

The recent passing of Thanksgiving Day recalls to ye editor the large family Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners at the big house at 51 Elm Street. At one end of the table "J.B." ("Grandpa") carved the plumpest of turkeys - other varieties of meat were carved at the table by his various sons - and "Madam" or "Grandma" (depending upon your generation) was hostess at the other end. When the grandchildren who were old enough to come to the table were just the "H.B.'s" and Russell Fenn, with perhaps a couple of the "G.L.'s", the children had a separate table in the sort of alcove of the dining room at the north end. But as the number of grandchildren increased they were seated sprinkled among their elders. Several "in-laws" were invariably present. While the Rices lived in Tacoma the fish course was always a large Pacific salmon sent on by them. The dinner hour varied from two to three o'clock, and it was while the dinner was being consumed that an uncle would leave the table to go up-stairs to ask by telephone the score of the Yale-Princeton football game. The number of Thanksgiving Day diners was never quite as large as at Christmas, there being more than fifty at the Christmas dinner in 1903. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W.B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Private (first class) Joseph Weir Sargent, Jr., of the Marines, wrote from somewhere in the Pacific on November 3d: "To the fast becoming famous, editor and assistant editor of the 'Sargent-trivia': Everyone else seems to be writing in their compliments to your paper of renown, so while I have the time I thought I'd add my two cents worth. It's great, no kidding, even though a lot of the names are unfamiliar to me, it's reading material, and that in any form out here is a pleasure and a change from the comic, mystery, western yen of books or papers within our reach. It also saves me from writing a few letters to my Philadelphia family. I always refer them to the paper saying I can add no more. There is really nothing I can add to your paper from my point of view as censorship regulations that we have to adhere to are very strict. The only thing I can write is we, here, now feel as though we really are in the war, due to our new address, instead of being stationed on a rear base, as I formerly was, we are a lot closer to things and anything can happen. You're on your toes and time runs past. Still in all it doesn't run fast enough for me till I can get back to good old Villa Nova. What a big "R" Red letter day then. ***" He also wants to thank Molly Sargent McCame for her letter because he has lost her address. The way Molly is moving around the country it is hard to say what her address is. The letter was postmarked "U.S. Navy, Nov. 14, A.M., 1943", was "passed by Naval censor" and received on November 23d. Weir's address is Pfc. Joseph W. Sargent, Jr., Special Weapons Gr., 7th Def. Battalion, C/o Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

Weir wrote his family on November 14th: "It's getting very hard to write letters nowadays. I can't think of anything worthwhile writing and when I do I am not allowed to write, so please excuse briefness of this letter. Just finished reading 'Mother Russia', and I thought it a very good book and well worth while. Gosh, it will seem funny to get back and see everyone again, if I ever do. The end of this month will be 15 mos. over here. Never thought I'd last half that time. It has just started to rain so I'll have to stop until we gather as much water as possible. — All finished now and we got several cans full.***"

Cousin Lollie Hammond has sent ye editor a clipping from an Atlanta, Ga., newspaper column called "Debutante Parade", introducing her great-niece, Mary Cumming. A portion of the clipping is illustrated below. Ye editors regret that limitations of space prevent the reproduction of the charming full length portrait in an evening gown. (For our relationship to the Hammonds, Baileys, Cummings and Lorings see Sargent-trivia of June 28th.)

If you saw Mary Cumming at the Driving Club Halloween ball last evening, you saw her wearing her favorite gown. It's a lovely thing of filmy white silk net—just what a debutante would select for her formal presentation. The molded bodice features a starched lace ruffle, embroidered in gold and rhinestones, around the off-the-shoulder neckline, and the skirt is very full and graceful. Mary accented her costume with a single strand of pearls and a sparkling diamond bracelet.



MARY
CUMMING:
and membership

One of the two out-of-town belles who have joined the Debutante Club, Mary hails from Griffin. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Cumming, and the sister of Laura, Jane and Robert Cumming Jr.

She is one of those capable creatures who manages to combine her coming out with a full schedule at Agnes Scott, where she is a member of the junior class. She belongs to the Cotillion Club and the Agnes Scott student government board. She also goes in strong for athletics, with a place on the hockey team to her credit, and membership in both the tennis and swimming clubs.

Word has come from the Henry J. Wisers at Ottawa that their daughter Joan "is engaged to Duncan Lyall MacDougall, son of Mr. & Mrs. Duncan Livingston MacDougall of Montreal, and at present he is stationed at Camp Borden where he is taking an officer's course in the Royal Canadian Armored Corps; he is related to Livingstone, the explorer - we think a little adventurous Scotch blood may prove to be an asset to the Sargent family! Particularly the adventurous part of it! A date has not been set for the wedding."

Becky Jackson Sargent wrote to ye editors on November 21st: "Today is a beautiful sparkling Sunday, and it is a Special Day too, because whether midnight finds me scribbling or not, I am determined that a letter shall be completed to you. Such a statement is open to misinterpretation, but pray take no offense, for it is made by one who has long wanted to write to you but whose correspondence has been limited to communications to banks and business concerns, to the Treasury and telephone companies, in short, to all the details of adjustment which result from an abrupt change in one's residence and status. *** Although quite undeserving of your tribute, I must admit that I was pleased that you liked my letter. (See Sargentivia of July 12th - Ed.) Upon hearing from you I proposed to dash off Chapter II of Life in Harrisburg. But time will not be regimented thus by mortal mind, nor will the Fates be moved by whim of man. Before I could write, the ax had fallen. I presume it was complaisantly optimistic of me to send for my winter clothes, to discuss whom we would have for Thanksgiving dinner, to plan where we would put the Christmas tree. But life was progressing so harmoniously and so uninterruptedly that one possessed an illusion of complete security. And I don't regret the illusion at all. The less time one has, the less trammelled it should be by worries. Jim's orders came through on October 26th, something for which he had been hoping for some time. If he could get out of the country, he wanted to go; if he could not, he preferred Harrisburg to any other post and was delighted to remain there. The business of eyesight was to be the determining factor. And so our friend departed on October 31st for an overseas replacement training center. It was a beautiful morning when he left, a morning when one should have been driving out to the country to walk through the woods and fields. It seemed unreal, instead, this buying a ticket and piling one's things on the train - gas mask and bed-roll and steel helmet and footlocker on a plain every-day train in a plain every-day station. Having heard that one often is at such a training center for several weeks, I was astonished to have Jim call on November 3rd to say he was leaving that night. Soon after I received his address: A.P.O. 12574C, C/o Postmaster, San Francisco, and gleaned my first idea of his approximate destination. Then post cards drifted in on his wake across the country, and finally he telephoned. It seems quite certain that he has now left the country. I talked with him at two-thirty of the morning of the 19th - the insistence of the call despite the hour would indicate that something was imminent. He could say nothing of his activities except the facts that he had been working with the enlisted men he was to accompany, and that he had been detailed to do enough censoring of mail to qualify his being underwritten by True Story Magazine. It's a bit strange to shut the book completely on our life in Harrisburg. Surely no existence could have been more satisfactory, more joyous. I have been struck deeply by the innate kindness and cordiality of the people of the town - a New Englander has learned her lesson well. And I have been appreciative of the new ideas and different thoughts and fresh attitudes emanating from the vital group at the Intelligence School. *** I, too, shall look forward to receiving your excellent paper. May I say that I think the historical sketches are most interesting and colorful. Sargentivia is going to be an excellent reference book in this Sargent family. *** This is being written in New York, where I have been spending a most pleasant week. Jimmy passed his eyesight examination, how, I haven't any idea, since, as you know, he can barely distinguish shapes!! So now he is on his way to become an S2 somewhere in the Pacific." Becky's address is Mrs. James C. Sargent, 1 Lantern Lane, Winchester, Mass.

Chaplain (First Lieutenant) William H. McCame, wrote from Fort Lawton, Officers Club, Seattle, Washington, to ye editors on November 18th: "Greetings and many thanks for sending me (us) the Sargentivia. Molly has told you how much we appreciate what you are doing for us and 'the family' in this exacting and time-consuming service. I appreciate it even more since I have been in the army. And I think the historical bits are most interesting and informing. For the records, I am assigned to the Seattle Port of Embarkation, Ships Complement, with temporary duty at Fort Lawton. Molly joined me here for an indefinite stay a few days ago. It is wonderful to have her here. I understand that Oct. 28th and 29th were suitably celebrated by a joint birthday dinner for Molly and Sydney with the Howard Sargents as hosts in Los Angeles. If any members of the clan are near or in Seattle I hope they will let me know. Best wishes to you both and thanks again for your note & for Sargentivia."

Jean Sargent Buck and her two children, Sandra, aged 9, and John H. Buck, 3d, aged 7, after spending the summer at Greenwich, Conn., have returned to their New York apartment at 132 East 72d St. Her husband, Captain Richard A. Buck, who entered the army as a first lieutenant, is in the Procurement Division of the Engineers Corps. For some months his headquarters have been in New York City, though his duties frequently take him out of the city.

John A. Clark, stepson of John Sargent, is in charge of production at Split Ballbearing Corporation, Lebanon, N.H. His home address is P.O. Box 23, Norwich, Vt. He was married on December 2d, 1939, to Mrs. Elizabeth Yandell Dillon, daughter of Lunsford P. Yandell. Betty has a daughter, Diana Dillon, by a previous marriage. Their daughter, Jenifer Clark, was born on August 1st, 1941. The family's house in Norwich is an old mill remodeled.

On November 22d Laura Rice Deming and Sylvia Tilney-Skerrett celebrated their birthdays. That day was also the 19th wedding anniversary of Millicent and Major Horace Pettit, the war causing them to be thousands of miles apart, she in Pennsylvania and he in India. Ye editors send to all of them the best of wishes.

Teddy Babbitt celebrated his 20th birthday and Billy Deming his 15th on November 27th. Many happy returns of the day.

Margaret Sargent Fisher's enlistment in the Women's Marine Corps Reserve was accepted on November 20th, one week after her 20th birthday, which is the minimum age for the corps. Daisy expects to begin as Private Fisher her term of service in January.

Atlee Downs Fisher has moved to St. George's Apartments, Ardmore, Pa. With her are Daisy (till called into service of the Marines) and Louise.

First Lieutenant David C. Sargent wrote from Camp Cooke, Calif., on November 15th: "This last week was an unusually interesting one with several highlights which I will briefly touch on. In the first place I have been appointed, in addition to my other duties, trial judge advocate of the battalion special court. This means that I prepare and try all special court martial cases that arise in the battalion. Yesterday I tried my first case which was fortunately a comparatively simple one as there is an awful lot for me to learn in this military law. It is pretty interesting, though, deciding how to question witnesses to prove the case. But I kind of dislike being the agent through which men are tried and sentenced. One pretty complicated case landed on my lap at the beginning of the week involving absence without leave, disobedience of a standing order, disorderly conduct, and assault of a civilian. I was all set for the trial with my case all prepared when the man was declared insane. All is not yet settled, however, and the case may yet be tried in which case it should be a hot one to handle. Wednesday night we crawled through the infiltration course again, this time in darkness. You may recall that the infiltration course is that 100 yard crawl with machine guns firing over your heads, barbed wire clawing at your clothes, and demolitions exploding on all sides of you. I can assure you it is not a pleasant way to spend an evening particularly since you 'eat dirt' most of the way. The following night the Battalion took another 25 mile hike. This we completed in 7 1/2 hours. It was a perfect night for the job with a full moon overhead, and since a large part of our route extended close to the shore of the Pacific we could look out and take heart in the beautiful scene of moonlight shimmering on the waves. I survived the hike with not a blister which I attribute not as much to my physical condition as to the stockings I wore which, incidentally, were those presented to me by Win. We got in from the hike at about 3:30 in the morning which made it pretty tough to arise at 6:30 the same morning and report to the school of aircraft identification which I now attend for an hour and a half each morning 6 days a week. I am learning quite a lot from this, however, and like it. ... Tonight Bill (Harrigan) and I are 'entertaining' two couples who have shown their hospitality to us in the past. They are the Cowens ... and the Wachters ... They are all swell people and we intend to give them dinner at the Division Officers Club where a mighty good meal is often served. Jim Cowen is also Division Public Relations Officer, and since battalion publicity comes partly under my duties as S-2, I work with him sometimes on that. Tomorrow night I give a school in mapping to the non-commissioned officers of the battalion. I am supposed to be the battalion expert on anything to do with maps, and as such have given several classes already on map reading to this group. The group consists of from 60 to 80 non-commissioned officers and since they are supposed to have a pretty good working ground-work of mapping themselves, I find I have to keep pretty much on my toes to keep a step or so ahead of them. A tremendous box of Huyler's chocolates just arrived from The Travelers Girls Club! They are really going in for remembering their 'boys in the service' in a big way. When you consider how many Travelers employees are now in the army and navy you get an idea of how big a Christmas bill they're footing. ..."

Ye editor entered two badminton tournaments, mixed doubles and men's doubles, held at the New Haven Lawn Club the week-end before Thanksgiving. The committee dubbed them "draw" tournaments and arranged the partners so as to make the pairs as even as possible. The mixed doubles were played first. As there was not a convenient number of entries and as there were seven girls and nine men, in order to allow everyone to play without too much delay the committee permitted some beaten players to play again. The star of the meeting was Betty Howe, one of the twins, who though an excellent tennis player had only twice before played badminton and operated with ye editor's second best racket.

She learned fast and with Walter Bronson captured the first prize of three shuttlecocks apiece. Ye editor and one partner were defeated by them in the first round, and then ye editor and Peggy Howe, like her twin sister an excellent tennis player but new to this game, paired only to lose to the eventual runners-up. In the men's doubles on Sunday ye editor fared better, he and John Moffit winning from a field of eight players, with two "birds" apiece as prizes.

Joseph Bradford Sargent, as a trustee for his eldest brother, wrote on January 7, 1892 the following letter to a business tenant in Newnan, Ga.: "Your check for One Hundred and Eight 33/100 Dollars for rent is received by me today, having been forwarded from Hartford, Conn. Why do you address to Hartford when you know my place of business and residence is New Haven, the third city in size and first in intelligence of all the cities in New England, and of which city I have the high honor of being Mayor. Your greeting of 'Happy New Year' is warmly reciprocated, although I shall not be completely happy in 1892 till you settle up for the rent due on the additional accommodations, built and arranged for you as per contract in my letter in relation thereto. Why do you not fix it up?"

Our forebear, Joseph Sargent, born in 1757, was the eldest of the ten children of Joseph and Hannah Whittemore Sargent. He was married May 6, 1783 to Mary Denny, daughter of Colonel Thomas Denny, of whom there was a brief sketch in the November 17th issue of Sargentrivia. This Joseph Sargent had a combined one story store and dwelling house on what later became a part of Leicester Common, which stood next west of the house in which Dr. Austin Flint lived. He died March 14, 1787 at thirty years of age, leaving a widow (who did not remarry) and three children under four years of age — Henry, Sophia and Joseph Denny Sargent, the latter (our ancestor) barely two months old. The widow was a mother of unusual devotion, energy and high character and with the help of her father-in-law she brought up all the children to become useful, respected and prominent in the life of Leicester, Mass. The story is told as true that she once sent her youngest son barefooted through a light fall of snow for the doctor, who sent him back with the message to put on shoes and the doctor would respond. The boy went away but soon returned still barefooted with the advice to the doctor to mind his own business and come when called. He came. Henry Sargent, the eldest of the children, became an enterprising merchant and manufacturer of Leicester. He married Elizabeth Denny — they had eight children — kept a general country store, was a selectman and postmaster, a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1821, and rose to be colonel in the militia. In 1810 with Isaac Southgate (a descendant of Richard Southgate who emigrated to New England with Daniel Denny) he formed the firm of Southgate and Sargent for the manufacture of cotton cards. This was the beginning of the Sargents in manufacturing. Henry Sargent withdrew from the firm two years later and in 1814 formed a partnership with his brother, Joseph Denny Sargent, which continued till the former's death in 1829. The younger brother in 1813 had independently begun the manufacture of hand cards for the carding of wool and cotton (used in preparation for spinning) as winter occupation for his farm hands.

The two cards illustrated below are invitations to the same ball, printed on the backs of playing cards. On the other side of Miss Sophia Sargent's invitation is the five of spades, and on the other side of the eight of clubs is the invitation to "Mr. Jos. D. Sargent." The "H. Sargeant" listed as one of the managers was their elder brother Henry.

