

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

Jean Sargent Buck, daughter of John Sargent, wrote to ye editor on October 15th: "This winter I expect to be working in the N.Y. Ski Center in Grand Central Station. It is under the State Dept. of Commerce and run in conjunction with the N.Y. Central Railroad. Am waiting for Civil Service to give me final approval, but plan to start on November 3rd. I hope Bruce Fenn will forgive me for steering skiers into N.Y. State instead of New England and that he'll still let me come and ski on his hill!" Jean's address is Mrs. Sargent Buck, 132 East 72d St., New York 21, N.Y.



Virginia Rice, daughter of May Sargent Rice, not long ago bought an old house and eight acres of land in Northford, Conn., where she and Margaret Ramsay, her partner in interior decorating, have been living. It is on route 15 just north of the village. The house was built in 1748 by Timothy Hoadley and continues to be known as the Hoadley House. The barn on the property has been replaced with a one-story building into which on November 1st their shop was moved from 45 Whitney Avenue, New Haven. Ye editors called on a recent Sunday afternoon and found the girls hard at work in the cellar. The "decorations" of the house are a fine example of their skill as interior decorators. They do not plan to have the shop open on Sundays. Their telephone is Branford 2395.

Lucy Garfield Sargent, wife of Murray Sargent, Jr., has taken a part time position in New York with Hospital Flowers, Inc., which supplies various hospitals with flowers that are sold to visitors. She is working with orchids and various tropical flowers flown from Hawaii, South America and Java and thoroughly enjoys it. Robin, aged 6, the older son, is in the first grade of Public School PS6 on 85th Street between Park and Madison Avenues. Tommy, aged 4, the younger son, attends the day school of the Church of the Heavenly Rest on 90th Street. The Murray Sargent, Jrs., live at 15 East 87th St., New York City 28. (Telephone Tr. 6-2284).

Murray Sargent, son of Henry Bradford Sargent, as director of the New York Hospital and president of the Greater New York Hospital Association has been a good deal in the public eye recently in connection with the annual drive for funds for the 98 voluntary hospitals in the metropolitan area.

Willard C. Rappleye, Jr., nephew of the Murray Sargents, has resigned his position with the New Haven Register and is now employed by Time.

Wing Howard, husband of Phebe Sargent Howard, had an exhibition of some of his recent water colors at the Ferargil Galleries, 63 East 57th Street, New York, from November 10th to 22d. He returned in October from a sketching trip to Paris, and the exhibition is called "Report from Paris". Ye editor, in New York on other matters, stayed over a train in order to see the exhibition and felt well repaid. Wing was not there that day, but Mr. F.N. Price of the gallery gave me a word portrait of him (and his cigar). I had only been in Paris once, but the paintings brought back memories of my visit in 1903. Some twenty-four water colors were shown in a room devoted to them. In the four page catalogue Mr. Price calls the exhibition "this exciting report" and prints this under Wing's name: "Have you the 'eye'. Great artists see the unseen, make obvious beauty previously undisclosed. In modern art it is color and line, the yellow is tenor, the blue is bass. Howard is modern but not abstract, he sees the intimate color. Once in the last generation a lady from Chicago, owing the Avenue a quarter million dollars, was advised by her husband 'not to come home if she bought another painting'. He died bankrupt, her collection was sold for over a million dollars. She had the eye. Wing Howard, just returned from Paris, knows a great deal about the things he's interested in, such as France. We are delighted to present his 'Report on Paris'." The New York Herald Tribune in the art section on November 16th said: "Wing Howard has returned this week to the Ferargil gallery with a fresh report in water color of his three-month sojourn last summer in Paris. Howard looked at Paris with a youthful and somewhat romantic eye. He was enthusiastic over both the delicate traceries of side-street architecture such as evidenced in 'Quai de la Tournelle' and the quaint but robust store fronts such as in 'Rue Michelle'. He has a talent for color, using it with a sprightly air but uncommonly happy judgment."

Caleb Loring, Jr., son of Suzanne Bailey Loring, and Romey, his wife, spent the week end of November 22d at the publication office. The Lorings and ye editors attended the Yale-Harvard football game, Caleb consenting to sit on the Yale side. It was a gray day with little wind. The game was full of action, Yale winning by a score of 31 to 21. After the game the publication office was the scene of a small family reunion, the following members of the family and two other guests coming for cocktails and tea: Phebe and Weir Sargent, Patty and Weir Sargent, Jr., Bruce and Gloria Fenn, Sargent and Frannie Fenn, Barbara and Dick Sargent, Jr., Janet and Fred Sargent, Norma and Jim

Wiser, Tom Wiser and Miss Marjorie Kent of Montreal, Carol, Sargent and Emily Lewis and Miss Barbara Watkins of Manchester, Conn., Jean and Alfred Bacon, and Elizabeth Sargent. Caleb expects to graduate from the Harvard Law School next June. The Loring's, with their two sons Judge aged 4 and David aged 2, live at 51 Rutledge Road, Belmont, Mass.

BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARIES

- December 1 - Frances MacDonald Fenn, widow of Russell Sargent Fenn
 Carol Bodmer Lewis, wife of Wilfred Sargent Lewis
 David Collier Sargent, son of John Sargent
- 3 - James William Hinkley, 3d, husband of Louise Sargent Hinkley
 (19th) Elizabeth Day Sargent, Jr., daughter of Charles Forbes Sargent
 (4th) Dorothy Sargent Tate, daughter of Captain Frederic Homer Sargent Tate
- 9 - Wilfred Sargent Lewis, son of Emily Sargent Lewis
- 10 - Ziegler Sargent, son of Henry Bradford Sargent
- 12 - (20th) Florence Louise Sargent, daughter of Howard Lewis Sargent
- 14 - (23d) Patricia Conrad Sargent, wife of Joseph Weir Sargent, Jr.
 (18th) Norman Pettit, son of Millicent Lewis Pettit
- 15 - (9th) Diana Fenn, daughter of Converse Gray Fenn
- 19 - (12th) Diana Yandell Dillon, stepdaughter of John Appleton Clark
- 23 - (25th) Phebe Sargent Howard, daughter of Joseph Weir Sargent
- 26 - Jean Sargent Buck, daughter of John Sargent
 (25th) Elizabeth Deming Goeller, daughter of Laura Rice Deming
- 28 - Edith Brune Sargent, wife of Richard Maxwell Sargent
- 29 - Joseph Weir Sargent, son of Joseph Denny Sargent
- 30 - Thomas Denny Sargent, son of Joseph Denny Sargent
 William Fisher Sargent, son of Joseph Denny Sargent

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

- December 2 - (8th) John A. and Elizabeth Yandell Clark
- 3 - (26th) Earle W. and Eleanor Greene Sargent
- 16 - (25th) Sara Cunningham and Cornelius VanHemert Engert
- 24 - (21st) Howard L. and Florence Hiernann Sargent
- 31 - (5th) Nancy Grove and Arthur Nicholson Turner

Sargent & Company began the manufacture of locks in 1884, twenty years after the moving of the manufacturing business of J.B. Sargent & Co. from New Britain to New Haven. The New York co-partnership of Sargent & Co. in 1865 became selling agent, excepting for Philadelphia and Baltimore, for Davenport, Mallory & Co., lock manufacturers of New Haven. The latter firm had been founded as Pierpont & Mallory in 1834, and in 1865 was the largest lock manufacturer in the United States. It was the first in this country to use a coiled spring in a lock or latch to protract the latch bolt. When John Davenport Wheeler in 1868 purchased one-tenth interest (for \$35,000) the name was changed to Mallory, Wheeler & Co. In 1871 it published 1000 copies of a catalogue, very extraordinary for the time, a quarto in colors, reported to have cost \$40,000. In 1872 a law suit brought by Russell & Erwin Manufacturing Co. for infringement of the Rushby patent for a reversible lock was lost. This put Mallory, Wheeler & Co. in quite a dilemma without a reversible lock. Sargent & Co. came to the rescue with a "pull-out reverse" feature patented October 19, 1869 (No. 96049) by William E. Sparks, who had assigned the patent to his employer, Sargent & Co., of New Haven. Under a contract dated October 30, 1872, Sargent & Co. assigned to Mallory, Wheeler & Co. all rights under said patent, and took a license under it on the same date from Mallory, Wheeler & Co. The contract provided that Mallory, Wheeler & Co. would manufacture a line of cheaper, lower priced locks, with cast iron inside parts, as had been previously urged by Sargent & Co., of New York, in order to compete with locks of that grade on the market; and that the assignee would be exempt from the payment of royalty, if, up to the expiration of the patent, Sargent & Co., of New York, and Mallory, Wheeler & Co. continued cordial business; but in the event of a break and severance of the selling agency agreement, then the assignee should pay over to Sargent & Co., of New Haven, a certain royalty for all goods made under and during the life of the patent. This last provision proved to be a very important one. In December 1878 Mr. Burton Mallory, president of Mallory, Wheeler & Co., died and was succeeded by a son, Mr. Fred B. Mallory. Clouds began to gather, and the business relations between the two organizations became less and less cordial. The break came in 1884. Sargent & Co. collected the royalty due under the 1872 contract, the terms of which the new Mallory, Wheeler management had apparently forgotten. The editor has been unable to learn either the rate or the total royalty received by Sargent & Co., but believes the amount to have been considerable. Though some store door latches

had been made for several years, the actual manufacture of locks by Sargent & Co. began early in 1884 when William E. Sparks, having been in the employ of P. & F. Corbin for several years, re-entered the employ of Sargent & Co. and began making lock patterns. On September 1st four lock makers were employed: Henry Tolles (who had retired from P. & F. Corbin) as foreman for one year, Henry Foulkes, John Hauth and James Maley. And Russell Sargent (1864-1904), son of Joseph Bradford Sargent, was assigned to grow up with and help in the development of the lock business. He was just out of Yale. Mallory, Wheeler & Co. not many years later confined their manufacture to padlocks, and early in this century went out of business. It is interesting to note that they never manufactured the now popular pin tumbler or cylinder locks. In 1871 on invitation from Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co. Mr. Wheeler and the Mallory, Wheeler superintendent visited the former's plant in Stamford, Conn., for inspection with a view of purchasing its door lock and drawer lock business. Yale & Towne owned the original patent dated January 29, 1861, and other patents by Linus Yale, Jr., but were doing little in this department and expressed a desire to dispose of this unprofitable part of their business and equipment. Mallory, Wheeler & Co. would not purchase the real estate, which Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co. would not exclude from the proposal to sell, and besides the former scented some litigation, which seemed "in the air", so negotiations were dropped.

In our issue of October 15th was the first portion of an account written by Henry Bradford Sargent (1851-1927) of some of his experiences in 1870 with Professor O.C. Marsh and the first Yale Paleontological Expedition on the western plains. Like his diary quoted in our issue of September 22d, this account, written for his Colby Club and of which the following is the second and final instalment, covers less than one month of an expedition that lasted nearly six. Bill Cody in the account is better known as "Buffalo Bill". The train started with the Professor, Jas. M. Wadsworth C. Willys Betts '67, Eli Whitney, Jr. '69, of '70 G. Bird Grinnell, John R. Nicholson, J.M. Russell, C. McReeve, of '71S. John Wool Griswold, Harry D. Ziegler & the diarist. Alexander Hamilton Ewing of '69 and C.T. Ballard '70s met us in Chicago. It was Bob who accepted Zieg's challenge to take a drink at each of the saloons one would pass in journeying three squares from California St to the Occidental Hotel our hostelry. When they reached the Hotel Zieg's legs were straight but Bob was a wreck; he had counted without his host. Bob opened piously, went regularly through morning and evening prayer strictly by the prayer book. Zieg sized him up first and nicknamed him 'Bish', short for Bishop. Bob, finding that the piety dodge didn't work and recalling his period of college popularity which ended with the first three weeks of first term Freshman soon took on habits of blasphemy and being unaccustomed to the vocabulary originated compound expletives of such a complex character that he frequently collapsed in the middle swamped by his inexperience. Unlike the Gettysburg expedition Although the Pullman was specially reserved and was the rear car the beauty of the Allegheny scenery in the crisp early mountain atmosphere was enthusiastically appreciated, but not by any one clad simply in his robe de nuit. A call and interview with Genl. Sheridan outlined our probable escort. He intimated that the Indians were restless & ugly; that the company was too precious to run any risks and that, if the professor was convinced that the interests of science demanded that the expedition proceed as planned sure protection must be afforded. It being unlawful in the absence of previous formalities to furnish any civilian expedition with a military escort, Sheridan suggested by letter to each post commander on whom we would probably call that on or about Marsh's arrival it might be advisable to make a more or less extended reconnoitre and that should he so desire Prof Marsh and party might accompany the suggested military expedition, provided with such transportation and commissary stores as the post provided and at lowest commissary prices. The post commander was to use his own discretion as to the route to be taken, and, it is needless to remark the route was in no case selected until after Marsh's arrival. Soon after leaving Chicago Gaff Reeve, supposing that we would soon and perhaps suddenly enter the wild & hostile region, arrayed himself in blue shirt & buckled on his revolver. At every station he strode on the platform in his fruitless search for increasing wilderness & woolyness and was a puzzle to the peaceful tillers of the soil whose astonished gaze happened to rest on this bristling creature. The party was classed as a base ball club and Zieg was sized up as the manager. While Marsh, or as he was popularly called 'The old boy' was sized up as financial backer or possibly umpire. At Omaha, the local base ball powers waited upon us and an invitation was extended for a scrub game on the afternoon of arrival; various untruthful excuses were given why all could not accept but after many flowers of speech Gaff accepted for himself, Jim Wadsworth and the deponent, resulting in a game of 'one, two, three'. Yale was modest and chose field positions, so that it took a little time to work up to the bat, and then the fun began. Darkness closed the play but Yale is still at the bat. Omaha still believes in the base ball theory. Marsh and 'Capt.' Wadsworth took the overland train in advance leaving the party in charge of Leint Betts, to follow with the baggage. Fort McPherson, the first stop, a dozen miles south of Plumb Creek Station on the U.P. was reached by Marsh and Jim just in time for the latter to join a cavalry detachment on the jump after some flying hostiles who had fired upon a couple of hunters near the post, and had two hours start of the pursuers. The hunters had returned the fire & reported killing one of the Indians. The pursuit was continued during two days of hard riding with the usual result. The pursuers were not in it. Bill Cody, at that time the scout of the Post, Genl. Carr commanding, was the scout of the detachment. Meanwhile the main body of the party had left Omaha with the baggage and nearing Pond Creek Station heard at the last dinner stop the rumors of trouble

ahead which became still more disquieting at the supper station. By this time the whole train knew our destination and were not slow to play us for tenderfeet. The party was to be left at Port Creek at midnight, the station and two attendant saloons constituting the town, and not knowing what arrangements had been made for the reception Lieut. Betts had concluded to divide his charges into watches which should in turn do guard duty until relieved. It was a beautiful moonlight night, revolvers were buckled on half an hour before reaching our destination and the earnestness and absence of frivolity which prevailed evidenced the solemnity of the occasion. When on arriving it was noticed that a sergeant & two men were on the platform and a baggage wagon & open ambulance in readiness to receive us a sense of relief was quite apparent. Soon after were we received with open arms by the officers of the post and were quartered by being scattered by invitation to the various officers quarters and until departure messed at with the unmarried officers. Troup I of the Fifth Cavalry on Marsh's arrival had been ordered on a scout northward, officered by Lieuts Reilly & Thomas, and therefore the party on the morning after arrival found the post under the excitement and bustle of preparation. Bill Handy the black cook, had been engaged at Omaha, & on Genl. Carr advice Scouts were secured in the persons of Maj. North and two pawnee scouts, Lahoorasao & Tuoketelous. The indians were paid a small sum in advance and furnished with a couple of cavalry suits carbines & horses. On the small sum in advance Tuoketelous on the day of starting corralled a binoxidized jag, a glorious bleary blind drunk which lasted for three days. Horsed, his condition was unnoticed save on his immediate lea; unhorsed, he was a wreck. Lahoorasack was a poker player, and like all indians, frowned on the darky, but after Bill had nearly skinned Lahoorasack in his own game which was shady the indian was more appreciative and Bill was quite venerated. Each of the party interviewed the coral master some to define the particular kind of a horse that would suit, and others to throw themselves upon the mercy and kindness of this autocrat. The former were permitted to select their own mounts from among the indian ponies which he called the best, with the after conclusion that coral master was a bit of a joker. By the record on the morning of the 15th of July 1870 at 9 o'clock the expedition on its first trip left McPherson with troupe I 5th Cavalry of 55 mounted men five 6-mule army baggage wagons and a four horse wagon. Bill Cody on leave for a couple of days accompanying as a guest. Lieut Reilly Commanding, Lieut Thomas Second officer. This made a party, exclusive of Cody, of 80 men, 75 horses & 30 mules leaving quite a trail. Through the entire record Marsh is known as, and called, the Professor, save only in one investigating evening tour through the two bittee looker quarter of Frisco, when on his own suggestion the accompanying detective called him 'Doctor'. With a true appreciation of the conditions of plain life and a complete division of responsibility the Professor before leaving McPherson organized his party. Whitney, & Russel constituted the culinary committee; Ballard Reeve & the diarist the Tent & water committee. Ballard & Gaff both proved to be such horny handed sons of toil that the remainder of the tent committee struck & insisted that the merry occupants of each tent could set & strike their own or rest their weary limbs on the herbage under the stars. The days march was always from water to water, Pawnee Springs being the first stop nine miles north of Pond Creek Station. Cody supped here with us leaving for the post the next morning. Will Betts wished to ride English style and having selected his own beast he had a rocky time of it. He also held advanced ideas, advanced for the plains, as to the method when horsed of carrying a gun and he exemplified the method by adopting it the first day. Not the most careful search of Cody, Maj. North the two Pawnees Will and Jack Griswold could discover where he lost it. So he sent for a new one on our return to the post. An antelope killed on the way made our bacon an appetizer. Each cares for his own horse; is up at 3 & start at five breakfasted, booted & saddled. And so the caravan proceeds, more antelope a camp of good water with mosquitoes ad infinitum, a camp next night at an alkali lake whose water could only be drunk as wretched coffee, a duck and a grouse adding a little flavor to the supper. From a 5 o'clock breakfast to a 6 o'clock supper made a long stretch between meals."

