

SARGENTRIVIA

Vol. 1

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No. 5

Sargentrivia has no regular publication dates. It goes to press when we have enough to make a presentable number. Our brain child appears to have made good, thanks to the help and encouragement of many members of the family. We welcome both your suggestions (provided they do not mean more work for the editors) and items suitable for publication, especially letters from members of the armed forces. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W. B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Joseph Weir Sargent, Jr., private first class in the Marines, writes from the southwest Pacific theatre: "We are living on a beach head in a hut 10' by 15'. It has a wooden floor, open sides and numerous leaks in the top. There are five of us and all our equipment so there sees we are pretty cramped. In ten months I have never seen the temp. under 100 day or night. The lizzards and rats think our hut is their home and we also have a hell of a time with mosquitos and can never turn in without our netting on. . . . The food is not too bad when you get used to it-but I would give 50 bucks for a quart of ice cold milk. We get one fresh egg a month, a thing called ice cream made of dried milk and water but as it is a little colder than the water we get I always take it. I am taking a correspondence course given by the Marine Corps in Aeronautical Engineering. I thought it over and realized if I got home I would have no trade or basic knowledge of any job and as I think aviation will be crowded, but a good thing to know something about after the war. Worked hard digging a hole in solid rock. We have to use a jack hammer and a compressor. It's a large hole and a hell of a job. My hands are almost raw. That jack hammer certainly is a muscle builder, what a tough thing to wield about. Damn, it's time for guard duty. What a pain in the neck that is. . . . It is Ken's and my month to be in mess hall, scrubbing pots and pans, a messy and lousy job which has to be done. I am fine and everything is the same here with us. We expected some excitement a few days ago and were all ready but nothing happened. . . . Thanks for the candy, books etc. The books certainly are appreciated as all I have to read is what thee sends out to me. Can't possibly spend more than \$5 a month so am sending \$200 home, let me know if thee ever gets it." (It arrived two months later by way of a San Francisco bank.) . . . "Well we are beginning to feel like old "Salts" a Marine expression for a man considered having "time" in the corps as we have been out 7 months to date. Even though in reality it is a short time, to us it seems like ages. Another seven months in this hell hole and I will turn native. Ran into a boy I knew from U. of Va. last week, says he has been here only a short time and expects to leave sometime in the near future. Every time you meet someone like that from home all you do is talk about the past and what you used to do. Friends at home still seem to be raising hell, doesn't the Army ever catch up with them? It is often depressing to hear from them but nevertheless time goes on. Carefully and slowly each day is one less here. Evening is always disheartening and the tropical moon doesn't help matters. 'Fraid the newness is wearing off for lack of something different. Otherwise I am still fine and healthy. . . . In Daddy's letter he seemed to think we have moved. I only wish we had but that probability is no doubt a long way off. I've gotten 4 marks back from my course, 3 A's and one B, pretty good for me when I remember what a lousy student I was, maybe I am beginning to grow up! . . . Yesterday being Sunday and my one day a month free, I went way over to the other side of the island, looking around, sort of sight seeing. It was great and there certainly were many beautiful scenes, bays and inlets, overhanging rocks and mts. While along the shore I went swimming but didn't stay in long account of the coral and jagged rocks. When a big wave comes along you have to swim out towards it to avoid being driven up against the steep coral and as the wave recedes you have to try and swim against the under-tow in order to scramble out before the next wave comes in. Another thing they have here is what is called a "blow hole." A large hole, something like a well in a rock formation and as the waves come in you could easily be taken into this and dashed to bits. I only went in once and after about 10 min. I finally was able to get out so spent the rest of the time in sun watching."

The first Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament was played sixty years ago on the Trinity College courts at Hartford on June 7, 8 and 9, 1883. Amherst, Brown, Harvard, Trinity and Yale were the competing colleges. Each college was represented by one entry in singles and one team in doubles. The "round robin" form of tournament was adopted, each team or singles player meeting every other representative. George Lewis Sargent (at that time in the Yale Law School and the college champion) represented Yale in the singles, and Henry W. Slocum (national singles champion in 1888 and 1889) and Walter Camp (then in the Yale Medical School) composed Yale's doubles team. The record does not show the results of the individual matches, but J. S. Clark of Harvard won the singles championship, and paired with H. A. Taylor also won the doubles.

Louise Sargent Hinkley has moved. From June 22d her address is Mrs. J. William Hinkley, 3rd, Lowder St., Dedham, Mass.

Aunt Edith Woolsey's birthday was suitably celebrated with a dinner on July 2d at the publication office with three out-of-house guests. At the risk of disclosing her age, we report that there were seven candles on the birthday cake.

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Weir Sargent's daughter Phebe and her husband, Willing Howard, celebrated their second wedding anniversary on June 28th. Willing is working in an airplane factory. They live at 6000 Camino de la Costa, La Jolla, California.

Lucy Sargent recently brought her two young sons, Murray, 3d (known as Robin) and Tommy for a week's visit at their paternal grandparents apartment at the New York Hospital. She expects to let her lieutenant husband fight the Battle of Miami Beach this summer without her, while she and the youngsters stay with her mother, Mrs. Garfield, in Syracuse, N. Y.

A selection of tasty unrationed delicacies from the Murray Sargents and Aunt Edith Woolsey helped to celebrate ye editors' 12th wedding anniversary on July 9th. Agnes had a vacation that day from cooking the dinner and from all editorial work. The party, which included Aunt Edith, Elizabeth Sargent and the Robert Demings dined at the New Haven Lawn Club and then went to a movie, an unusual treat for the editors.

Aviation Cadet Lawt Sargent writes on July 3d: "I am now at pre-flight at Maxwell Field, Ala.: We left Nashville last night and had a hectic trip-it was really dirty and we rode in coaches that dated from the Toonerville era. We got here about 9:30 and went to breakfast, after which we were moved into our new barracks. They are somewhat nicer than those of Nashville, tho even these were put up after the main cadet barracks were built. I guess they needed more due to crowded situations. We arrived in the pouring rain-I mean pouring-and have been wet most of the day. God only knows where our barracks bags are, as the system seems a bit confused; so I guess it will be a bit raw for the first few days. The food is quite good, and the mess hall procedure is interesting and quaint. Recently they have done away with actual hazing, square meals, etc., but they do have the classes. We are now yardbirds of the lowest it seems! The table manners are strict and require an intricate system of conversation to get things wanted. When the water pitcher is empty it's "grounded", if you bend towards your food you are "bombing" it. The cadet at the head of the table is known as the gunner and must fill cups, etc. Tonight I was gunner and let me say it was a busy job! At supper the lightning blew out the lights so life was great. We will be lower class for about four weeks and then move upwards. I understand life is very busy when once we get organized, but they say it makes the time fly. As open post is out for 4 weeks, why I won't get into town; then, however, I must contact Caroline Wood, as you say she knows people, girls, etc., which will be important. Maybe I can wrangle my way up to Birmingham for a weekend. . . . In Nashville life was really be-coming enjoyable. Penny Rogers' grandmother tried to contact me as she was visiting a Mrs. Handley there. Though I didn't get to see Penny's grandmother, I did drop in one night to see Mrs. Handley-on the spur of the moment-and tell her I was sorry about missing her dinner invitation. Dick was with me at the time and things really got going. Mrs. Handley was one of the nicest people I have ever known. She threw open house to us and thru her we met the cream of society and Nashville girls. She knew everybody. She posed as sort of aunt and got Dick and me out for a Saturday night party and dance at the famous and fabulous Bell-Meade Country Club. It was really terrific. Our passes were good till midnight, but we got chummy with a Lieut. who soon called up the O.D. and got them extended till dawn. Another lieut. just back from Peru took us home; so you can see we had quite a time. If only we had met Mrs. Handley a few weeks earlier we could have gotten to know everybody sooner. They arranged us by alphabet here, so both Dick and Jerry-though in the same squadron-are in the next barracks. You practically have to write them a letter to see them! . . . I had better close this as things are getting hectic and the upper class are making things gay within limits of their authority. I'll let you know more about it later on, though free time is now a past memory!" His address is A/C Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., Squadron C, Group 10, A.A.F.P.F.S. (Pilot), Maxwell Field, Ala. Two days later he wrote: "We are now starting a really difficult program; more so than any of my varied army experience so far. They really work us cadets and we have to be right on our toes every minute of the day-especially as underclassmen! You see, besides our studies (which include math., aircraft recognition, code, military subjects, navigation and the like) we have drills, parade and a strenuous physical training program. They have what they call the "Burma Road" down here; it is a trail up and down hills, etc. and is four or five miles long and you have to run it at double time! Then they have an obstacle course and a cross country trail where you double time for six miles supposedly. So we are well worked both mentally and physically. We retire at 9:30 and get up about 5:30-and you really sleep. The food is wonderful and there is lots of it. These cadets dine almost like kings. Sundays we have fried chicken and the like. Lots of meats, vegetables, salads, ice cream and the like; but you need it, and you really get hungry. We have to be so neat, clean, well mannered, behaved and perfected down here that if I ever come home no one would recognize me. They really put you in shape and make these cadets live up to traditions, etc. We have haircuts once a week, which keeps it about $\frac{1}{4}$ " long! You should see me. . . . Almost no free time at all for the first four weeks-and certainly no freedom or liberties while in the "Zombie" (underclass) state. I hope it isn't as hot up there as it gets here!"

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Ye editor was playing tennis the other day with Jim Babb, the Yale Librarian, who at that time had not seen our publication, but who asked that a file of SARGENTRIVIA be sent to them and that the Yale Library be put on our mailing list. He later said that he had found it very interesting. The University is always doing things to attract people to the library. They probably plan some day to exhibit us in a glass case.

Cheshire may not provide singing telegrams. If it does, we hope one went to Josephine Toy Collins Tilney on July 5th. We also hope that Bradford's duties did not keep him away.

Atlee Downs Fisher's daughter, Daisy, for one and a half years has been doing excellent work at the Philadelphia Air Defense Wing. Her daughter Norton is helping the man power shortage by driving a grocery truck four days a week before taking up her nurse's training at the Pennsylvania Hospital.

Jean and Dick Buck celebrated their 11th wedding anniversary on July 6th.

Sydney F. Sargent, whose address is 3445 E. Colorado, Pasadena, Calif., wrote on June 22d, enclosing a copy of the June 11th number of "Far and Near," the weekly newspaper of John Burroughs Junior High School, of Los Angeles, and of about 2,000 pupils, with a headline across three quarters of the front page "Sargent Elected President." We quote from his letter: "Feeling that possibly our small but closely knit western contingent is due for a short introduction to the Tribe, I am going to give you a few items on the Howard Lewis Sargent family. . . . Louise (Howard's only daughter) is now a tall willowy blonde of mid-teen age. She graduates from Junior High School (in Los Angeles) next Thursday (June 24th), and while her marks at school have not been such that I can add a "cum laude" on that score-it still might be added if popularity were under discussion. Louise is an accomplished pianist, having studied compositions of the old masters for a number of years. This coming Fall she will enter Marlborough School for Girls here in Los Angeles. It rates high. Young Howard-he is never called anything but Peter-is of slightly more tender years than Louise. Those years when one speaks partially in deep base and occasionally, to one's intense mortification, in falsetto. Those years when the washing of necks and combing of unruly hair is a complete and utter bore. Peter is famous all over his neighborhood for the many fine model airplanes he has built and flown-and crashed. At his school-the same Junior High as Louise-he has been elected President of the Student Body for the coming term. Anything but A's on his report cards are unusual and cause him much grief and disappointment. Ordinarily, predicting the future is unwise and uncertain, but I have a strong feeling that the entire Tribe will have reason, some day, to be proud of young Peter." The Howard Sargents live at 933 Fourth Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Lieut. James C. Sargent promised ye editor to tell something about his work. Thanks to his charming wife, the promise has been kept. Becky writes on the back (and front) of a sheet marked "Restricted" both on top and on bottom, "Naval Recognition" with an amusing picture of a naval officer and a seaman looking at a picture book of warships. Below is inscribed: "Headquarters Air Intelligence School, Army Air Forces Technical Training Command, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania," which by the way is Jim's office address: "My choice of stationery is not due entirely to a sense of New England thrift nor to necessity, although I am writing from Jim's office which has other interests than that of providing writing materials for officers' wives. This is the title page of a magnum opus compiled by Jim and one of his associates on Naval Recognition. We shall have to preserve a copy of the poop sheets, as they are called, for posterity. They are really good, a compilation of all the best material heretofore produced on selected ships of the United States, British, German, Japanese, and Italian navies. You see, when Jim was interviewed by the commandant about appointment to the staff, he was asked for criticism of the courses, and he unburdened himself about the lamentably presented naval recognition. Result: he and another man in his section have organized and presented the twelve-hour course ever since. Now that that is under control he is branching out and lecturing on bombs and bombing and on German air tactics. In writing you, I meant first of all to tell you how delighted we have been to receive Sargentrivia, an idea nobly conceived and admirably executed. It is most interesting keeping up with the maneuvers of the family, which is certainly making a highly respectable contribution to the war effort. I am sorry we haven't more colorful news to submit. The Battle of Harrisburg is not of the stuff which makes fascinating reading matter! But it is an excellent post, nevertheless, and if one sometimes chafes at the bit here and feels of no direct service in winning the war, he should, it seems to me, remember that he is important. On the people whom he teaches will rest the responsibility for the safety of the outfits to which they are assigned. These are excellent people on the staff-good, stimulating people-writers, professors, newspapermen, lawyers-all creative and enterprising individuals. And there are colorful ones in the classes that come and go. I guess I told you how much we enjoyed the Sizars. And we have had great fun with the Hillesses. Captain Hilless, as you may know, is secretary of the school, an immense job and a highly esteemed one. We often expand in their spacious apartment when our slightly limited and limiting one (one room!) tends to become claustrophobic. As for the people of Harrisburg, they couldn't be nicer.

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(They all seem to have gone to Yale, by the way—I never saw a place more pro-Yale.) I think Jim told you in the letter (so designated because it is the only one he has written—no, I am wrong, there was another once) that we had met the Vance McCormicks. Since then we have been out to the country to Cedar Cliffs on several delightful occasions, to swim and to lunch. They are very dear—and we love to absorb the spaciousness and beauty of the country, as well as the good talk and pleasant companionship. They have a wonderful system for transportation—one takes a bus across the river and is met at a designated point by their surrey or pony cart. To-day we were up the river, instead of across, to swim and have luncheon with some other Harrisburg people, the Flemings. There we met the Hickoks, and Mr. Hickok told us he had known all the Sargents in a generation before yours—John, Joe, Ned, Lewis, and Henry, for he had been in the class of '97 at Yale. Having been told to-day about a gal whose husband was in the last class, who did nothing for the eight weeks period but play gin rummy incessantly, I am reminded to mention that I am doing a bit more. One day a week I work at the hospital, one day at the Red Cross plus half days at the Rationing Board and at the Department of Mental Health. I attribute this worthy show of energy not to my extreme civic-mindedness, but to my inability to turn down people who plead for a good cause. In the execution of these duties I don't leave my husband to wallow in neglect—he is really quite well taken care of. We have all sorts of exotic things to eat—mushrooms under glass, spoon bread, soufflés in abundance. If one is going to cook, one might as well cook interestingly! . . . We hope to get leave in August and to go to Mountain around the 20th, a blissful prospect. I meant to tell you that we saw Johnnie on Thursday. His train was in the Harrisburg station for twenty minutes, and by prearrangement we managed to spend all twenty together. It was great fun seeing him, and we were delighted at such a good if limited opportunity."

Lieut. David C. Sargent writes from Camp Cooke, Calif., on July 14th: "Perhaps you will recall that it was July 4, 1942 when a pretty bewildered "shavetail" reported in as a new officer to the 6th Armored Division at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas. A lot has happened since then. Today, another pretty bewildered officer reported in to the 6th Armored Division, only this time it was my privilege to be able to help him. His name is Lt. Col. Glen C. McBride and he is our new chief of staff. He came to us from the 10th Armored Division where he was evidently an outstanding battalion commander. Anyway he is, for the present at least, my new boss and I am doing my very best to start off on the right foot with him. That is why I stayed in this week-end to help him to orient himself with the Division and his new surroundings, and having served under two chiefs-of-staff now, I find there is quite a lot I can tell him. . . . Wednesday night I had Division Alert again. This time I had a comparatively quiet evening for a change — plenty of telephoning but no serious complications. . . . There is a nice beach on the ocean about four miles from the Post. Occasionally, on a week-end, if the weather is good, the sun out and the wind isn't blowing too hard, we go down there. The swimming is too treacherous to be allowed, (a boy was drowned there last Sunday) but if it is warm, the beach is pleasant to relax on and hard enough, too, to run on and play ball. We went there last Sunday and I came back with a pinker tummy than I have been in the habit of exhibiting for some time. Having told all my friends that I never get a sunburn I found it hard pretending it didn't hurt when my friends tested me out by clapping me on the back. I am afraid my chess game isn't what it used to be. . . . The ping pong makes up for it though. A captain and I hold the doubles championship of our barracks. He is also an Engineer, so we are locally known as the Engineer Combination. . . .

Joseph Bradford Sargent on December 14, 1892 (his 70th birthday) established what has been known as the Sargent Trust Estate (or J. B. Sargent Trust Estate) by deeding to the trustees a majority of stock of Sargent & Company. The trustees were his five sons then of age plus Bruce Fenn (son-in-law), with John Sargent to be a trustee when he came of age. The trust was to continue for 25 years "and for and during the joint lives of myself and Florence W. Sargent, my wife, and the life of the survivor." The trustees were never to be less than three with vacancies to be filled from his sons-in-law or from his children's sons. A specified monthly sum was to be paid to the grantor during his life and on his death a lesser monthly sum to his widow. The remainder of the annual income of the trust was to be distributed to his children or their heirs (excepting a certain portion that went to another family trust which terminated in 1910). The deed of trust provided that at the termination of the trust the principal was to be divided equally among his children, or their heirs, per stirpes, except that a child without descendants was only to have a life use. If any of his children died during the term of the trust, the surviving spouse was to have life use of one-third of that child's portion, the other two-thirds to go to that child's descendants. And it also provided that any of his children who had no descendants were only to have the life use of his or her portion. There were other provisions to provide for many contingencies. The grantor died July 15, 1907, but his widow, who was 25 years his junior, died January 10, 1938, in her 90th year. The total income of the trust for those 15 years was slightly over four million dollars. After her death approximately 70% of the principal of the trust was distributed. In spite of this distribution the trust has continued to be the largest stockholder of Sargent & Company. Because of the recent death of Bruce Fenn a further partial distribution will be made soon by the trustees. The present trustees are: John Sargent (chairman), Samuel H. Fisher, Ziegler Sargent (secretary and treasurer), Lawton G. Sargent (auditor) and C. Forbes Sargent.