

Ye editors had more than four pages of "copy" for our last number and regretfully had to hold over some of it for this issue. In fact, in order to get all of the material on the last page of No. 8 we were obliged to reduce the size of the type on that page, which some of you may have noticed. Our mailing list has now passed the 50 mark. The family is our source of news of the family. Please do not forget to send us items of interest, especially letters from members of the armed forces. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W.B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Ye assistant editor started on September 27th her eighth year with the Prospect Hill School of New Haven, a college preparatory school for girls. Agnes teaches art one day a week. At present the art department has 21 pupils out of a school enrollment of 34.

Private Bradford S. Tilney wrote from Fort Devens, Mass., on August 23d: "• • • the Fort Devens Reception Center. The Army has gone to considerable pains to make it a warm reception for each recruit. Instead of the usual confusion that greets one at a railroad station; tickets, busses, taxis, porters, our hosts had everything in readiness to get our group (150 men) settled. Every detail was worked out with clocklike precision. On forming the first line and registering our names we began the processing that produces the finished product. On one arm they placed an inoculation, on the other the many necessities of clothing and equipment. At the wind up, we had duds for either summer or winter, work or play, and we had tried on the essential items to check sizes, contour and profile. They even gave us a capacious bag to carry away these sundry items. As we marched ahead with the bags on the shoulder, you could hardly tell us apart from the soldiers, except for the occasional ticker and tag that remained and for the fact that our staggering column sported the winter uniform. The initial frenzy and haberdashery of that first afternoon subsided during the next days, as we carried on through the Army Intelligence and Aptitude exams, movies, health talks, classification and finally hair cut inspection. Along the way, you allot your pay, buy insurance and prepare for your old age. It really was quite a relief to be able to settle back into the routine details, which serve to keep your mind off wondering what's in store for you and your friends - where and when. But I'm boring you. The hour grows later, here at the Service Club and methinks I'd better hasten back to my upper. • • •" Brad "celebrated" his birthday on August 22d at Fort Devens, in spite of rumors (possibly a bit of army camouflage) that he was at Fort Dix. On August 31st he was transferred to Louisiana, where his address is A.S.N. #31337978, Co. B. Prime, 361st Engineer Regiment, (S.S.), Camp Claiborne, La.

First Lieutenant David C. Sargent writes from Camp Cooke, Calif., on September 8th: "• • • I believe I told you that I expected to be away on a sort of umpire reconnaissance deal for about three days which would carry me almost to the southern tip of San Francisco Bay. When I first heard about this I thought it was going to be a nasty detail - but as it turned out it was more like a pleasure trip through vacationland. I got back over the week-end, and all in all I must have traveled close to 650 miles - all by "peep". My job, along with four other umpire officers, was to test Company "A" of the 86th Arm'd Ren. Bn. on an assigned reconnaissance mission. We got up at about 3:45 Thursday morning in order to meet the company at a rendez-vous point about 100 miles north of Camp Cooke, and the problem began from there. Since my specific mission was to check the bridge reconnaissance, I free-lanced in whatever area I desired. The first day I strung along with the platoon to the east over rugged, treeless country that was a rolling panorama of coloring in pastel shades. It was mainly cattle country with here and there an isolated farm house to break a lonely landscape. On the second day, however, I hit the more interesting country. It was to the west, high up in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Through the mountain passes our column wound - over dusty roads and around tortuous bends. At times the road was merely a narrow shelf carved out of the side of the mountains; at other times it plunged beneath redwood colonnades, covered overhead with a canopy of interlacing boughs. Through the openings among the leaves the sun-beams streaked like golden shafts of sun-light through the narrow niches of a Gothic cathedral. If we passed by a farm-house or paused in a town - our column was immediately the object of close and friendly inspection by a curious citizenry. Kids always get a great kick out of army vehicles and our column proved no exception. In one instance a couple of kids trooped up and down our line giving luscious fresh tomatoes to all our men. Friday night at about 10 the problem ended and after about three hours of sleep we started back, arriving at Camp Cooke the next day rather tired but distinctly pleased with the trip we had had and the country we had seen. Life back in the Battalion is pretty busy. The schedule calls for officers school three nights a week. Seldom a week goes by when the company hasn't a night problem of some sort; and then on top of all this throw in a night or two of teaching the company non-commissioned officers, and you find that there is quite a premium on free time. My own time has been particularly taken recently on account of a death investigation I had to make. The death was an accidental death on a night problem when a vehicle overturned. But even though it was comparatively straight forward, my final report ran to 22 pages. • • •"

SARGENTRIVIA

Major Robert L. Fisher's address is Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He began the first of September a nine weeks' course.

Richard Collier Sargent celebrated his birthday on August 29th and Murray Sargent his on August 30th. Many happy returns of the day to both of ye.

Russell Sargent Fenn, Jr., celebrated his birthday on September 11th, and Elizabeth Collier Sargent hers on September 12th. We hope they both had singing telegrams.

The Murray Sargents' camp at Mountainy Pond, East Holden, Maine, was open this summer. They call it Murjimhejon, which is not an Indian name, but a combination of parts of the names of the four boys. Murray and Mary went from New York to Bangor by train and bus at the end of July (the "pond" is only a few miles from Bangor). Henry spent there his vacation from his duties at the British Ministry of Supply Mission. First Lieutenant Jim and Becky spent their leave there. Military duties of Captain Murray and Private John prevented their getting there. Willard and Buff Rappleye spent their vacation at their camp which adjoins Murjimhejon. With them was also Buffy for part of the time. Bill Rappleye went overseas in mid-July with an Army contingent, so he could not get to Mountainy. Mary thus describes hers and Murray's "retreat": "We left Mountainy on August 31st very swankily by plane, but were informed at the airport that priorities had put us off at Boston (we'd had the reservations, the first to sign up for that date, for one month), so we had to come the rest of the way on the Federal, 11 P.M. out of Boston. It was jammed, altho by getting on early we had seats. . . . We sat up until 3:53 A.M., when we arrived at the Penn. Station (New York). It was 5 A.M. when we put out our light, and Murray started at 8:30 with a full day. . . . Lucy arrived the same night at 9 and Murray, Jr., walked in at 2 A.M., less than 24 hours after us. No maid. Murray's leave is up on the 11th; he thought they should start promptly back, because of the gas situation and slower driving, so off they went Friday about 11:30. He was here about 33 hours."

Aviation Cadet Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., writes from Camden, S.C., on September 16th: "*** First let me say that I love flying; it is absolutely terrific and was full of new sensations and ideals heretofore unknown to me. The first day I went up I stayed up for about 40 minutes - it was great and served to acquaint me with that new world above earth, also I got used to the air and the plane as well as finding out that air sickness doesn't bother me in the least, which is a good thing. But flying is tough - at least learning; and doing it for the army is even tougher. You have to have a knack so to speak. Almost anybody can learn to fly, but to fly for Uncle Sam you can't be just anybody. You have to have a certain co-ordination and judgment that pertain only to flying, and ability to do things that wouldn't occur on the ground; that's probably the toughest part. I seem to be having trouble picking up that knack, and one of the main things is relaxation. You'd be surprised to find how you tighten up in a plane even though you may be the most relaxed person in the world on the ground. That's where I'm having my main trouble, but I think I'm getting over it, I hope. Once you get relaxed, you've beaten the thing, as the plane does the flying and you help it along. Anyway, so much for that. I never knew it was possible to remember so much, or be supposed to remember so much as you have to. You have to be constantly looking about, checking instruments, and taking stock of the situation all around you. We do our high work at 3800 which so far consists of spins and stalls which are terrific - there you are diving and spinning toward earth when you kick opposite rudder, push stick forward, neutralize controls and pull out of resulting dive. The low work so far is "S" turns and forced landings, i.e. simulated. Last time I put the plane in a tree! Or so the instructor said the results would be if I had landed there. Yes, there's much to learn and figure out. One thing is where the hell the wind is coming from; 'cause when you make a forced landing it's supposed to be up wind - and believe me when you're 500 feet off the ground flying east and trying to find the wind, a downfield to put the ship in, and at the same time keep an eye on air speed and altimeter you have a job with no motor. The traffic pattern is another puzzler as you enter and leave the field by specific ways and altitudes to prevent accidents. You keep 500' until cutting throttle and gliding in. Then you wonder about under shooting and where a free lane is and why the other plane seems to be cutting you off, in fact those five other planes! So far my landings are like a bouncing rubber ball! They stink! But I'm learning. So you can see flying is hard and requires you to be on the ball, but it's worth it, at least to me, and I only hope I stay here. It's too early yet to tell anything so I'm keeping my fingers crossed. My instructor is really swell: a Mr. Ben F. Johnson, Jr., who is not one of the younger boys, but who is really helpful and patient. Both Jerry and Dick are here and we are plugging along likewise. We all love it - it's just like a disease and you get flying in your blood and just want to be up in the air practicing more and more and more, etc. It has been cold here lately - two blankets at night; and we are in our leather flying jackets. ***" On September 27th he

writes: " * * * Flying is slowly progressing but there seems to be one helluva lot to learn. Saturday after my 11th hour I soloed! It was really something to be flying about alone. We have to have 3 supervised (i.e. instructor on ground) solos of take off, flying the pattern, and landing before we are allowed to break traffic and go off on our own. I wasn't nervous, but things get mighty complicated with about fourteen other planes all doing the same pattern and landing, etc. You really have to keep your wits and eyes about you and plan things out or else things really get hot up there. Then while you're figuring how the other planes are doing the thing, you have to keep things under control and maintain 500' altitude and 1850 R.P.M. as well as trim ship and numerous other little points (wind drift, etc.). Yes, it's a busy life. * * * These past two weekends we have been on gay picnics in the woods with some gals and an old Ford that bounces as bad as some of my landings! We whip up sandwiches, cook coffee, build fires and have a swell time. * * * It has gotten cold here of late and we are back in O.D.'s., the ol' winter garb. Our upper class leaves here next weekend, so we will be upper class! * * *."

Our ancestor Thomas Collier, born in 1761, lived in Boston during the "tea party" in 1773. After the Battle of Lexington (April 19, 1775) and before the Battle of Bunker Hill (June 17, 1775) he left Boston with his father for Norwich, Conn. He was then fourteen years old. Forty-nine years later he wrote a son from Owego, N. Y., on September 11, 1824: "I have experienced sensibilities which indeed flow from the heart, well recollecting my own sensations when the first garments were rolled in blood at Lexington, being present when the British reinforcements, commanded by Lord Percy, formed and marched from Boston. I cannot forget the scenes and progress of the war. Nor can I forget my anxious fears and trembling, though then a lad, when on leaving my native town, soon after the commencement of the siege. I noticed the raw and strange materials which composed the army formed and collecting at Roxbury. To see the stripling and the man of grey hairs associated in arms 'breasted to the shock', and preparing for the tug of war, with their rusty muskets and scanty equipment, 'with death in their steps, the devil in their eyes,' anxious to contend, with a hardy, well-furnished and disciplined army. Nothing short of the God of armies, the Hope and Shield of all who confide in his holy hand and out-stretched arm, could have saved our armies from destruction and our country from desolation and slavery." This Thomas Collier was a printer and publisher, for many years in Litchfield, Conn., and was the great-grandfather of Elisabeth Collier Lewis who married Joseph Bradford Sargent. Samuel H. Fisher has compiled a bibliography of Thomas Collier's publications, published by the Litchfield Historical Society in 1933 and printed by the Yale University Press. Ye editor is the proud possessor of a copy.

Aunt Daisy Fisher celebrated her birthday on September 15th, and Barbara Sargent Moorehead hers on September 19th. Many happy returns of the day.

On September 20th Dorothy Sargent celebrated her 18th birthday and Private John Moffat Sargent his 20th, but not at the same spot. Many happy returns.

Richard C. Sargent, Jr., is a foreman in one of the manufacturing departments of the Bridgeport Brass Company, manufacturers of brass and brass products now engaged in war production. Dick and Barbara with their year and a half old daughter live at 55 Haddon St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Frances MacDonald Fenn (Mrs. Russell S. Fenn, Sr.) is living with her mother at 12 Pleasant St., Methuen, Mass.

Uncle Bruce Fenn's house at 242 Bradley Street, New Haven, has been rented by the executors of his estate. The New Haven Bank, N.B.A., and Russell Sargent Fenn, Jr., are the executors. The house was built in 1927 by Uncle Bruce and Aunt Ellen at the time they sold their residence at the corner of Whitney Avenue and Bradley Street.

Private John M. Sargent writes to the editors on September 28th: " * * * It has come to my attention through a somewhat devious path that you were interested in my present status. Little do I know of the subject except that officially I am a "trainee". The Army Specialized Training Program is still so far in its infant stages that it is rather doubtful that we are classified as anything. With an 84-week schedule we cannot yet be called cadet engineers, as they don't want to make promises so early in the game. To take this course many "non-coms" were "busted" going through sacrifices in both pay and prestige to further their education. In the advanced engineering we shall all be raised to First Class Privates - isn't that marvelous? We live in a grand apartment house from which we march to classes in 30-man sections. The amount of free time during the week is almost negligible, but on Saturday we get off after our last class (ending at 4:00) until Sunday night at 1:00 A.M. Our inspections are not as rigid as those of Air Cadets, as we are expected to have too much work along the mental lines to bother. It is a great life with no K.P. and no guard duty to ensnare us. The subjects we take are freshman courses in Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, English, American History, and Geography. Except for the pre-pre-flight air crew Syracuse University is not a particularly bad place (my opinion, of course, is biased because of 2200 oo-eds!). As for the Syracuse angle, the city is larger than any in Texas and the proportion of soldiers to population is the opposite of that in Texas. Therefore, I like the town in all respects. * * * " His address is Private John M. Sargent, Co. D, 3205 S.C.S.U., Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

Our family is one of those fortunate ones with a genealogist who as a labor of love has compiled and published the family genealogy. Aaron Sargent published two editions of the "Sargent Genealogy", one in 1858 and the other in 1895. The last edition not only contains information about the descendants of William, the immigrant, who came from England in 1638, but also traces William's ancestry in England. Joseph Bradford Sargent, who helped finance the publication, acquired many extra copies with the avowed purpose of distributing them later to members of the family when wanted. 25 (or more) copies are stored in a vault at Sargent & Company, and may be had for the asking (and postage). Ye editor regrets that there are left only two undistributed copies of the supplement compiled and printed by Edward R. Sargent in 1925. There are also available 19 copies of an illustrated pamphlet of 53 pages and cover, "Early Sargents of New England" by Winthrop Sargent, listing, with some of their descendants, eight of the Sargents who migrated to New England in the 17th century, whose relationship to each other, if any, is in most cases not known. An important if not the primary purpose of Mr. Winthrop Sargent was to assist the researches of some future family genealogists.

Joseph Bradford Sargent ("Grandpa" to ye editor's generation) during a whooping cough epidemic wrote on March 15, 1895 to "Grandma", then visiting in Lakewood, N. J.: " * * This forenoon I spent an hour or more playing with Lawton, Bradford and with Bessie's older children. They are all doing well. Lawton does not go out of his room but sits up in bed much of the time. He is very hungry all the time except for a few minutes after eating his five meals per day; two of the meals being a little broth and bread. He is looking nicely and doing well and has almost entirely got past the cough and no whooping. Bradford sits up in the bed most of the day and plays with blocks, soldiers on paper and in drawing pictures of boys, girls and animals. He told me that Mrs. Hotchkiss (Fanny) gave him one set of his soldiers. Richard, Sydney and Dorothy seem as well as ever. They all remain in the nursery room and play with blocks and with anything they can think of and seem entirely well. But the weather has kept them at home. Hilda is constantly improving. She sits up in her crib most of the time, and amuses herself in playing with dolls, etc. I do not think she has been on the floor yet. The baby is also improving but is still quite weak from its hard exercise at coughing. Bessie has not got over her anxiety about the baby, but I think there is little danger now unless she should take a cold. Bessie keeps a little gas stove on a table in the room in which the baby is and keeps a teakettle of water steaming all the time, to moisten the air, so that the baby's breathing tubes may be lubricated. * * "