered that there would be much rejoicing and celebration and in general a lot of hullabaloo. It was very different over here. For us the greatest show on earth was just another day. It seems that the closer one gets to war the wiser and calmer one gets. All of which doesn't make much sense, for it is those who are the farthest from war who pretend to know all about it, and who qualify themselves as masters of the subject of war. 'Tis a confusing world indeed...." Pat wrote V-mail "To Ye Editors" from somewhere in France on June 21st: "Your May 8 copy of Sargenttrivia was forwarded to me some time ago while I was in England, but as the news was fairly dull from there I thought that I'd wait for further developments. Needless to say it is far from dull as I sit in a fox hole somewhere in France. At present that is about all we are doing, but life still has its exciting moments. It is still hard to believe that we are so near the thick of it and may at any moment partake of the adventure. It is a far cry from the life of a doughboy, but I have just finished playing chess with one of the officers—my game isn't up to snuff, and I usually lose, not out of courtesy but out of stupidity. My fox hole-mate composes music, which he is doing at present. Scattered about our abode is a bit of poetry, Voltaire, Emerson and others, so that we are at least catching up while waiting. It really is amazing what a good life we are leading. Some of the boys just brewed some coffee and we had jam & crackers. ...Just had some fried pomme de terre—my French helps a lot. Will write more later and again thanks for the paper."

Ensign Caleb Loring, Jr., U.S.N.R., great nephew of Cousin Lolly Hammond, wrote his family from the U.S.S. Texas on June 10th: "You have probably been very worried about me since the invasion began, and I just want you to know that I am getting along fine. We have not been hit, and have suffered no casualties, although we were in the first wave and have been in the thick of the battle. I can't tell you too much about it now, but I can give you an idea of some of the highlights. We have seen just about everything you can imagine in the way of modern warfare. As we crossed the English Channel we passed through what was supposed to be one of the most effective mine fields in the world, but we got through safely. When we got across we shot at enemy gun emplacements, tank and troop concentrations, ammunition dumps, observation posts and other vital targets. There have been many unpleasant sights, but I won't tell you about those now. At one time we had 27 enemy prisoners on board, but had to send them to another ship which took them back to a prison camp. They didn't look like supermen to me. We also had 29 wounded U. S. Army Rangers aboard who were brought to us by a small boat from an isolated beach-head. Their wounds were treated on board, and only one died. He had been lying wounded on the beach for two days before we could get him aboard, and he was just too far gone when he got to us. We have been under attack by enemy planes and glider bombs at night, and have seen many planes go down in flames. There have also been shell splashes in the water fairly close to us, caused by the enemy firing at ships along the shore, and most of us consider ourselves lucky considering what we have seen happen to others. This experience has drawn us closer together on the ship, and has shown us what a fine bunch of ship-mates we have. The Army has praised our shooting, and we are very proud of the knowledge that we have done a good job. I don't know when I will get home, but I will tell you all about it when I get there. Give everybody my love, and please don't worry about me."

Ensign David Loring, U.S.N.R., brother of Caleb, Jr., was also in "the first wave" of the Normandy invasion and came through safely with his ship, the U.S.S. Henrico, as reported by Cousin Lolly Hammond.

Rebecca Jackson Sargent, wife of First Lieutenant James C. Sargent and daughter-in-law of the Murray Sargents, has joined the Waves. Becky wrote: "It looks as though I wouldn't be able to write anything but postals for two months. I think we have twenty minutes every day of unassigned time. My address is as follows: Rebecca Jackson Sargent, A.S. V-9, N. R. Midshipman's School W.R., Gillett House 45, Northampton, Mass." Ye editor does not know what title to use in addressing an officer-candidate of the Waves.

Pilot Officer James S. Wiser's wife, whose maiden name was Norma Estelle Harvey, is the daughter of Mr. William Henry Harvey of Toronto, Canada. They were married on Friday, June 16th, in Westminster Central United Church in Toronto.

Charles Forbes Sargent was elected president of Sargent & Company on June 30th. Forbes, who had been in the employ of the company since his graduation from Yale in 1920, was elected to the company's board of directors in June 1940, succeeding his father, George Lewis Sargent, was made a vice president in December 1940 and first vice president in July 1942. Also on June 30th Murray Sargent, who has been president (without salary) for two years was elected chairman of the board of directors, a position he held from February to June 1942.

Aunt Edith Woolsey's 80th birthday anniversary was duly celebrated on Sunday, July 2d, by a buffet supper on the lawn of the Alfred Bacons at Cornwall, Conn., some twenty-three persons in three generations being present. She spent the long Independence Day week-end with the George Woolseys, her brother and sister-in-law. At the same time ye editors were house guests of the Alfred Bacons, ye assistant editor's brother and sister-in-law. Another birthday party had been given for her in New Haven on June 30th at the house of Laura Heermance, her niece, with twelve present including a ten months' old great-great-niece. Aunt Edith, the youngest child of President Woolsey of Yale, has resided since 1931 mostly at 192 Bishop Street, New Haven. She owns a house in Cornwall, the oldest part built before 1800 and over 90 acres largely woodland, known as "Ballyhack", where she expects to spend the month of August.

Private Pressly Forbes McCance, who has been in the A.S.T.P. at the University of Maine, Orono, Me., and whose address is now Co. D, 224 Bn., 69 Reg., Camp Blanding, Fla., wrote from the latter on June 30th: "....I have darned good news. I have been transferred, note address, to a Battalion that studies Radio. We took a Radio test - and I got a fairly good grade, so that I am no longer a plain rifleman but a radio man.--I'll probably go up in the front lines and wield a 'walky-talky' or put up telephone poles or the like. Sounds O.K. to me, and undoubtedly I'll learn something about radio which is useful. We shall get regular infantry training for the first 6 or 7 weeks, then we will have classes and specialize. My new quarters are very nice. We are 12 men in a hut--3 Reserves.--Right now I'm sitting under a sun umbrella and writing on a table, as other guys are writing around me. It was built by the fellows. Today for detail we worked long and hard digging lime to put on top of dirt sidewalks. The sun is out, and the usual sweat poured from all. We take salt tablets at each meal to keep up the body supply. There is a lake to swim in--a beautiful one, they say. But we are quarantined for two weeks and can't go off our territory except to the movies, the PX, and church. This is a huge camp--four miles from gate to gate, with woods and land for bivouacs and battles outside. It is getting dark now so I can't write much longer. I will say about Florida, though, that the air is fresh and clear, even though it is hot and damp. The nights are cool, no blanket though. I saw palm trees from the train on the way down, but none since. There are queer types of trees and bushes here in camp. Today got full equipment, including beautiful ***rifle. ***Got the start of a nice sun tan today. The food here is delicious. Really, they say, 'Best in Blanding'."

Chaplain (First Lieutenant) William H. McCance's present address is Indiantown Gap Military Reservation (A.S.F.T.C.), Pa. He wrote on July 4th: "I should write you a bit about my transfer from Seattle Port of Embarkation to New York P.E. and from there immediately to the above address. I am Chaplain of Area 3, Chapel 3, with troops in the Army Special Forces Transportation Corps.***Molly and I are O.K. I am Chaplain of the Day today so I spend the night here at Camp.***" Molly also wrote on July 4th: "....Penna has been scorching hot these last weeks. I don't know whether this is local or whether you have had it too. We are in a new development where there isn't a tree worthy of the name -- and it seems pretty intense. Bill had a Sunday School class of 150 negroes! That's some class! His work isn't entirely with negroes, but to date a large percent has been such. They respond with more enthusiasm than the white boys. An 'amateur hour' Sunday afternoon brought out a group with two rival quartets that sure made the rafters ring! How those boys do sing! We're in Hershey right now--and the faint odor of chocolate pervades the air! Quite a change from Middlebury where on a rainy day the rubber from near-by Naugatuck on the breeze was scarcely as welcome!***"

Private John M. Sargent had an accident on June 21st which sent him to the hospital at Camp Maxey, Texas. On May 11th he wrote: "....Today I have guard duty. It starts in twenty minutes and I'm on two hours and off four. For the evening my total lasts four hours, as my first shift is from 10 to 12 and the second is from 4 to 6. After that we start tomorrow. Yesterday we were paid. I received \$66.86.***" On May 28th he wrote: "....Cur 1st Lieutenant (Company Commander) told us yesterday that we must be up on our military courtesy last night, and he told me to get a haircut before I went to Paris, which I didn't. When we got on our bus to return from that city who should be upon it but our Lieut.! I don't think he noticed the hair, but I was worried. Last week we were restricted for three days (the whole company) because our barracks 'stunk like a pig-pen'. I am afraid officers

are inclined to exaggerate. Anyway, we had extra duty each night of our restriction...." On June 22d he told of having moved to a new area within the camp. Because of shortage of bunks Johnny was one of those detailed on the previous day to procure them from the old area. On the return trip, riding in the rear of a 2 1/2 ton truck on top of the bunks and mattresses at about 15 miles per hour a low slung wire unseen by him till almost upon it hit him in the neck and raised right hand and "caused me to do a flip right over the end of the truck, a drop of about 9 feet to the pavement." He broke his left wrist in the fall, scraped his face and legs on the pavement and bruised both shoulders. After he picked himself up "I looked back and in my tussle with the wire I had lowered it approximately 5 feet." He was escorted to the dispensary and then taken to the station hospital, where a cast was put on his left arm and his bruises treated. "I am having in my opinion a well deserved vacation." On June 26th he wrote: "My past three days have been spent energetically reading a book. I finished same late last night, and since it was quite amusing I shall pass on its title to you: 'Stray Lamb' by Thomas Smith, who also wrote 'Topper'. Being in the hospital has separated me from my large collection of books, but having friends has prevented my mind from becoming stagnant. Numerous visits have brought me magazines, books, and even this stationery. ...Furthermore, the Red Cross library attached to the hospital is always at hand. Our company started basic training today, and for a while I shall miss some of that dreadful stuff...." As Johnny had "basic" in his R.O.T.C. course at Yale, at Camp Hood, in his A.S.T.P. course and medical basic in Louisiana, he adds "It is repetitious to have it again here when we've just spent close to 8 weeks having 'basic'. Now you see why I've developed an aversion to the thing...."

First Lieutenant James C. Sargent wrote V-mail from somewhere in the Pacific on June 6th: "... I have learned in a combat theater that the more possessions that one has the more difficult it is to move, and so I have begun to limit myself to the bare essentials. Thus when you ask me to request something from you, I am at loss to think of a thing that I need beyond that which the Army supplies to us. I do find that New Guinea is very hard on clothes, especially shoes, but I think that I have found an infallible article, a pair of hob-nail ones which appear so sturdy that I am quite sure my great-grandchildren will enjoy their use. ... A New Guinea theatre would amuse you no end. Every American unit out here has one and the standard is no more than an open area which surrounds a hastily constructed shack resembling a poor farmer's backhouse in which the projector (of the Uncle Ziegler type) is set up. The screen is usually hung from uprights and actually is just paper which has been painted white. Sometimes this is covered in part by tar-paper as a protection against the rain. Between the two is an open space which has a few bomb-fin crates as chairs and that is all. Just before a movie (each unit has one every other night) a regular stream of men is to be seen moving out from the various buildings carrying their chairs. Of course the area itself reminds me of the typical picnic grounds, for there are various papers scattered everywhere, most of which are candy wrappers which have been sold by our PX. (Note: the American boy has not changed!) My health continues to be excellent although I must admit were it not for my beautiful hill-house and its ever cool breezes the heat would or could get me down at times. But then we really are most fortunate to have beautiful, cool nights which enable us to sleep restfully. The news of the landing in France reached us today, and sounded most encouraging, although I am quite ready to expect initial slowness & little setbacks until we can consolidate our positions; even then we must not forget that the Germans are tough soldiers." Jim wrote on June 11th: "...I was appointed trial judge advocate for this command, and believe me having to prosecute men who are alleged to have gone astray and at the same time perform my regular duties (which I might add are sufficient to keep me going well over the 48 hour week!) has kept me even busier than the 1 armed paper hanger of Father's conception! I have had to learn an entirely new procedure which is not particularly complicated but is still different and must be followed to the letter if the conviction is to stick. To give you an idea of my day I woke up at 7 a.m. on the 9th, worked all day, tried to sleep between 8 p.m. and 11 p.m. but couldn't, went to work at 12 midnight until 12 noon on the 10th and tried my first court martial case at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th. For an hour & a half I argued my case before two majors, two captains, and a second lieutenant. Unfortunately we had been forced to move the case up for trial that afternoon and the allegations of the complaint did not state a cause of action; so the accused was acquitted. As the case was tried, the decision was a just one, but whether the decision would have been the same had I been able to investigate before trial, I cannot say. Tomorrow I must argue my second case. We hold court in a marvelous place. A court martial is the most austere, the most solemn occasion in the entire Army set up and yet we are forced to hold it in the game room of the officers' club but a few feet from the bar...."

Our ancestor, Joseph Denny Sargent (1787-1849), had as partners in Leicester, Mass., at various times Silas Jones, Nathan Ainsworth and William Barr. On April 2, 1832, an agreement was signed with an apprentice, Albert Warren, "That the said Albert is to work at the card manufacturing business for Sargent Jones & Company for three years from the date hereof for the sum of three hundred & fifty dollars. Said Sargent Jones & Company to board him during said time to allow him to attend the Leicester Academy one quarter or term & to allow him three days each year for training, All other lost time to be made up at the end of said term & said Sargent Jones & Co to instruct him in the skill & mystery of the trade." An agreement dated April 1, 1834, between Josiah Q. Lamb and Joseph D. Sargent, both of Leicester, provided, "that the said Josiah Q. Lamb is to work for the said Jos D Sargent at the card making business during the term of two years from the above at twenty five dollars per month and to be allow'd by said Sargent for boarding himself during the time of said term that he is or shall be actually in the employ of said Sargent ten shillings per week and said Sargent hereby agrees

as a further compensation for his the said Lamb's services to furnish him with that part of the new barn woodhouse garden &c. which he now occupies a small distance westerly of said Sargents brick factory; by this is meant one-half of said house & the same half he now occupies free of any expense to the said Lamb he to keep the same in as good repair (reasonable use and wear thereof with accidents by fire and other injuries not happening through the fault or neglect of the said Josiah Q. Lamb excepted) as the same now are in or may be put in by said Sargent."

ANNIVERSARIES

BIRTHDAYS

- July 1 - Linda Deming (18th)
daughter of Laura Rice Deming
5 - Josephine Toy Collins Tilney
wife of Candidate Bradford Sargent
Tilney
8 - Private Cornelius Kimball Ham (21st)
stepson of Hilda Sargent Ham

WEDDINGS

- June 30 - Chaplain (1st Lt.) William H. and
Molly Sargent McCance (23d)
(change the date on page 9 of
Edward R. Sargent's "Supplement to
Sargent Genealogy", which incorrectly
reports it as June 13.)
July 3 - Lieut. Bruce (U.S.N.R.) and Gloria
Gross Fenn (11th)
6 - Capt. Richard A. and Jean Sargent
Buck (12th)
9 - Ziegler and Agnes Bacon Sargent (13th)

Our immigrant ancestor, John Dwight, came to this country from Dedham, England, in the latter part of 1634 or early in 1635, first settled in Watertown, Mass., but shortly moved to what he and his associates named Dedham, where the first town meeting was held on September 1, 1635. He brought with him to this country his wife Hannah, his daughter Hannah (our ancestress who married Nathaniel Whiting and who was the maternal grandmother of James Draper - see the chart in Sargenttrivia of December 15, 1933) and his two sons, Timothy and John. Tradition tells us that he was a wool-comber in England or the son of one. He was a farmer (yeoman he called himself in his will) in Dedham, Mass., and was the second man of wealth in the town as evidenced by his being second on the assessment-roll for taxes. He was selectman for 16 years, 1639 to 1655. He died on January 24, 1659/60. His first wife died September 5, 1656 and he married secondly a widow, by whom he had no children, and who survived him but a few months. In his will he provided for the widow as follows: "To my wife Elizabeth, that now is, 250 sterling, to be paid her by my executors in current country pay, at my now dwelling house in Dedham, within 3 monethes after my decease, as my Covenant before our marriage appeareth; also all her wearing Apparell both linen and woollen; also that my said wife shall have dyet allowed her, at my said dwelling house in Dedham, during ye space of 3 monethes after my decease, if she shall desire it, that soe she may more comfortably provide for ye removeall of her habitation to some other place." The bulk of his estate was divided into five parts, two parts going to his son Timothy, (the only one of his two sons who lived to maturity) and the other three parts going to his three daughters and their husbands and children. John Dwight was the ancestor of more than one president of Yale, and through him ye editors are distant cousins.

Below is a picture taken about 1905 in the Joseph Bradford Sargent garden at Church and Elm Streets, New Haven. The photographer was facing about south, with the rear of the house on the far right and Church Street behind the wall at the left. The occasion was a charity fair, probably for a "free bed" at Grace Hospital. Aunt May Sargent Rice is at the right. The child nearest to her (in dark clothes) is Virginia Rice. The four others in the picture are apparently not members of the family.

