

Ye editors recently enjoyed the theatre twice in one week (after a lapse of fourteen months for ye editor). The first was as guests, with Elizabeth Collier Sargent, of Carol Lewis, who gave the party in New Haven for the first showing of "The Hasty Heart" to celebrate her husband's birthday, but business called Sargent out of town that evening. The second was in New York as guests of the Murray Sargents to celebrate ye editor's birthday. After some peregrinations around the theatre district the party landed at "One Touch of Venus" with Mary Martin as Venus. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W. B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Captain Frederic Homer Sargent Tate of the Air Corps, son of Alice Sargent Tate and great grandson of Homer Earle Sargent, since been reported by the War Department on September 20th. His plane, side the German lines. Honie appar- to reach our lines. He was born in prepared at Kent School in Connecticut and from which he was graduated in 1942 from West Point, where and tennis. He captained the late the hockey team in his final year. the bi-monthly cadet paper, was a tenant and battalion supply officer. pistol sharpshooter. "The Howitzer", of the most captivating personal- On May 31, 1942, two days after his Antonio, Texas, to Roxana Jean of her junior year to be married. A born December 3, 1943. He received ember 15, 1942. Was promoted to and to Captain August 1, 1943. He expert marksman. He reached France before his last flight he had flown He had received the Air Medal with the citations have not yet been



Captain F.H.S. Tate

first reported missing in action has partment as killed in action over a P47, was severely hit by flak in- ently lost his life in attempting Sparta, Wis., September 4, 1919. He iout where he was an outstanding uated "cum laude" in 1937. He grad- he won his letter in football, hockeyrosse team in his plebe year and He was on the staff of the "Pointer", cadet officer, being appointed lieu- Also he was an academic coach and West Point year book, called him one ities the academy has ever known. graduation, he was married in San Holland, who left Vassar at the end daughter, Dorothy Sargent Tate, was his wings as fighter pilot on Dec- First Lieutenant January 30, 1943, was pistol, rifle and machine gun August 4, 1944. Up to a short time 30 missions and had 75 combat hours. two oak leaf clusters. Copies of received by his wife.

Major Horace Pettit of the Medical Corps, husband of Millicent Lewis Pettit, wrote from India on November 22d: " *** I am sitting at the C.O.'s desk, which has become mine by virtue of attrition. Many have gone. The rest are going. I'm awaiting reassignment. It is all very sad and a great blow to us. In Lahore (where he was during his leave-Ed.) I saw Dr. Shah (the Indian doctor who visited us in Haverford six years ago). I stayed with him overnight. *** The original Shalimar Gardens are in Lahore. They are very beautiful. I shall never forget the new moon setting behind a small dome, both reflected in the still waters of the pools. Kashmir holds the other Shalimar, which is not nearly so impressive. But Kashmir is impressive. From the railroad in the valley one drives in a car for ten hours (200 miles) up the winding, narrow road above a fast running river through gorges. The Kashmir valley is 5000 ft. up. It is 40 miles in diameter and surrounded by the snow capped peaks of the Himalyas. At Srinagar there is a lake about 6 miles across. Here are the houseboats, on the lake and in the canals of Srinagar. The Shalimar and Nishat gardens lie across the lake. One goes across in a shikara, which is a small boat paddled by three men in the stern. The passenger reclines amidships on a bed-like seat. A high back, athwart the boat, divides it in two. There is a high thatch roof and the cushions are colorful. It is a very luxurious way of going about. The boat has long narrow pointed ends. The beauty of the place is breath-taking. The houseboat I had was moored in a narrow canal with high banks, under chenar trees which are like large oaks. The four servants provided delicious meals of wild goose, etc. The weather was cold, but a wood-burning stove in the saloon made a warm refuge. Three inches of hot water, poured out of a bucket into a tin tub, was a bath. This was taken quickly! I had a good rest and came back refreshed in body and soul only to find dissolution and uncertainty. We are being dispersed to the four winds. Every friendship is being broken up by separation. There will be no Thanksgiving dinner here except the menu. No one is in the mood for celebration. ***"

Mary Cunningham Sargent, wife of Murray Sargent, spends four (or more) days a week in voluntary service at Everybody's Thrift Shop, 922 Third Ave., New York City. This shop has carried on for twenty-four years for the benefit of sixteen New York charitable organizations. Mary was secretary for five years, though is not now an officer. She represents the New York Hospital Social Service Committee, of which she is chairman. Her sister Elizabeth (Buff) Rappleye similarly represents the Vanderbilt Clinic and the Columbia War Charities, of which committee she is chairman. All the merchandise (rummage) is donated to the shop, which has annual sales of \$60,000. The merchandise consists of anything from a box of penny articles to \$300 antiques, and through a system of colored tags sales are credited to the charities through which the articles are collected. The Maternity Center, for instance, has netted some \$90,000 since the store started twenty-four years ago. Though most of the articles are sold in the condition as received, Mary in the last two and a half years has trimmed (or retrimmed) over 500 women's hats. There are five paid workers on the staff and ninety volunteers.

First Lieutenant James C. Sargent of the Air Corps, son of Murray Sargent, wrote to Sargentrivia on November 14th: "It has literally been months since I last sat down to write you a letter to incorporate a few vague pictures of my exciting life in and about the New Guinea area. I must confess that this long delay has been primarily caused by my extended visit to Sydney which you probably have heard about from my Mother (Mrs. Murray Sargent ed.). But now that I am back in circulation, I shall undertake to bring you up to date on my doings. Shortly after I wrote you I was sent from Bomber Command to the 43rd Bomb Group to perform some intelligence duties in a squadron of heavy bombers (B-24s) while the I.O. of the squadron was away on leave. When there for about three weeks, I learned that a leave from Bomber Command for me had been approved and that a B-17 was leaving on Monday July 10th for Sydney. When the time came, I was set to go having packed enough clothing to see me through a fifteen day (supposedly) leave. The pilot was a good friend of mine, for I had once been appointed defense counsel for one of his aerial gunners who had gotten a little out of line when intoxicated. (I managed to get him off before a summary court with a fifteen day KP detail and a slight fine for two months). Thus I sat up in the front cockpit and played cards with the pilot while the ship was flown by the co-pilot. We flew in a direct line over the huge Owen Stanley Mountains or rather between them, for often gigantic peaks rose quite far above us it seemed even though we were flying around 8,000 feet. As we left the coast of New Guinea, having made a quick stop at Port Moresby, I again focused on the beautiful sparkling coast line which was caused by the sun reflecting off the coral. Another feature which also added to the beauty is the bright green water which extends from the shore to a point often quite far out. This is the result of light rays reflecting through the water on the coral underneath. Add to this picture the varied green colored trees which covered or seemed to cover all the surrounding lowlands and mountains and perhaps you, too, can appreciate my parting look. In short order we landed in Western Australia to gas the plane and then flew on to a little field outside Brisbane. Because of a delay at the first stop, it was quite dusky and the navigator did not know where we were. Since our radio had suddenly failed, the pilot decided to set down anywhere and we soon found out that we were about 25 miles from the city. By devious means we finally managed to cover the distance and as soon as I got there I called John Davis with whom I spent the night. He had gone to the trouble of getting my winter clothes from the establishment where I had stored them last December; so I was prepared for the winter season which was to await me in southern Australia (the seasons are just the reverse in this hemisphere). John as you will recall is in the Navy stationed in Brisbane and was in fine fettle when I saw him. The next morning it was raining cats and dogs and we were delayed in locating the plane which had attempted a flight from the outlying airport to one closer to town but had been unable to locate the field where it was to pick us up due to a heavy overcast and had landed at another one about 10 miles outside the city. We finally took off, however, and reached Mascot airdrome in Sydney around 5 p.m. on July 11, 1944. In fairly good order for the Army we were hustled to the main leave control center where we signed in and were given billets at a very delightful Red Cross officers club called 'Cheverels' where I was destined to spend most of my sleeping time. ***" In Jim's letter there follows several pages of interesting experiences in Australia, which it is hoped to publish in future issues. On the day before he was to leave for New Guinea he was hospitalized for an infected hand, subsequently undergoing an operation, which kept him in the Sydney area till September 15th. His letter concludes: "The next day when we took off in a C-47 for the New Guinea Area, I again had the pleasure of seeing the harbor from a fairly low altitude not once but three times as we were forced back to the airport after our first two take offs when we were but 25 miles from Sydney. From the air the multi colored houses do not appear to be quite such an eye sore and tend to blend into the green landscape quite harmoniously. It is from the air a most beautiful and peaceful sight to see this vast body of water surrounded by a tremendous city stretched out below. I was most grateful for those returns and the chance to see again that gorgeous view. It took us five days to return plus stop overs and delays at various little towns including Brisbane, where I again saw John Davis. I might add that in those five days, I certainly had my share and then some of steak and eggs and milk. One of the favorite dishes of the servicemen when he returns to civilization is to have a combination of the two foods that he sees the least of. Steak with two fried eggs on top. It is a most delicious way of serving them and I guess Becca will have to get used to my eating them together when I return to her. My destination was a tiny island in the Pacific and my compliments go to the navigator whose calculations put us dead on it after a 1200 mile flight. There I learned I had been transferred from the 43rd Group to the 417th Bomb Group which is an A-20 outfit. So for two days I spent most of my time trying to collect my goods and chattel which were in three outfits. (When I left New Guinea, I had not expected to remain in Sydney so long so I did not prepare my belongings for shipment. Thus the 5th Bomber Command's supply section had the tedious duty of climbing to my house on the hill and packing all my equipment in packing cases.) I finally managed to get a C-47 from the base to this one, where I was assigned as an assistant Intelligence Officer to a Captain Jerome Adams in the 673rd Bombardment Squadron. I must leave you there and my next letter will bring you the news of my doings since my arrival in this new outfit. This has been a long letter and contains a great deal of trivia which I know you will not want to use in Sargentrivia but I thought I would try to tell you all and let you do the cutting which after all is the privilege of all editors. I have enjoyed receiving this paper immensely and apologize most deeply for this long delay in catching you up specifically on my doings and whereabouts which I can tell you is now the Dutch East Indies." Jim wrote November 25th "at sea": "Last year at this time I was aboard ship heading towards Australia from San Francisco and so this year I am aboard ship at this time and once again my destination is not clear. Perhaps next year at this time I will be in a similar situation only being possessed of a knowledge that I am heading for good old San Francisco. Practically everything I am at present doing & thinking must be covered by ban of secrecy; so I shall tell you that I am happy,

well in health & spirit, & looking forward to the time when we can all celebrate the defeats of Germany & Japan together! We celebrated a most delicious Thanksgiving last Thursday while on shore (this is Saturday). To the great delight of all we had generous portions of fresh turkey - yes, it was without doubt the best meal I have had from the U.S. Army during all my overseas service. Peas, carrots, onions, apricot jam, potatoes & a piece of pumpkin pie. I must say I was proud of the Army for going to the tremendous length of supplying us with the turkey, which, as you know, has a certain profound significance to every American. *** We listen to the war news each night most attentively and, while it is slow & relatively unspectacular at present, it seems to be gradually approaching its inevitable end. *** War demands black out regulations be severe on board."

Private Roderick M. Engert, son of the U.S. Minister of Afghanistan, nephew of the Murray Sargents and of ye editors by adoption, wrote from Ceylon on November 25th: "**** I am hoping to get some leave this coming January. It would be swell to see Mum & Sheila once more before they go home to the States next spring. No doubt they have written you that they've decided on Vassar. That will be nice especially as Sheila will have nearly a year there with Buffy (Rappleye). I'm still pretty busy these days, which is nice, without being overworked. The other day I was picking up some papers when I was stung by a scorpion. I guess I'll always get it. That's the second time. The first time was in Persia in '39. They say one builds up an immunity. It certainly seems that was as this one hardly more than itched. Well, now I have not only got a shot but a booster!"

Hilda Sargent Ham wrote from South Hadley, Mass., on December 7th: "Roz. and I aren't the only ones in this family who enjoy receiving Sargenttrivia. David finds an exciting stamp with almost every envelope. He's collecting American stamps. A captain of So. Hadley telephoned us t'other day to say that he'd seen Roddy 3 days ago in Italy, that he's on the high seas coming home & will be here around Jan. 1st if not before. Pretty exciting!****"

Second Lieutenant Bradford Sargent Tilney, O-111733, of the Engineers, son of Rhoda Sargent Tilney, has moved. His address is ORB, ASFPRD, Camp Beale, Calif. (Ye editor is unable to interpret these initials.) Josephine and Timmy, his wife and son, have started back east.

Second Lieutenant Lawton G. Sargent, Jr's address is Pilot's Replacement - Sec. J, 120th AAF Base Unit (F), AAB, Richmond, Va.

Corporal Frederic H. Sargent, III, great grandson of Homer Earle Sargent, has gone overseas. His address is #14183450, Battery C, 781 Field Artillery Battalion, A.P.O. 454, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Captain David C. Sargent of the Engineers, son of John Sargent, wrote on October 29th: " *** This morning I took my usual walk with the Major. (We have made it a practice to walk two or three miles every morning before breakfast as an appetizer!) But this morning the world seemed particularly beautiful. We ambled up a country road into the hillside behind us. Below us, half-veiled by the early mist in the valley, lay a city with tall church spires rising up above the mist like symbols of hope in a befuddled world. Now I am not a particularly religious person, but I was struck by the simple beauty of these spires. Someday I shall be able to tell you the name of this city and where I stood. But until then you will have to think of it as just the city in the valley of mist. ***" On November 15th Dave wrote: "As I sit here in our CP tent I find it is now close to midnight and I might be dating this letter with equal accuracy either the 15th or the 16th of November. On the roof of the tent is the sound of rain - an all too familiar sound in recent days. In fact so much have we had that we are tempted to parody Churchill's ringing phrase of 'Blood, Sweat and Tears' with 'Mud and Wet to the Ears'. But all of this you are undoubtedly reading in the papers or hearing on the news broadcasts of the war - so to say more is just to repeat. *** Also while I am on the subject of packages I want also to acknowledge the package of foods. 'Foods' sounds like a vulgar word for the niceties that were within but I know of no other word that would encompass all of it. I must confess to flagrant disobedience of instructions not to open until Christmas because I dug right in. As a matter of fact I gave one box to the good people when I left them - I wanted to give them something nice to repay their many kindnesses. The old lady was in tears when we said good-bye and I think all around they were mighty sorry to see us go. Incidentally I am now able to tell you that Nancy was the city I looked upon when I took that early morning walk with the Major and Malzeville is the name of the town where the 'good people' live. Perhaps you will be able to locate it on a map - it is just across the river from Nancy. Mother's very nice letter in French to Marcelle Aubry arrived after I had left but I think I have contrived a means of getting it to her. By now you should have received the photographs and so be a little more up to date than you could have been before. Before I close I have one story on Archie Miller, alias 'Ah Oui' which I must tell. The day had started wrong to begin with. It had rained and his pup tent had blown down and a few things like that. Finally he got up and put on his overshoes, encountering considerable difficulty with one. In fact for most of the morning he hobbled around on the toe of his right foot because his overshoe somehow wouldn't properly go on. Simultaneously he discovered the loss of his hunting knife and stormed about our area in search of that. It was not until late morning that he finally put two and two together and found his hunting knife inside the overshoe which he hadn't been able to pull on! Such is life in the army, or as they say over here 'It's rough in the ETO.' On November 18th he wrote: "I managed to send Mother's French note to 'the good People' and they were very much pleased to receive it. My emissary couldn't speak a word of French, but he described a scene of typical French excitement and confusion. First his arrival on the street - and a dozen pair of curious eyes peering out at him through half open windows. Then he raps on the door. There is a buzz of voices within, but once he has made his mission known he enters and good French hospitality descends upon him. The old

lady rushes for a bottle of cognac, someone else leaps for the glasses and meanwhile your letter is being passed from hand to hand, read and admired, while everyone talks at once in a beautiful babble of incomprehensibles. The baby is brought down and shown the letter, and he demonstrated his satisfaction by overflowing in his diapers, and with this there is added a fresh impetus to a wave of excitement already in full swing. The only calm spirit remaining throughout all this is my friend who understands not a word of what is going on. *** (For the benefit of the censor, the location of my unit at present allows me to mention the above locality without violating any censorship regulations.) ***

ANNIVERSARIES

BIRTHDAYS

- Dec. 9 - W. Sargent Lewis
son of Emily Sargent Lewis
10 - Ziegler Sargent
son of Henry B. Sargent
12 - Florence Louise Sargent (17th)
daughter of Howard L. Sargent
14 - Norman Pettit (15th)
son of Millicent Lewis Pettit
15 - Diana Fenn (6th)
daughter of Converse G. Fenn
19 - Diana Yandell Dillon (9th)
stepdaughter of John A. Clark

WEDDINGS

- Sept. 29 - Sylvia Tilney and Lt. Col.
H. H. Skerrett, Jr. (11th)

Joseph Bradford Sargent (1822-1907), grandfather of ye editor and of many others, wrote to his wife from Detroit on March 16, 1885: "Dear Florence: I arrived here at 12 o'clock this day from Washington. I had good complete success in Washington. Called on the Mitchells and on Mr. Cleveland and promised to go and see him as soon as I return from Europe. Mr. Bayard (Secy. of State) gave me a letter addressed to all the Diplomatic and consular officers of the United States to help me in all matters into which I may inquire - in the way of industries of their respective localities, and to do all they can to make my sojourn pleasant to me, etc. - all of which must be confidential however and so I better not have written about it. Tell Lewis to hurry up my price book - the figuring of selling price and the costs. Tell him to have the costs in letters - and have it bound. I am to buy when I get home - a sea cap, sea chairs - 3 of them, Wraps - heavy shawls are best, solid colors that salt water will not harm, Large Satchel, Take with me my high hat and box, 40 Screw Eyes and Screw hooks, about No. 14 tell Lewis - 20 each kind, 50 feet of twine. Tell Lewis to have the inventory all figured on the books I gave him."

Sargent Wharf Company was incorporated by special act of the Connecticut legislature, signed by the governor July 19, 1871. The incorporators were the three brothers, Joseph B. Sargent, George H. Sargent and Edward Sargent. Each brother subscribed for 4333 shares of \$25 par value stock and Henry B. Sargent, son of "J. B.", just out of college, subscribed for 1 share to make the total 13,000 shares. The first stockholders meeting elected the three incorporators as directors, who then met and elected Joseph B. Sargent president and treasurer, Henry B. Sargent secretary and George H. Sargent auditor and voted to call for payment of 25% of the capital stock "at the convenience of the treasurer". It is said that at the first of these meetings, after "J. B." related his conception of the new organization and outlined its possible future in wharfage, he called for comments and that in response Brother Edward with a bit of Leicester drawl offered the suggestion that there might be good fishing off the end of the wharf when built. The formal incorporation was never completed, whether because it was never "convenient for the treasurer" to receive payment or because of poorer fishing prospects, the record does not disclose.

Our ancestor John Sargent (1639-1716), son of William Sargent, the immigrant, was born in Charlestown in Massachusetts Bay Colony, went to Barnstable with his father, and was admitted to inhabit there between 1662 and 1666. He returned to Malden about 1669, where he was a selectman six years. He was a private in King Philip's War under Lieutenant Gillam and Major Savage. In May 1695 the town of Malden made a division of 2300 acres of common lands. The distribution was by lot to all freeholders in the town, in proportion to their ratable estates, - an average of about 30 acres to each man. It was voted by the town - showing confidence in his integrity and fairness - "that John Sargent, sen'r, is the man to draw the lots." He was married three times. Deborah Hillier, his first wife bore him four children, the oldest, Joseph, being the ancestor of Joseph Bradford Sargent (1822-1907). His second wife died childless, but his third, Lydia Chipman, bore him eleven children, the second being Jonathan, the ancestor of Homer Earle Sargent (1822-1900). The Sargent Genealogy contains a picture of his slate gravestone in Bell Rock Cemetery (formerly the "Old Malden Burial-ground"). On the stone his name is spelt SARGANT though on his brother Samuel's stone in the same cemetery the name is spelt SARGENT. The Genealogy also states: "Like his transatlantic great-grandfather, he heeded the Scripture injunction; and all his fifteen children are named in his will of May 20, 1708. It is a circumstance worthy of incidental mention, perhaps, that the first and third wives of John Sargent (who was born in Massachusetts Bay Colony) were born in Plymouth Colony; so that the mingled blood of the Pilgrim and the Puritan of these two noted colonies (which afterwards became the Commonwealth of Massachusetts) flows in the veins of all his descendants."