

Ye editor has been asked several times how many of the family have been in the armed forces during the present World War. Though this paper has not confined itself to the descendants of Joseph Bradford Sargent, including "in-laws" and "steps" 28 of his grandsons and great grandsons and 3 of his great granddaughters have been in the armed forces of the United States and of Canada. They rank from Private up to Colonel. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W. B. Sargent, assistant editor.

First Lieutenant James C. Sargent, son of Murray Sargent, has changed his address to O-573249, 417 Bomb. Group, 673 Squadron, A.P.O. 704, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif. He wrote from Australia on September 15th: "Just a quick line to notify you that I am about to leave Sydney at long last and to begin my trek back to the land of heat & sunshine! I am weighing above 180 lbs which as you will remember is about fifteen pounds more than I ever weighed before - in fact I am almost at the rolly-poly stage. This inability to exercise has been the cause, since I have eaten quite heartily knowing full well that in but a few days I will be unable to order & get what I ordered! . . . On September 18th he wrote V-mail: "Well, we have completed two legs of my journey to my unit in New Guinea although we are still in Australia - just! We were going to leave to-day but postponed our journey because I found some pilots from my squadron who are going directly there tomorrow. So with a little luck I shall be on the final lap then. I have had a marvelous time in Australia and am pleased to have had the operation I did although I am a little - in fact a great deal - regretful that my stay was so long. When we finally did leave Sydney, we got about 25 miles up the coast when the pilot discovered we had left something; so we banked around and returned. I began to feel that I was jinxed again. But in less than fifteen minutes we had taken off again. In this short space of time I had two of the most wonderful low altitude sights of the Sydney harbor. The day before leaving I had taken a special trip by ferry around it, and these two air views helped to impress its beauty upon me. The red, yellow, and orange roofs and the gaudy brick of most of the houses do not appear quite so offensive from the air and in fact seem to blend into the green landscape. When I got to Brisbane I contacted John Davis (his University of Virginia classmate - Ed.) . . . On September 20th he wrote V-mail: "At long last I arrived at the base where my squadron was operating. Of course it is a different one than that from which I left for Sydney last July 10th - in fact it is a long way from that one. But I find that I am about to move again - a little further forward - and I am joining another unit which you will note above. At the 63rd Squadron I found some 30-odd letters from all sorts of persons and, though I did not have time to read them all, I did discover to my delight that John had a chance to see a little of Maine. That tickled me immensely - last year it was the JCS's, this year the JMS, next year - who can tell? My move - and it is a sudden one - from my old squadron to a new one may strike you as a bit odd, as it did me until I discovered the reason which is ridiculous, so much so that you, when I am able to tell you, will have to laugh as you no doubt often do over the smallness of some people! Our plane ride to-day was slightly over 8 hours and that is a long trip. At one point we had to go up to pretty close to 14,000 feet and at that height I found myself getting a little dizzy - lack of oxygen. I have been higher than that without a mask before but this time was too much. A little oxygen revived me almost immediately and in short order we had passed the ranges & came to a more civil atmosphere. After chow I soaped myself with rain water & then washed off the soap in the sea - a refreshing conclusion to a longish day. . . . On September 22d he wrote V-mail: "To-day I had planned to move up to my new base but transportation difficulties prevented my doing so. Perhaps I shall have better luck tomorrow. This new move will put me 'right in the fight' as it were, and I must say that there is a tremendous contrast to the rather pleasant relaxed life of Sydney. Incidentally during my 'after operation' period, during which time I was unable to take any exercise, I managed to put on so much weight that many of my friends were a bit skeptical about my ever having attended the hospital - some 20 lbs as I believe I told you in an earlier letter. . . . Sitting just one degree below the equator does not give us much time to cool off. The temperature, even when the cool nightly downpours drench the land, doesn't seem to go below 85 and in the daytime - well before 11 a.m. this morning I had changed my shirt four times and I guess you know why! Remember the Yale - Virginia game! This spot is most amazing. Its base is coral - more jagged rocks I have never seen. There are few trees - most were eliminated in the drive against scrub typhus. But I shall tell you more when I can! I am living in a tent at present with Ned Wickersham, whom I have been fairly close to ever since I got into the Army. Of course tomorrow we separate, but we have done that before as you will recall. . . . On September 24th he wrote V-mail: "Yesterday I arrived in not so grand style at this squadron, and I must say that from now on what comforts I had in Sydney & en route from there are things of the past for the duration! I hopped a C47 with all my baggage except my foot locker & flew in quite rough weather with five passengers & a jeep - the first time I ever saw a jeep loaded & flown from one base to another - quite amazing. We landed, unloaded our possessions into a GI truck, picked up fifteen more men from another plane plus their luggage & started the fairly long journey from the strip to this group. When we were 100 yards from the air field it began to rain in true tropical fashion and in about five minutes I was drenched even though I had my trench coat on. Of course my baggage suffered too, for it rained for fully 30 minutes and it & I stood on the back thinking of John's difficulty or accident. I made sure I faced forward! The camp area is utilitarian and in spots even comfortable, although actually it is more or less located in a mud patch. It has rained practically continuously since I arrived and what clothing I have remains damp. But there are many gay moments, for we out here gradually take a rather philosophical approach to any situation. Even my long stay in Sydney did not affect this attitude. . . . This morning I got up at 5:30 a.m. for briefing - the usual procedure - and I must say I

am not used to that. After I finish this I am going out in the rain & wend myself to the tent where I am staying & crawl between the blankets - it is really too hot for them but no sheets. When the chill days begin to strike N.Y.C. think of me hot as Hades practically sitting on the equator. . . . "

Second Lieutenant William J. Goeller, husband of Bibby Deming Goeller, received his commission and became a navigator in the Army Air Corps on October 2d. His brief leave Bill and Bibby spent mostly in New Haven with the C. Kenneth Demings, her parents, and at Scarsdale, N.Y., with his parents. He is to report back at Monroe, La., for further orders.

First Lieutenant David C. Sargent wrote briefly by air-mail from France to his family on September 20th: "Thought the enclosed clipping might interest you. All well. Don't worry." The clipping from The Stars and Stripes pictures some men of the 6th Armored Division in an armored scout car greeting a similar group of French of the 7th Army at Autun, France. No date is given but the caption reads: "Handshake Seals Linkup Between Third and Seventh." John Sargent (Dave's father) comments: "This is the first intimation we, at home, have had of definite action or location of David's 6th Armored Division since the AP dispatch of August 20th and David's letter of August 6th (see Sargenttrivia of September 11th.-Ed.) telling of the Division's spearhead drive to Brest from July 28th to August 7th. This morning's New York Herald-Tribune (October 9th) carried an AP dispatch stating that the American 12th Corps commanded by Major General Manton S. Eddy is 'leading the new advance between Nancy and Metz' and the units participating in the push include the 35th Infantry Division..., the 18th Infantry Division..., and the 6th Armored Division led by Major General Robert W. Grow. 'Eddy is the fifty-two-year-old general who outmaneuvered Field Marshal Karl Rudolf Gerd von Rundstedt to crack the German stand on the Moselle River. Before that he had made the American 9th Division famous in the North Africa, Sicily and Cherbourg Peninsular campaigns.'...I would judge that the 6th has been a part of the 12th Corps of Patton's 3rd Army ever since landing in France and has been 'pretty busy' spearheading all the time since." Dave wrote on September 28th: "Two days ago I was living in a world of mud. And it was not just plain mud - it was an oozy, liquid mud that clung to you and colored everything with a grimy brown. Our shoes and trousers smelled with the musty odor of wet wool. And still the rains came. Today the sun is warm and bright; the sky is blue; and instead of sleeping on the earth, we find ourselves sprawled along the bare floors and hay-lofts of some sort of a farm school in a small town. Such are the contrasts of war! Last night a movie was shown to our battalion in one of the class-rooms and I think all the kids of the neighborhood were there as our unofficial guests. I know the Colonel and I had four in tow, ranging in age from about four to thirteen. What a time I had trying to paraphrase the plot of the show in French! French children will always remember the American soldiers with a feeling of real friendship. It is a familiar sight to see a G.I. resting somewhere and a little French kid sitting happily by his side. And it is an equally familiar sight to see the American soldiers giving away the last of their rationed items - such as chocolate, chewing gum and cigarettes. You would feel proud of the American soldiers in their treatment of French children - there is many an incident to warm the heart. French mothers hold their children up to shake our hands; and little girls stand with their baby brothers waving their arms and shouting 'Vive l'Americain' at the top of their lungs. And best of all, I believe they mean it. All in all I think there is being built up in here a reservoir of good will which, although we have not intentionally planned it, will stand us in good stead some years from now. Someone found a picture of Adolph Hitler which had been left in one of these buildings by the Germans. No sooner was it found than it immediately became the target of a spontaneous and unofficial knife-throwing contest. I think the boys don't care much for the physiognomy of Hitler! . . . I wish I could write you oh all that I have seen because the most interesting things I can't write you about. But again, I repeat, the day will come. P.S. Two places I can mention as having been to are Quimperle and Orleans. Get out your atlas and you should be able to locate them better than Lessay."

Private John M. Sargent, son of Murray Sargent, wrote on October 1st: "....Our outfit is 'getting hot' as the phraseology has it, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if we were helping the campaign against Germany in a couple of months. After that is cleared up, it is presumable that we will personally rebuild parts of that country and the neighboring ones. I am in class 'A' meaning that I am qualified on all my POM requirements so far. (POM=Preparation for Overseas Movement.) Thus it is easy to see that I shall be a cog in the machine...." On September 29th he wrote: ".... I sent in my application for ballot two nights ago, and I expect the ballot itself next week sometime. ... I did have hopes of returning once again to Dallas, but since we have to have 1000 boxes built and packed by Wednesday, I doubt if I shall get off even for Sunday as we average only about 100 boxes a day. Incidentally, for 36 men (approximately) 100 boxes a day are pretty good considering that they are of different sizes and shapes. It is worked on a system which is patterned after the familiar civilian production line with the exception of workers' pay - in this case \$1.27 per day about."

Second Lieutenant Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., of the Army Air Corps, wrote from Millville, N.J., on October 3d: "....It seemed good to get back here, though I found a few changes had been made. We now fly mornings all one week and afternoons all the next. This means we get a half day off every day instead of the former 24-24 system. ...To-day we have been moving to a new location - new B.O.Q's. (Bachelor Officers Quarters-Ed.), etc.; it's quite a lot nicer with only two in a room, and my roommate (a boy from Phila.!) and I are endeavoring to fix it up...."

Captain Murray Sargent, Jr., called on ye editors on October 6th during his recent leave of eight days. He brought Lucy, his wife, and his two small boys with him to New York. Murray is doing

staff work in Washington, D.C., with an office in the Pentagon Building. The family reside at 4909 29th Road South, Arlington, Va.

Major Robert L. Fisher has been transferred to New Haven with offices at 109 Church Street. He is the chief financial officer of this area. For the moment he is staying with his sister Peggy, Mrs. Theodore Babbitt, 401 Humphrey Street, but he and Lucile are looking for a small furnished apartment.

Captain Frederic H. S. Tate, great grandson of Homer Earle Sargent, has been in France since August 4th. Up to the latter part of September he had flown 30 missions and had 75 combat hours. He has been awarded the Air Medal with one cluster. At the time of his last letter Honie was living in captured German B.C.G. with such 'luxuries' as electric lights. His address is O-24828, 387th Squadron, 365th Fighter Group, A.P.O. 595, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Corporal Frederic H. Sargent, III, great grandson of Homer Earle Sargent, last month spent two weeks furlough with his parents at Orlando, Fla., and is now back at Camp Rucker, Ala. His sister, Mary, is a Freshman at Duke University, Durham, N. C.

Chaplain (First Lieutenant) William H. McCance and Molly, his wife, according to her letter of October 13th "left Indiantown Gap on the shortest of notice - in true army style - and set out for Camp Ellis, Illinois, where we were for but ten days, for Bill found he was attached there to a General Hospital unit which was being activated for overseas. He was given ten days' furlough in which to bring me back East once more, and we headed for Middlebury, Conn., visiting along our route his relatives. I am to be for a very few weeks with a good friend, Mrs. Howard Bronson, here in Middlebury. Bill settled me in with her, and returned to join his unit."

Private Pressly Forbes McCance, son of Molly Sargent McCance, is in the last weeks of basic training. He wrote: "... I am in good condition still, have gone through a Blanding (Fla.) summer, which is comparable to a Russian winter in a contrasting sort of way." He hopes to get a ten-day furlough at the end of October.

Second Lieutenant Bradford Sargent Tilney of the Engineers has slightly changed his address to Co. F, 58th E. T. Battalion, Eng. Training Section, A.S.F.T.C., Fort Lewis, Wash. Josephine, his wife, with their young son Tim, flying west to join him, wrote from Winnipeg, Canada, on October 5th, that they were leaving early the next morning for Vancouver.

ANNIVERSARIES

BIRTHDAYS

WEDDINGS

September 29 - Midshipman George Sargent Grove (20th)
son of Barbara Sargent Moorehead
October 2 - Eleanor Fenn (1st)
daughter of Converse Gray Fenn
3 - James William Hinkley, IV (11th)
son of Louise Sargent Hinkley
4 - Phebe Downs Sargent
wife of Joseph Weir Sargent
6 - Flying Officer James Sargent Wiser (23d)
son of Dorothy Sargent Wiser
15 - Phebe Norton Fisher (20th)
daughter of Atlee Downs Fisher
16 - Deborah Lewis Pettit (11th)
daughter of Millicent Lewis Pettit
17 - Frances Barnes Fenn
wife of Russell Sargent Fenn, Jr.
18 - Laura Sargent (90th)
Florence Hiemann Sargent
wife of Howard Lewis Sargent

September 29 - Louise Sargent and James
William Hinkley, 3d (16th)
October 4 - Sarah Fisher and William M.
McCawley, II (3d)
7 - Charles Forbes Sargent and
Elizabeth Day Sargent (22d)
16 - Russell Sargent Fenn, Jr.,
and Frances Barnes Fenn (8th)
17 - W. Sargent Lewis and
Carol Lewis (14th)

Joseph Bradford Sargent (Dec. 1822-July 1907), grandfather of many of us including ye editor, wrote an autobiographical sketch near the end of his life. Ye editor does not know whether it has been published. Following is a portion of it, from a typewritten copy. "Accustomed to farm work as a youth and the four sons of my father were physically powerful as both youths and men. My mother had a keen sense of good literature and such as was available was appreciated and enjoyed. Leicester Academy from which we as children all graduated was second to none in reputation in New England as a school. Graduated from Leicester Academy at the age of seventeen, having studied Latin, Greek, English, French, Mathematics, History and some Physics. My father (Joseph Denny Sargent) was a farmer, manufacturer (1814 to his death in 1849) and land surveyor. In all of these I had my task out of school and of study hours. In surveying was accustomed not only to assist in taking field notes, but in mapping from those notes, and figuring acreage. Leicester was a village then, six miles from the town of Worcester. It was, however, a post road and much coach and other travel passed through it, so that it was not a back country life. My father was intellectual and physically powerful, and his sons were trained to quick thinking and physical endurance, but the combination of Pilgrim and Puritan

in the blood did not interfere with relaxation and good fellowship with our parents. For instance, in the cold weather my mother made pies in a large batch, baked them at once in a large brick oven, and then laid them away in a cold room as a store to be drawn on as required. My father and I were sometimes rogues together in stealing and sharing now and then one of my mother's pies, but never considered it wise to steal one alone - besides we were brought up to share on treats and not be selfish. I have frequently said in after life that my mother because of her taste for good reading and straight thinking gave her children an unusual intellectual stimulus, and was also a better companion for my father, and that we as a family were more sanely sympathetic, with a keener sense of proportion and humor, than existed in many households of the time. The times were hard homespun times, but could have been much harder with a less considerate and less intelligent mistress. Both my father and my mother were inclined to question the dogmas of spiritual life as then taught; so that when some time before 1834 a new Congregational or Unitarian Society was organized in Leicester they withdrew from the less liberal society and joined the new, my father subscribing substantially towards the construction of the new meeting house. At the age of seventeen I began my business career in Boston in 1839, as office boy at \$1.00 per week for the first year, in the retail dry goods store of E. F. Newhall, then at 141 Washington St. My duties in the beginning were to unlock the door and take down the shutters, keep the place clean, and at night after the others had gone to put up the shutters and lock up. Mr. Newhall's death three years after, closed the business, at which time I was his chief assistant and the manager of the business under him. I desired to learn the business ways of a city and be a part of its activities. I felt convinced that the bigger the town the keener the training, and the better the opportunity. I felt that my ambition to succeed was above its temptations. My father did not object and so took me with him to Boston, believing that his general experience, as well as his acquaintance with Boston business men, would enable him to locate me not to my disadvantage. I felt independent and wanted to be permitted to be taken for my own worth, without parental influence, but held my peace. We went to a hotel for the night, and unobserved I scanned the newspaper for advertisements of business houses, and finding one that struck my fancy I made note of it. Before breakfast the next morning, I slipped out of the hotel, visited the advertised place, made my bargain with the proprietor, Mr. Newhall, and returned for breakfast. After the meal my father said 'Well Joseph, suppose we now go out and find you a situation.' I answered 'I have one.' After his surprise was over, having explained to him how and when it had been obtained, he went with me to learn in what sort of a situation I might find myself, and I had the pleasure of introducing my much loved father to my new employer. They seemed to understand one another at once, and my father quite endorsed my independent action. I could see that he was very much pleased at my spirit of self reliance."

Our ancestor Asa Baldwin (see chart on the last page of *Sargenttrivia* of December 15, 1943, in which his dates are incorrect) was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, August 27, 1723, the son of David Baldwin, and died in Spencer, Massachusetts, April 23, 1811. Draper's "History of Spencer" states that he was a "gentleman of respectability", often chosen to town offices, a member in 1774, 1776, 1777 and 1782 of the Committee of Correspondence (organized when meetings of the legislature, "General Court", were prohibited by the English government), an officer in the Revolutionary War and Major in the Militia. Among his town offices were those of assessor in 1754, 1756, 1762 and 1766 and selectman in 1754, 1757, 1759, 1763, 1764, 1765, 1767, 1768, 1769 and 1771. He was married on March 7, 1749/50 to Abigail, widow of Henry White and daughter of Captain James Draper of Dedham. She had several children by her first husband. They had four daughters and one son (who died young). Our ancestress was Lucy, the youngest daughter, born July 10, 1760, and married to Phineas Jones on October 19, 1786.

Below are pictured Curtis Lewis (1800-1882) and his wife Jane Gardner Collier (1807-1861) of Greensboro and Griffin, Ga. They were the parents of twelve children, two of whom died in infancy. Their second child and eldest daughter, Elizabeth Collier Lewis (1829-1874), was married January 17, 1848, to Joseph Bradford Sargent (1822-1907), and also had twelve children.

