

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

Major Murray Sargent, Jr., of the Army Air Forces, who accompanied General Arnold on an official trip by plane to South America, wrote to the editors from "Over the Caribbean" on January 12th: "We are now in the air about 300 miles from Panama, our next stop, where we remain a couple of days. We are in a C-54, and are having excellent flying weather. The sea is a pastel shade of blue, with snow white clouds scattered a couple of thousand feet below us. Among those on the plane are Gen. Arnold, Maj. Gen. Walsh and Colombian Ambassador (to the U.S.) Santamaria—a very interesting group of people. In Miami we stayed at the Miami-Biltmore (which is in Coral Gables and which is an Air Forces hospital). Between official duties we managed to see some Jai-Alai (where I lost some money in spite of conservative betting). Among those on that party were Lt. Gen. Richard Sutherland, Yale 1916, who is Chief of Staff to Gen. MacArthur, and Major T.C. Sheffield, Yale 1932, formerly of New London, Conn. I might say that the Jai-Alai has improved considerably since Lucy and I left Miami in June 1944. The manager, Mr. Eerenson, explained that this was because he can now hire Basque Spanish, who are the world's finest Jai-Alai players. While there I was amazed at the steady stream of autograph seekers and others who spoke to Gen. Arnold, most of them with no valid reason. But he is very good-natured and friendly about it. The next day we got in a bit of swimming at the home of Paul Riddle, who is head of the Embury-Riddle School of Aviation in Maine. He has two Boxer puppies who gave me a thorough work out. We had dinner there, and after it Tom Sheffield played and sang, among other things, 'To the tables down at Mory's' and 'Antoinette Berby'. Then the Colombian Ambassador, who is a delightful fellow, played and sang some Colombian and some French songs. On Friday, the 11th, which was the following day, we fished for sail-fish in the Gulf Stream. We only had one strike from a sail-fish (on Gen. Arnold's line), but we did not get him. We caught several bonita (not an eating fish) and one kingfish, which was delicious for breakfast this morning. I was sorry not to have caught any sails, particularly as Capt. Eddie Riokenbacker, whom I met that morning, had told me the weather was fine for fishing, & that he had been having wonderful fishing down in Key West. We have had an uneventful trip this morning, but that will change in Panama. I am looking forward to seeing the Canal, but it may be our luck to come in during a shower, as I understand it has been raining intermittently down there to-day. I am still crossing my fingers on this trip, because so many times before I have had plans, but always something has stopped me at the last minute. I am probably being over-cautious, since we have actually started, however. I will be back in Washington in early February." Because of the illness of General Arnold the trip was curtailed and the party returned to Washington. The editors have not yet been apprised of the details.

Second Lieutenant Cornelius Kimball Ham of the Marines, stepson of Hilda Sargent Ham, wrote from Tientsin, China, on January 12th: "After thirty-two days at sea the 'Wakefield' finally arrived in Taku Harbor, some thirty miles south of Tientsin, and from there many of us were distributed up to this division. On the twenty-third we pulled into Pearl Harbor and were granted liberty for one night. All most of us accomplished was to have a good meal and also buy a few items that were quite easy to procure. There I picked up a fine camera and a large quantity of film. We left on the twenty-fourth and passed a quiet Christmas the following day at sea. Until we reached Tsingtao in China the trip proved as uneventful as previously, and I passed the days reading or listening to the radio. A better than average meal marked the passing of the old year, and again back to the routine of a long trip by boat. Then there came a gradual change in the color of the water, and China proved close at hand. The Yellow Sea is just that — a muddy mess unfit even for drinking after going through the purification system aboard the ship. Tsingtao and the base from which the 6th Div. operates finally appeared, and there we unloaded some of the troops for duty. The 'Wakefield' then proceeded around the Shangtun Pen to Taku Harbor, which signaled the end of the long journey for those that remained. We slept in warehouses that night that used to be part of a Jap compound, and were again up at dawn to take small groups of men to Tientsin. I was placed in charge of 550 troops and five officers to proceed to our final destination, turn over the troops, and then to report to corps headquarters. With a good deal of confusion we did just that. From Corps right on down I met various officers that would be the commanding officer of the next lower that would apply to final assignment. I secured early that night, for I thought that I had done enough work for the time being. The next morning I was awakened by a Chinese boy who proved to be my new number one boy. As a servant he proves quite capable, having all my clothes arranged, hot water on hand for shaving, and, something that I really appreciate, a glass of hot tea. He keeps the room close to spotless, attends to the laundry, and is useful in most any small task that needs to be done. Chung is his name, formerly of the British Far East Army (rated as a sgt) and of the Communist Grand Army in which he served as a captain. Somehow he has lived through forty-five years and six battle wounds — he is totally trustworthy I have it from the boys. The living conditions around here are not all that they could be, but somehow those that preceded me have managed well enough. We have no heating other than kerosene stoves in each room, and that must suffice in the warming of water for washing. The head, or bathroom, is of the field type — rather awkward on cold mornings. However we have means of keeping clean, almost more so than back in the States. Around the corner from our compound lies a public bathhouse where for a mere \$4,000 one can be bathed, rubbed down, massaged, have a pedicure and toe rub, and walk out with a haircut and shave! While all this goes on, the individual lies smoking on a couch affair casually amazed at all that goes on about him. The above sum amounts to 50¢ in American currency! At the present I have roughly \$200,000 on my person! Should you desire to wander about



the town, one hails a pedicab, which is a glorified version of a rickshaw provided with a three wheeled bicycle arrangement. \$4.00 will keep the boy pumping for two hours. Everything is dirt cheap over here, and with our pay one is meant to live a life of comparative leisure. You should always accept a gift from the populace, otherwise refusal implies an insult. Upon entering a shop the tea kettle is brought out and everyone sits drinking the powerful brew in smiling silence. Conversation is quite difficult, but a smile is universally adopted as a substitute - there I have a distinct advantage over some others, for God provided much to smile with! As long as the tea is poured, you are more than welcome to remain, but it is time to vacate the premises once the tea ceases. Apparently the Chinese pride themselves in possessing an American friend, and you just can't get angry with these people. The 1st Marines now occupy the old British compound, which has been taken over by the Jap garrison during the war. The place amounts to nothing more than warehouses facing inboard to a hollow square. Our quarters are just on the outside of this arrangement and constitute European designed apartment dwellings. Two of us live in a single room furnished with odds and ends picked up by our #1 boys. As yet I haven't made too extensive a trip around to see what can be bought, but from the word already received anything pre-war can be purchased for prices way below stateside prices. You might be interested to know that in all these foreign concessions one is able to buy the best of English tweeds, German cameras and instruments, and many other present unattainables. For six dollars there were many small items in silverware such as six matched wine glasses to be had. The craftsmanship on articles such as these is beyond imagination. I've been here two days now, and that is the news as I have it. Garrison duty seems to be the order of the day around here, which means that much of the time will be ours. \*\*\* Kim's address is Lt. C. Kimball Ham, U.S.M.C.R., "1" Co., 3rd Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Marine Division, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

Caleb Loring, Jr., and Romey, his wife, were very welcome visitors at the publication office for the night of February 10th. They were returning from a motor trip which was a sort of delayed wedding journey. They went as far as Florida, spent three days in Atlanta with Lollie Hammond, his great aunt, on February 11th attended in Griffin, Ga., (he as an usher) the wedding of Seaton Bailey, his uncle, and stayed three days in Washington, D.C., with the Keith Merrills, Romey's parents. To meet them at dinner were Elizabeth Sargent, Bill Sargent, Nancy and Arthur Turner and Teddy Babbitt. The Loring's were married February 12, 1943, at Pride's Crossing, Mass. Since his release from the Navy as a lieutenant (j.g.) Caleb has been playing a little hockey with the Boston A.A. and has been assisting in the coaching of the Harvard hockey team (his alma mater), prior to beginning his studies in the Harvard Law School late in February. They are living in an apartment with their two children, Caleb III, aged two, and David, seven months old, at 39 Kirkland St., Cambridge, Mass.

First Lieutenant Bradford Sargent Tilney of the Engineers, son of Rhoda Sargent Tilney, wrote from Margherita, India, on February 10th: "\*\*\* I am the company commander of the largest and most complicated company in this regiment. I have 8 officers and 250 EM, presently living in 2 areas. I have 2 first sergeants, 2 mess halls, 2 sick books and 2 motor pools servicing over 50 vehicles. Several hundred thousand dollars worth of property is under my name. We have about a company of Indian Pioneer Troops working for us. My duties keep me busy 7 days a week. In addition I have 25 men from the regiment working on the publication of a regimental history. I was drafted for this job to organize and correct the mistakes of the preceding 3 regimental historians who had gone home on points. When I got down to work on this job, which had to be rushed through, I found that I had to completely rewrite the manuscript, and this was done on my spare time. On paper this really does look pretty fine, but let's analyze the situation. Except for the 2 depot detachments, my personnel are doing little more than police (clean-up) work--fixing latrines, patching foot bridges and dressing up this area. The depots are operated by depot officers and are not under my jurisdiction. So to keep the men busy and occupied the theater commander has instituted a so-called training program, designed to kill 2 days a week, and has instituted a system of inspection which is more rigid than what you would find in the States--and that is what really occupies my time. Naturally we get little cooperation from the troops, all of whom are coming within range of going home, and who are pretty shrewd at seeing through the smoke screen. \*\*\*"

William F. Sargent, son of Joseph Denny Sargent, is studying geography at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., under the so-called G.I. Bill of Rights. His permanent address is 178 Bishop St., New Haven 11, Conn.

Roswell G. Ham, Jr., stepson of Hilda Sargent Ham, is now attending the Yale Department of Drama. Roddy and Betty, his wife, with her 3-year old son, are living at 58 Lake Place, New Haven (telephone 8-7370). Mailing address: 2184 Yale Station, New Haven.

Lawton G. Sargent, son of Edward R. Sargent, in his early youth lived at 40 Wall Street, New Haven, between Church and Orange Streets. Miss Marian P. Whitney, who lived around the corner on Church Street, used to pass the Sargent house on her way to the Hillhouse High School at the corner of Wall and Orange Streets where she was a teacher. She related that one morning Lawton, always a friendly person, was out in front of the house as she was passing. She stopped a moment to talk with him. The little fellow invited her to go around to the back of the house to see something. She said she was sorry but had "to go to school". Lawton looked up at her in surprise and said, "Why can't you read?"



Corporal John M. Sargent of the Engineers, son of Murray Sargent, recently returned from Manila, received his discharge from the Army on February 24th. He plans to resume his studies at Yale when the university can take him in. In the meantime his address is that of his parents, c/o The New York Hospital, 525 East 68th St., New York 21, N.Y.

David Robert (Bob) Cumming, Jr., son of Laura Lewis Bailey Cumming, who has been a student at Princeton University since last fall, reached his 18th birthday on November 8th. He has been drafted and, after his February college examinations, will enter the army.

Seaton Grantland Bailey, son of Mary Emma (Tiny) Hammond Bailey, was married at 5 P.M. on February 11th in Griffin, Ga., to Miss Lueta Whitaker Eubanks, daughter of the Reverend and Mrs. Era Pinkney Eubanks. The wedding took place in the First Methodist Church, the bride's father and the Rev. I.W. Blackwelder officiating. The bride was given in marriage by her brother, Era P. Eubanks, Jr. Mrs. Fred L. Carlson, her sister, was matron of honor. The bridesmaids were Laura Cumming (niece of the bridegroom), Tennie Miller and Angelyn Haisten. Major Nathaniel H. Bailey, recently separated from the army, served as his brother's best man. The ushers were Caleb Loring, Jr. (the groom's nephew), Lieutenant Grantland S. Barnes, Lowell Cumming and W.L. Joiner, Jr. Seaton was separated from the navy last fall, is back in the real estate business and is a vice president of the State Bank of Griffin. Lueta graduated from LaGrange College and has been serving as director of Christian education at the First Methodist Church in Griffin. They have bought a house in which they expect to live in Griffin.

First Lieutenant William P. Sargent, Jr., of the Army Air Forces, grandson of Homer Earle Sargent, who had been Property Officer at the Army G.F.E. (Government Furnished Equipment) Depot at San Pedro, Calif., and had been living with his mother in Hollywood, was granted on January 12th terminal leave which expires May 6th. He motored across the country and has returned to the Commerce and Industry Association of New York as manager of their Industrial Research Division. Bill and his mother are living at 17 West 10th St., New York 11, N.Y.

#### ANNIVERSARIES

##### BIRTHDAYS

- February 26 - Captain James C. Sargent  
son of Murray Sargent  
27 - Roberta Louise Fisher (18th)  
28 - Margaret Motte Sargent (80th)  
widow of George Lewis Sargent  
March 2 - Emily Sargent Pettit (20th)  
daughter of Millicent Lewis Pettit  
4 - Margaret Lyon Holland  
wife of Rupert Sargent Holland  
Stevia Warren Sargent (13th)  
daughter of J. Weir Sargent  
7 - William J. Goeller (24th)  
husband of Bibby Deming Goeller  
8 - Millicent Lewis Pettit  
daughter of Emily Sargent Lewis  
10 - Margaret Fisher Babbitt  
daughter of Margaret Sargent Fisher  
11 - Roswell G. Ham  
husband of Hilda Sargent Ham  
Roswell G. Ham, Jr.  
14 - 1st Lieut. Lawton G. Sargent, Jr. (23d)  
17 - John N. (Pat) Deming  
son of Laura Rice Deming  
Mark Wainwright Hinkley (1st)  
son of Louise Sargent Hinkley  
18 - Pfc. Pressly Forbes McCance (20th)  
son of Molly Sargent McCance  
22 - Charles Forbes Sargent, Jr. (14th)

##### WEDDINGS

- February 12 - Lieut. Caleb, Jr., and Rosemary  
Merrill Loring (3d)  
March 8 - Ensign Converse G. and Jane Hyde  
Penn (8th)  
Richard C., Jr., and Barbara Hale  
Sargent (5th)  
19 - John and Anne Hoyt Sargent (36th)  
20 - Catherine Rice and Alfred E.  
Pulford (15th)

Joseph Bradford Sargent (1822-1907), grandfather of ye editor's generation, wrote the following letter from New Haven to his wife vacationing at Norfolk, Conn., on August 12, 1880: "Dear Florence: I send by this mail a package containing powders to be taken internally (on your tongue as usual), and some of the washing powders all same as before. I returned from Worcester last night, after an absence of 26 hours & 15 minutes. That is I left here on the 6-10 train Tuesday got to Worcester at 9-35, left Worcester Wednesday at 5-10 P.M. and arrived here at 8-25. Found Mr. Fowler there. His object is to try to get me to remove our Washington business to near Bellowsfalls up the Conn. River, close to two railroads - I promised him that I would try to go and look at the proposed new location. It is represented to be a level country for a few miles around except in one direction



from where comes a rapidly running river down the hills, giving large water power - where there is a site for a dam, but no buildings - by a dam site. I told him I expected you home in about a week, and when you got home so I could leave I would try to take a couple of days and go there- It is a nice little village with a post office & Hotel. Also a church without a rum shop. Not a r-s in the place - which is singular in Christian Civilization. The 'Island House' is a nice Hotel at Bellows falls, and a nice drive of 3 1/2 miles to the proposed dam site. I am booked for New York tomorrow morning, on 8-05 train, to return same day. Shall take that thing I got for you & exchange it for one size larger, but hardly think it worth while to send it to you. I shall not go after you. I am obliged to be away so much lately on business, that I do not feel like being away unnecessarily while we are so busy in manufacturing and I have so much to see to in building, wharfing, putting new steam boilers in three different places and N. York business to attend to somewhat. Tell Johnny I have received his explanatory letter. Tell him that he spelled meant m-e-n-t omitted 'a', were w-e-r omitted 'e', lighted l-i-t-e-d omitted 'gh'. He must study his spelling book more industriously when he returns home than he did before he left. We are all well - Remember me to Charlotte & the children. Affectionately, J.P. Sargent Your washing has been returned to you - Tuesday I believe - "

Below is a reproduction (slightly reduced) of a Sargent group picture taken at the John Sargents' home in Greenwich, Conn., May 24, 1924. All of the 44 persons are descendants (or married into the families) of the brothers Joseph Bradford Sargent (1822-1907) and George Henry Sargent (1828-1917). In the following listing where the first name only is mentioned Sargent should be understood. An asterisk (\*) before a name denotes decease. Left to right (in all cases), sitting (or squatting) on the rug: Dicky, Murray, Jr., Jimmy, David, Pat Deming, Henry, Fred, Ruth, Betty and Jean (now Buck). Seated: \* Cousin Milly Lewis, \* Aunt Harriet (ye editor's mother), \* Grandma (widow of Joseph Bradford Sargent), Hilda Gerard (now Ham), \* Aunt Ellen Fenn, Aunt Margaret. Standing (on the ground): \* Uncle Bruce Fenn, Laura Deming, Mary, Kenneth Deming, Leicester Lewis, Millicent Lewis (now Pettit), \* Cousin Wilfred Lewis, Nancy (our hostess), Dick, \* Aunt Louise, Jerry Gerard, Tom, Phebe, Murray, Peggy Babbitt, \* Russell Fenn, Barbara Grove (now Moorehead), Aunt Helen, \* Uncle Ned, Jane, \* Uncle Lewis, \* Uncle Henry (ye editor's father). Standing (on the wall): \* Uncle Joe, Lawton, Forbes, Ziegler (ye editor), Weir, John (our host). It is interesting to note that among the small boys are three future captains and one major.

