

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

Colonel Theodore Babbitt, husband of Peggy Fisher Babbitt, who has been stationed in Turkey, has had a reunion with his son, Pfc. Thomas C. Babbitt of the Infantry. U.S. Army regulations since the end of the war permit leave to visit close relatives. Tommy, who is stationed in Bavaria flew from Munich to the following cities: Paris, Brussels, Prague, Athens, Cairo and Ankara and then by train to Istanbul, where he had fifteen days with his father, leaving on March 13th to return to Bavaria. Ted met Tommy in Cairo from which place he wrote on February 21st: "... He came in yesterday, and I met him on the terrace of Sheppard's Hotel. ... (Sheppard's is very British and closed to what they call 'other ranks' and enlisted men) and found we had front row seats for one of the most impressive funeral processions this country has ever seen, outside royalty. It was that of one Hassane in Pasha, formerly the King's tutor, who had been killed the day before in an automobile smash with a British truck, and they certainly turned out the guard in no small way. The whole thing came right by where we were sitting, and it was very fine, with the Royal Guard in the fanciest dress uniforms you ever saw. Tommy was enchanted and so was I. Then we walked back to the apartment and that took his eyes out too, as well it might. He stayed there last night, ... and had his first hot bath and sleep in a real bed for some time. This morning we came over here to the M.A. office to pick up some papers of mine, and found that rioting was beginning to break out again, and that we couldn't go to the Citadel or Museum, but that all seemed clear out toward the pyramids. So—we set off in a car. As we passed the Cairo end of the bridge across the Nile, we looked back and saw two British trucks burning in the street near the Kaar el Nil barracks where the main British garrison is quartered, but went on our way. We had lunch at the Mena House, and cocktails before in the warm sun of the garden, and then 'did' the pyramids. When the car came back to us the driver said that the mobs were really out for blood, had tried to set fire to the barracks and the soldiers had fired on them, so we had to come back by another route, which we did with no trouble at all. We are now pretty well blockaded here, though, as in order to get to the apartment we would have to cross the danger zone. We have also been told officially that no American personnel is allowed on the streets until further notice. Which brings up another interesting point. We don't know whether the plane for Turkey will take off to-morrow or to-night—and if it does will we be allowed to get out to the Field. ... The rioting is all directed at the British, of course, and there is no evidence of hostile feeling toward Americans, but the average Egyptian mob member doesn't distinguish very well between the uniforms of the two nations. Word has just come that a couple of churches have been ransacked and a crowd is milling around the very building where I am staying, although no one seems to know why. I think we stick around here awhile yet. ... there seems to be a chance to get out of here and back to the flat, with the help of a couple of Egyptian friends." Ted has moved from Ankara to Istanbul and no longer has an A.P.O. number. His address is Care American Consulate, Istanbul, Turkey. Tommy's address is slightly changed to #11140578, Hq. Co., C.C.B., A.P.O. 254, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

First Lieutenant Lawton G. Sargent wrote from Mullhausen, France, on February 15th: "We left Kitzengen (Germany) yesterday and this is our first stop over en route to Switzerland, as Mullhausen is the processing center. Lieut. Stipes is with me, as well as three others from the base, and we managed to wangle an army car for the trip up. We left about nine a.m., loaded down with baggage, and a trailer full of extra gas; had lunch in Frankfurt and spent the night in Karlsruhe, pushing on to Strassbourg for lunch to-day and then to this place. These army cars! Everytime I take a trip in one we have a series of breakdowns; however, as one of the men with us is a transportation officer he anticipated trouble and brought along jack and some extra parts. These tours are really planned out very well as they only cost about \$35.00 and one is allowed to take a maximum of \$53.00 for personal use. You usually spend one night in Mullhausen for processing, i.e. to choose your tour, check your clothes, change money, etc. and we got in just at the right moment as we'll be first in line to take our pick of 12 tours. We are choosing #3, which will give us three days at a winter resort, two days at Geneva and a night here and there along the way." From France on February 23d: "Well here I am back in France after spending seven glorious days on leave in Switzerland! We left here last Saturday, and after a slow train ride got to Basle, where we went through customs and did a little sightseeing before pushing on to Thoune where we spent our first night. There was a nice group of 34 on our tour, including a Red Cross girl, two WAC's, a few colored troops, several officers, and our guide, who was very nice, and was named Gene Keeler. The minute you enter Switzerland you note a difference—the cities are clean; the stores have an abundance of everything; there seems to be plenty of food, though they observe three meatless days a week, and the people are well-dressed and cordial and go out of the way to be nice to you. The railroads are fast, clean, electric and quite noiseless and when a train is scheduled to leave or arrive at a certain time it really does. They have very nice club cars on the trains also. We left Thoune at nine on Sunday morning and proceeded to Frutigen where we got a bus to Adelboden, our winter sports place, climbing up for about an hour until we reached this little resort town nestled in the mountains. There was deep, fresh snow everywhere, and it was beautiful! After being assigned to hotels we went to the sports office where for 9 francs we were given a coupon book, allowing us to check out skis, ski-boots, sleds, skates, etc. Sunday afternoon we all turned out for our first ski lesson, and it was great fun. The instructors took us to a little slope and explained the fundamentals, while people passing stopped to laugh at the silly antics of amateurs. Sunday evening we went out to see the town and I had a most interesting time as I met an attractive girl, named Suzy Tenschler, who was spending nine weeks at the resort with her mother. (The latter didn't speak a word of English but was quite sold on the idea that where — Suzy went — mother went!) Monday morning we

had another ski lesson, this time a bit more advanced and on a steeper hill, though we still fell to the right and left. Monday P.M. six of us put three sleds behind a horse and took off thru the snow to a place where a cable-car transported us up the side of a mountain to a big chateau and we had hot cocoa and rolls. For awhile a fog cloud enveloped everything and we were lost in a sea of mist, but it finally cleared and we started down to the place we'd left our sleds and thence back to the hotel amid the jingle of bells. Tuesday we arose early and took a bus to a ski tow that pulled us up a mountain and the ski instructor let us go down on skis, and Tuesday afternoon we had planned to go skating but the ice was too slushy so I ended up by taking a long walk and getting some snapshots of the scenery. Tuesday evening I decided not to go on to Geneva with the group, so made arrangements to stay on at the hotel until Friday noon, and on Wednesday I went by bus back to the small ski tow where I tried it alone and got along fine. It began to turn very cold and I could see snow coming but decided not to return by bus and skied all the way back, about seven miles! On Thursday I finally got up courage to go up on the big ski lift at the edge of town and it was really thrilling. Followed others down and by taking it easy managed to reach the bottom with a minimum of falls and no serious mishaps. On Friday morning I got in my last lioks and left at noon to join the tour at Olten, a little town where we spent our last night. If it hadn't been for Army regulations, and the fact that my visa expired on Saturday, I am sure I'd still be at Adelboden as I hated to leave the skiing, Suzy and Switzerland! Next winter I shall certainly head for the hills at home." From Kitzengen, Germany, on March 8th: "Not much has been happening here of late as the field is really closing up and my adjutant's job doesn't keep me too busy. Still don't know just when I'll be home, but provided no more foreign complications arise or international disputes spring up I should make it in May or June. See that Churchill made quite a stirring speech in the U.S. yesterday. Between strikes and the confused attitude of the U.S. regarding foreign policies (especially to do with Russia and the French - Spanish situation) things at home seem to be somewhat snafued." Lawt's new address is O-827520, Detachment A, Hq & Hq Squadron 12, TAC, A.P.O. 227, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

First Lieutenant Bradford Sargent Tilney of the Engineers, son of Rhoda Sargent Tilney, who has been on duty in Assam and other parts of northeastern India, and who has had an application for release for some months, cabled or radioed from Ledo on March 13th to Josephine, his wife: "Application approved Home Joldi (quickly). ***" In an airmail letter received since the cable by Josephine, his wife, he wrote that he expects to be home the latter part of April.

Major Murray Sargent, Jr., whose description written, on January 12th, of the beginning of the official trip by plane to South America with General Arnold appeared in Sargenttrivia of February 27th, wrote a second instalment from his home in Arlington, Va., on March 3d: " *** After finishing the last letter our trip was uneventful until we approached Panama. A short distance off shore we picked up an escort consisting of quite a number of P-38s, which flew with us to Albrook Field, on the Pacific side of the Isthmus. We saw practically none of the Canal from the air, and were unimpressed by the rather flat appearance of the Canal itself. As we landed we caught sight of the troops lined up, and we climbed off the plane with a band playing. There we met a dozen or more generals, and Gen. Arnold, Tom Sheffield and I went thru the frantic saluting, coming to attention, etc., of a troop review, which the army seems to feel essential to the proper welcoming of a 'V.I.P.' I might say I did not enjoy it any more from the reviewing end than I had previously when I had been among those being reviewed. Panama was mostly official, but I did manage to see some friends one evening. Mixed in with receptions, etc., we had a motor trip over the highway which crosses the Isthmus. The road is new and fairly good, except that it has periodic wash-outs. At the Carribean end we had a cocktail party and luncheon given for Gen. Arnold at France Field, which he founded a number of years ago. On Monday (January 14th) we took off in a C-47 (a twin-engine ship like many of the air-line planes) for Bogota (Colombia). It seemed very small after the C-54, and did not ride nearly as smoothly. We had to climb pretty high, as the chain of mountains at that point reaches 12,000 feet. Bogota is about 8600 feet, & the air-port is not safe for a ship as large as a C-54. The mountains are very rugged, with sudden drops of several thousand feet, giving a rather peculiar effect as you fly over them and look down. The country beneath is wild and full of savage Indians whose arrows shot from a six-foot bow (which is shot with one end on the ground) will pass right thru a man's body. The Indians are entirely uncivilized, and some of them have never been seen by white men. Bogota had more troops to review, with a lot of standing at attention for the 'Star Spangled Banner' and the Colombian national anthem. We left the airport with a motorcycle police escort with sirens wide open. I was lucky in that I stayed with an assistant military attache, and was thus not called on for some of the official business. Gen. and Mrs. Arnold stayed with Ambassador John A. Wiley, who is an old friend of Uncle Van (Engert). Bogota is rather cool and you have to watch out for the altitude, particularly if you are having cocktails. I had two just after arriving, and it was a lucky thing we had luncheon a very short time thereafter. (Altho I did find that my Spanish sounded a lot better to me after a couple of drinks.) We had a raft of official functions including receptions, cocktail parties, luncheons, dinners and calls, meeting the President, air force and army officials and various others. Mrs. Arnold was made an honorary member of one of the Colombian aviation organizations; she in turn made two of the wives of Colombian Air Force officers honorary members of the U.S. women's flying organization (exact name eludes me) of which she is the head. I interpreted, and this was the only time during the whole trip I had to act formally as an interpreter; altho naturally I used Spanish a great deal for directing taxis, buying things, at social gatherings, etc., as no one else in the party spoke any Spanish at all. Our time in Bogota was short and full of official functions, so I saw little of what is to be seen there. I did manage to see the gold and gem-studded relics of the ancient Indian civilization, which are on display in the directors room of the Banco de la Republica. The relics include all sorts of things, from gold fish-hooks to an uncut emerald as big as a hen's egg (which I was told was worth

\$2,500,000.) Bogota is a city of the past, closely built, with narrow streets, and buildings opening directly into them. There is great contrast in the people, from ragged Indians to the wealthy Spanish-descended element which lives on a scale rarely seen even in this country. Traffic runs the way it used to in Paris—most streets are one way, and by law you must blow your horn at every corner. Horns are muted, but it is still noisy. The traffic police are among the few people I have ever seen who can sleep standing up—nothing seems to concern them. The altitude was tiring, particularly as we were not used to it, and I think this as much as anything else led to Gen. Arnold's later illness. He has, of course, been thru a tremendously trying five years. He is one of those men who never stints himself in his interest in people and things around him. We took off—a very rough take-off, which barely cleared a fence by the way,—on Wednesday, leaving the Colombian Ambassador and Gen. Walsh in Bogota. I'll tell you about Peru in my next letter. This gets rather lengthy, even tho there is much I have not mentioned."

ANNIVERSARIESBIRTHDAYSWEDDINGS

- March 27 - William Hodge McCance
 husband of Molly Sargent McCance
 Joseph Denny Sargent Hinkley (7th)
 son of Louise Sargent Hinkley
 31 - Homer Earle (Brud) Sargent
 son of Homer Earle Sargent
 April 2 - John Appleton Clark
 stepson of John Sargent
 Ensign Converse Gray Fenn
 son of Russell Sargent Fenn
 Thomas Cotten Chittenden Sargent (3d)
 son of Major Murray Sargent, Jr.
 3 - Ann Lewis Goeller (1st)
 daughter of Bibby Deming Goeller
 5 - Charles Kenneth Deming
 husband of Laura Rice Deming
 Richard Collier Sargent, Jr.
 6 - Hilda Sargent Ham
 daughter of George Lewis Sargent
 9 - Nancy Grove Turner (23d)
 daughter of Barbara Sargent Moorehead
 Anne Boullemet Howard (2d)
 daughter of Phebe Sargent Howard
 17 - Arthur Nicholson Turner (25th)
 husband of Nancy Grove Turner
 David Sargent Ham (9th)
 son of Hilda Sargent Ham
 19 - Suzanne Louise Hinkley (9th)
 daughter of Louise Sargent Hinkley
 21 - Carol Sargent (2d)
 daughter of Richard Collier Sargent, Jr.

- April 4 - Hilda Sargent and Roswell
 G. Ham (10th)
 18 - Margaret Sargent and Samuel
 Herbert Fisher (51st)
 24 - Joseph Weir, Jr., and Patricia
 Conrad Sargent (1st)

David C. Sargent, recently Captain in the Army Engineers, son of John Sargent, has returned to the Travelers Insurance Company, where he is in the group department. He and Jeanie, his wife, are living at 40 Woodland Park, Hartford, Conn.

Ludwig K. Moorehead, husband of Barbara Sargent Moorehead, on March 8th was elected to the board of directors of Sargent & Company, succeeding Lieutenant Colonel Robert L. Fisher. He and Barbara live in New Canaan, Conn. Lud is assistant secretary and assistant treasurer of Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, 90 Broad Street, New York City. He is also a director of another family business, King Powder Company, Inc., and of its subsidiary, Fosdick Machine Tool Company, both of Cincinnati. His great grandfather, Joseph Warren King of Suffield, Conn., with his bride in the early 1830s went down the Connecticut and up the Hudson in a steamer, through the Erie Canal, then by buggy across the State of Ohio and founded the King Powder Company, Inc., manufacturers of commercial and military explosives.

John M. Sargent, a civilian since February 24th, son of Murray Sargent, spent the night of March 13th at the publication office. He came to New Haven to arrange about resuming his studies at Yale, to which he expects to return as a sophomore in September.

Phebe Norton Fisher was married on October 1st to Pharmacist Mate Third Class Sprague Parker, U.S.N.R. The marriage was kept secret till February, when her mother, Atlee Downs Fisher, announced it to the newspapers and by cards. Norton is a granddaughter of the Samuel H. Fishers and a daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Robert L. Fisher. Her address is Mrs. C. Sprague Parker, Manitou Park, Rolling Bay, Seattle, Wash.

William M. McCawley, II, husband of Sally Fisher McCawley, is back at Seaford, Del., with DuPont, but on account of the housing shortage Sally and daughter Sally continue to live at her mother's house, 911 Mt. Pleasant Road, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Anne Channing Turner, daughter of Nancy and Arthur Turner, was christened at the home of her great grandmother, Mrs. George Lewis Sargent (Aunt Margaret to most of us), 360 Edwards Street, New Haven, at 4 P.M. on Sunday, March 17th. Rev. C. Lawson Willard, Jr., rector of Trinity Church, performed the ceremony. Godparents were Miss Alice Iglehart, Miss Grace Putnam and Kingman Brewster. Anne (born June 6, 1945) not only was not frightened but appeared to hugely enjoy the proceedings. Her brother Nicky (born October 23, 1944) was an interested spectator. Members of the Sargent family, besides those mentioned were her grandmother Barbara and Lud Moorehead and Barbara, Jr., Michael Grove, Aunt Helen, Elizabeth, Betty and Forbes, Laura and Kenneth Deming, Lawton, Peggy Babbitt and Terry, and Agnes and Ziegler. Mrs. Irving Motte, sister-in-law of Aunt Margaret, was also present.

Joseph Bradford Sargent (1822-1907) on Saturday, December 13, 1902, on the eve of his 80th birthday, was tendered a dinner at the New Haven House by the heads of departments of Sargent & Company. Ye editor, then in his senior year at Yale, was one of the guests. The Iron Age in its account of the dinner in the issue of December 18, 1902, printed this story about him when at 17 he was employed in Mr. Newhall's dry goods store in Boston. "One of the best stories of Mr. Sargent's boyhood concerns his work as errand boy. He had been sent one day to the better part of the city in order to show a 'Paisley Shawl', which were all the fashion at that time. The house at which he called had a high flight of steps from the sidewalk, and it was the custom for tradespeople there to call at the basement door. But this boy walked up the staircase, and there explained his errand to a waiting maid. As the boy was to wait until the shawl was tried on, the waiting maid said: 'Come down to the basement until the lady is ready to let you know'. But the reply from young Mr. Sargent came: 'You may tell your mistress that I come from a family that doesn't go in at basement doors'. The mistress heard the remark, and thereupon cordially invited the young man into her reception room, and ever thereafter whenever she visited the store she always made it a point to inquire after this same young man."

Daniel Denny (1694-1760), our immigrant ancestor, and his wife, Rebecca Jones (1701-1740) were the parents of eight children. Their son Thomas was the great grandfather of Joseph Bradford Sargent (1822-1907) and their daughter Mary, second wife of Nathan Sargent, was the great grandmother of Homer Earle Sargent (1822-1900). A tragedy in Daniel Denny's family in Leicester, Mass., in November 1742 is described by Mrs. Clarissa Sargent Gale (a granddaughter of Mary Denny and Nathan Sargent) in a letter written in her 85th year from Goodrich, Mich., on January 19, 1874: "... I will write one incident of Grandmother. Taken from the Boston Gazette or weekly Journal No. 1082 'Last Wednesday evening a most thrilling accident occurred in the family of Capt. Daniel Denny, of Leicester, viz. a large kettle of boiling water (or wort) being over the fire, the trammel stick happened to be burned, the kettle fell down and spilled the liquor over four children who sat or lay on the hearth, some of them were asleep, and scalded them in so grievous a manner one died immediately after, and another's life is despaired of; but the other two though much scalded 'tis hoped may recover. Grandmother was then 15 or 16 years of age, her mother dead, her father gone the snow very deep, the fire put out also the candle and no means to light it, she took one in her arms and helped the rest as well as she could to the nearest neighbors which was half a mile and no path, where she arrived after painful anxiety Her feelings cannot be described. She was possessed of great presence of mind. ...' The Denny Genealogy states that the boy Daniel, aged 6, was scalded and died November 17, 1742, and Isaac, aged 3, died in 1743. In another letter Mrs. Gale wrote: "Grandmother Sargent lived to be 95 years & 4 months old a good old age, her faculties were retained as long. When she was 75 years old she came to Vt. on horse back & spent the summer. I have lived to see that changed from one thing to another 'till they go now with Lightning speed. ... My general health is good my step elastic, but not as smart as Grandmother Sargent was at the age of 92, she spun and wove twelve silk pocket handkerchiefs, I presume that was the last time she used her wheel. ..."

Thomas Flagg, immigrant ancestor of most of us, probably the ancestor of all families bearing the name, came to New England in 1637 as a servant of Richard Carver, from Scratby, hundred of Flegg, County Norfolk, England. Jesse Justice stated in the genealogical record he compiled for W. Sargent Lewis and his family: "It must not be assumed because he came over as a servant, that his family connections were necessarily of this class. In a great many instances the so-called servants were related to their masters. His social position can be inferred from the fact that he was a Selectman during the years 1671-1674-1675, 1676 and 1678, and that his children intermarried with good families. His son Eleazer married a daughter of Gov. Richard Ward." He was in Watertown, Mass., as early as 1643. In 1659 he had the misfortune to lose his left eye by a gunshot wound. His wife, Mary, whom he married in England was born in 1619 and died in 1703. His will, dated March 5, 1696/7 mentions four sons and a daughter. Two sons had predeceased him (one of them killed by Indians at Lancaster). We are descended from his daughter, Rebecca (1660-1721) who on November 19, 1679; was married in Newton, Mass., to Deacon Stephen Cook (1647-1738). They were the parents of Mary Cook who married Nathaniel Jones. (See chart on the last page of Sargenttrivia of December 15, 1943).