

Aunt Laura Sargent will reach the age of four score years and ten on October 18th. Under present circumstances a large gathering does not seem desirable, but ye editors believe that she would enjoy receiving birthday cards. Her address is 178 Bishop Street, New Haven 11, Conn. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W. E. Sargent, assistant editor.

Colonel Theodore Babbitt, husband of Peggy Fisher Babbitt, in August was transferred from Tangier to Ankara, Turkey, making the journey by plane via Gibraltar and Cairo. Ted wrote from the Turkish capital on September 5th: "The General sent me in his place yesterday to the informal and intimate ceremony when the Free French representative took over the former Vichy Embassy building. It was a very simple affair with about 50 people present from the Allied missions. A short speech with the guests assembled in the courtyard, and then the Marseillaise sung without accompaniment as there went up on the flagstaff the Tricolor with a pennant below it with the Cross of Lorraine. Then the new Ambassador (he really isn't that yet because the government he represents is still only provisional) formally went into the building, and we all followed up the stairs and through the formal rooms out to the terrace where there was champagne cup and light refreshments. Quite simple and well done with not a few dewy eyes among the French. It was a good example of poetic justice, that the man who actually told Bergery, the Vichy ambassador, to clear out in 24 hours, was formerly a Secretary of that Embassy in 1940, declared for DeGaulle, and was told by Bergery to get out of the place in 24 hours almost exactly 4 years ago. He enjoyed it a lot. Yesterday was a day of wild rumors, started by the Russian declaration of war on Bulgaria and the latter's request for an armistice. Nothing came of them as usual. The main anxiety of Turks and foreigners is to know how long this infernal blackout will last." On September 9th he wrote: "I got all dressed up yesterday and was duly presented to the Turkish Chief of the General Staff. It was a blazing day but his office in the big Staff Building was very cool. He was very pleasant and spoke excellent French, so that things went quite easily. As usual coffee was served and those expensive looking Turkish cigarettes which are so disappointing when smoked. He placed the entire Turkish Army at my disposition, as far as I could make out, but if I tried to take him up on it, I imagine there would be certain delays in the accomplishment of the assurance." His address is Col. Theodore Babbitt, Office Military Attache, American Legation, A.P.O. 787, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Aviation Cadet Theodore Fisher Babbitt, U.S.N.R., son of Ted and Peggy Fisher Babbitt, has been hopping about the country quite a bit with two short and one long (13 days) leaves thrown in, the first since last November. Teddy went in one short month from Chapel Hill, N.C., to Detroit (Grosse Isle) to Peru, Ind. His address is A/C Theodore F. Babbitt, U.S.N.R., Barracks 30A, Room 207, Class 8 BR-I, U.S.N.A.S., Peru, Ind.

Ensign Rebecca Jackson Sargent, U.S.N.R., wife of First Lieutenant James Cunningham Sargent, wrote to ye editors from Northampton, Mass., on September 20th: "Time must have a stop, says Aldous Huxley, and accordingly I am brushing aside the monies to be counted, the watch bills to be composed, the schedules to be planned - in short, all the accumulation of detail peculiar to a battalion adjutant in particular and to a junior officer in general - because I simply cannot hold up my head any longer if this deplorable state of affairs, this continuous anti-social silence is maintained. ...I am delighted anew at every Sargentrivia; ...but my days of writing leisurely letters - of writing any letters - are a thing of the past. The Navy is excellent, and I am very pleased to be working for such an establishment. 'You will be regimented down to a mere automaton!' people shouted at me when I contemplated enlistment. Well, here I am, still a blithe spirit, possessing an untrammelled mind a variety of unconventional ideas, a degree of freshness and originality (I hope). And the fact that I had to proceed in formation for two months, that I wear the same Mainbocher model as some eighty-eight thousand other people, that I follow the Navy routine, doesn't really bother me in the least. That sort of external business doesn't constitute regimentation in my opinion. A word about the training period - I was certainly oblivious to the degree of perfection expected, but I found out very quickly. Where else but in the Navy would one spend a half an hour making a bed? No wonder, that one made it once a week and slept on top the rest of the week! Obviously that is a superficial detail, and the high standards apply to far more important things. But nothing is neglected - you see the School has to try to produce in two months the same attitude towards one's work that the Naval Academy effects in four years, perhaps a somewhat ambitious aim. It was a momentous experience - I am infinitely grateful for it even though it was a struggle for me, who has always been more or less blissfully casual about all detail. And think of all the tales I can recount to my grandchildren of when Grandmother was in the Navy! I was most inspired when in training by the excellent people on the station, so that now I am among them I feel extremely humble about the whole business. My position is a very minor one; I am on the regimental as contrasted with the instruction staff, but still I am surprised. Life is full of surprises, to coin a phrase; the idea has been growing on me ever since June 30th. Perhaps the biggest surprise was the volume of my voice in the graduation review. I thought to myself, 'Ye gods! If Jim could hear me, he would be terrified!' I work hard - everyone does, but we are sustained by Mr. Wiggin's famous food, the wit and wisdom of those about us, and the concrete examples passed on to us of the efficiency of the WAVES in the field, as it were. And for the time being I am pleased to be in Northampton from a personal point of view - to hear Hans Kohn lecture on foreign affairs, to attend the concert series at John M. Greene across the street, to keep an eye out for passing watercolor shows. (It is all too unlikely that I shall do any of those things, but it's a good thought to brighten the long winter days.) This hasn't been a satisfactory picture of the Naval Reserve Midshipmen School, I'm afraid. But I can show you pamphlets about the activities

and the program. At least this will serve to introduce you to the spirit of the place. As you know, Jim has been hospitalized in Australia and word from him has been a bit irregular. I hope by this time he is back in New Guinea and well established. His leave couldn't have been more entertaining - he always does seem to land on his two feet with people standing around to greet him wherever he goes, and Sydney was no exception. It's unfortunate from my point of view that the WAVES overseas bill is limited to the western hemisphere or I would be working toward a billet in the South Pacific, you can be sure...." Becky's address is Ensign Rebecca J. Sargent, U.S.N.R., Gillet 43, N.R.M.S., W.R., Northampton, Mass.

First Lieutenant David C. Sargent of the Engineers wrote from somewhere in France on August 30th: "....I hope you received my last letter because it was a pretty long one and attempted to recount impressions of our campaign up to the point of writing. Since then, of course, much has happened, but many of the impressions already told found recurrence in the weeks which followed. Of course, as the first blush of excitement and exhilaration died away, the initial impulse on the part of the French to give was replaced by the more characteristic desire to trade. And so the privacy of our bivouacs was perpetually interrupted by a steady procession of would-be traders. And a record of the fluctuating rates of exchange between 'oeuf' and 'bon bon' or 'cognac' and 'cigarette' would have given headaches galore to the ablest of economists. In fact so insecure did our privacy become that not even did the latrines afford sanctuary from the gaze and trespass of this friendly people. When we bathed (à la nude) in a river 20 or 30 yards from the main road the local girls would gather on the bridge and passively watch us at our chores. But the boys never minded the gallery. They would shout up such taunts as 'Come on in, the water's fine!' But the main thing is that the French civilians and the American soldiers seem to get along and the Americans are riding the crest of a wave of great popularity. I could tell you about a reconnaissance trip I took by peep between two points almost 100 miles apart. And between these two points I saw not one other American soldier! In each town I came to I would inquire in French of the condition and safety of the road ahead. And the French patriots would joyfully and confidently answer with their favorite expression 'Boche capute!' Each time our peep stopped we would be encircled or rather swallowed in a chattering, voluble, excited crowd of French humanity, and we would part amid the cries of 'Vive l'Amérique! - vive la France!' and solemn handshakes all around. In one town unusually great excitement prevailed and we found they had a woman there who had slept with the Boche. They had shaved her head clean and painted a swastika on the top! That night, being alone and away from the security of an American camp, we decided to find a French farmer and put the peep and ourselves in his barn. We headed up a likely lane. It was dark by then, and as our peep clattered over the loose cobble-stones of the farm-yard a dozen windows flew open and a dozen heads peered out. An old bewhiskered red-faced duffer, complete with baret and wooden shoes, appeared at the doorway below. I stated my proposition in my politest French and immediately a whirl of excitement stirred throughout the household. They wanted us to sleep in beds; they wanted us to come indoors; they wanted us to take eggs and cider. We thanked them but clung to our original intent, and slept with the peep in the barn. But we did accept a few armfuls of hay as a cushion against the hard floor. And so it goes. This is but an episode among many. But perhaps it serves to give a slight insight into some of the more interesting experiences we are having. But still with it all - what we long for most is the end and the chance once again to head westward over choppy waves to the Statue of Liberty and to home. Someday that day will come and perhaps sooner than we dare hope. So in the meantime don't worry for the fortunes of war are going our way and it is up to the people of Germany to do the worrying now...."

The hurricane hit New Haven in the evening of September 14th with the wind reaching 65 miles an hour. Though it did much less damage than the one on September 21, 1938, when the wind reached 88 miles an hour, it did plenty. Undoubtedly the lower loss of life and fewer injuries to people were due to the continued warnings by the federal government, which in 1938 withheld information from the public because it did not want people to become unduly alarmed. Like its predecessor the storm brought along unusually high water (tidal wave or whatever you may call it). Railroad trains were stalled by the flooding of the "cut". Sargent & Company's premises on the south side of Water Street were flooded by the high water which came in tremendous waves over the waterfront. Gangs of employees had worked for hours before the flood in filling and placing sand bags and moving all readily movable property to higher levels. In spite of their efficient work the sand bags, though helpful, did not keep the water out of the buildings, and in those used for manufacture there was water damage to machinery and other fixed equipment. There was only minor wind damage to the plant. Maximum high water in the buildings was 26 inches, as compared with 37 inches in 1938. Official high tide on September 14th was forecasted for 10:15 P.M. It was soon after that time when the flood descended on Sargent & Company. The barometer in New Haven reached a low about 10:30 P.M. of 28.82 (compared with 28.14 at about 4:15 P.M. on September 21, 1938). The recent hurricane brought with it much rain, while with that in 1938, though following several days of rain, there was but little rain. The recent flood came at about the time the barometer reached its lowest, whereas in 1938 the flood came about two hours after the low.

Major Thomas D. Sargent's new address is Liaison Officer, Fiscal Division, Federal Reserve Bank, New York, N.Y. His duties are similar to those when in St. Louis, with two days a week spent in Philadelphia. The whole family left St. Louis by car on September 13th and reached Pine Orchard, Conn., on the 15th, the day after the hurricane. The boys returned to St. Paul School at Concord, N. H., on September 19th. Lib and Tom hope to find a satisfactory place to live in New York.

Private Roderick M. Engert, nephew of the Murray Sargents and of ye editors by adoption, wrote from Ceylon on September 10th: "Bill (Rapple) had a very pleasant stay in Kabul & enjoyed himself a lot according to my family. ***We get some very beautiful sunsets here. There is however no shortage of rain. By that I do not mean that we are perpetually drenched, but that it has rained every other day or so the past two or 3 weeks. I am considerably busier these days & have a job very similar to Margaret S. Fisher's (U.S.M.C.W.R., M.C.A.A.F. & all the rest). She certainly does have some initials! Actually this job is in addition to my ordinary duties. However it's most interesting & I enjoy my couple of hours daily. ***We have had two very good movies here recently: 'The Lifeboat' & 'Madame Curie'.***"

Second Lieutenant Bradford Sargent Tilney's address is Co. A, 74th E. T. Battalion, Engineering Training Section, A.S.F.T.C., Fort Lewis, Wash. He is an instructor in bridge building, etc. Josephine, his wife, and young son Timmy expect to join him in early October, going across the continent by air via Toronto. Their house in Cheshire, Conn., has been rented.

The C. Forbes Sargents moved on September 27th into their newly owned house at 3 Edgehill Road, New Haven 11, Conn. They have sold their former home at 191 Edwards Street. Dorothy, the oldest child, has begun her college course at Mt. Holyoke (the president of which is her uncle, Roswell G. Ham, Hilda Sargent Ham's husband). Betsey has returned to school at Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. Both girls last summer were at Camp Wyonegonic, Denmark, Me., Dorothy as a counselor and Betsey as counselor-training. Betsey won the camp tennis tournament. Charlie continues at the Foote School in New Haven. He was awarded the medal for the best camper last summer at Camp Winona, Denmark, Me.

Second Lieutenant Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., wrote from Dayton Army Air Field, Vandalia, Ohio, on September 11th: "Am doing almost no flying; too many pilots and too few ships - and the ships are usually out. So I do what flying I can in cubs and basic trainers. Sort of sad. Have only been on two hops in 47's! The rest of the time we all sit about in the pilots study playing cards or reading tech orders on new equipment. We're on 24, off 24 or thereabouts, and when we're on you sure get tired sitting. There's lots of interesting stuff to look at though. Vandalia is only about 15 miles from Wright Field, so I have been over there to look at all the latest Army ships. However, life is anything but dull. Dayton is quite a town, and I have never seen anything like it. Coming out I met a staff sergeant on the train who lived here, so that set the ball rolling. He was just back from England and a really swell guy. Weekends we go in on Saturday and just stay till Monday morning or Sunday night. ***Actually I'll be glad to get back to Millville and some real flying and gunnery again, as unfortunately I'm losing valuable time out here. Maybe things will pick up, though. When I do get up I really enjoy it, and the gadget we're testing is plenty O.K. So you can see it's quite a life.***" After a brief stop-over in New Haven Lawt went back to Millville on September 26th. His address is 2nd Lieut. Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., 135th Base Unit (Fighter), Sec. G, Millville A.A.B., Millville, N. J. (which is the same as before except he is now in Section G).

BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARIES

- September 15 - Margaret Sargent Fisher
wife of Samuel H. Fisher
- 19 - Barbara Sargent Moorehead
wife of Ludwig K. Moorehead
Thomas Collier Babbitt (18th)
son of Peggy Fisher Babbitt
- 20 - Private John Moffat Sargent (21st)
son of Murray Sargent
Dorothy Sargent (19th)
daughter of C. Forbes Sargent
- 27 - Mary Dwight Pulford (17th)
daughter of Alfred E. and Catherine Rice Pulford

The W. Sargent Lewises have purchased the house at 188 Bishop Street, New Haven, in which they have lived for the last four years. During the six weeks Carol and the children spent in Maine, at McMahon Island and North Haven, the kitchen was modernized and a bedroom was enlarged on the second floor. Carol is teaching applied art at the Foote School. Emily and Abby are pupils at the school. Faith now boasts of eight teeth.

Major Robert L. Fisher's address is 210 E. Main St., Troy, Ohio. He transferred from Pueblo, Colo., about September 1st. Bob engineered a reunion with Aviation Cadet Theodore F. Babbitt and Second Lieutenant Lawton G. Sargent, which he referred to in a birthday telegram on September 15th to his mother in Litchfield, Conn.: "Babbitt Lawton Sargent Fisher Merger effected most successfully yesterday. Love to all." He wrote on September 19th: "To give you the history of the week-end briefly - Teddy said, in his letters, that he would come down by bus, leaving at five in the afternoon and arriving about midnight, and leaving here shortly after noon on Sunday. That seemed pretty grim, so I tried to get a plane to go after him. After having no luck at all for a long time, I finally

ended up with two planes - slightly excessive! One I arranged for here. The other Lawton Sargent arranged for at Wright Field. I had found Lawton because a message for him had been put on our bulletin board by mistake, and even although it was shown to be for 'Lt. Lawton Sergeant', I thought I detected a relative in the offing. After I ran him down, I told him about Teddy's proposed visit, so he tried to get a plane. Finally, we had to cancel Lawton's flight - and Teddy came down in a BT-13 (i.e., a Basic Training plane) that had been flown up from here. Teddy, in his blues - and with a comb as his total luggage - arrived here at quarter of seven, and he and Lucile and I then had dinner at the Officers' Club at Patterson Field - a very nice dinner at a remarkably nice club. Lawton, who is here testing P-47's, had had to fly late in the afternoon, so he could not join us until later. We spent a pleasant time sitting on the terrace overlooking a tremendous swimming pool, getting caught up on each other's recent activities. Teddy spent the night at Vandalia Field in an absent pilot's room - we had no spare bed for him, of course - and he and Lawt had a latish and large breakfast with us Sunday morning. Then, as we had found out that he would have to take a 12:02 bus, he and Lawt and I then wandered around Vandalia looking at the various interesting planes - a list of them would probably not interest you, so I'll say only that a jet-propelled plane was one of them. And then it was time for Teddy to take his bus, so we saw him off and then took Lawt with us to see 'Since You Went Away', which was very good but very weepy...."

Joseph Bradford Sargent (1822-1907) on June 6, 1870, wrote to "George J. Brush, Esq., Treasurer" (of Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College) as preserved in a longhand copy: "Dear Sir, Inclosed is check for Two Thousand Dollars in full payment of the Tuition fees for the full course of instruction, as may be established for the time being (not less than three years) of Five young men as Students in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. The young men to be selected by me, my heirs, or legal representatives. Four of the persons for whose benefit this payment is intended are my own sons, now of the ages of Five, Seven, Nine and Twelve years respectively, but the payment is not intended to include any part of the tuition fees of, or relate in any manner to, the education of my son Henry B. Sargent, now in the second year of his course in the Institution. It is understood that this payment shall cover all tuition or other fees and entitle said Students to admission to all lectures or other modes of instruction to which any Student of the said Scientific School shall, by virtue of being such student, be admitted; Subject, however, in all respects to the general regulations of the Institution; and they shall not, by reason of this payment, be entitled to use of books, apparatus, tools, chemicals &c., nor be exempt from payment for damages to, or destruction of, any of the property of the institution, except as other students who pay by the term or year are entitled or exempt; and shall be subject to same liability as students paying by the term or year to be conditioned, suspended or expelled; Provided however that in case any student admitted under this arrangement shall be expelled, or, for proper cause, withdrawn, I or my heirs shall have the right to place another proper and acceptable person in the 'School' for the remainder of the course to which the person expelled or withdrawn would have been entitled had he not been expelled or withdrawn. Admission fees to Gymnasium not included in this payment. Yours truly, J. B. Sargent." Professor Brush wrote on June 7, 1870, a "formal acceptance" (on which is a five-cent revenue stamp cancelled by "J.B.S.") and an informal acknowledgment, the latter reading as follows: "My dear Sir: Herewith I send a formal acceptance of your proposition. We feel grateful to you for the very considerate manner in which you have worded the proposal so as to guard our interests while securing the end in view. We will endeavor to do our part to discharge the obligations we have incurred. In accordance with your wishes the draft will not be presented till sometime in July. I shall call in person to thank you for your kindness, but write this line to leave in case I should not find you at your office." One copy of the correspondence was deposited in the safe of Sargent & Company in New Haven and another copy in the New York office. The draft (endorsed on the back as paid July 2, 1870) and stamped with a two-cent revenue stamp is pictured below.

\$2000.00 New Haven June 6, 1870.
 At sight, Pay to G. J. Brush Esq.
 Treasurer, Two Thousand Dollars
 and charge to account of
 Value received
 J. B. Sargent
 To
 Sargent & Co
 New Haven

