

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

William Acker Rice ("Uncle Will" to most of us) died in his 84th year on April 15th about 6 A.M. at his home, 240 Bradley Street, New Haven. He had been in failing health for some time. He was born in St. Paul, Minn., July 16, 1862, one of eleven children (five boys and six girls) of Edmund Rice and Anna Maria Acker. He was married in New Haven December 18, 1888, to May Sargent (1866-1937), the third of the five daughters of Joseph Bradford Sargent (1822-1907). He had four daughters, six grandchildren, and two great grandchildren. His daughter Catherine is the wife of Alfred E. Pulford of West Hartford; Margaret, the wife of Marshall Henry Williams of New Haven, died soon after the birth of her daughter; Laura is the wife of Charles Kenneth Deming of New Haven and Virginia, unmarried, is a successful interior decorator. He spent his boyhood in St. Paul, finished his preparation for college at Hopkins Grammar School in 1882-83 and was graduated from Yale's Sheffield Scientific School in 1886. He was a member of Book and Snake Society (Cloister) as were also all of his six Sargent brothers-in-law. His early business life was spent in Tacoma, Wash. On February 3, 1897, he began his employment at Sargent & Company in New Haven, which continued for twenty-three years until April 1, 1920, when he resigned to go into business for himself. In the latter part of his business life he was a manufacturer's agent. During most of his connection with Sargent & Company he was purchasing agent. He was a golf player of skill, and won the championship at the New Haven Country Club three times - in 1909, 1911 and 1919. He had a very wide acquaintance - "Dad" Rice he was called by hundreds, perhaps thousands. He took special interest in younger men; and he kept contact with them through his college society and Yale connections and in other ways. He was a genial host, had a keen sense of humor, and could tell a good story. Ye editor remembers vividly what a treat it was to the young "H.B.'s" to have him as a guest at meals when he was visiting at 51 Elm Street before his marriage.

Kenneth Sargent Carter, son of Margaret Sargent Williams Carter and the late John Carter, was born on April 9th about noon at the New Haven Hospital. His weight was 8-1/2 lbs. He is a grandson of the late Margaret Rice and Marshall Henry Williams.

First Lieutenant Bradford Sargent Tilney of the Engineers, son of Rhoda Sargent Tilney, arrived on the Marine Cardinal at San Francisco on April 19th. He wrote from Calcutta, India, on March 15th: "Here again in a highly civilized island in the Empire. Have just had tea in the lobby (Great Eastern Hotel) and enjoyed picking out the many different types. The Army is fast being displaced by civilians. Here one sees everyone, and perhaps the most interesting of all are the 'Anglos'-half and half-their offspring, it is said, are the most intelligent looking and their women 'the most beautiful in the world'. My afternoon has been most rewarding - have just come from calling on a firm of architects, Ballardie, Thompson and Matthews, and have a date to dine with Matthews on Monday. Just a pleasant glimpse into the profession in operation is enough to fill me with thirst for planning. Will probably dine at the Karnani Estates and then aim to return early. We shall see." On March 17th from Camp Tollyguge: " *** Sunday I am staying in camp—to read, write letters and to conserve my rupee reserve. As it turns out Calcutta is a trifle expensive for a person of my taste. I was really amazed to find that the Indians have no display of their art or culture to show the visitor. Intend to speak to Matthews about this and may try to see a private collection. At the Allied Artists Club I did pick up an interesting Yale publication on Duchamps and Villon if I recall the title. Investigated jewelry again at the Great Eastern. It is getting powerfully hot here. Am really glad to be doing nothing." From Karnani Estates, Calcutta, on March 21st: "We are now restricted to Tollyguge, both officers and E.M.s, at this Camp in preparation for embarking. On the schedule comes orientation, baggage checks, truck loading drills, rupee exchange, etc., etc. According to the schedule we load to-morrow. In about a week I'll be able to get off some mail from Manila. *** The weather is awfully hot, but not quite as bad as last week. It's much more comfortable in town under an electric fan than in our small wooden barracks. Of course no one will kick at the restriction under the circumstances. ***" On March 22d (the day before sailing from Calcutta): "It seems that plans were revised. Rumors to the effect started yesterday evening. It was confirmed by the radio later on when it was announced that servicemen's wives would not load on the Cardinal until the following day. By morning the depot had adopted itself to the new schedule, and frankly without the extra time I doubt if we could have been ready. Practically my whole day was devoted to changing rupees to American gold. The new plan starts us off from here at 5 A.M. We breakfast at 3:30. Believe I'm in the advance party. As you may imagine, I'm looking forward to all this with considerable excitement. At 8 o'clock a group of us started out. We trucked to 142 Hospital Finance office and trucked back. Four of us had close to \$40,000. By lunch time we had gotten rid of most of our currency, and in its place had a drawer full of Indian lettuce. After lunch it all had to be bundled, counted and our records checked. We cleared the Finance office in good shape with just a few cents to spare—that was four o'clock. You can really start marking the days off now and with pretty good assurance you won't have to start all over again. P.S. This mailed from the Marine Cardinal. We got on board at 0600. Yours truly was the first on board and the first of two on duty. We are scheduled to pull out at 2:30 P.M. Believe it or not, I'm practically underway." At sea on March 26th: " *** Getting oriented to the Cardinal has taken longer than I expected. There have been a few more duties and getting our ship out of the river has really been a task. *** At 4:15 (on March 23d) we pushed off from the pier and prepared

to pass through the protecting locks leading to the Hoogly River. We backed out into the stream and swung majestically around. For 20 minutes the engine turned rhythmically, then we dropped anchor. At 3:30 the next morning we were under way I observed while taking the dog watch in our compartment. By Sunday morning we were again at anchor. We looked out at the river bank all that forenoon until 1:15 when we lifted anchor again and began our cruise down the river again. This time we almost made open water by 6 o'clock. We anchored in a broad but fairly shallow spot in the river mouth. Late that night we made open water. Apparently this is the period of lowest tides. The Cardinal draws 24! At mean high tide at Calcutta we had only 24' 6", so you can see what a close shave we had in getting out. Monday morning found us in the open sea of the Bay of Bengal. Many of the passengers were sick. There was a stiff breeze and white caps on the briny. I spent most of the day in the compartment, working on PX distribution, picking out additional non-coms and organizing our EM. In the evening I worked up a bridge game. *** We played until 10:50 so that we could take in the picture 'Love's Passion', or something, with Van Johnson and Esther Williams, who is very pretty and swims beautifully -- good singing by Laurentz Melchior. *** On March 28th: "We are not far off from the coast of Sumatra. Yesterday we passed the Andaman Islands lying far off to our west. Later in the day we came fairly close to a towering extinct volcano. It was our landscape for almost the whole afternoon, well over a mile high, dramatic always with a small piece of cloud decorating its summit. Somehow it's helping to mark the passage of time. Yesterday we made 271 miles. At noon we had 988 miles to travel to reach Singapore. At 11.2 miles per hour we could not hope to make port before Sunday. From there a mere 8260 miles stretches across to San Francisco. Anyhow we are traveling in the right direction. It is extremely hot. *** We have about 4 hours duty a day, while I spend discreetly after that reading, napping, sunburning, etc. ***" On March 29th: "Have succumbed to my energetic spirit and agreed to make a slight contribution to our trip. Thru the special service officer I have agreed to rearrange the list of books according to subject. There are only 2,000 books, but still it is going to occupy my time for a few days. I got half through the list yesterday making a card index. We are cruising now through the Malacca Straits, between Malaya and Sumatra. Yesterday we sighted no land, but to-day part of Malaya appeared on the horizon and some sign of life, like shipping and sail boats. Have been taking sun baths regularly, otherwise trying to keep cool--it's not easy." On board at Singapore on April 1st: "We tied up here last night at 4 PM. The dock is at an island off shore used as an oil dump. Immediately they started pumping in fuel. Also at the same time the crew began to make repairs on the engines. *** As soon as they put aboard some extra water supplies we'll take off for the open sea. At any event no one will go ashore. *** Yesterday eve I finished making my card index system for the library. ***" Brad was separated from the Army at Fort Devens, Mass., on April 26th and will be on terminal leave until June 20th. He has accepted a reserve commission. On April 26th he returned to his wife, Josephine, and son, Timmy, at their home in Cheshire, Conn.

First Lieutenant Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., of the Army Air Forces sailed from LeHavre, France, on April 13th on the U.S.S.R. Victory, arriving in New York on April 22d. He first went to Camp Kilmer, N.J., and then on April 25th to Fort Devens, Mass., where on April 27th he was separated from the Army with terminal leave until May 27th. He accepted a reserve commission. On April 27th he reached home, 165 Cold Spring Street, New Haven. Lawt had been overseas in the European theater since December 1944. He expects to return to Yale in September as a sophomore. On his way home, somewhere in France, his baggage containing most of his souvenirs was stolen.

Captain Frederick K. Sargent of the Medical Corps, son of Richard Collier Sargent, sailed from Manila on March 29th on the General Langfitt and arrived at San Francisco on April 17th. He spent the week-end of April 20th with Janet, his wife, and their two children at Wayzata, Minn., and then reported at Fort Sheridan, Ill., where he was given a 40-day leave. At last report he was in Wayzata.

Private First Class Pressly Forbes McCance, son of Molly Sargent McCance, wrote to ye editor from Ft. Devens on April 19th: "You have been very kind and patient to include me among your subscribers of Sargenttrivia without any word from me to further the cause. The fact is I have no sensational stories that are of interest to those that haven't had the same experience I have had, so I shall relate glimpses and reflections that come to me from my long two years in service. It all started with a bang. My busiest, physically toughest, and most restricted military days were those at Camp Blanding, Fla. - 'basic'. But why did they give me infantry basic? I wasn't infantry material! That would never happen! Even at the next step, Ft. Meade, Md., I was fairly confident of more training in the States - they don't send eighteen-year-olds overseas! Our bodies and equipment were inspected daily, often several times daily, and we were in a state of 'Hell! going across would be better than this'. Then the train - the boat - the ocean, oh so much ocean! 'We must be going to England to train some more - we're still green!' It never happened! - Gibraltar, Marseilles 'Well - gosh! Here it is France! Look at that wreckage. Easy boys, we're in warring country!' Quaint France, beautiful in spite of its poverty and destruction. -- Replacement pool - 'Don't talk so loud - we're thirty miles from the front! Can't they shoot that far?' -- First letters from home, and each phrase devoured - Joining our outfits, befriending the best eight guys ever gotten together - buddies whose lives would depend on each other - my squad - I was the eighth member. Then the war really started for us. To the combat man only combat is war. Everything before and after is mere war-time living. There was that first night moving up to position on line. The short rest at the farmhouse - candle light, poorchow, rumbling artillery. Then up at 2:30 A.M. and the squeeze into our tightly packed jeeps - one jeep & trailer per mortar squad - eight men concerned with one important 81mm gun. The waiting, stall-

ing, getting lost on winding roads in the pitch black, pent-up excitement turning to exasperation. But at dawn we were there in our positions, mortar dug in, observer atop the hill connected to us by phone, the wires of which have been carefully strung. All is changed from the army's incomparable bungling to unbeatable army efficiency. I remember my surprise and bad luck in getting used to the fighting soldier's method of using everybody to his advantage - the civilian and all his possessions. All was subjected to the cause, and the men fighting that cause. All that winter we lived in the smallest world I have ever known - day to day, meal to meal, town to advancing town - dirty, tired, cold. The joy of a hot cup of coffee (Nescafé) and a barn full of hay made life bearable away from a foxhole and cold K rations. The kid from Brooklyn kept us laughing, or at least smiling with the knack that they all seem to have from that borough for comedy. And always a thrill went with the firing of our gun - the instrument that brought us and held us together. Something that left less of an impression on our dulled senses were the dead animals and krauts; ruined, looted homes; and the fact that we - this dirty, swearing, joking bunch of men - were loyal to each other beyond reason! Then came Spring, slowly and delightfully, and with it a much better type of war. There was the beautiful 'Deutch' countryside and village; the surprising understanding, looks, and intelligence of German women and kids; radio contact with civilization, especially American music, thanks to the Allied Forces Network. But always the same question dominating our thoughts - 'When will it be over?' 'The Russians are almost in Berlin!' The official V.E. Day-May 9! - the cognac & schnapps helping us celebrate; - a half-hearted celebration because of new questions - 'What now - Japan?' 'But please God, let us go home first!' 'And thank you, God, for bringing us through that hell that is all over now, through unscathed.' Next came soft, restful, happy occupation of our charming village; passes to Paris - where I was lucky enough to meet my father -; and the 'sweating it out for home'. We began going home - camps - Lucky Strike, Norfolk, etc. - England - Queen Mary - 5 beautiful days to U.S.A. One foggy morning we massed on the deck and there was the Statue of Liberty, the New York skyline, soon we trod U.S. soil, drank fresh milk, ate steak dinners, saw home! *** You can tell my friends and relatives that I am to be a proud new civilian beginning the first week in May. And that, after all, is what guys I knew fought and stayed alive for - to be with loved ones as solid citizens of our great country. **** Forbes' address is Pfc. Pressly F. McCance, Co. N, Sec. D, W.D.P.C., Ft. Devens, Mass.

Rhoda Sargent Tilney, sister of ye editor, who spent a bit over two weeks in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York for a stomach ailment, has been a welcome visitor at the publication office while recuperating.

George Henry Sargent (1828-1917), grandfather of W. Sargent Lewis, Millicent Lewis Pettit and Leicester S. Lewis, "Uncle George" to most of us, was a resident of New York City during most of his adult life, but he spent an increasing amount of time in his later years at Leicester, Mass., his birthplace. On October 28, 1911, on the eve of his 83d birthday an unusual celebration was held in Leicester in his honor and in appreciation for his devotion and many generous acts to its people and its institutions. The following quotation from the local newspaper which printed over four columns in its description of the affair with his picture and a small one of "Sargent Works of New Haven". "George Henry Sargent, one of Leicester's highly esteemed sons, was given a very pleasant surprise Saturday night at the Leicester Inn, when high tribute was paid the distinguished citizen. In celebration of his eighty-third birthday anniversary, which came the following day, Sunday, a large number of prominent people of the town, school children and their teachers called upon Mr. Sargent to extend congratulations. Every organization in this village was presented and many friends and acquaintances as well as academy and grade school pupils were present. Mr. Sargent was presented with an elegant silver cup as a token of their esteem. The inscription on the cup under the name George Henry Sargent was 'A birthday remembrance from your many friends of Leicester hill, given in token of their loving appreciation of all that you have been and are as citizen, benefactor, friend.' Below this inscription was the following quotation which voiced the feeling of the people who felt that this must be the motive of Mr. Sargent's life, 'He liveth long who liveth well, All else is life but flung away; He liveth longest who can tell Of true things truly done each day.' Those organizations which united with others friends in contributing toward the cup were: Baldwinville hospital branch, Leicester Samaritan association, Sanderson M.E. church, ladies society of the Unitarian church, ladies charitable society of the John Nelson church, Woman's Relief Corps 152, George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., W. C. T. U., Academy students, parent-teacher association and the pupils of Pleasant street school. The affair was a complete surprise, until the arrival of the cup, so quietly had the matter been kept from Mr. Sargent. He was not aware that many people knew the date of his birthday anniversary and was much affected at this proof of his fellow townmen's esteem, and the thought that the school children had a prominent part in it touched him deeply. The parlors at the Inn had been quietly decorated by the ladies and the fact was kept from Mr. Sargent until the middle of the afternoon. The cup had been sent up from the May residence early in the afternoon and was taken to Mr. Sargent's room. He was much affected as he read the inscription and realized the interest which the townspeople had taken in him. Later in the afternoon he discovered Miss Elizabeth May and Miss Carrie Thurston busy in the parlor and observed that perhaps he was going to have a birthday party, but the magnitude of the affair never dawned upon him until the people began to assemble and the children came. The dinner at the Inn was earlier than usual and afterwards Mr. Sargent observed that perhaps he was going to be fooled after all and no one was coming. Mrs. Johnston then showed him the decorations in the parlor, and immediately friends and acquaintances began to arrive. The color scheme of the decorations was pink and white and they were in charge of Miss Elizabeth May, Miss Carrie Thurston and Miss Ruth E.

Hatch. Pine boughs were effectively arranged in the parlor and there was an abundance of pink Kill-arney roses. The dining room was decorated with pink chrysanthemums, Mr. Sargent received in the large parlor, assisted by H. Arthur White, Rev. J. B. Thrall and Theodore E. Woodcock, members with him of the board of trustees of Leicester academy. The first to arrive were a large number of friends and acquaintances, then pupils of the first four grades of the Pleasant street school, who to the number of about a hundred had assembled at the town hall and marched to the inn, carrying bouquets of carnations. They were in charge of Misses Helen and Anna Estes and Anna Farrell. Mr. Sargent shook hands with all and kissed the little tots, and as they filed out they left their bouquets beside the loving cup on the centre table. Then grades 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 marched into the parlor in charge of the teachers, Misses Margaret Sloane, Catherine O'Toole and Ellen Bell. The children sang, 'Flag of the Free,' Mrs. Warren Smith being accompanist. Then came the full company of the St. Joseph's cadets of Cherry Valley in charge of Drillmaster John P. Lee and Captain James Kennedy. The cadets played selections on the veranda. They were followed by Rev. J.B. Thrall and his company of Boy Scouts, who also greeted Mr. Sargent. The Academy students were out en masse and on hand throughout the entire reception, every little while giving vent to their feelings by the Academy yell, using Mr. Sargent's name. The academy students sang, 'Flag of the Free,' and Miss Ethel Boyd of Cherry Valley sang as a solo with fine effect 'Charissima'. The school children were each given a tiny jack-o-lantern as a souvenir. After all had greeted Mr. Sargent he was escorted by Miss Elizabeth May and the members of the receiving party to the dining room where another surprise awaited him. Here in the centre of a handsomely decorated table was seen a mammoth birthday cake beautiful in its decorations of fancy frosting and the letters G.H.S. with the appropriate dates 1828-1911 done in pink. Surrounding the cake were 84 pink candles lighted and the white foundation on which these were arranged was decorated with a quantity of smilax, making it very effective. The cake was made by Mrs. Jackson Phelps of Pine street. Mr. Sargent was given the cake knife and invited to cut the cake which he proceeded to do and everyone present was served a piece, also very nice refreshments consisting of three kinds of sandwiches, bread and butter, brown bread and lettuce sandwiches, fancy cakes and crackers, chocolate and coffee. *** Mr. Sargent, the recipient of this honor from his townspeople, is well preserved, although over fourscore. It seems to the citizens of Leicester that he is still one of them, as he is so closely identified with the old town and each year makes it his home as of yore for several months at a time. They feel that still dear to his heart are the scenes of his childhood and love to have him return here each year. Mr. Sargent has always been most generous to the academy and last year he paid the salary of an extra teacher of English, Miss Porter and is doing so this year. His liberality has not been confined entirely to the academy, as the parent-teacher association received from him a gift of \$100 last year. He gave the St. Joseph's cadets a banquet in the summer, has given liberally to each and all of the other organizations and they have found him sympathetic and generous always. All wish him added years of health to go in and out before this people as has been his custom. He has been for the last fifteen years a trustee of Leicester academy, in which he has always taken a deep interest. For the past two years he has been chairman of the board of trustees and has been very instrumental in bringing the standard of the academy up to a very high grade. It is estimated that fully 300 people attended this birthday party of Mr. Sargent's. He is very proud of his descent, which he traces back on both sides to good old English stock. His father was Joseph Denny Sargent of Leicester; his mother Mindwell Jones of Spencor. He was born on what was known as the Denny Hill farm two miles from Leicester centre on Auburn street, Cherry Valley. He was the sixth child of a family of seven children, and the only one of the family now living. ***

BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARIES

- May 15 - Janet Wyer Sargent, wife of Captain Frederick Kingsbury Sargent
 17 - Elizabeth Day Sargent, wife of Charles Forbes Sargent
 23 - Leicester Bodine Holland, son of Mary Rupert Holland

Edmund Hobart, immigrant ancestor of most of us, was born in Hingham, County Norfolk, England, probably in 1574. He was married about 1597 to Margaret Dewey. In March 1633 when he was nearly sixty he and his wife, three children and a servant sailed for America, landing in Charlestown in Massachusetts Bay Colony in May. Not long afterward two married sons, Edmund and Thomas, with their wives and Thomas' three children arrived in Charlestown from England. Edmund, Sr., took the free-man's oath March 4, 1634, and soon thereafter was appointed constable for the town. In September 1635 he and his family, his two married sons and their families, together with some others, moved to Bear (or Bare) Cove, "a new place" about twelve miles south of Boston. They changed its name to Hingham. Edmund, Sr., was on the grand jury, a commissioner to try small causes (forerunner of justice of the peace), and on a committee to levy a tax of \$1000 on the twelve towns then organized. He was elected representative to the General Court in 1639, 1640, 1641 and 1642. He died June 23, 1649. Edmund, Jr.'s daughter, Martha, married Joseph Bassett and became the maternal grandmother of Daniel Whittemore. (See chart on the last page of Sargenttrivia of December 15, 1943.)