

SARGENTRIVIA

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An index to the issues published from January to June (Vol. 5, Nos. 1-6) is being mailed with this issue. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W.B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Stephen Denny Sargent, son of James C. and Rebecca Jackson Sargent was born August 5th at 2:09 P.M. at the French Hospital in New York City. He weighed 7 lbs., 10 oz. He is their first child and is the third grandchild (all boys) of Murray and Mary Cunningham Sargent. The boy landed without a name. Jimmy wrote on August 7th: " ... We are naming him Stephen Denny Sargent, which names all appear at various pages of the Sargent Genealogy. We both liked Stephen, and Denny is a fine middle name. Becca is in excellent spirits and yesterday she dangled, to-day she sat up in her chair, and tomorrow she is to take a little walk. She'll be on the tennis courts a week from next Wednesday! Our son unfortunately doesn't seem to know how to play the game yet, but he insists he'll be very precocious about it in a couple of weeks."

Margaret Bannard McCawley, daughter of Sally Fisher and William Morris McCawley, II, was born July 18th at 11:15 P.M. at the Bryn Mawr (Pa.) Hospital. She weighed 6 lbs., 15 oz. Peggy, as she is to be called, is their second child and was named for her father's mother. She is a granddaughter of Robert Lewis Fisher and a great granddaughter of Margaret Sargent Fisher. Sally (Jr.), the older daughter, four years old, has been visiting her maternal grandmother, Atlee Downs Fisher, at Pine Orchard, Conn.

Robert L. Fisher, son of Margaret Sargent Fisher, has moved from Pittsburgh and is now connected with Loomis Sayles & Company, 60 East 42d St., New York 17, N.Y., one of the oldest and outstanding firms engaged in investment counsel work. Bob and Lucile, his wife, are living at 835 Madison Ave., New York 21, N.Y.

William Parker Sargent, Jr., was married on June 28th to Miss Marion Westerburg Hunicke at the Church of the Ascension in New York. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Byron Hunicke of Spring Hill, Alabama, is a graduate of Goucher College and during the war served two years with the American Red Cross in North Africa and in Italy. The bridegroom is an alumnus of Yale ('26S.) and of the Harvard Graduate School and was a first lieutenant in the Army Air Forces during the war. Marion and Bill spent their honeymoon mostly in Bermuda and say that they had a very happy time. They are residing at 111 West 11th St., New York 11, N.Y.

Ye editors are pleased to hear that Dickie Sargent, aged 11, is a faithful reader of Sargentrivia, especially the genealogical items. He is the son of Richard Maxwell Sargent, 5 Woodmont Road, Upper Montclair, N.J. Dickie's father is a partner in Brune, Nadler & Cuffe, exporters of cotton piece goods, 74-76 Worth St., New York 18, N.Y.

J. Weir Sargent, Jr., has been promoted to foreman of the Bright Wire Department of Sargent & Company, New Haven. The Bright Wire business was acquired by the company from Smith of Deep River, Conn., in 1874, a few years after the New York partnership of Sargent & Company had become Smith's sales agent. Most of the Smith employees moved to New Haven with the business. For recreation Weir is playing on the Sargent baseball team in the industrial league. In a recent "twilight" game - seven innings normally for twilight games - against the Telephone Company when the latter were leading by a 6-0 score, he tripled with two men on and in a later inning hit a homer with the bases full. Sargent won 8 to 7. Patty, his wife, is doing a great deal of work with the juniors at the Pine Orchard Club and is in charge of the Junior Club which includes among other activities tennis coaching.

During a July week-end in Cornwall, Conn., ye editors motored to Pittsfield, Mass., to see Buffy Rappleye, niece of the Murray Sargents, act in a play called "The Lawyer". Buffy graduated from Vassar in 1946 and soon afterwards embarked on a long cherished plan to become a professional actress. She played in Mexico much of last winter. Her stage name is Elizabeth Templeton, her first two names.

Willard C. Rappleye, Jr., nephew of the Murray Sargents, graduated from Yale in June (as a member of the Class of 1945). In July Bill secured a position on the New Haven Register. He has been rooming in the Yale Daily News building, 202 York St., New Haven.

Theodore Babbitt, husband of Peggy Fisher Babbitt, has recently become assistant director, as a civilian, of the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington, D.C. This agency is new and includes the State, Army and Navy Departments. Ted and Peggy have bought a house at 3203 Macomb St., Washington 8, D.C.

Theodore F. Babbitt, son of Peggy Fisher Babbitt, is working during the summer in the office of Bradley and Blanchard, 85 Whitney Ave., New Haven, (architects).

Elizabeth C. Sargent, daughter of Henry Bradford Sargent, wrote to ye editor from the Wild Boar Hotel, nr Bowness, England, on July 15th. "Though this hotel is away from Lake Windermere, it is a small hill surrounded by many others, a purling stream below us and away from the madding crowd. Nice people come here. Yesterday when I arrived and was having tea, I smiled at a jolly pair as they were coming downstairs to the lounge. We had tea at the same table, and they took me on a lovely toot around the lake towards the very steep hills. The second sunny day in a week of rain. I had cocktails with them and had a very jolly time indeed. *** Had a lovely run through that very beautiful English Lakes road, one lake after another with the steep hills higher and higher in the distance. 1500-1700 feet. *** At Llangollen I had two lovely days at driving over moors and roads through very high hills to lunch one day at a precious little inn, head of the Glyn Valley. The other day nr. Elemen Festiniag. At Uttoxeter had the luxury of a private bath! Excellent food and a heavenly bed, and jolly people to chat with." From New Bath Hotel, Matlock Bath, Derbyshire, on July 29th: " *** It was a very glowery, showery looking morning when I left the Wild Boar the morning of July 15th, and I had the road to myself except for huge charabancs almost to Carlisle. The English Lakes looked dark steel gray and the towering hills alongside wonderful and forbidding. I cashed my letter of credit quicker at Carlisle than in any place, only a few minutes, and then an excellent lunch at the old big hotel. On to Kelso and the big R.A.C. sign suddenly greeted me with the announcement 'Scotland'. I nearly stopped to send a telegram to Jim and Mabel Irvine (Sir James is head of St. Andrews University - Ed.), I was so thrilled. It began to rain soon after. I went through miles of rivers and ponds in the road. From Hawick on every village and town was well decorated with pennants and flags to greet the Royal Family and Lieutenant Mountbatten. I was glad to share in the festivities in spite of the rain. The sun came out just as I reached Kelso. The hotel is delightfully placed on the River Tweed, on which three swans were swimming or gliding. Chatted with other guests and the young landlord and his wife, who were thrilled over my trip. When I asked him the best way to avoid Glasgow, he made out a trip, a few miles longer perhaps, but I did no steep climbing. Went straight through Edinburgh to Sterling, where I lunched. Unfortunately missed the Royal Family. Roads beyond Edinburgh were fine, so went along at a good clip. It was glorious to be in the highlands again, lakes and high hills and all in the sunshine. The last four miles from Dalmally to Port Sonachan Hotel on beautiful Loch Awe was a very rough stretch of road indeed. Tea at the nice little hotel very welcome, then a nap. A young Englishman in the bar when I went in for a cocktail too entertaining for words. Wounded in the war, I think he lost a leg, which didn't show, unable to get into the British army again, but got a job in the American, behind the front. Loved Americans, so he insisted on giving me a second! A young bicyclist, Scotch, and a woman spending a week in the Highlands at my table. A graduate of St. Andrews, an M.E. and Doctor of Divinity also from there was at my table in the dining room. She studied a contour map of her next day's run all evening, while I read a detective story, but I had gone a wee bit over 200 miles! The next day again sunshiny, around the head of Loch Awe, roads fair, to Loch Etive and from there to the Ballachulish Ferry, pretty rough though the route was glorious. A kindly traveller who had a long wait at the Ferry told me of a good and reasonable hotel at Fort William for lunch. Then on to Inverness to the Royal Hotel. It was filled with beautiful furniture, etc., bought by the landlord of the Royal in 1861. Had a very interesting talk with the landlord, who showed me a picture of the hotel of that time. I came to Inverness via the Caledonian Canal route, Fort William and Fort Augustus, because I'd taken in my American-planned route the day before from Stirling to Port Sonachan. From Inverness via Colloden Moor, passing the Castle of the Roses and Cawdor too, but too hidden behind trees to see. Down to Aberdeen for lunch, sending Harry of the Lawn Club a card. He was born there. The calling of the cocktail bar was 'American', but the cocktails were warm. I wrote that to Harry! To Dundee, where I longed to buy orange marmalade, but too crowded. I had to get the ferry to Newport and didn't want to miss one. A very large crowded one, holding hundreds of people and 50 or more cars or trucks. Stopped at an inn marked 1791 (or so) for tea only 7 miles from St. Andrews. Didn't stop to get my mail at the Grand Hotel on the Links before dashing to the Irvines. *** (After a day with the Irvines she motored to Edinburgh and went with Henry and Patty Day, our consul, to the house of) a Mrs. McIntosh to attend a song evening, a club *** called Ceilidh, pronounced 'Kaley'. Hebridean songs in the Gaelic sung to small harps, like an Irish one. The players sat on footstools. Very quaint, with explanations. Then a few Scotch and Irish ones. Sung beautifully and with spirit by a young Mrs. Balfour, accompanied by her guitar, who is coming to broadcast at Radio City this autumn. Henry was asked to make a speech, a very good and short one. Then we had tea and goodies, a little more singing, then Henry, who had brought me, took me back to his house, very charmingly furnished by dear Patty. We drank whiskey and soda and talked and talked. The next day my opposite companion in the dining room of the Queen Elizabeth came up to Edinburgh from London to spend that day with me. We lunched, sat out in the lovely gardens, went to the Zoo and watched penguins, 30 of them I think. Dined and tried to watch the folk dancing in the Gardens. 500 people ahead of us. We got tired standing, so sat on a bench and looked at the people. Then back for beer and we parted. *** From Edinburgh I called at two big hotels with four and two golf courses. Gullane and North Berwick, which latter has even a small hotel for the children of those staying in the big one. The children have a very good time, only those 5 years and younger are taken into the small one. They are taken to the beach in buses and beautifully cared for. Parents and children have a real vacation. On to Otterburn and England again. Percy Arms a very friendly little inn. All in it either walk or shoot (rabbits now), or fish in the Otterburn, salmon mostly. *** A lovely new hotel in a castle just opened, Otterburn Towers. *** Enjoyed my two nights at Greta

Bridge and my one at Helmesley. Saw 7 or 8 new hotels besides. Had flowers in my room to greet me here, and a large room overlooking the garden and swimming pool. About a hundred were in yesterday afternoon. Temperature wammalways, even in the dead of winter. There's another in the basement. Am off to spend the day at Thorpe. ***"

BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARIES

- September 3 - (21st) Mary Sargent Bumgardner, daughter of F. Homer Sargent
 8 - William Parker Sargent, Jr.
 11 - Russell Sargent Fenn, Jr.
 (18th) Joseph Denny Sargent, son of Thomas Denny Sargent
 12 - Elizabeth Collier Sargent, daughter of Henry Bradford Sargent
 15 - Margaret Sargent Fisher, daughter of Joseph Bradford Sargent
 18 - Henry James Wiser, husband of Dorothy Sargent Wiser
 19 - Barbara Sargent Moorehead, daughter of Russell Sargent
 (21st) Thomas Collier Babbitt, son of Margaret Fisher Babbitt
 20 - (24th) John Moffat Sargent, son of Murray Sargent
 (22d) Dorothy Sargent, daughter of Charles Forbes Sargent
 27 - (20th) Mary Dwight Pulford, stepdaughter of Catherine Rice Pulford
 29 - (23d) Ensign George Sargent Grove, son of Barbara Sargent Moorehead

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

- September 1 - (13th) Barbara Sargent and Ludwig K. Moorehead
 18 - (19th) Louise Sargent and James William Hinkley, III
 (14th) Sylvia Tilney and Harry Harland Skerrett, Jr.

Joseph Bradford Sargent (1822-1907), grandfather of ye editor's generation, wrote the following letter jointly to three of his sons from Hong Kong on March 12, 1890, during his second trip around the world after he had left Australia: "Dear Henry Lewis & Russell. I have your joint letter (by Henry) of Nov 9th and it does no particular good to reply to it because I can do no harm here - after till after I get home. But as an apology for my often confessed ignorance of the look business, and for the many absurd suggestions I have made concerning changes and alleged improvements in keys &c., I respectfully offer the undoubted fact that you all, and your associates, have ruled me out of your counsels, have not informed me of your doings and conclusions and the reasons therefor, and in many ways, and in all respects so far as relates to Looks, have allowed me to grow up in ignorance and natural stupidity. Russell and I started the business of Look making from the underside of the foundations, but he survived and rose while I became what I am. As I grew older, and circumstances compelled me to become a salesman of goods that I knew nothing of, I have tried to make up, as best I could, for the neglect in my earlier education. Of course an unfledged 'freshy' appears to the old professor as green as greenhorns can be and live. - So I to all you. As to my drawings to show 50 changes as cheap as 12, you know that I never took lessons in drawing, and if the drawings exhibited only idiotic suggestions, my apology is the ignorance in which you raised me to the business. Knowing and feeling my own ignorance, I believe I usually, if not always, stated that my suggestions were the result of barbarous ignorance stimulated by the hope of glory by looking the whole world. I tumble to your statement that you can't have more tumblers than can be put inside the look, without extra arrangements at extra cost - a state of affairs incompatible with extensive sales to the backwoodsmen of Australia. As to our system of numbering Export Looks - All the Australasian trade are familiar with R & E's numbers. It is true that there is but little system of regularity in their numbers, but still the trade understand that the number '56' with an '0' following (560) means something and 561 means some other thing. Also that one '0' two naughts, three naughts, all have their separate meanings when placed before 56, 560 or 561, and the figure 1 before 560 or 561 has its meaning, and the trade have learned the significance of all the above combinations and locality of 0's and 1s. I discovered, after much gentle chaffing from the trade about such long numbers for them to try and learn, and after I transferred, so far as I could, to you all their witticisms, that there is some system in our numbers of export Looks, the first two figures as 13, 14 & 15 denoting different shapes or classes of Looks. But as I before wrote you the trade stood aghast at the idea of remembering thirteen thousand two hundred and eighty one, or fifteen thousand five hundred and seventy nine. But if you had printed the former number 13-281 or even 13,281 they would have noticed that the '13' signified a class, '2' signifies the size and '1' the metal of the key - and certainly they would have comprehended by intuition, after seeing that the '14' in 14,351, et sequiter, signifies a class, the figures '5' and '1' each has a special significance. I discovered it after a few months of silent grumbling, but a little home education would have stimulated my naturally sluggish and obtuse intellect, and a proper '-' or ',' (dash or comma) in the print would have made the whole plain to both me and those of the trade as obtuse as I. I didnot, for a long time, attempt to wrestle with the mightiness of the great subject of Looks wherein I was and am so profoundly ignorant, but stood at a distance

and succumbed to awe that paralyzed me in my boots and upward to the bald spot, growing larger day by day, on the tip top of my head. Circumstances forced me into a closer communion with the subject and before I left Australia I flattered myself that some of the young gawky clerks from the backwoods of Australia believed me when I talked looks to them as my chief business of manufacture, and that I have been in business over 45 years on my own account. I have learned a good deal since I have been here (in Australia) but there is a good deal more to learn. Besides the weather is growing warmer and I shall soon want some more clothes - Tell Uncle George. I believe, however, that he gave my letter to Henry to keep. Now I admit that your system of numbering export looks is excellent in original plan, and regret that there are discrepancies in the application. With the 14s drop the A. It is of no use. With the 15s the '15' is correct in designating the shape or style of the lock, - that is, long mortice - but every other figure should have signified something important so that the face, the bolt and the key should be unfailingly designated. But you print the five figures all in a heap so that the trade never will learn that there are really only three figures in the lock number, the first two being designators of the class. It is dangerous to scatter catalogues with our prices to the retail and country trade in Australasia, because Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane & Adelaide Jobbers are united to taboo the M'f'r who does it. But we could safely and profitably send out several hundred Look pamphlets with picture of factory and the usual description of export looks as in Export disc't pamphlet, adding common grades of the Rim looks and night Latches, - giving numbers, description of reverse (if reversible) and especially description & cuts of wooden knobs for rim & mortice looks, and other matters as keys &c - and state that these goods are kept in stock by the trade in the Cities of Australasia. Say Looks manufactured by Sargent & Co. but give no residence or address - and mail them in Sydney. You say 'the reason why your key troubles you is because the bridge ward out is not wide enough', &c. If the out had been half an inch wide it would have allowed the key to turn, whichever edge of the lock was up. But the sheet steel ward attached to the stem flopped up & down as the lock was turned from one edge-up to the other edge-up, as loosely as Ned's knife in his pocket, but could not 'flop out' as his knife did. I fixed it all right by wedging it, perpendicular to the stem and key, with the points of my wooden toothpick. I fixed it with paper wedges at first but they flopped out. All mortice looks of the long class should be rounded ends and corners as we have made them. Lucky that we did not copy R & Es old square edges. All my suggestions were intended only as suggestions of a novice, without expecting you would attempt to act on them unless you thought them practicable. J.B.S."

Pictured below are two of the sons of Joseph Bradford Sargent (1822-1907): at left, Henry B. Sargent, age 28, in 1879 a few months before his marriage, and at right, Joseph D. Sargent, age 19 or 20, in 1880.

