

An index to the issues printed during the first six months of 1944, Volume 2, Numbers 1 through 13, is being mailed with this issue, excepting to those overseas. The index follows the plan of that printed for 1943, the figure before the hyphen referring to the number of the issue and the figure following the hyphen referring to the page. No attempt has been made to include in the Index all persons mentioned in the paper. Only a few subjects are indexed. It is the hope of the editors that this Index may be useful to those who have retained for reference their copies of this family history on the march. Ziegler Sargent, editor; Agnes W. P. Sargent, assistant editor.

Private Margaret S. Fisher of the Marines wrote on June 12th: "I am now at Congaree Field in Columbia, S.C. and I wish thee could see the base and our barracks. We are in wooden shacks that are long and narrow, with 22 bunks in them, and one Franklin stove in the center. We left Cherry Point this morning at 9, and we got here an hour and a half later. We were flown down in a transport. 43 of us WRs came, and there are four WR lieutenants here that came down about three weeks ago. All the rest of the personnel are men. 500 of them! All the girls that were sent here are specialists—that is they have special duties—Control Tower operators, PX workers, Telephone operators, Recognition instructors (there are only two of us) and barracks NCOs. The trip down was perfectly beautiful, and I loved every minute of it. We flew at an altitude of 7,000 feet all the way, and were high above the clouds. It was really quite a sight, and you could see the ground very clearly. The clouds were soft and fleecy looking and the sun shining through them made them look light pink. It is amazing how far one can see up in the sky. Cars look like dots and houses like boxes—all rather fascinating, and how I love it! When we got here we were issued our mess gear, consisting of a knife, spoon, fork, cup and tin tray. These we carry to mess with us, and after we are through eating we wash them in boiling water just like the men. We are eating in their mess hall at present, but they are going to build us one eventually. The mess hall is a ten minute walk from our barracks. We have chow at 11:30, and after that we scrub the barracks from top to bottom, wash windows, swab, dust, then get our sheets and blankets to make our bunks. As yet we have no lockers or any place to stow our gear, so we have to live out of our sea bags. 'GI-ing' the place took all afternoon, as we had to clean the heads, showers and basins. All that is in another barracks. I report to work tomorrow morning, and from what I hear about the Synthetic Building we will be in one big room with partitions (thin) in between the different departments. For instance, our office is next to the Link trainers, and while the officers are taking their hops we try to teach classes above the roar of the motors." On June 17th she wrote: "Today I am standing by in the office, as somebody has to be here all the time. On the 14th of June, Flag day, there was a big parade in Columbia, and the WRs were going to march in it with the men Marines, but at the last minute they couldn't get enough of us together, so Major Whitney, our CO, said we had better not be in it. However we all went in to see the parade, and it was very impressive. There was only one drawback, and that was due to the fact that the Marines went to town in an open truck and got caught in a rain storm. They were completely drenched and naturally didn't look as sharp as they might have, although they marched better than the Army or the Navy. The Parris Island band came up especially for the occasion, and afterwards we had a dance in the hangar here at the base with the band for our orchestra. For the past two days we have been expecting Col. Streeter to arrive here, but so far she hasn't showed up, and now there is a question whether she will come at all. I think it would be rather a joke if she didn't because they went to all the trouble of getting us wall lockers for our gear and restricting the WR area to all male personnel, either of which they would never have done if she wasn't coming. Ever since we arrived we have been living out of our sea bags. They even put window shades on our barracks, but not on the other one. I guess they figure that if Col. Streeter sees one barracks she will take it for granted that the other one is fixed the same way, and won't want to see it. I don't see why they won't let her see how we really live, without all the fuss and fancy. After all that is why she is coming (if she ever does get here), to see the way we live and under what conditions. The Recognition Dept. is set up as well as can be expected with the little equipment we have, and due to the fire at Cherry Point I don't know when we will ever get all the material that we need in order to run a Recognition Dept. successfully and properly. As yet we have not heard the cause of the fire, or the names of the people who were injured or burned to death, but we do know that all our equipment was lost and the only way in which we can get any more is through Washington, and that takes a very long time. In the meantime we are making out the best we can with the little that we have. I have learned a great deal in the six months that I have been a Marine, and I have never once regretted my having enlisted in the Corps. It is a marvelous organization, and I am very proud that I belong to it. I consider it quite an honor. They say that a Marine is never a true Marine unless he gripes a lot. In that case I am a true Marine. The work is hard and sometimes the things we have to do seem very foolish, but there is always a good reason and in the end it is all for the best. I have never done such hard work and cleaning up in my life. For an example, every Friday afternoon we have a GI party, and that is no easy job. Last Friday my detail was to blacken all the stoves in the barracks. It was quite a job, and the next day when the Col. was inspecting the barracks, he remarked about how nice they looked, and went and rubbed his hands on one of them. That was a mistake as the black came off all over him! I guess he will be more careful the next time. When I heard about it I thought I would die laughing." On June 26th she wrote: "...The heat is simply terrible, and each day it gets worse. The day before yesterday it got up to 109! I thought I would pass out any minute, but some-

how I managed to stay on my feet. The sun is so terrific that it practically knocks you out the minute you set foot out of doors. I can just imagine what it is like later in the summer when it stays up in the 100's!" Daisy's address is Pvt. Margaret S. Fisher 765071, WR Barracks, USMCWR, MCAAF, Congaree Field, Columbia, S.C.

First Lieutenant David C. Sargent of the Engineers wrote from somewhere in England on July 6th: "....In the mail was Sargentrivia No. 13 sporting a handsome facsimile of my 'Umbilical Purple' and containing the usual collection of interesting bits from here and there. The 'Sargentine Republic', as Aunt Laura used to call the New Haven clan, has certainly spread over the face of the globe. You are probably all familiar with the weakness soldiers have for pin-up girls, and there is hardly a barracks that you can enter which will not display an eyeful of beautiful femininity pinned upon the wall. One of the favorite pin-ups in our camp is a picture of W. C. Fields, looking red-nosed even in a black and white photograph, holding up on a fork a giant slice of juicy steak! And this picture holds its own with the best which Hollywood can produce. There's much I would like to tell you about, but little at present I can say." On July 10th he wrote: "....After my experience of this last week-end I'd like to recommend bicycles for you all. I think I must have pedaled some 40 or 50 miles in all. It happened this way:- I took the first overnight pass I have had since I was last home in Meadow Lane. And that means that for the first time in over six months now, I slept between sheets, smothered in soft pillows and the delightful contours of a seemingly bottomless feather bed. The place was a friendly little inn in a small town to the north of here, run by a nice family, complete with three lively kids. Sunday morning I was awakened at 8:15 by a gentle knocking at the door. I said 'Come in!' - and in marched two of the kids, a girl of about 11 and a boy of 7, proudly bearing a cup of steaming tea! Tea in bed before breakfast! That was a new one for me, but a treat which my friend and I thoroughly enjoyed. My friend was a fellow officer from the battalion and together for 24 hours or so we reaped the fruits of English hospitality. We had arranged to meet two English girls to begin with. One of them was a nice working girl whose hobby was singing. She had been invited to sing at a garden fete and so we went too and found ourselves the only Americans and, as a matter of fact, the only men in uniform, among a gay crowd of young and old. It was a charity affair at a private home where one tried his or her luck at numerous little games. We tried bowling for a live pig. (God only knows how we should have ever carried it home on our bicycles if we had won it - but better bowlers spared us that predicament!) We even took chances on a baby blue coverlet for a baby! Actually this little garden fete was a delightful interlude because it represented such a contrast to the drab routine of army life. The girl we were with sang, as part of the entertainment, and beautifully so, and then we were off again on our bikes over the rolling hills of England. The following day we were invited to dinner at the home of a friend of this girl's. The father was the leading butcher of the town and a swell old guy, and they certainly turned out a real meal for us there - roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, fresh green peas and all. A butcher is a good man to know in war-time England where meats are hard to get! We stayed there most of the afternoon having tea I don't know how many times. The afternoon appeared to be a sort of endless process of clearing away the tea-table and setting the table again for more tea. After two or three teas, I forget which, we ended it off with a high tea complete with all trimmings. Anyway it made a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon and week-end and was an interesting experience as well...."

Private John M. Sargent wrote from Camp Maxey, Texas, on July 11th: "....My arm, after three weeks in a cast, is almost well. Of course, about two weeks ago I became restless and that coupled with the intense heat of a Texas summer have tended to make life rather dull and lethargic. I have read some books, but even those commence to bore me. My wrist never did hurt exceedingly, for it was numb at first and with a local anaesthetic the setting of the bone was nothing. I consider myself extremely lucky regarding this accident when I merely consider what I might have done. Thus my morale is high, to say the least. Also, our company is going through basic training, and I am avoiding the hum-drum repetition of this phase. It would really be horrid to train in such weather!...."

Ensign Caleb Loring, Jr., U.S.N.R., wrote V-mail from the U.S.S. "Texas" to his great Aunt Lollie Hammond on July 2d: "I was delighted to receive some publication called 'Sargentrivia' recently. I was surprised to see Dave's article within. My thanks to you or whoever sent it to me. Dave and I have both been taking part in current operations (European). All goes well with me and I believe with Dave thus far. My little boy grows day by day, and though I haven't seen him since February I get frequent reports on him. He is beginning to get about by himself and is cutting his first teeth. His mother seems well and happy with him which makes all the difference in the world to me...."

Jean Sargent Buck, daughter of John Sargent and wife of Captain Richard A. Buck of the Procurement Division of the Army Engineers Corps, wrote on July 12th: "For a long time I have been meaning to write and tell you how much we enjoy keeping track of our far-flung family through Sargentrivia. You and Agnes are doing a wonderful job and, thanks to you, I feel much better informed about the various members than ever before. About April 1st Dick was transferred from the New York District in the North Atlantic Division of the Army Engineers. The distance covered in this move was a matter of several city blocks and he is still what he calls a "chairborne engineer". He is a Contracting Officer for Engineer items of Military Supply and is Administrative Officer of a Branch which includes Price Analysis, Purchase Control, Port Availability, and clerical sections. The children are both away at camp for a few weeks, and Dick and I are enjoying an unprecedented vacation from parental cares. New York is quite good fun in summer - for adults - and especially if you can get to the country over Sundays." Their address continues to be 132 East 72d St., New York, N. Y.

First Lieutenant William P. Sargent, Jr., of the Army Air Forces, grandson of Homer Earle Sargent, wrote to Sargenttrivia on July 9th from 1745 1/2 North Kenmore Ave., Hollywood 27, Calif.: "Dear 'Ed' - I have enjoyed receiving the issues of Sargenttrivia, and like Time Magazine, read them with interest from cover to cover. Please change my address from 3300 India St., San Diego, Calif., to the address given above. A couple of months ago I was transferred from the Army office at the Consolidated Vultee plant to the job of Property Officer at the Army GFE Depot at San Pedro, Calif. In case you might not know, 'GFE' stands for Government Furnished Equipment. We supply the aircraft plants on the west coast with all their GFE requirements, which include such items as engines, propellers, instruments, electrical equipment and landing gear."

Lieutenant (J.G.) William M. McCawley, II, U.S.N.R., husband of Sally Fisher McCawley, has left for the Pacific on a D. E. ship.

Major Robert L. Fisher early in July moved again. He is now Staff Combat Intelligence Officer of the 215th A.A.F. Base Unit, Pueblo, Colo.

Homer Earle Sargent (Jr.), youngest of the four sons of Homer Earle Sargent, has been living in California for over twenty-five years, his address being 220 Arroyo Terrace, Pasadena 3, Calif. He has been most hospitable to a number of Joseph Bradford Sargent's descendants and hopes to know many more. Brud, as he is called, graduated from Yale's "Sheff." in 1896 in the mechanical engineering course, and two years later from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in electrical engineering. His business career was with the Western Electric Company in Chicago, which he left in 1901 to travel, and has been travelling a large part of the time since. He helped determine the type of Ursus Phaeonix in Yukon Territory. What this was remained for some years a mystery to ye editor, whose acquaintance with the Ursus family was limited to gazing at the heavenly female Ursa Major, and he was a bit intrigued to find out that Brud's Ursus was a real grizzly bear, hunted for sport and recreation (plus science). Phaeonix specimens were presented to the United States National Museum. Brud also made extensive collections of Navajo blankets and Indian baskets of the southwest which he presented to the Natural History Museum, formerly the Field Museum, of Chicago (his old home town). The large museums, because of continuing acquisitions, cannot keep a donor's collection intact and separate from other specimens, but the Chicago Museum is indebted to him for a considerable portion of its collections of blanketry and basketry. He is a corporate member of the institution. He was in the First Training Regiment of Plattsburg in 1915 and served in the California Reserve Militia. Besides many hunting trips his interest in rifle shooting is evidenced by his captaincy of the California Rifle Team at the U. S. National Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, in 1921. He was married November 31, 1904, to Helen A. White, daughter of Levis G. and Agnes L. (Walker) White of Worcester, Mass., who died January 15, 1925. They had no children.

Lieutenant (J.G.) Arthur N. Turner, U.S.N.R., and his wife, Nancy Grove Turner, are at last report at Martha's Vineyard. Their temporary address is General Delivery, Vineyard Haven, Mass. Arthur's new service address is VT87, Fleet P.O., New York, N. Y.

Thomas Collier Babbitt, Peggy Fisher Babbitt's second son, graduated from Pomfret School in June and on July 1st entered Yale as a civilian in the Class of 1947. He is rooming (with two roommates) at No. 1647, Timothy Dwight College.

Samuel Fisher Babbitt, Peggy Fisher Babbitt's youngest, known as Terry, is a counselor at Camp Passumpsic, Ely, Vt. Terry has two more years at Pomfret School.

Captain Frederic H. S. Tate of the Air Corps, great grandson of Homer Earle Sargent, went overseas in June in command of a Provisional Group of Fighter Pilots being sent to the Fighter Pilot Pool overseas. His family do not know where he is, as his permanent assignment has not been made. Honie wrote that he reached "wherever he was going" the end of June. His wife, Roxana, and baby daughter, at last report were still visiting Honie's mother, Mrs. Sargent Tate, in St. Augustine, Fla., but plan to leave soon for Marathon, Texas, to visit her mother, Mrs. Don Forber.

BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARIES

- June 30 - (Mrs.) Alice Maud Sargent Tate
- July 11 - Richard Maxwell Sargent,
son of William Parker Sargent
- 16 - William Acker (Dad) Rice (82d)
- 20 - Lucy Holland Putnam (Mrs. George P.)
Agnes Woolsey Bacon Sargent (Mrs. Ziegler)
- 23 - Sally McCawley (1st)
daughter of Sarah Atlee Fisher McCawley

Joseph Bradford Sargent, grandfather of many of us including ye editor, wrote on January 6, 1899, to "Grandma" from the Hotel Pinson, Newnan, Ga., where he had gone to see his brother, Harrison Jones Sargent (1819-1903): "Dear Florence: I arrived here about 6 P.M. Wednesday Decr 28th - last year. Was quite in time for the 6 1/2 P.M. dinner. Left Jersey City the day previous at 4-43 P.M. So that it took me only a little over one day to come from Jersey City to this place. I found my brother, his daughter Mrs. Parrott, her son Thomas Parrott and the Pinson family, all well. My Brother is in perfect health except for his imperfect vision and continued lameness. His vision has so much improved that he reads coarse print as the headlines of Newspaper articles and walks to his boarding house for his meals except the last one of the day. He recognised me a few days ago as he stood at the back window of his bedroom and saw me leaving the hotel, a block distant. He converses as intelligently and as well in all respects as in his younger days, except that his hearing is not quite so good as formerly. He sits in his room most of the day and Sallie (Mrs. Parrott-Ed.) spends as much as four hours per day in reading to him. His bedtime is 7-30 sharp and his rising time is 4-30 A.M. Marshall is regular at 4-30 to start up the soft coal fire and then to give him an hour's massage. At 11 o'clock he takes another massage of half an hour at 6-30 another preparatory to sleep. He eats and sleeps as well as any middle aged well and happy man. He has frequent calls from neighbors at leisure and from ladies. I had no expectation of finding him so nearly well and so contented with his lot. He keeps at the front with all the news of the day, State, National and foreign. His bruised hip has subsided to its normal size, but he says that this stormy weather causes some pain. I went to Griffin (40 miles) and was absent two days and two nights. I arrived there at 5-30 P.M. and went to a nice hotel that is kept by two daughters of a former neighbor friend and tenant of mine when I lived in Griffin. After 'supper' I to see a business man who resides in the house in which I was married and first kept house. Then I went to call on Mr. David J. Bailey & family - His wife is 'Tiney', correctly, Emma Jane Hammond as she was baptised. I found visiting there Jennie Hammond and Natalie Hammond, & three Baily children - all well except that Natalie was lying in her room ill with Grip. I took Supper at 6-30 the next evening all being well, and Mrs. & Mr. Bailey and Jenny, Natalie and myself played 5 handed Rmure till 10 o'clock - all excellent players and I beat the lot. I finished my business there the next day and returned here. I learned that Mr. Bailey is the son of a lawyer who was in his early prime when I first went to Griffin in 1843. He was an elegant gentleman as well as an able lawyer and stood high at the bar 6 ft. 3 inches high and very erect and handsome. Mr. Bailey the husband of Tiney occupies a front position in society, and in upper business and financial circles for his age, being largely interested in and a director of the two large cotton factories here that are very successful, and are large exporters of cotton goods. The weather in Georgia has averaged very rainy for some months, and so continues. Mrs. Pinson & Sallie request that I send their love. It will be a week before I get home. Yours Affectionately, J.B.S."

The house in Griffin, Ga., pictured below, was occupied by Joseph Bradford Sargent and Elizabeth Collier Lewis after their marriage on January 17, 1848. In this house their eldest child, Elizabeth (Lillie), was born. All of their other children were born after they moved north.

