

Fourteen sat down to a Thanksgiving dinner on November 23d at the publication office. Aunt Edith Woolsey had not sufficiently recovered from a recent illness to be at the dinner, but was permitted by Dr. Tileston to see visitors in her bedroom. Elizabeth Collier Sargent, sister of the host, was the only guest on ye editor's side of the family. The others were Bacon and Woolsey relatives of various ages, the youngest, Sheila Jackson, being aged two years. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W.B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Major Earle Wheaton Sargent of the Air Corps, son of William Parker Sargent and grandson of Homer Earle Sargent, received his promotion to Major last July. He has been stationed in Puerto Rico for the past fourteen months. He was home on leave for thirty days from the middle of September.

Apprentice Seaman Thomas H. Wiser, son of Dorothy Sargent Wiser, wrote from Camp Sampson, N. Y., on November 14th: " ... I certainly welcome the family paper here at camp. Wednesday morning of the 18th of Oct., I arrived here amid the bustle and confusion that confronts an individual only when he is in the process of changing from civilian status to that of a member of the armed forces. Every possible job seemed scheduled for completion that one day, including a Navy medical exam., G.I. distribution, barracks assignment, stenciling of all equipment, etc. But the incoming recruits present an elegant target for verbal revenge from the 'old salts'. Warnings such as: look out for the twelve-sided, three foot jet-propelled needle with a hook on the end and a forty-second blitzkrieg hair-out. Much delight is also taken in asking the newcomers whence they originated. 'Heh, bub, where ya from?' My Ottawa, Canada, drew so many blanks that I decided the No. 1 state of the Union, Conn., would suffice. Before the first hair-out a recruit is classified as 'barber bate' or 'you'll be sorry', and when it's all over merely 'skin-head'. The actual hair-removing is so awe inspiring that twelve weeks without liberty or leave is a welcome realization! However, the actual details of becoming a sailor in Uncle Sam's Naval Service are not too harrowing. After four weeks of intensive training I'm beginning to see a glimmer of light surrounding my future work in the Navy. As a result of aptitude tests I seem definitely to be headed into radio, a subject I know absolutely nothing about. The school involved after 'boot camp' is supposed to be the toughest for a rating - future possibilities, however, more than make up for lack of liberties and long hours of study. Mother is quite pleased that one of her offspring has decided to become an American, as you can well understand, but an American with a lot of Canadian blood." Tom's address is Company #109, 1st Reg., U.S.N.T.C., Camp Sampson, N. Y.

Sergeant Eleanor Sargent Holland, a member of the WACS since the summer of 1943, daughter of Rupert Sargent Holland (whose grandmother was Lucy Baldwin Sargent, wife of Elon W. Rupert) has recently been promoted from Corporal. She wrote from Port Dental Surgeon, Station Hospital, C.P.E., Charleston, S.C.: "I have really been busy on my new job. I haven't had much of a chance to do anything but take care of the Hospital Ships. Lately they have been coming into the Port of Charleston thick and fast. They are bringing with them all their reports from months past. I have to correct all of them, give them back to the ship's Dental Officer who makes the corrections that I have indicated and then I send the reports on to Atlanta and Washington. For the rest of my job - roughly I take care of all the Dental personnel at the Port, the Station Hospital Sec. A, and Sec. B. This means that I have care of their furloughs, leaves, pay vouchers for Officers, charge of quarters rosters, Officer's duty roster, days off, etc. I correct and consolidate their weekly and monthly reports, and finally I do all of Col. Weston's correspondence. This is my job. Really it is very nice."

Roswell and Hilda Sargent Ham and their son David were hosts at a Thanksgiving dinner on November 23d at South Hadley, Mass. There were eleven diners. The guests were Dorothy Sargent Wiser of Ottawa (making the Hams a week's visit), Forbes, Betty and Charlie Sargent from New Haven, and four Mt. Holyoke girls: Dorothy Sargent (daughter of Forbes), Letti Fulton (Dorothy's roommate and cousin), Ellie Pulford (daughter of Alfred and Catherine Rice Pulford) and Jackie Leacroft of New Haven.

Private John M. Sargent of the Engineers, son of Murray Sargent, has gone overseas. His address is #11092637, Co. C, 1268 Eng.(C.)Bn, A.P.O. 17567, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y. He wrote from Camp Maxey, Texas, on October 12th: "We've just about completed our boxes, of which our detail, thirty-seven men, have made about 1000, of various shapes and sizes for our equipment. This means that we are one step nearer our overseas assignment." On October 18th he wrote: "To-day I was again battalion runner, and 'my day' was characterized by the remark of one of my friends: 'For a Runner you're the slowest walker I've ever seen'." On October 20th: "I'm sleepy because of that dreadful bivouac last night—hard ground—cold night—anything but conducive to sleep! Luckily they couldn't find me when they looked for guards, and so I had more sleep than some. We marched about seven miles this morning. I have guard duty tonight." On October 30th: "We've been building a bridge. To-day we received shots—I had a tetanus 'booster'—and then K.P." On October 31st: "Yesterday's K.P. was not too difficult, but it kept me busy all day. I had a lot of extra food since I had the advantage of proximity." On November 5th: "We saw two movies—'Dragon Seed' and 'The White Cliffs of Dover'. Both very sombre. It has been a drab week-end—olive drab!" On November 6th: "As a 'demolition specialist' I had some classes to-day. They are a bit more interesting than the usual dull military existence, but I'd still take civilian life any day. To-morrow night we have that Bailey Bridge to build in the dark. The Bailey is a prefabricated steel affair which is put up in various ways, in order to accommodate light, medium or heavy traffic, whichever the case demands. The panels and some of the other parts are quite heavy. Imagine building that thing blind! This building of bridges has taken up most of our time dur-

ing the day, and every night I have returned with dust (of Texas) all over me. For the past four days I've washed my hair every night in order to remove the dirt." On November 10th: "To-morrow, through Thursday morning, I am finally going on that three day pass plus week-end, but whether I go to Houston remains to be seen. Our deadline starts Thursday the 16th, and we'll ship sometime after that." On November 19th he wrote about his trip by train back to Texas after his last brief furlough, most of which was spent going to and coming from his home in New York City: "*** Before we finally arrived in St. Louis we were 8 hours late! Apparently there had been a train wreck *** and our train had to skirt around it, going way off its course. I procured a slip from the railroad stating that it was their fault and that we had missed a connection. *** When we finally arrived back in camp we were approximately 12 hours late. Since we exceeded the destination on our passes, the 1st Sgt. (authorized by our Company Commander) gave me K.P. over the weekend at first. However, he relaxed the penalty by having me work for a while in the kitchen Friday afternoon and also in the Battalion Supply Office Saturday. Thus, I've done nothing all day to-day. *** It has been raining off and on ever since my return. *** I shared that picnic lunch with a WAC who sat in the seat next to mine on the train. Thank you again for going to the trouble. Furthermore, since we were so late, the Railroad gave everybody a free meal. It wasn't too bad." On November 21st: " *** We've been rather busy in preparation to our departure. *** We may or may not be here for Thanksgiving." On November 22d: " *** We've had a show-down inspection to-day before which I had to get rid of about 3 out of 4 of my bottles of ink and several other items. *** Everything that goes over is taken with us, and this accounts for the deluge of materials which you should be now be receiving. ***" On November 23d: " *** In spite of the fact that we had an easy day, I remember that I did write that it would be tough. Apparently the schedule was revised. At any rate I ate huge quantities of turkey for luncheon. *** My equipment is practically all consolidated enough to warrant my even going overseas! To-morrow we have our final show-down inspection. ***" On November 24th: " *** Our schedule called for another show-down inspection this morning, and in the midst of it it began raining cats and dogs, and practically everything I own (now) got soaked! ***"

First Lieutenant James C. Sargent of the Air Corps, son of Murray Sargent, wrote from somewhere in the South Pacific on November 11th: "Golly, time has passed frightfully rapidly since I was discharged from the hospital on November 4th. As I believe I told you in my last letter, the intelligence officer, whom I am helping, went on leave to a rest camp in northern Australia and left me in charge of briefing and interrogation and other intelligence details which seem to consume most of my freedom. Then too I have had laundry to do which was a real job because I had not done any since I returned on September 20th. Of course during the time I was in the hospital I wore U.S. Army pajamas, but I found on returning that during my absence many of my clothes had become quite mildewed, which meant more elbow grease. Of late it has been frightfully hot with practically no rain, which means that everything is covered with dust and, if one attempts to go on the open road, his hair, eyes, ears, clothes and body become unimaginably filthy. *** To date the pupil remains slightly more open than my right eye, so that at midday it is difficult for me to stand the glare - my eye just shuts up tight as a dam. You have no idea how wonderful those packages were - they arrived at a time when we had been placed on C rations, which is nothing more than a tasteless Australian stew and which contains many dehydrated foods which have little flavor. Add to this diet the fact that we were running out of such things as jam, sugar and even bread - shipping seemed to have been passing us by. If that helped our new invasion out, then it was all right with us. *** Most, in fact all, of the weight I put on in Sydney has disappeared, and I am down to between 150 - 155 lbs. It does not take long to lose it when the diet isn't too hot and the heat continues to be terrific. Now I must dash off to duty. ***"

Ensign Rebecca Jackson Sargent of the WAVES, wife of First Lieutenant James C. Sargent, wrote en route from Northampton, Mass., to Washington, D.C., on November 30th: " *** having been detached from the Naval Reserve Midshipman's School on Wednesday, and having been ordered to report to the Bureau of Naval Personnel tomorrow. And so another chapter is ended, with no little regret at leaving an assemblage of such good people. My life these two years has been divided neatly into just such chapters - it's interesting, and I suppose it is rather a good thing for one to be put constantly on his mettle in new surroundings. Each chapter has certainly been a happy and a satisfactory one, I must say. Miss McAfee was in Northampton for commissioning. Being but a very junior officer, I was not at the dinner for her Monday night, though I did go to the luncheon after commissioning. And then we had a very elegant dinner as only Mr. Wiggins can produce, a baked stuffed lobster and white wine dinner on Tuesday night, a party to honor the departing members of the staff. By some great good fortune I was placed beside Miss McAfee, and thus the occasion was quite one for rejoicing. She has such a good balance of sound values and direct thinking with keen wit and the light touch. And now begins the chapter of Educational Services with a course of three weeks duration before assignment to a hospital. ***" While on duty in Washington Becky can be addressed in care of her brother-in-law, Captain Murray Sargent, Jr., 4909 29th Road So., Arlington, Va.

Chaplain (First Lieutenant) William H. McCance, husband of Molly Sargent McCance, has gone overseas and is "somewhere in England". His address is Ch. (1st Lt.) William H. McCance, 0534512, 198th General Hospital, A.P.O. 17130, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Private Pressly Forbes McCance last month was home with his mother, Molly Sargent McCance, during his ten days' furlough and has since gone overseas. Forbes address is Pvt. Pressly F. McCance, 12232196, Infantry Co. D, 4th Plat., A.P.O. 15605, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Private (first class) John N. Deming of the Infantry, son of Laura Rice Deming, wrote from England on October 22d: " *** Have just returned from the concert (symphony concert at Liverpool) which was grand. Finally got another bus but arrived a bit late. *** The Philharmonic Hall itself is lovely, and I have yet to see anything like it in the states. Very modern, well lit, good acoustics. After the concert we went to the British Allied Center, which is very unique as all the troops are gathered under one roof. There is a Dutch room, a French room, etc. And everyone gets on so well. We had tea there, and they were swell to us. ***" On October 30th: " *** All during the week have been very busy teaching classes. Thursday we had a dance to which some American WACS were invited, so it seemed like old home week with a bunch of American gals around once again. *** I got a 48 hour pass and went down and saw the Bostons again. Took one of my pals with me, and we all had loads of fun. Saw a University rugger match in which Oxford won. Also met a few of the players, and they were darn nice gents. After the game which I enjoyed, came back for tea and supper later. About nine we all went to a party given by a friend of Kay's. It was quite a party and much fun. *** Sunday was more or less a day of rest, so we all took advantage of it. I finished Bob Hope's 'I Never Left Home', which is a riot. *** Friday night, to go back a bit, a couple of the Red Cross gals and three others went over to another hospital to visit one of the R.C. gals who was laid up. The males in the visiting party got quite a kick out of visiting in a nurses' ward. ***" On November 6th: "This week I got some more back mail - some sent in June - so that you can see sooner or later, mostly later, all our mail catches up to us. Have been busy all week with classes and stayed in most of the time. One evening Dave (the fellow who went to the Bostons with me), one of the Red Cross gals and myself spent a nice evening visiting some family near by. We had an elegant tea and all that goes with it. It was very enjoyable. The man of the family is the local town doctor for the medical installation there. He is very nice and his wife is a peach. This weekend all the instructors went off on a toot to Chester. ***" On November 20th: " *** I sent you a wire cancelling the shipment of the Recognition equipment. It all came about over a new ruling in which men can't stay in a hospital over 120 days for any reason. So I will once more have to put my future in the arms of lady luck. They did everything to keep us here, but it was just no soap. *** A few of us have been invited up to London for Thanksgiving Services at Westminster. It ought to be a great deal of fun and a real treat. *** Had the R.C. mail my Purple Heart home. ***"

ANNIVERSARIESBIRTHDAYSWEDDINGS

Nov. 22 - Laura Rice Deming
daughter of May Sargent Rice
Sylvia Tilney Skerrett
daughter of Rhoda Sargent Tilney
23 - Horace Pettit, Jr. (17th)
son of Millicent Lewis Pettit
25 - Jane Hyde Fenn
wife of Converse Gray Fenn
27 - Aviation Cadet Theodore Fisher Babbitt (21st)
son of Peggy Fisher Babbitt
William Rice Deming (16th)
son of Laura Rice Deming
Dec. 1 - Frances MacDonald Fenn
widow of Russell Sargent Fenn
Carol Bodmer Lewis
wife of Wilfred Sargent Lewis
Captain David Collier Sargent
son of John Sargent
3 - James William Hinkley, Jr.
husband of Louise Sargent Hinkley
Elizabeth Day Sargent, Jr. (16th)
daughter of Charles Forbes Sargent
Dorothy Sargent Tate (1st)
daughter of Captain Frederic Homer Sargent Tate

Nov. 22 - Millicent Lewis and Major Horace
Pettit (20th)
Dec. 2 - John A. and Elizabeth Yandell
Clark (5th)
3 - Major Earle W. and Eleanor Greene
Sargent (23d)

Millicent Lewis Pettit with her two youngest children, Norman and Debby, spent Thanksgiving and the week-end following in New Haven at the home of her brother, W. Sargent Lewis. On her arrival in New Haven in the evening of November 22d, her 20th wedding anniversary, she found flowers with a card from Horace, her husband, a Major in the Army Medical Corps stationed in India. On the card was a message in his own handwriting concerning the day.

Ye editor and five other executives of Sargent & Company journeyed in the rain to Hartford on November 27th to attend by invitation the official presentation in the State Capitol of the National Security Award. Representatives of nine other companies from various parts of Connecticut were also there for the same purpose. The ceremonies were held in the Hall of the Senate, a change from the original plan to hold them in the Hall of the House. Printed programs of four pages with red, white and blue bands top and bottom were distributed on arrival. The Master of Ceremonies was Uncle Sam Fisher - Colonel Samuel H. Fisher as he is generally known - who opened with appropriate remarks. He introduced Henry B. Mosle, his successor as Administrator of the Connecticut War Council, who made

an "Address of Welcome". Governor Raymond E. Baldwin was then introduced who presented the awards, the certificate reading "recognizing the maintenance of a superior standard of protection and security. Effective joint efforts to safeguard production, employees, and property, have made possible this achievement, which stands as a mark of distinction in the Nation's war effort." Ye editor as its vice president and treasurer accepted the certificate of award on behalf of Sargent & Company with a handshake from the governor but without any requirement to make an acceptance speech. The final address was delivered by Colonel Howard W. Robbins of the Army, the Regional Protection Officer, whose headquarters are in Boston.

Henry Bradford Sargent (1851-1927), ye editor's father, wrote the following letter from Louisville, Ky., on October 4, 1864, to his aunt, Sophia Sargent Boggs of Brooklyn, N.Y. His family had moved within a few months from New Britain to New Haven. The Civil War was nearing its close. Ye editor recalls that his father said that as a 13 year old boy he was to be met and escorted at certain places where he had to change trains, but his escorts for some reason missed him and so he went on alone. He spent some months in Louisville visiting his aunt and uncle, Lucy Sargent and Elon Rupert. "Dear Aunty I am sorry I have not written to you before but I have had hardly time enough to write home and get my lessons. I am a little backward in Algebra so I shall have to work hard to catch up with my class. I arrived safely here on Sunday the 11 of Sept. The train lost its connection at Cleveland, so that I did not get here as soon as I expected to. I did not stop to see Mr. Crafts J. Wright, for if I had I could not have got here as soon. Mr. Benedict was waiting on the other side of the river when I lost him, he said he told the Young Man (who saw him at the St. Nicholas Hotell) to have me come on the Jersey side of the river. The Young Man told him that I had bought my ticket and as he didnt see me come he thought that I had got the wrong ticket and could not exchange it for the right one so he went on without me. The way I found the house was, you told me on Cor. 5th and Broadway but there are four corners (suppose you know that but you know that there might have been two only) but I happened to hear Mother say one day that the house stood with its side on the street as ours does and so I had no trouble in finding it. But it's time for me to begin my lessons so I can't write any more. This is the worst letter I ever wrote, but I was in such a hurry to write to you without neglecting my lessons that I can't write a good looking letter and have as much as I want to say, but the next time I write you I will write a real nice letter. From Your Affectionate Nephew Henry."

In our December 15, 1943, issue was shown the family tree of Joseph Bradford Sargent back for four generations. The chart below continues the Sargent and Bucknam ancestral lines back an additional three generations. For much of this ye editor is indebted to Wilfred Sargent Lewis who loaned his valuable copy of the ancestry of his father and mother, a voluminous typewritten compilation made in the 1920's by Jesse Justice and illustrated with coats-of-arms.

William Sargent m. Sarah	John Sargent 1639-1716 Malden, Mass. m. March 19, 1662	Joseph Sargent 1663-1717 Malden and Charlestown, Mass. m. 1685	Joseph Sargent 1690-1760 Malden, Mass.
Hugh Hillier m. Rose	Deborah Hillier 1643-1669		
Thomas Green m. Elizabeth	John Green 1632-1707 Malden, Mass. m. Dec. 18, 1660	Mary Green 1668-1759	
Isaac Wheeler m. Frances	Sarah Wheeler 1643-1717		m. June 4, 1713
William Bucknam m. Sarah	Joses Bucknam 1641-1694 Malden, Mass. m.	Joses Bucknam 1667-1741 Malden, Mass. m. Feb. 24, 1690/1	Hannah Bucknam 1694-1782
George Knower m. Elizabeth	Elizabeth (?) Knower		
Francis Peabody m. Mary Foster	John Peabody 1642 or 3-1720 Malden, Mass. m. Nov. 23, 1665	Hannah Peabody 1668-	
Robert Andrews m. Grace	Hannah Andrews 1642-1702		