

An index of the fourteen numbers of Volume 1, published in 1943, is being mailed with this issue, excepting to those overseas. In the index ye editors have attempted to indicate the number and page where special reference is made to members of the family and to a few other persons, also to a very few subjects. It was not the intention to include the names of all persons mentioned in the pages of Volume 1. The index probably has its shortcomings, but it is hoped that it will be of value or convenience to those who have retained their copies of this family history on the march. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W. B. Sargent, assistant editor.

Lieutenant (J.G.) Arthur M. Turner, U.S.N.R., has been awarded the Air Medal, it has been announced recently by the Third Naval District. The citation accompanying the award reads: "For meritorious achievement in aerial flight, as pilot of a plane attached to Torpedo Squadron 21 in combat against enemy Japanese forces in the Solomon Area in July 1943. Participating in a daring and aggressive strike against enemy shipping in Kahili Harbor on July 17 Lieut. (J.G.) Turner (then ensign) faced heavy fighter opposition and enemy anti-aircraft fire to press home his attack, skillfully co-ordinating his tactics with our dive bomber and fighter units, in the sinking of several Japanese ships, the damaging of another and the destruction of 49 hostile aircraft. Again on July 22 Lieut. (J.G.) Turner took part in a daylight raid on enemy surface forces in Bougainville Straits which resulted in the destruction of a large seaplane tender. His gallant fighting spirit throughout these hazardous engagements and during numerous successful combat missions was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

Private Pressly Forbes McCance, who left New Haven on March 10th, wrote from the University of Maine, Orono, Me., on April 7th: "*** I shall never forget that month, graduated from school; suspense, and choices to make; working for old Gottlieb; resting, reading; touring through the factory of my family for the first time; tending that old stove in the cellar, and having the thing snuff out in half an hour; having a swell surprise send off to the U. of Maine. It was all loads of fun, and just the rest I needed before coming up here. It doesn't seem possible that 1/3 of the term that I shall be here (June 5th I think) has passed already, but we are having tests in all subjects now as a reminder that time is whizzing by. I have a very nice, tall room-mate from Whitneyville - Hamilton. He's a good guy & we get along famously. There are 60 Reservists here, along with the depleted number of 80 civilian boys, and 500 girls! The U. of M. must have been a really good University in peace-time. There are several things doing on campus now, but nothing like it was once. Just as we arrived 1000 A.S.T.P. men left for various stations. Most of them were engineers - Maine has a good standing among engineering colleges - so they say. I'm having a grand time. There isn't too much work, and yet they manage to keep us busy every day. We have 5 subjects, one physical training period, and two military drill periods almost every day. We are up at 6:00 A.M., in at 11:00 P.M. Things click right along (except Chemistry class) until lunch, and before you know it, you're studying for tomorrow's classes. One thing about the Army, when they get going, they utilize every possible hour of the 24 in a day. ***"

Corporal Bradford S. Tilney, after a short furlough spent with his family in New York and Cheshire, Conn., reported on April 13th at the Engineers Officer Candidate School at Fort Belvoir, Va., for a twenty-two weeks' course.

Colonel Theodore Babbitt, who has been held at Tangier for special work, expects soon to take up his post at Ankara, Turkey. Ted wrote from Tangier on March 19th: "*** This is a queer place, and I think I'm going to miss a lot of things about it. Its the first time in my life, for example that I've had to slow down for a lot of camels coming into town with enormous loads of wood. Donkeys, goats, sheep and cows are just another nuisance, but camels strike me as outlandish every time. That same Ringling Bros. flavor comes out in the Zoco, especially Thursdays and Sundays which are the big days. These Moors are not at all uniform. Their colour varies from nearly white, all through the various shades of brown, to dark black, with features to match. I think I told you about Mulai Maarbi, the Sultan's cousin, who is absolutely black, with negroid features, in spite of belonging to the royal family. It happens because all sons take rank according to age, irrespective of their mother's position as wife or slave, but the results are a bit odd. (Old song: 'Two white and two black and two kharki.') The women of the towns are all wrapped up in white cotton to the eyes, just shapeless bundles, bulging in odd places, because of the things they carry underneath, which may well include a baby. But the country women come tramping in on market day with terrific loads on their backs, but without veils, and often with tremendous straw hats with brims a foot wide, which have to be held up by strings attached to the crown. The head-cloths are usually yellow or orange and their clothes are apt to be of some violent striped material, so they add a lot to the gaiety of the Zoco. It's full of flowers just now, so it's worth while to walk through it once in a while. Things were considerably pepped up here Sunday night by a first class naval anti-submarine engagement just off the Atlantic

coast of the Tangier zone. There were lots of depth charges and lots of parachute flares, which lighted up the whole town. A few star shells and fragments thereof were picked up on land, and a protest made to the British about it. David (the British M.A.) had an interview with the Spanish Governor General, but he pointed out that some of the markings on the shells were, well, not British, but so far they haven't called on me. The policy seems to be to blame our cousins for everything, at the moment, whether the facts fit or not, which has its funny side. The Spaniards have a bad case of the invasion jitters again, and are quite nervous enough without the odd star shell bouncing around. They usually take it out on someone else, so I'm expecting a new wave of "Communitistic" arrests, which means anyone who isn't a Falangist. ***"

Private (f.c.) Joseph Weir Sargent, Jr., of the Marines wrote from somewhere in the Pacific on March 26th, received seven weeks since his last: "For awhile I thought I had a good chance of going home, but now I realize it was only a dream. I guess I am out here for many more months & have forgotten what civilization is like. There's only one road ahead and that's to Tokio, until then I'll be pretty busy. The one consolation I have is our work will be a lot more exciting. When I first came out here we were mostly on the defense & subject to long periods of defending vital points. Now we are on the march, the offensive & time will pass a lot quicker for us. Can't tell thee what I am doing, it's a little like before only different. At times I won't have the opportunity to write as much as I did, so don't worry. I'll be O.K. ***"

Aviation Cadet Theodore F. Babbitt, U.S.N.R., has completed his flight preliminary and has been transferred to the Navy Pre-Flight School at Chapel Hill, N.C. Teddy's address is A/C Theodore F. Babbitt, U.S.N.R., Room 115, Graham Hall, Battalion 15, K-2, U.S.N. Pre-Flight School, Chapel Hill, N.C.

A daughter was born in California on April 9th to Mr. and Mrs. Willing Howard. The news was telegraphed to ye editor by Phebe Sargent, the baby's grandmother, who up to our going to press had no further details.

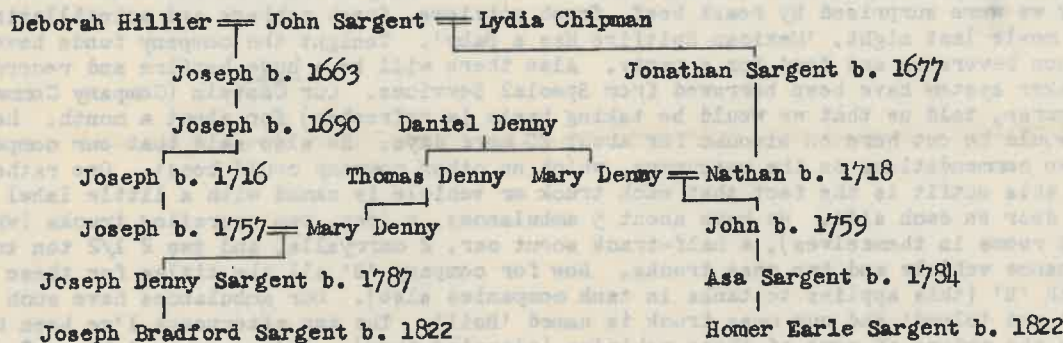
First Lieutenant David C. Sargent wrote from somewhere in England on March 26th: "*** Spring seems to have arrived at last over here. The days are warm and the sky blue and the sun bright. Nature never seems more kind or beautiful than in Spring. And as I look back, this is the first Spring I've seen and felt in many moons because Spring in the desert or California is a misnomer. There, there is just the change between a rainy season and a dry. Last night Maj. Davis, Capt. Leutzelschwab, Capt. Miller and I went over to our favorite haunt - a little 'pub' on the outskirts of town, unfrequented by GI's. Most of the people there are the old red-faced farmers who come in of an evening and sip their bitters and smoke their pipes. It is quiet and peaceful and pleasant. We keep its whereabouts a big secret, and whenever a different driver takes us over - pledge him to secrecy so that when asked where he went all he gives is the standard army reply of 'name, rank and serial number'. But the drivers all like the detail of taking us over there because they come in too and take all the beer they want compatible with the safety of their driving. Last night there were two men there from the RAF and one of them could play the piano with real skill so there was an added note of gaiety present. When we left we were all great friends, and this incident occurred which I think will amuse you all. They came out to 'see us off' in our vehicle. One of them says, 'I'm Welsh', and Maj. Davis replied that his ancestors were Welsh, too. Then the Welshman asked 'Are any of you Irish?' and Capt. Leutzelschwab stuck out his hand and said, with a broad grin, 'I'm Irish - O'Leutzelschwab!' So the Welshman shook his hand heartily and said 'To hell with the English!' And everyone was laughing all around. But it was Capt. Leutzelschwab passing himself off as 'Paddy O'Leutzelschwab' that amused us most, and the amazing thing was that I believe the Welshman actually believed him. ***" On April 5th he wrote to his family, acknowledging letters received: "*** There was also a very nice little note signed by 'Luoy Garfield Sargent, wife of Murray, Jr., and mother of Robin and Tommy'. Her letter was motivated by one of mine in the March 2 issue of Sargentrivia - so it shows how that little family pamphlet gets around. I sat down with pencil and paper and very laboriously figured out that Luoy is a first-cousin-once-removed-by marriage (or, anyway, something like that). Anyway thank Lucy, if you see her, for her letter and tell her I may get around to replying some day. *** My present work keeps me more in-doors and less in the field than heretofore, and I find I am sometimes pretty well swamped with administrative matters. Though my official title is Adjutant (or S-1) my unofficial title is 'Battalion Perpetrator of Poop'. 'Poop' is the GI word for the mass of orders, regulations, information and reading matter that is forever pouring from higher headquarters to subordinate units. Since everything 'official' in the battalion is signed by me, my name is necessarily plastered over all the bulletin boards in the area. And that makes me the official custodian and disseminator of all 'poop'! ***"

Private John M. Sargent wrote from Louisiana on March 31st: "*** The chaplain is a ruddy faced gentleman with a rather keen sense of humor who sells us our papers at breakfast, as we wait in the chow line, à la New York newsboy. With quaint little phrases such as 'Read all about it' and 'Buy a paper; help the chaplain' he apparently earns enough to keep body and soul together. You must remember that the individual in question is not dressed in the fanciful dress uniform of an army officer,

army. Furthermore, remember please that we are in the 'woods' and the 'chow line' stretches through many thickets and among many groups of trees. *** This high-ranking officer has other duties besides selling the daily paper. He is the one who brings our mail to us from civilization and vice versa. He also does many odd-jobs in the direction of consoling unhappy hearts and banishing worry. One buys his air-mail stamps from the chaplain, and there are numberless other useful purposes which he serves. *** He is tireless and exuberant and very close to his men. *** There is a hot-jazz sextet which is really 'sharp' that has played for us on two occasions. Coupled with this, Wednesday night we had a whole troupe of men from Special Service give us a show called 'Bivouac Brevities'. It was quite a show. *** I am quite enthusiastic about this thing called jazz; it is really what I like rather than swing, which is merely what I thought I liked. Jazz is an art, and swing cannot be classified as such. The main difference is that swing is the arranger's interpretation of a composition whereas jazz is the musician's interpretation through complete improvisation. In the second case the musician is the artist and that is who we want to see. This little sixsome plays marvelous jazz. They play when it's too dark to see and a swing band would be lost doing this. *** On April 5th he wrote: "***Yesterday we did move to our unit which is about 2 1/2 miles away from our former bivouac area. At this new point our tents are all lined in two perfect rows as one sees in many old pictures of the last war. The difference here, however, is that we have no bugler, and also electric lights strung between poles adorn our 'company street'. The company is small, and we have delicious meals! Yesterday we were surprised by roast beef, fresh potatoes, fresh cabbage and scintillating iced tea. We had a movie last night, 'Mexican Spitfire Has a Baby'. Tonight the company funds have been expended upon beverages and food for a party. Also there will be a huge bonfire and records plus a loud-speaker system have been borrowed from Special Services. Our Captain (Company Commander), a doctor of course, told us that we would be taking basio (a refresher) for about a month. He also stated that we would be out here on bivouac for about 20 more days. He also said that our company had received two commendations on the maneuvers, which no other company could boast. One rather clever thing in this outfit is the fact that each truck or vehicle is named with a little label which appears upon the door on each side. We have about 5 ambulances, a jeep, two operating trucks (which are real operating rooms in themselves), a half-track scout car, 2 carryalls, and two 2 1/2 ton trucks besides a maintenance vehicle and two mess trucks. Now for company 'B' all the titles for these vehicles must begin with 'B' (this applies to tanks in tank companies also). Our ambulances have such names as 'Blister' and 'Blood' and our mess truck is named 'Boil'. The two afternoons I've been here I've worked on the motors of some of these vehicles (cleaning them). It's an easy job! ***" His address has changed to Co. B, 78th Med. Bn., APO 258, Camp Polk, La.

Second Lieutenant Lawton G. Sargent, Jr., wrote from Napier Field, Ala., on April 10th: "*** Now that I am back from Fla., things have calmed down a bit. *** First, I was not at Tallahassee - don't hope to go there! I was at Eglin Field, which is near DeFuniak Springs, the whole works being miles from civilization and in the midst of woods and swamps along the Gulf. We had quite a time. Life at the auxiliary field was quaint. We lived in flight clothes and spent the time flying, eating, and sleeping. After 5 days of ground school, we always had a half day off, as with 75 men, you only flew half day - alternating A.M. & P.M. It was really fun, though the course now is so rushed that your scores never get very good, and about all you get out of it is the feel of things and the idea of gunnery patterns and making passes. We flew the AT-6 again which had a fixed gun mounted in the cowl - the trigger being on the stick. We got 800 rounds of ground gunnery - i.e. shooting at targets mounted and fixed, stationary on the ground. Six ships fly the pattern at once, a rectangle (there being 6 targets). You dive down at about 160, get your bead right and fire a burst then chandel up into the pattern so the next guy won't spray lead all over you. When the air was calm things went fine, but when rough it was difficult. Personally I stunk on ground gunnery, barely qualifying! 15% qualifies you as a marksman, and when you figure 15 hits out of 100, why that's not too hot. However, as I said, the course has been cut way down, so you just begin to learn to shoot and it's all over. Next came aerial gunnery, which was terrific. You shoot that out over the Gulf. You shoot at a tow target being pulled at 120 m.p.h. over a pattern - i.e. flown by the tow plane. Colored bullets are used (i.e. points painted) so you can tell by a small ring around each hole in sleeve whose shot it was. You fly a big pattern, something like a figure 8. The tow ship flies back & forth, and you dive on it from in front, to the side, and above. The object being to cut in toward it & get the target in range as you finally approach from behind at an angle from 90° down to 30°. You lead the target so much depending on your position, fire away, and then make a break away upwards as the next guy rushes in. Then the tow ship turns around and you come roaring in again at 180 - always firing out to sea, of course. It's really something diving down for the pass, firing, and then pulling up sharply in a steep climb and bank and seeing the beautiful blue water of the Gulf beneath you. Usually you're about 3 miles or so off shore at the most. My aerial gunnery came out quite a bit better, though on the average the scores were nothing to boast about. We fired about 1000 rounds on that phase. And now I am back in Dothan awaiting my P-40 time. We will only get 5 hrs. under the new set-up, just a taste, so to speak, to prepare us for later on. First I have to pass a back seat check in the AT-6, however, before they'll let you take up the 40's. That promises to be rough, as about 10 fellows have already been eliminated for that. We don't even fly till Sat., so in the meantime life is like college and we sit around and go to a few classes (engines, etc.) and physical training. Life from now on will be a great deal of sitting about I'm afraid. We go to movies, into town or dig up something out here. If I can pass my check & get thru the 40's C.E., life will take on a new rosy glow if the latest rumor is true. *** The way things work out now, if you're lucky and get your fighter assignment, why only a small part of your training is in the U.S.A. Most of it now comes overseas - i.e. you go over and train for combat over there instead of over here. So you never can tell what's going to happen. ***"

Homer Earle Sargent (No. 633 in the "Sargent Genealogy") and Joseph Bradford Sargent were doubly related. Through the Sargents they were fourth cousins once removed, but through the Dennys they were third cousins. They were both born in Leicester, Mass., in 1822 and spent most of their business lives elsewhere, the former finally moving to Chicago. Of his sons who grew to maturity the eldest, Frederic Homer Sargent, became a regular officer in the U. S. Army, but the other three graduated from Yale's Sheffield Scientific School, not in the same classes but contemporary with the younger sons of J. B. The families were intimate and, perhaps through the double relationship, had a strong resemblance, so much so that Jack (John R. W. Sargent) when in college was frequently mistaken for Russell. When in 1925 Edward R. Sargent published his "Supplement to Sargent Genealogy", he limited it to the descendants of Homer Earle Sargent and of Joseph Bradford Sargent and of the latter's brothers and sisters. Distance and the oncoming of new generations tend to weaken some of the old ties. In the hope of strengthening them ye editor wrote some months ago to Homer E. (Jr.), known as Brud, who at considerable pains has assembled information, especially about war service, for these pages. The double relationship of the two families is perhaps best shown in the chart below.



Homer Earle Sargent (1822-1900), educated chiefly at Leicester Academy, in 1844 began his railroad career with the Western Railroad of Massachusetts. In 1858 he became general agent and representative of the Michigan Central Railroad in Chicago, then a city of 75,000. After rising to the general managership he resigned in 1874 and soon after became general manager of the Northern Pacific Railroad. For his services to the state North Dakota named one of its counties "Sargent". He was always active in promoting the interests of Chicago, his adopted city. His children are listed below in the first column, his grandchildren and great grandchildren in the second and third columns.

Frederic Homer Sargent (1862-1928) m. 1889 Alice Wheelihan (1867-1942)	Alice Maud Sargent m. Col. Joseph Scranton Tate West Point 1917; Field Artillery U.S. Army	Lt.Col. Joseph Scranton Tate, Jr. b. 1918; West Point 1941; m. 1942 Margaret Husson Capt. Frederic Homer Sargent Tate b. 1919; West Point 1942; m. 1942 Roxanna Jean Holland Daniel Lisle Tate, II b. 1922; West Point '46
John Robert Wheaton Sargent Yale '87S.; m. 1900 Maud Louise Timmerman	Frederic Homer Sargent, Jr. Attended West Point 1917-18, later Dartmouth and Haverford; m. 1922 Lilah Octavia Walker	Corp. Frederic Homer Sargent, III b. 1924; attended Clemson U. Mary Sargent b. 1926; Orlando H.S. '44 John Wheaton Sargent, Jr.
William Parker Sargent Yale '92S.; m. 1896 Alice Louise Wheaton	John Wheaton Sargent m. Corinne Florence Rebecca Sargent m. Dewey Ericsson	Rebecca Ericsson b. 1942
	Capt. Earle Wheaton Sargent Yale '21S.; m. 1921 Eleanor Greene	
	1st. Lt. William Parker Sargent, Jr. Yale '26S.; Richard Maxwell Sargent Yale '30S.; m. 1934 Edith Florence Brune	Richard Maxwell Sargent, Jr. b. 1935 Marcia Brune Sargent b. 1942
Homer Earle Sargent (Jr.) Yale '96S.; m. 1904 Helen A. White (1875-1925)	(No children)	