

# Canopus Courageous

Canopus had never been particularly dashing and by the time she was to meet her finest hour she was no longer young, but she did have a certain majesty to her appearance. True, at times she waddled like a duck, but that was only natural for the middle-aged type that she was.

... Built in 1921 as a combination freight and passenger carrier for a steamship line, she had been taken over by the Navy and converted into a submarine tender. She was given extensive machine shops, foundries, storerooms, cabins and living spaces for the comfort of off-duty submarine crews. A few guns were stuck on her deck to remind her that she was also a man-of-war.

... In 1925 Canopus escorted a division of six "S" type submarines of World War I vintage to the China Station. She never returned to the States.

... The following account is a report made available by the Ships' History Section, Navy Department.

It had always been expected that USS Canopus, along with other slow auxiliary ships would, if possible, be hurried out to safer spots further south when war became imminent, on the basic assumption that the Philippines could not be held for long. It didn't work that way.

In early December of 1941, Canopus had just finished an extensive overhaul at Cavite Navy Yard, and emerged looking more like a Navy ship than ever before. Many anti-aircraft guns had been added to her armament, and light armor had been fitted around exposed positions.

Submarines were considered the first line of defense for the Philippines and were expected to operate from bases as far advanced in the field as possible. But submarines cannot operate long without supplies and repairs, and a surface tender had to be available to supply services, even though her eventual loss by air attack would be almost a foregone conclusion if she stayed within aircraft range.

Canopus was chosen for this sacrifice, probably because the other tenders were newer and faster.

The first day after Pearl Harbor was one of intense activity. "Strip ship" was no longer a practice evolution — it was the real thing.

At midnight of the first day, an air attack on Nichols Field brought the war to where we on Canopus had a grandstand seat. From our anchorage off Cavite, just far enough away to muffle the noise, the showers of red and yellow tracer bullets, and the sparklers of anti-aircraft bursts followed by the bonfire glare of burning hangars and planes had an unreal quality which made it hard to realize that this was war.

However, we had no desire to become a bonfire ourselves. We got underway and steamed around the harbor all night, so we would not be caught napping if we received an attack. It is wonderful solace to the nerves to be doing something, no matter how ineffectual, rather than to be a sitting duck, waiting for the hunter to let fly.

At dawn Canopus was ordered to go alongside the piers in the Port Area of Manila. This was chosen for the base of operations because when and if the expected sinking occurred, the depth under our keel would be shallow enough so that the ship would rest mostly above water, and valuable stores, torpedoes and equipment could be salvaged.

Torpedoes and spare parts were hurriedly unloaded, and lightered out to Corregidor, where less vulnerable ships were put into operation. Other stores and provisions were divided up, and one part stowed in a small inter-island ship so all wouldn't be lost in one attack.

The superstructure of Canopus was painted to match the color of the piers alongside, and camouflage nets spread overhead in an effort to deceive the enemy as long as possible. The more exposed fuel tanks were emptied and filled with water.

However, the enemy had their own schedule, and Canopus apparently was well down on the list of objectives. The main air fields had been first, then came Cavite.

Bomb-damaged ships straggled out of Cavite Navy Yard following the attack, and Canopus' repair force worked night and day getting them ready for sea, as well as equipping their regular brood of submarines for offensive patrols. Daily alarms sent the subs to safety on the bottom of Manila Bay, but as soon as the marauding planes had left, the "Business as Usual" sign would be hung out again.

This sort of life did not lack for excitement. There was every indication that con-

ditions would get no better, and with the Army falling back on Manila, word came that the city would soon be abandoned to avoid complete destruction. Although **Canopus** was still intact, the harbor could no longer be used as a submarine base. On Christmas Eve our headquarters was hit, and spent bomb fragments landed on our decks.

During the night we got underway for what proved to be our last journey, and steamed out of the Bay toward Corregidor, with great fires and towering columns of smoke astern of us.

We were to set up shop again in Mariveles Bay, on the southern tip of the Bataan peninsula. Some of the submarines were still with us, but now we had no source from which our supplies could be replenished, and it was obvious that the best we could hope to do would be to equip this last group for war patrol, and then turn in our suits so far as subs were concerned.

It was hoped that Mariveles Bay, being close to the guns of Corregidor, would be immune to air attacks, although some misgivings were felt on that score when we found a bombed and burning merchant ship in the harbor and learned he was hit the preceding night. However, with high hopes, we moored the ship to the shoreline in a protected cove, and again spread our camouflage nets overhead. This time, the object was to make the ship look like part of the jungle foliage ashore, and we succeeded very well by using a mottled green paint, with plenty of tree branches tied to the masts and upper works. Unfortunately, a rock quarry nearby had made a white gash in the cliff, and from one direction, this made a background impossible to match.

On 29 December our daily visitors, evidently deciding that Manila had been adequately taken care of, turned their attention toward us. Squadron after squadron showed their contempt for the guns of Corregidor by blasting that island from end to end, and the last group of the day, as if by an afterthought, wheeled in from that fatally exposed direction and blanketed **Canopus** with a perfectly placed pattern of bombs.

Tied up as she was, and unable to dodge, it seemed a miracle that only one of the missiles actually struck the ship, but that one bomb nearly ended our career then and there.

It was an armor-piercing type which went through all the ships decks and exploded on top of the propellor shaft under the magazines, blowing them open and starting fires which threatened to explode the ammunition.

Hardly had the rain of rocks thrown from the craters in the nearby hillside subsided when fire fighting crews had jumped to their work. The executive officer organized one party on deck, which attacked the blaze from above. They found smoke pouring from ammunition scuttles leading to the magazines below, and directed their hose streams down the hatches, unmindful of ominous detonations which told them the magazines might blow up at any moment.

Gunner's Mate Budzaj climbed down a smoke-filled ammunition truck with a hose in an effort to get at the bottom of the flame. When the fire pumps failed for a few moments, bucket brigades carried on the battle.

In the meantime, below decks, another fire party was organized which tackled the problems by carrying their hoses through choking smoke in the compartments near the magazines, pulling wounded and dying men away from the blasted area where they had fallen. Most of the oxygen-type breathing apparatus had been cut off by the explosion, but a shipfitter donned the one remaining outfit, and carried the hose right down to the magazines, backed up by his shipmates working in relays, each of which stayed as long as men could stand the fumes.

Our Chaplain McManus led a rescue group into the engine room, where fragments and escaping steam had caused the most casualties, administering last rites to dying men and helping to evacuate the injured to makeshift dressing stations.

The officers in charge of the engine room had both been badly wounded by the first blast, but the Chief Machinist's Mate left in charge shut off the steam at the boilers until severed steam pipes could be isolated, thus saving more of his men from being scalded to death. He then helped the wounded to safety, and was later found wandering around dazed, having no recollection of what happened after the blast.

For hours the crew fought before all the fires were finally out. When the magazines were inspected, several crushed and exploded powder charges were found, mute evidence showing how close to complete destruction the ship and all on board had been.

Nothing less than a miracle could have prevented a general magazine explosion at the time the bomb set off those powder charges, but miracles do happen. The bomb had carried its own antidote, and its

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fragments which severed pipes near the magazines had released floods of steam and water at the danger point, automatically keeping fire away from the rest of the powder.

That same night, up went the "Business As Usual" sign and repair men went to work binding up the 'old lady's wounds, at the same time that others were busy servicing submarines.

**Canopus** was seaworthy again in a few

days, although much ammunition had been lost by flooding the magazines, and several store rooms were badly messed up. This cloud, however, had a silver lining for our supply officer, who found his office wrecked and his accounts burned. This gave him a heaven-sent chance to put an end to all his laborious accounting system.

From that time on, our supply system was beautifully simple. What we had, we could use without the usual red tape, and if something was lacking, nothing could be done about it except to improvise a substitute.

Curiously enough, the men who had been the worst troublemakers in time of peace, became our most shining examples in wartime. Perhaps they had just too much restless energy for their own good when things were normal, but this same quality enabled them to perform prodigies when the chips were down.

When the last of the submarines had pulled out just before the New Year opened, we were left with something of the feeling of a mother when the last of her children has grown up and left the home fires, to battle the world alone. Nothing would seem more useless than a submarine tender with no submarines to look out for, but we were soon to find that there were orphans aplenty to be adopted.

There were many small Navy ships which were also stranded by the tide of war ebbing south. These needed constant repairs as well as additional equipment for the task ahead of them. The word got around to all Army and Air Force units, of the well equipped shops which could and did accomplish miracles of improvisation, and these groups were not slow in making full use of our facilities. Again, the men of the **Canopus** could feel that they had a major share in the new mission — to hold Bataan.

However, our first bombing had made it apparent that the ship was not exactly a safe spot to while away the daylight hours, so the policy was adopted of scattering as many of the crew as possible ashore to sleep during the day, and return for work all night.

Just a week after the first bombing, the enemy sent another squadron of planes over **Canopus** to try to settle the affair once and for all.

Again the closely bunched bomb pattern blanketed the ship, but again only one missile made a direct hit. This time it was a quick-acting smokestack, and literally sprayed the upper decks with small fragments. The gun crews, who had ducked behind their shields at the last instant before the bombs landed, had little protection from splinters coming down from the above, and three-quarters of them

(Continued on page 8)

QUAN - JUNE 1977 - 7

# Canopus Courageous

(Continued from page 7)

were wounded — fortunately with no fatalities. No serious fires were started, but the upper decks looked like a sieve as hundreds of fragments had pierced the light plating.

The damage due to the one direct hit had been only superficial, but inspection below decks disclosed that several near misses had also taken their toll. Each side had been pierced a few feet above the water by 40 or 50 fragments of bombs exploded by contact with the water alongside. Another bomb had exploded deeper in the water and dished in the hull two or three inches, cracking the plating and loosening rivets. These were the wounds which had to be bound up to make the vessel again seaworthy, and the welders were soon on the job, plugging the openings.

The tough old girl was not ready for her grave yet, but if she were to continue a career of usefulness, it seemed best to make the enemy think the last salvo of bombs had done the trick.

It was useless to pretend any longer that we weren't there, but at least we could make them think that what was left was useless.

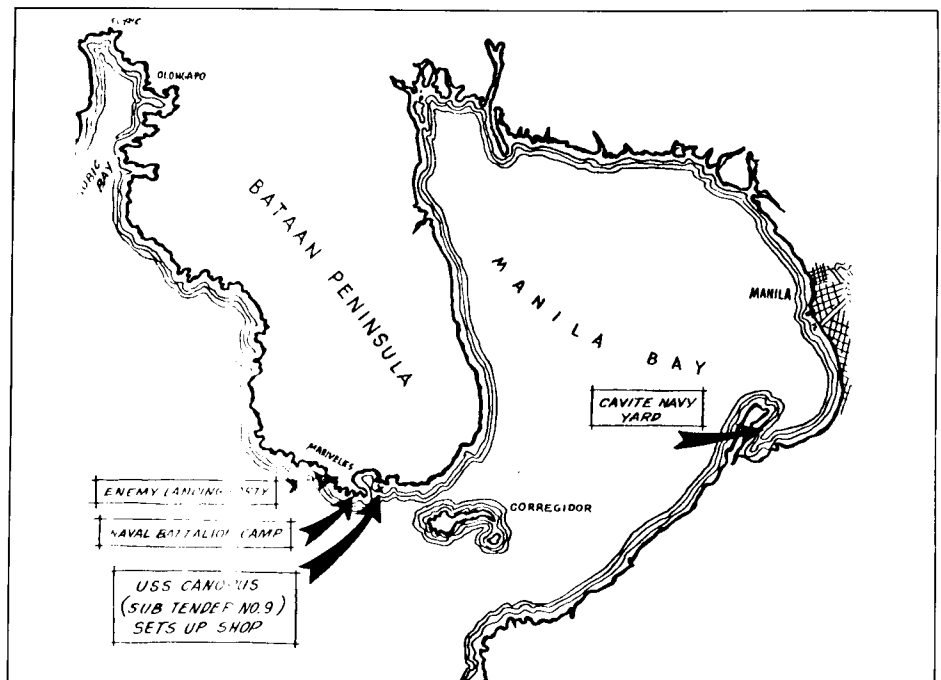
The next morning when "Photo Joe" in his scouting plane came over, his pictures showed what looked like an abandoned hulk, listed over on her side, with cargo booms askew and blackened areas around the bomb holes, from which wisps of smoke floated up for two or three days.

What he did not know was that the smoke came from oily rags in strategically placed smudge pots; and that every night the "abandoned hulk" hummed with activity.

Evidently he was completely deceived, because only one half-hearted attempt was made a week later by dive bombers to finish off the ship, and that was driven away without damage, by our aircraft machine guns. These had been taken off to the ship and mounted on the hills nearby, so as not to draw further retaliation to the vessel.

Some sort of protected living quarters ashore were a necessity if the night workers were to get any rest. This problem was partly solved by taking over a large storage tunnel just completed and building bunks, offices, hospital accommodations, a radio and telephone communication center, and a makeshift field kitchen for cooking our two meals a day. More than a hundred men not having repair duties lived underground with reasonable comfort, at least after the water dripping from bare rocks overhead had been trapped and piped to a shower spray, so that baths might at least be voluntary.

Many of the repair force slept during the day in this shelter, but most of them scorned the dank air and preferred to take



their chances in the wide open spaces in the nearby hills, where they learned to sleep under the shade of tropical trees, leaving a lookout to warn them in time to roll into a fox hole whenever a bomber looked threatening.

By no means were all of our men in the night-owl group. Machine guns on every hilltop were manned by sailors with itchy trigger fingers.

Mariveles Harbor seemed to be well defended against surprise attack by the naval forces clustered around it and the Army had stabilized a front about 20 miles further north, on the other side of Mariveles mountain — but what about the seacoast between? Most of it was very rugged, and backed up by thick jungle, but the one road which provided the only line of communication to the front lines passes quite close to the sea at many points. Commander Francis Bridget, who had been left in charge of the remnants of naval aviation in the Philippines, did not think that this tenuous lifeline was adequately defended against a sudden landing on the coast.

He sold the proposition to other naval organizations in Bataan, and collected 130 men from *Canopus*, about 80 from the Ammunition Depot detail, a hundred or so Marines, and a few refugees from the Cavite Navy Yard.

The heterogeneous groups Bridget formed into the "Naval Battalion."

Equipment was a serious problem. However, rifles and ammunition of some sort were finally begged, borrowed or stolen for most of the men. Their white uniforms were dyed to what was supposed to be khaki color, but which turned out to be a sickly mustard yellow. Only about one canteen could be found for every three men, but the great American tin can was pressed into service to make up the deficiency.

Training was the next essential. Perhaps two-thirds of the sailors knew which end of the rifle should be presented to the enemy, and had even practiced on a target range, but field training was practically a closed book to them. The experienced Marines were spread thinly throughout each company in the hope that, through percept and example, their qualities would be assimilated by the rest.

Thus equipped, the men sallied forth one day late in January for a preliminary hike to the coast to harden them up. At the base of Mt. Pucot near the sea they met an agitated group of soldiers who had just been chased away by Japanese from their signal station on the mountain top. Apparently a landing had been made nearby the night before, just as Bridget feared, and the invaders were working their way inland toward the communication road.

Here was "field training" with a vengeance for our budding infantrymen. Figuratively thumbing their manuals, they hastily deployed in accordance with the best traditions of the books, and advanced in line of skirmishers. Contact was established as might be expected and the maneuver drove in the advance patrols of the surprised Japanese.

The strength of the main forces next encountered convinced our men that they had a bear by the tail and since the book failed to provide the proper procedure in such a contingency, they threw it away. Five days of what was probably the weirdest jungle fighting in the annals of warfare ensued, with all accepted principles violated, and no hold barred.

Adjacent units were unable to maintain contact with each other during the night, so, of course, the enemy took advantage of his famous infiltration tactics. However, this did not have the expected results,

(Continued on page 9)

## Canopus Courageous

(Continued from page 8)

because, not having been indoctrinated into the ancient Army principle that it is fatal to be outflanked, we simply held our ground and sent back detachments to clear out the annoying intruders behind our lines.

Another essential item which had somehow been overlooked in the plans was the service of supply. In the excitement, nobody thought much about that until nature began to assert itself as night came on and we began to get hungry and tired.

A hurry call was sent back to Canopus to "sent plenty of everything," and trucks were rushed to the new front with food, ammunition, blankets and stretchers for the wounded. For days, all other work was dropped and all hands were pressed into service to make sure the fighting men lacked nothing that would help.

The enemy landing party was made up of picked men, larger and stronger than the average, and well equipped for jungle fighting. Had it made a determined assault, it could undoubtedly have wiped out completely our whole ragged battalion. But they knew the business of war, and were sure our front lines must be backed up by powerful reserves somewhere. If they could only find out where these reserves were located, they would know where best to make their drive.

The big push was held up while their scouts searched for the elusive forces. How could they guess that the crazy Americans were so ignorant of the art of war as to blithely ignore the necessity for reserves? Sixty more Marines with trench mortars were brought over from Corregidor to counteract the advantage the Japanese had enjoyed with similar weapons, but they were also used in the front lines, and could hardly be called reserves.

A diary later found on the body of a Japanese officer testified to their complete bewilderment, describing the strange conduct of the "new type of suicide squads, which thrashed about in the jungle, wearing bright colored uniforms, and making plenty of noise. Whenever these apparitions reached an open space, they would attempt to draw Japanese fire by sitting down, talking loudly and lighting cigarettes."

Bataan may well have been saved from a premature fall by the reckless bravado of those sailors, because if the Japanese had succeeded in cutting off supplies to the western Army front, a general retreat from those prepared positions might have been necessary.

On the fifth day, the 57th regiment Filipino Scouts arrived to relieve the Naval Battalion. These Scouts were the

cream of the crop, intensely proud of their service. The Scouts could, and did, outdo the best of the enemy in the jungle fighting.

The officers swore that their men could smell a sniper in the trees, and cited numerous cases where Scouts stalking through pitch-dark jungles at night would suddenly fire a shot upward into the trees, bringing down a sniper. Any scout who used more than a single shot to bring down his enemy had to face caustic comment by his mates.

The landing force of the enemy was down, but not yet out. The rugged cliffs under which the remnants had taken refuge, were honeycombed with crevices and caves, washed into the rock by wave action in ages past. Practically well-nigh inaccessible from the land side, it was suicide to try to ferret them out, and they still had plenty of food and ammunition to stand a long siege.

CDR Bridget's men had been relieved of the land fighting, but they had not lost interest in the course of events. Attacking the problem from a sailor's viewpoint, they conceived a plan for cleaning out the hornet nests by shooting into them from the sea. Here again, Canopus repair men rose to the occasion.

Conversion work was started on three of her 40-foot motor launches, to make them into "Mickey Mouse Battleships" armed with heavy machine guns and a light field piece, and protected by boiler plate around the engine and gun positions.

It was seven- or eight-mile cruise by water to Longoskawan Point, but they made two round trips the first day, blasting scores of Japanese out of their caves with gunfire. As evidence of their success, they brought in two prisoners, alive but dazed, and three others who had not survived the return voyage.

The second midget man-of-war was completed on the next day, and both craft steamed out for further glory. However, this time the hunting was not so good, although all the area was thoroughly combed.

There was soon more work for our miniature craft, however. Just after Longoskawan Point has been cleared, another landing had been made on Quinauen Point, several miles further north. This landing had not been made without opposition, since Bulkely's mosquito craft had attacked the landing barges and the war vessels guarding them, while the Army's few remaining P-40 fighters bombed and strafed everything in sight. Thirteen loaded barges were reported sunk, and a large destroyer hit by one of Bulkely's torpedoes, but many of the Japanese troops got ashore, and there was more work for the Scouts. This time a whole week was required to push the Japanese over the cliffs, as persistent efforts were made to reinforce their

beachhead, supplies even being dropped by parachute during the battle. However, the Scouts, reinforced by light artillery, were not to be denied, and at last, our sea-borne cleanup squad was again called into disinfect the cave of Quinauen Point.

This time, the little expedition was not so lucky. Four Japanese dive bombers, probably in belated response to a radio call for help, dived out of the sun on the boats. One was shot down by Gunner's Mate Kramb, who died at his machine gun while pouring bullets into the attacking plane, but a salvo of bombs crashed all around the leading boat, blowing a hole in its bottom. Goodall was badly wounded in both feet, but ordered the little boats beached to save the lives of the men still unhurt.

Three men had been killed, and four others wounded by the attack, but the survivors improvised crude stretchers for the wounded men, and laboriously cut their way through the jungle to the road. There a friendly truck driver gave them a lift back to Canopus and medical care.

The Naval Battalion had served its purpose, and their work in Bataan was done. Light naval guns were now being mounted along the coast, and machine gun nests established by the Army in order to make further landing attempts by the Japanese extremely difficult. However, the beaches of Corregidor and the other fortified islands were long, vulnerable and only lightly guarded. The Japanese forces near Manila were preparing for landing operations, so the Naval Battalion soon left us to join the 4th Marine Regiment defending those beaches. Goodall being out of action, our

(Continued on page 10)

## CORRECTION

In the November 1976 "QUAN" on page 16, there is an article about the book "The Death March Out of Bataan" by Sgt. Howard T. Chrisco of Salem, Missouri, who states in the third paragraph of the article in QUAN, "Thousands of mainland Americans, National Guardsmen, Marines, Sailors, Coast Guardsmen, grounded Air Force members, Army Regulars, Army and Navy Nurses made the March." Referring to the Death March — please note that NO NURSES made the Death March. This is very incorrect and it would be greatly appreciated if this could be cleared. We are trying to correct as many of these items that come out in error, for some reason or another, as we can, as we feel if it isn't done when they are learned about, history will record misleading facts that cannot be corrected later. A note of this error in QUAN would be so greatly appreciated.

So far we hope that the 17 "Angels" who plan to attend Convention in San Diego will be able to carry through with their plans.

# Canopus Courageous

(Continued from page 9)

Engineer Officer, Lieutenant Welch, stepped into his place.

Enemy scouting planes and occasional light bombers were still seen almost every day, mostly over our front lines or airfields, but nothing was attempted that could compare with earlier attacks. Perhaps the answer was that the Japanese were busy on other projects — it was during this time that drives on Singapore and Java were in full fury.

Whatever the reason, Navymen in the Mariveles area frequently found themselves on the verge of boredom, and even though *Canopus* repairmen had plenty of work, other ratings sometimes found time for idle speculation and conjecture. The radio always brought us daily news of fighting on other fronts, and broadcasts were always followed by meetings of amateur boards of strategy, intent on devising ways and means by which relief could be sent to the islands, or routes by which the marooned ships could escape from the trap, to rejoin the Fleet fighting far south of us.

After all, if little merchant ships could slip through the southern Philippine ports and return, as they did several times during the lull, why wouldn't *Canopus* or any of the smaller ships have a chance of getting through to Australia? Nevertheless, the answer from the high command was always an emphatic "NO" and that was that.

In spite of rebuffs, our men never quite gave up hope that the situation would some day change so that they could sail the seas again, and they were determined to be ready for that day — if it came. The fuel in *Canopus'* tanks was hoarded like gold, representing as it did even more value in terms of possible salvation. The ship's boats were kept tuned up, and plans laid for just such a dash in LCDR Morrill and his men later made when capture was imminent. Almost anything that would float was an object of speculation as to its possible value in escaping capture if the worse came to worst.

During the last week in March a heavy and sustained offensive suddenly broke against our weary and undernourished troops.

Supplies and equipment had evidently been stocked at captured air fields, so that they could now be used as bases for sustained offensive operations. It was only about a 15-minute trip by bomber from these fields to Bataan or Corregidor, which made it possible for the Japanese to keep the air filled with planes throughout the day and night.

For the first time during the siege, they experimented with night "nuisance raids." The planes came in either singly or

in pairs. Their pilots were usually blinded by Army searchlights so that their bombing was inaccurate, and effective only in breaking up the rest of our weary defenders.

Constant day attacks, however, took a more substantial toll. Much of the Navy's oil supplies, scattered in small caches in the underbrush around Mariveles Harbor, was touched off by searching bombs. Exposed water pipes, telephone and power lines had to be repaired daily to maintain services. Few of the temporary buildings, set up to provide shelter during the approaching rainy season, were untouched. Word was gotten to the Japanese that *Canopus* was still an effective unit, resulting in four more unsuccessful attempts to destroy her.

With enemy planes hovering constantly overhead, the artillery, which had been a major factor in stopping previous attacks, was unable to keep any effective fire. Showers of bombs would crash around any emplacement when its position was disclosed by the smoke and blast of discharge.

It was scarcely a surprise when we heard reports on 6 April that the front lines were in serious trouble. Under a terrific artillery barrage, the Philippine Army troops in the center of the line had given away, and exposed the crest of Mariveles mountain to capture. Now indeed our artillery was blind, having lost the elevated observation posts which were their only means of directing the fire of their guns. Unless the lost positions could be recaptured, the whole peninsula would be exposed to Japanese artillery fire.

All reserves were drawn in for the supreme effort, and every remaining tank was thrown into the beach. Even the beaches were left unguarded in order to provide all possible reinforcements, but the task proved too great for the weakened troops. On 8 April came the news that Army forces of the eastern flank were retreating toward Mariveles Harbor, destroying stores and ammunition dumps in the path of the victorious Japanese.

All hope of holding Bataan was gone, leaving us with the grim duty of destroying everything that might be of value. Early in the day, the Commandant had told us that no Army or Navy forces would be evacuated to Corregidor, since that island was already overcrowded. However, at 2230 that night, he telephoned that General Wainwright had decided to accept on the island one Scout regiment and the naval forces at Mariveles.

These favored units were to augment the beach defenses of Corregidor, thus continuing the fight from a new set of fox holes. Unfortunately, it later developed that very few of the Scouts were able to reach an embarkation point for Corregidor before the Japanese cut them off.

Evacuation of the Navy forces had to be

completed before dawn brought over more swarms of bombers of an advance guard of Japanese tanks. Without defenses and shelters which were being destroyed, the sailors would be helpless. That wild and horrible, yet weirdly beautiful night must be imprinted forever in the memories of all who lived through its spectacular fury.

For miles back on the slopes of the mountain, burning Army ammunition dumps lighted the sky with showers of rocket-like streamers, while the ground shook with heavy detonations of exploding ammunition. A severe earthquake shock felt on Corregidor was not even noticed on Bataan, which was continually vibrating with man-made earthquakes.

Roads were choked with retreating troops, often stopped for hours waiting for a dangerously near ammunition dump to burn itself out. Around the shores of Mariveles Bay, Navymen blew up the Dewey floating drydock, which had served the Asiatic Fleet for so many years, and scuttled the ships which had no part to play in defending Corregidor.

*Canopus* seemed reluctant to go, but her crew still takes pride in the fact that the Japanese were unable to knock her out — and she was able to back out under her own power to deep water.

There she was laid to her final rest by the hands of the sailors she had served so faithfully.

## Help Jerry Build Your History!

Our National Historian is trying to build up a record or file on every unit stationed in the Philippines on Dec. 1, 1941, and should any one have a complete record of the men in their unit at that time please send a copy to same to Jerry McDavitt, Historian, P.O. Box 32633, San Antonio, Texas 78216. Pictures of groups, their barracks before the war, anything pertaining to the unit, etc. would be appreciated. They will be acknowledged and kept in a very safe place for historical records. Copies of books written about the Philippines, our captivity, if not wanted send to Jerry and he will keep them in a safe place.

### MCCAULIFFE

This note is to let you know Bill, (William M. McCauliffe) passed away February 1977 instantaneously (coronary). He had no record of a heart problem — so it was a great shock. He was working in El Paso, Texas & collapsed. He was DOA at William Beaumont Army hospital. Interment was at Ft. Bliss National Cemetery in El Paso.

He was 58 years young. His wife and a son Michael A. (Tony) and a daughter Sue Anne survive.