

One of ye editor's nieces has ganged up with ye assistant editor in disagreement with ye editor's decision, because of poor results, not to attempt to reproduce in these pages any more family photographs, so the attempt will be made again, in this issue or in later ones when space permits. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W.E. Sargent, assistant editor.

Private Margaret S. Fisher of The Marines, having finished her six weeks' "boot" training course and an additional two weeks' mess duty, wrote on March 21, 1944: "...I am now at Cherry Point, N.C. stationed here for an indefinite time, and waiting to be assigned to a job. About two-hundred and fifty of us came down by bus from New River on Tuesday. We left at one-thirty and arrived here at five. It was a long and tiring ride, and we were packed in busses like sardines. When we got here we had chow and then we were billeted to our barracks and bunks, and spent the rest of the time getting organized. Almost all the girls I went through Boot Camp with are here, so it is very nice. Also some of the girls who graduated with me and were sent here two weeks ago are shipping out tomorrow.... Now for our daily schedule here at Cherry Point — We "hit the deck" at 06:00 and have roll-call the first thing. Chow is between 06:30 and 07:00. We clean and do police details from then until 08:00, when we muster in formation outside. I am a squad leader again. From 08:00 until 10:30 we drill and go to lectures—chow at 10:30—free till 13:00, when we have roll-call again. After that we have more lectures and at 3:30 we have evening chow, and afterwards are free until 22:00 when we go to bed. It is a very sketchy schedule, and it seems as though we will have a lot of free time on our hands. There is one PX here, and one movie. They both are always jammed, as enlisted personnel as well as officers go there; men as well as W.R.'s., but it is a nice place to go. You can get almost anything at all except meals there. We can go bicycle-riding, walking, play basketball, go sailing, and go out to the airport. You also are allowed up in planes after you have been here a week, as you don't get your liberty cards until then. For the first week we are restricted after 10 o'clock, and can't go to town (New Bern), but after that we have all-night liberty, but we have to be here for 06:00 bed-check. ... I was going to try and get a 72 hour pass to come home next week-end, but they told us today that we had to be here a month before we could ask for one, and also it is a pretty risky thing to go over 150 miles from the base on account of the transportation. I just hope that I can get home before I am transferred, but of course there is the possibility that I would be stationed here. I really wouldn't mind that a bit as the base is very nice, although it can't compare with New River as far as the barracks and the scenery are concerned. New River was a lovely place. On Saturday there is a parade in which I am going to march. It is in honor of Colonel Streeter, who is on the base visiting for a few days. I hope it doesn't rain—it always does on Saturdays for some reason or other. ..."

On March 22, 1944 she wrote: "...I have just come back from the classifications office, and I bet thee will be surprized when I tell thee that I have been classified so far as an instructor in recognition of aircraft! That means that I will stand by here for about ten days or two weeks and then go to school for five weeks. After that I may be transferred and then I will be permanently instructing pilots. The only thing that stands in my way is my age. Usually they take girls about 22 or older, but due to the fact that I have had some experience, and also that I am interested in planes, I have a very good chance. Another thing that may prevent me from getting into this — I have no experience in teaching. The Lieutenant couldn't have been nicer, and said that I had a very good chance, and she also said that I seemed very interested. I must stop now, as we are having practice for the parade. ..."

On March 23, 1944 she wrote: "Due to the weather yesterday, which was awfully rainy and foggy, all the planes were grounded. You certainly miss them when they are not flying. Sunday morning I went down to the field with two other girls, and watched the planes land and take-off for hours. Every once in a while the W.R.'s are allowed to go up in a transport for a ride, but so far I haven't had an opportunity. We are not allowed to go up in any of the fighter planes however—one of these days I hope to be able to go up. Also if we can get a ride on a plane when we go on shore leave or on furloughs it doesn't cost a penny, so maybe I could get a ride to Washington or New York some week-end, if I could get a 72 hour pass. ..."

On March 28, 1944 she wrote: "I started aerial gunnery school yesterday and I will be going there for five weeks; at the end of which time, we will be assigned to our jobs. The subjects we take are: Aircraft Recognition, Browning Automatic Machine Gun, Turrets, Theory of Sighting, and we also have to be able to strip the gun apart in so many seconds, and name every part of it. It is very interesting, but hard. We also are shown a lot of restricted films, and today we saw a very interesting one about Pearl Harbor. School starts at 07:45 in the morning, and we get out at 16:30 (4:30), in time for mail-call and chow. So I will be very busy from now on. I was told yesterday by one of the instructors that we are picked to go to Aerial Gunnery School and should be proud of the fact. First the Lieutenant of Classifications checks our records, and interviews us; then the C.O. of Cherry Point gives his opinion and finally we are checked through our records in Washington and if they say we qualify, then everything is all right. I must go do my studying now. ..."

Daisy's address is Private Margaret S. Fisher, U.S.M.C.W.R. 765071, A.E.S. 45, Marine Corps Air Station, Barracks 223-1, Cherry Point, N.C.

First Lieutenant James C. Sargent wrote from somewhere in the Pacific on February 26th: "...On several occasions I have seen natives — half clothed and a bit grimy — but unfortunately my time for travel to their 'cities' is limited and their aesthetic beauty doesn't intrigue me sufficiently

to warrant the trip way out into the jungle. I envy you for the cold weather that you have had. What I wouldn't give even for a glimpse of one small snowflake! To us who have been reared in an atmosphere of a white Christmas, the warm climates seem even too odd. Of course you realize that because we are below the equator our seasons are just the reverse and at present we are in the midst of summer. Of course in New Guinea because of the nearness to the equator, the seasons change almost imperceptibly, although I am told that during the winter months there is an increased amount of rain - in some parts there is as much rain as 96 inches in a month! Whiskey is almost off the market even in Sydney and mint juleps are a thing of the past. *** My life out here is a happy one as well as being very busy. The other day I took a trip in search of my footlocker and other belongings and, to give you an idea of the cost of movement in this area, I travelled by air some 500 miles, spent one night, had four delicious meals, and it cost me not an out of pocket penny. I shall have to pay for the meals, \$1.00, at the end of March. Where else could I do all of this, I ask you? Of interest to you would be the fact that we are quartered in tents which are anything but leakproof and we eat, from mess kits, food that has been prepared on Army gasoline stoves. It all reminds me of Uncle Z's camping expeditions even to the little stove he used to carry with him. Naturally there are inconveniences, but none that I did not anticipate before I came. Those that complain would not enjoy a Maine Woods trip to be sure! Why we even have electric lights and showers! New Guinea itself is a land of fascination, having tremendous mountains containing huge rubber trees and along the shore many beautiful coral reefs. Beautiful butterflies, and lovely colored birds help us to appreciate the aesthetic. I wish I could take a colored picture of the terrain as seen from the air, for it is truly gorgeous. *** On March 9th he wrote: "*** I wish I could have been there (i.e. New York) during the winter gale of January 4 - seems ages ago to you I suppose - just to be able to feel the cold wind even though it would be a wet one would, as I assure you, feel most delightful. *** Tonight we had a tropical downpour which when hitting the tin roof, made a most wonderful and refreshing sound. *** In the last six months I have seen two movies and one of those was a special New Year's treat to myself in Brisbane. I guess I am neither an Aunt Lib nor a Johnny so far as these attractions are concerned. I like to do the acting rather than to watch it on a screen! I have managed to read a couple of good books. *** The best news over here is of the members of the bomber outfit that punched Lewis in the nose. Everyone is quite sympathetic with the soldier!***"

Private John M. Sargent, who departed from Champaign, Ill., on March 24th, wrote from Louisiana on March 28th: "Today is the first clear day since Sunday (Monday was rainy). I am sitting cross-legged in front of my barracks (a two-man pup-tent). My morale is somewhat low, though, not for the above reasons. We've hit the 8th Armored Division while it's on maneuvers and so we are camping. That's why we have that A.P.O. Since we've been here we've heard nothing but how good the 8th Armored Division is, and I've been classified as 'ATTACHED UNASSIGNED' which means simply that I'm not in the 8th Armored. That is the reason for my bitterness. When we shipped, Friday last, we (800 of us) departed in Class A uniforms (blouse and overcoats) on two large sections of the Illinois Central at about 1:30 P.M. The following evening we disembarked from our train to discover that we would be issued 3 blankets and a shelter-half apiece 6 miles deep in the woods. Remember, please, we still wore our blouses and overcoats. We were also told that we would spend the night 'under the stars'. We did! After 9 months of A.S.T.P., sleeping on soft mattresses with sheets and pillow cases we lay upon the ground with a double thickness of blanket as an insulator. What a letdown! Of course we didn't get to sleep until about 1:30 A.M., as confusion in the dark prevented maximum efficiency in issuing blankets, etc. Luckily it didn't rain that first night, but it did dew, and my trousers stood up of their own accord in the morning. *** At Syracuse they were extremely thoughtful because we were in A.S.T.P.: they took away all our field equipment, such as mess kit, canteen, canteen cup and field bag. Thus, when we arrived here we were absolutely unprepared. At 7:00 A.M. we arose and discovered that we would go to breakfast at about 10:00 A.M., if we had canteen cups (for coffee). Those who didn't have cups would remain behind for the Quartermaster, who would issue the cups to them. At 10:00 no Quartermaster, Johnnie very hungry; at 11:00 we were told that the Quartermaster wouldn't come until afternoon and that we should borrow canteen cups from those returning from 'chow'. At 11:15 Johnnie, still hungry, went to chow, and there we had two crackers with raspberry jam and coffee. I don't drink coffee, and so I only had the crackers and jam after which I was still hungry. After breakfast the Q.M. arrived and I was issued my canteen, mess kit and cup, and things returned to normal. Sunday evening we saw our first open-air field movie. *** The screen is a canvas sheet which is stretched among four wooden logs which stand at one end of an open field. The electricity for the projector and loud speaker is generated by a small gas-motor which sounds like the pumps at Mountairy. *** It sprinkled in the middle of our movie Sunday night and *** Monday night. Sunday night it rained with incentive, and many were drenched wholly or partially. The rain persisted through most of the morning, and I declare, here and now, Louisiana is worse than Texas, where it only rains about once every two weeks instead of once a day! *** Monday morning we burned wood and watched the fires in the rain a la Maine. Monday afternoon we were classified, and I was put in 345 which means truck driver, light. However, I was attached temporarily to the Medical Battalion which is designated 78th. *** To-day I slept all morning, and so I do not know what went on, but this afternoon we had a physical exam. *** On March 28th he wrote: "The weather is mad! Last night we were driven from the usual movie before it started by a rain accompanied by a wind. The precipitation remained with us through

half the night making it necessary for me to double up my legs in my pup-tent in order to keep my feet dry. *** We are now in the 'red' army; yesterday we were in the 'blue' army; what caused the change I don't know. Around our helmets we wear a reversible band of red (or blue) which designates our side. It sort of reminds me of the chameleons which we find in abundance down here. Today we've had speeches on Malaria Control, Field Sanitation and Poison Gas. Of course, the last speech was the best, for the subject is far more interesting. *** " His address is Co. B, 78th Medical Bn, A.P.O. 258, C/O Postmaster, Shreveport, La.

Corporal Willard C. Rappleye, Jr., nephew of the Murray Sargents, wrote from India on March 26th: "Since this is my initial effort expressly for Sargenttrivia, I'll try to make it as inclusive as possible. Unfortunately the details of my trip and the places where we stopped are not for publication, so you'll have to be content with a description of my life here. This is one place that the phrase 'Total War' was not designed for. At times life gets dull, but that, aside from the omnipresent gripe about ohoh, is about all there is to kick about. I can't mention here what my work is, although you know what it is. The AACCS on my address stands for Army Airways Communication Squadron, so you can put two and two together and have a pretty good idea of the nature of the work. When we do work, we are really busy, but as each 6 hour shift is followed by an 18 or 24 hour break, the schedule is easy. We live in clean comfortable barracks — bamboo with cement floor, and hire a bearer for 7 rupees (about \$2.10) a week to sweep, polish shoes, and make our beds, as well as take care of any jobs we might dream up. Soft? Boy, when I think of the rigors of basic training, I shudder. The only time we are responsible for in our duty hours — detail such as KP, Guard, or cleanup — is unheard of here. No roll calls, bed check, or anything like that to bother us. We have a good PX — cigarettes, some beer, occasional fruit juice, and the usual run of essentials. The movies aren't of the 'first run' class, but most of them are pretty good, and we have three a week. Our detachment has a day-room complete with phonograph, card tables, magazines, and life size pin-up girls painted on the walls. And to top it all off, they've just opened a grand Red Cross Service Club which is really swell — ping-pong, easy chairs, phonograph, hamburgers, and American girls. They had a dance last night to open it formally, and in spite of the mob of GIs, it went over very well and we all had a grand time. We have a little saying 'You can't kick on India' and perhaps after that description you can see why. And we're getting overseas pay for it, too. I know you'll be interested to hear of my meeting with Aunt Sara and Sheila (Engert). It was more or less a shot in the dark on my part, as I wasn't sure where she was going to be or when, but by luck I got a pass on ten minutes notice, and almost by coincidence made connection with her at a different hotel than the one she had named. It was all very lucky, but I guess the Fates were smiling on us. It certainly was wonderful to see them — the last time I had been with them was at Mountain 9 years ago. They both looked wonderful, and we spent two days of questions and answers, with me doing most of the answering. *** Sheila certainly is a lovely girl — not having seen her for nine years, I was really stunned — but then, I might have expected it. Roderick has joined the Army over here, as you know, and is at present the only private in an office full of brass and bars. Seems to be pleased with his work, and enthusiastic about the Army. Well, that about covers the main points of interest, so I'll be leaving you now — don't want to miss the show. I hope this letter hasn't been a disappointment to you — not much of excitement or interest going on around here, at least that we can talk about. However, not having written you, I felt that you might be interested in some points. One more thing — I want to thank you for putting me on your mailing list. Sargenttrivia is a grand idea, and one of the best morale-builders I've yet seen. It really is swell to have such a convenient means of keeping in touch with family and friends. So add my thanks and congratulations to the many you must be collecting. Your affectionate 'nephew by adoption', Bill."

Corporal Bradford S. Tilney wrote to ye editor on March 26th: "News from Camp Sutton runs pretty true to the groove, as far as my regiment is concerned, in fact some of our wags call it a 'rut' — 1308 is still taking its Basic Training. Since November, when training began, I've been a small cog in the machine, serving as ass't squad leader with the rank of Corporal. We have been busy all winter getting the G.I. method on all kinds of construction. My only achievement to date consisted in making 'sharpshooter' with the M.I. r. . . For the last month I have had an interesting assignment, being attached to the regimental Construction Foreman School, where I assisted with the instruction of my own classification which includes all line sergeants and corporals. The G.S. regiment may be called upon to construct practically anything constructible and in any theater. Hence our course program went from soup to nuts in Building, of course in the G.I. manner. It looks as if the only thing we have to look forward to in the near future is more training. Speaking of training, I'm rather counting on you to accomplish a small task for me in my absence. That is: to instruct son Timothy in the rules of good conduct. Soon, judging from his progress, he should be reaching N.H. and from then on he'll be waiting your word. ***"

Thomas H. Wiser wrote from Ottawa on March 31st: "It's recently been brought to my attention that you have not had a reasonably steady flow of news from the Wiser family up here in the Canadian 'woods'. I make a very definite point of reading the 'Family Issue' when it's published,

and am extremely surprised as well as interested to know how many and how active my relatives are. I'm glad to see a certain Sargent Jr. is doing so well. At the moment this writer is employed with Ottawa Car & Aircraft Ltd, Inspection Dept. About all I'm at liberty to reveal concerning our production is that we're turning out vital final assembly parts for the Lancaster heavy bomber, and just recently, I've been given sole responsibility for inspection of the hottest job in the plant. You've undoubtedly heard of the big four-motored long range bombers the R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. are using on their mass raids over Europe. Naturally, the demand for these planes increases proportionately as the weight and size of attacks carried to the enemy enlarge to the eventual saturation point.. However, Canada has only comparatively recently started full scale production on the Lancaster, so all plans and details were started from scratch. When you understand the insurmountable obstacles which confront a group of engineers assigned to the task of setting up the various equipment for production of this new plane, it's almost unbelievable what they've accomplished. My present job gives me free run of the whole plant, so the opportunities of learning are practically limitless. Perhaps what free time I should have after working hours is pretty well taken up now that I've become a student with the International Correspondence Schools, which concerns a course in Mechanical Engineering. All studies, lessons, and examinations are carried on thru the medium of correspondence - the School itself claims an Alumni of four and a half million from the four corners of the World. What with the practical experience involved simultaneously, I believe the eventual results will be extremely gratifying. An added note momentarily about Jim is that he's at home now on a two week furlough. As I haven't seen him for many months, it's quite a novelty having him around again. Further information concerning James will probably follow, written by him."

Second Lieutenant Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., wrote from Napier Field on March 26th: " *** As you know I'm back for the P40 & gunnery course. Well, my section gets gunnery first, so in the morning I'm off for Fla. for two weeks of that. It has both advantages and disadvantages, namely, you have some chance to do some more flying before jumping into the 40's and can get used to landings, etc. On the other hand you must qualify at gunnery to be able to return & fly the 40's. So I just hope I make out O.K. in the next two weeks and at least get a crack at the 40's. The whole course is on somewhat of a competitive basis, as when it's over, they never have enough assignments at further fighter schools to go around. That means that around 20 or so out of about 140 will be dropped. So it's a game of chance, luck and skill from here on in. In a way it may be better to fly 40's first off, then if you get eliminated in gunnery you have at least had the experience. I guess the odds are about 50 - 50 either way, 'cause if you're going to be a fighter pilot you have to get thru both. Gunnery should be great sport & a lot of fun as well as work. They say that aside from maybe getting married those 2 weeks of shooting are probably the most fun you'll ever have, if you like it and are any good at all. After the course is over (about a month) and if you're any good and still in the running, why you get sent to a fighter base for 60 hrs. ground school and then to some field for further fighter transition training. *** This next month will be the big one as it will determine if we are to be made and trained for fighter pilots. *** Life here as a student officer isn't too bad, and we shall be fairly busy to notice any black marks. We live in barracks similar to the cadet ones, but eat in our own mess where the food is excellent and plentiful. We can use the officers' club for everything and anything except eating, as their facilities are way overcrowded. ***"

The McCanoes, Chaplain (First Lieutenant) William H. and Molly, left New Haven on March 17th for Seattle, Wash., where they will make their home while Bill is subject to Pacific transport duty. On April 3d they wrote: "Here are best Easter wishes for ye editor and wife of ye grande news sheet - with a line to say after much search we've found a pleasant place where we can stay, moving in to-morrow. One offer we tracked down was to 'share' an untidy home with its owner - to clean, cook and launder for her as well as us - and pay her \$10 a week for the privilege. You can see how the housing situation must be in Seattle, if anyone dares offer such a bait. We have found a sweet cottage with a cheery lady to share, and a view and garden at 3437 59th St., S.W., Seattle. You're the first to have this new address, which we know you'll broadcast in our interest! That mail may find its way to our door. More news when we have it. Bill's ship isn't ready yet, but doubtless will be soon. ***"

ANNIVERSARIES

BIRTHDAYS

April 2 John A. Clark
Converse G. Fenn
Thomas C.C. Sargent (1st)
April 5 C. Kenneth Deming
Richard C. Sargent, Jr.
April 6 Hilda Sargent Ham
April 9 Nancy Grove Turner (21st)

WEDDINGS

April 4 Roswell and Hilda Sargent Ham (8th)