



Group photo, Caballo Island, April 2001
(all photos courtesy Glen Williford)

April 1, 2001: To "The Rock"

We arrived at the Sun Tour ferry terminal at about 7 am. Figures appeared sporting CDSG badges, and after introductions, the legion of explorers was assembled, except for those delayed by Philippine Airlines. We were ushered onto a modern, air conditioned ferry, and at 8 am, set sail for Corregidor. A video of Corregidor's history played (with much noise from shell explosions and dive bombers), while we absorbed an orange liquid called "Funchum." We sailed past Cavite and Sangley Point, and I found myself on full schoolboy alert, nose against window, waiting for a glimpse of the island. This duly happened, and we berthed at the engineer wharf. We were on the Rock.

Having been warned by Commandant Williford to be in full commando mode, we left our gear at the Corregidor Hotel (the rooms were not ready), and boarded a frayed yellow bus of destiny for the eastern foot of Malinta Hill, which we were then invited to climb. Soon, in the damp heat, we ascended a narrow path, at times helped by rope. The famous powder cans were scattered around the undergrowth.

A 75 mm gun shelter with original paint was found, and then a piece of a searchlight near the searchlight power plant. Further up we found some FC station bases (emergency?). Near this was the East Officers Defense station, attacked by scrappers, but still recognizable. A further walk along a narrow path, with clear views of the east of the island, brought us to the searchlight tunnel. After photos and general milling about, we descended the hill and found the base for RJ 43, the 8-inch ex-rail gun mounted in March of 1942. It was proof fired, but was destroyed before firing in anger.

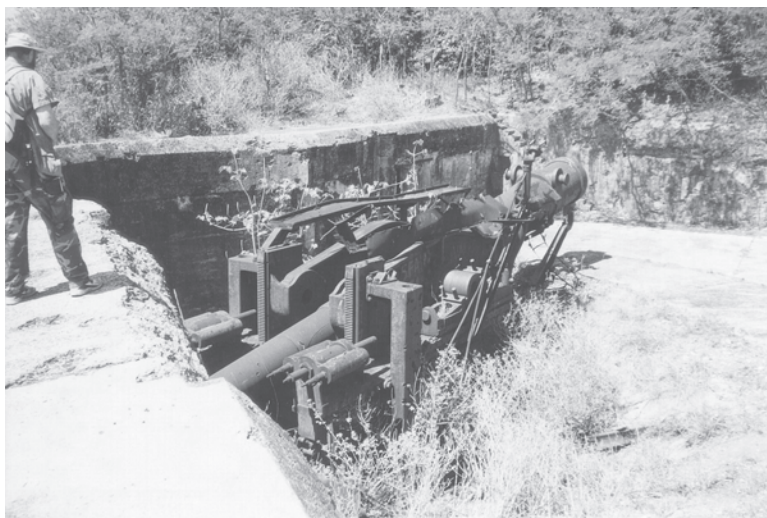
Having registered and partaken of the hotel buffet lunch, we boarded banca boats at north dock, for Battery Monja, a unique casemated

single-gun 155 mm battery. From the boat, we saw the steep and rugged island topography.

We landed on a beach on the west of the island, in by now serious heat. Once off the rubbish-strewn beach, we hacked our way through thick and steep jungle, sweating profusely. The tunnel, quite extensive with magazines at the back (it had once joined the South Shore Road), was located. We tried to find a searchlight station, but the jungle beat us. We descended to the beach, and rested, until the bancas took us round the south of Corregidor, back to South Dock. Two machine gun bunkers were inspected at South Shore Road, overlooking the jetty. It was back to the hotel for a shower, food, and rest. In the evening, we went into Malinta Tunnel, the famous complex under Malinta Hill. After seeing the main tunnel and laterals, we went into the mostly unlined navy section. This was extensive, but rough. The nurses' quarters and north entrance were also seen, as well as the blown oil tanks by the second west entrance. These were destroyed when the Japanese blew up ammunition in the tunnel. We returned to the hotel, tired but pleased with the day's exploring.

April 2, 2001: Fort Hughes, Kindley Field, and the navy intercept tunnel

The clear, bright, tropical morning found us boarding our trusty bancas at South Dock for the nearest fortified island to Corregidor, Fort Hughes. This is occupied by the Philippine Navy, and has been spared the full attention of the scrappers. This also means that you have to have permission to visit; thanks to Tony and Glen this had been arranged. A quick ride brought us to the dock and beach, where navy officials met us. After a short introduction, we headed to Battery Woodruff, an intact 14-inch DC. This, and Battery Gillespie are the only surviving 14-inch DCs in the world.



Battery Woodruff, Fort Hughes

Woodruff is a standard two-story emplacement, with a massive gun that looked like a floored dinosaur. Some small parts have been stripped, but this still had speed controls and the sagging remains of its sighting platforms. After abundant photography and admiration, we walked back a bit, to the start of the hogback that forms the spine of the island. A short, steep climb along the former cableway brought us to the entrance of Battery Craighill, the 12-inch mortar battery. The sloping tunnel brought us to the first pit, and there in the jungle were the two mortars, no longer just pictures, but real. Some shells and fragments littered the pit, with the loading tables intact and the rooms in reasonable condition. An original painted crest of the 59th Coast Artillery was on the wall, as well as Japanese writing in chalk. After this, it was up another steep slope to the next pit. This was in slightly worse condition, with some pit walls collapsed, but the mortars could still be photographed. Plotting and power rooms were inspected, again in good condition despite the siege and recapture.

Things now became tough, as we struggled up the shattered upper tunnel towards Gillespie, which had been hammered by artillery and bombs. We emerged after many contortions on the post-war road, built on the trolley trail that led to Battery Gillespie. No sign of the cable hut was found, and a search for the staircase to the FC stations revealed nothing. After a ten-minute walk, we found ourselves at the rear of Gillespie, perched high atop the west end of the island, with a fine view across the water to Corregidor. Climbing up the battery stairs, we were once more dwarfed by a 14-inch DC half-buried in concrete.

Returning by the same road, we came back to the low part of the island and inspected the rusting carcass of a US M4 Sherman tank, which had stranded on the beach during the 1945 recapture. Many wannabe tank commanders were photographed on the tank. We then returned to the bancas, unable to inspect the remains of Battery Leach, a 6-inch DC battery destroyed by US bombs in 1945, or Battery Fuger, a 3-inch rapid-fire battery.

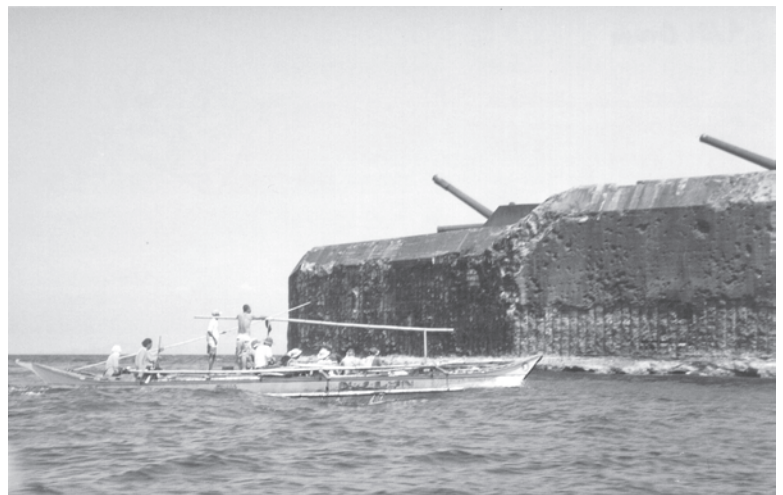
Back on Corregidor after lunch and a shower, we traveled to the east end of the island to see Kindley Field, the island's small airstrip. This is still in use, and has a control tower. After seeing the small infantry defense battery nearby, we headed to the navy intercept tunnel. This important post deciphered Japanese coded transmissions, and provided much valuable information for the US war effort. It was blown up during the recapture; we found the steps leading up to the entrance and a crater where the tunnel started. It was possible to explore by rope, but we did not venture in that day. Tony Feredo had been down it, and testified to the difficulty. We then crossed the road to Battery Maxwell Keyes, a 3-inch

rapid-fire gun battery (no guns), with its underground magazines, all in good condition. The final hours were spent at the Japanese Peace Garden (with many Japanese guns!) and the 92nd Garage area below, where the surrendered troops were kept for two days in very poor conditions. Nothing remained of any of the buildings except grass-covered concrete floors.

April 3, 2001: Forts Frank & Drum

We were on the waters of Manila Bay before dawn. Plowing across the choppy seas, we arrived at Fort Frank shortly after sunrise. We had to wade waist-deep in the sea, through a hole in the sea wall at low tide! Cameras were passed through in plastic bags, and after carefully treading on the slippery rocks, we found ourselves on a small beach next to the distillation plant. We then climbed a steep staircase (very damaged), and still dripping like water rats, curled round a final concrete block to appear by the tunnel entrance to Battery Koehler, Frank's 12-inch mortar battery. Turning into this, we arrived at the mortar pits, having passed underground rooms heavily damaged by the removal much of the rebars. Original US Army signs are still legible on the wall. The sides of the mortar pits are heavily damaged, with sections collapsed and blown open. The mortars themselves are long gone, having been cut up and scrapped. All the while you had to watch the floor, as the manhole covers for the cabling had been taken, and it was a deep channel to fall in! As we headed toward Greer, a 14-inch DC battery at the other end of the island, we saw plotting room, magazines, and storerooms.

We came out of Koehler's tunnel, fought through vegetation on the top of the island, and entered Greer's tunnel. Chains and hooks for the bunks still adorned the sides of the long main tunnel, with branch tunnels for ventilation and observation stations emerging out of the darkness. We climbed a short staircase into Greer's gun position, an empty pit showing the handiwork of



Approaching Fort Drum

the scrappers. Hughes had shown us what the complete picture was, so it was still useful to see the pit.

After threading our way through more rebar-damaged tunnels, and disturbing bats and swallows (with the smell of guano in our nostrils!), we left the Greer tunnel, and headed to Battery North's Panama mounts. After a pleasant walk in grass, we found ourselves in thick jungle, with the added bonus of steep cliffs nearby. After much battling with the plant life, a Panama mount was spotted. One was enough for me, and whilst others wrestled with Mother Nature (Alex Holder being particularly effective like Moses and the Red Sea), I attempted to get out of the jungle, back to the open ridge to Greer. We had to bear in mind the time, as the tide would be rising at the seawall. It was back into the Greer tunnel, more winged wildlife, open doorways looming each side, and then the bridge of doom, between Koehler and Crofton.

The bridge had been reduced to about 2½ feet wide. This was 40 feet above rocky terrain, and I found it scary. We all filed across, with much caution, and went up a steep incline in Crofton's tunnel. On the side could be made out a painted directory of rooms. Crofton was also gunless, but in a set of extra rooms at the side, the name of the battery with its opening date was seen. After exploring Crofton, it was back down the fractured stairway, a quick lunch, and back through the hole in the seawall to the bancas. It was time for Fort Drum.

Fort Drum is the "Concrete Battleship," built on leveled El Fraile Island. It mounted four 14-inch guns, four 6-inch guns, AA batteries, and a solitary 3-inch gun for close defense. It is 350 feet long and 144 feet wide. The 14-inch guns are mounted in two battleship-type turrets, and the 6-inch guns were in circular casemates in the side. The turrets and their guns are still there, but only one 6-inch gun is visible from the exterior.

Heading north from Frank, by now on a choppy sea, I could see over Tony Feredo's mobile-phone-talking/cigar-puffing form, the speck of Drum in the distance. We hoped to land, but the sea conditions were not good. As we neared the fort, it still looked formidable, the turrets and guns rusted bright orange. The concrete is pockmarked and scarred heavily from two sieges. We circled a few times, but could not risk a landing. We had been warned about this, yet I for one would have risked it, but it was not to be. We had to be content with photographs. Back we headed to South Dock and lunch. The afternoon was spent at Topside, exploring Mile Long Barracks, the shell of the cinema, the old flagpole, the museum (which has some good photos and artifacts), and other buildings of this accommodation/administrative area. Mile Long Barracks, varying from wrecked to reasonable condition, is still very impressive with its huge length.



Battery Cheney, Fort Mills

April 4, 2001: Southern Topside

The familiar shape of "The Yellow Peril" bus, complete with CDSG banner and members, lurched up the road to our first stop, a Japanese AA bunker and a wall from the original Spanish Fort. The bunker is in reasonable condition and is one of the few Japanese structures to survive. The wall of the original Spanish fort was still there, albeit looking more like a garden wall. Another 75 mm gun shelter was nearby.

Then back onto the bus and Battery Cheney, the first of the 12-inch DC batteries that formed the main armament of the fort. The name is just recognizable on the side of one of the staircases. Shells had pierced the floors and rooms, and the BC station between the guns had been hit and wrecked, but both guns were still there, although stripped. The rooms were in varying conditions, some of the walls having been pushed out of alignment by hits.

Following the road, we passed breathtaking views of the sea (Topside is high up!), and found Wheeler, an-



Glen Williford at Battery Cheney's E station, Fort Mills



Battery Geary, Fort Mills

other 12-inch DC battery, also pockmarked and hammered. The No. 1 gun barrel had been dragged over to the No. 2 emplacement by US P.O.W.s. A few bits of the carriage were left in front of the apron of emplacement No. 1. We headed towards the cliff to Wheeler Tunnel, built pre-war for infantry. Using ropes, we scrambled down to enter the half-filled entrance. The tunnel was well built and extensive, with some parts blocked. We left by climbing up the staple ladder in an airshaft! Most rested at the top!

Next port of call in the increasing heat was "Bunker's Bunker," the station of the seaward defense commander, Paul Bunker. No one was terribly sure where its exact location was, so we followed an old communication trench and then an old road. After much circling around the same trees and false trails, the position was found. I for one was hot, tired, and thirsty. Some went further down and found other BC stations on the steep slope. After climbing in through the front slit, you could see some of the original range markings for local landmarks on the wall above the slit. Behind this, outside, were telephone booths. Our return journey was equally difficult, as the group split up, and one section became lost. Jungle calls, and the bus horn finally reunited us by Battery Wheeler.

After lunch, we started by the old golf course, looking for the officer's swimming pool, near Topside. After a few minutes hacking from the road, it was found, still very complete, and we walked around its large perimeter. A little bit of clearing and another Corregidor sight would be available to view.

A little further down the road was Battery Geary, the mortar battery that blew up after a direct hit on the powder magazine on May 2. The central magazine is totally obliterated and only one mortar remains in position. The sight still shows how powerful the explosion must have been, with

mortar and carriage fragments strewn about. One mortar supports the roof of a collapsed magazine.

A short walk past Geary brought us to Battery Crockett, another 12-inch DC battery. Both guns and carriages are in good condition with sighting platforms in place, especially number two. I raced up the stairs to the sight mount and imagined what it was like to fire one of these beasts. The emplacement is scarred from the fighting of 1942 and 1945. The nearby FC stations were found, but some 155 mm batteries on the left remained hidden. Thus ended day four of the trip.

April 5, 2001, Fort Wint, Grande Island, Isle of Heat

The group gathered at North Dock to board a very plush motorboat to Subic Bay and Grande Island, site of Fort Wint. Monja Island was spotted as the boat swung north, and we passed Bataan Peninsula and the various landing places where the Japanese attempted to outflank the battle line in 1942. After a very comfortable 2.5-hour cruise, Grande Island was sighted and a harbor patrol boat escorted us to the Wint Dock. We then walked along a gently sloping track to Battery Flake, a four-gun 3-inch battery in good condition (no guns), with magazine doors intact. We then moved left to Battery Hall, a two-gun 6-inch emplacement. The magazine had blown up here (like Ramsey), but both guns were still mounted and in good condition. Already the day felt hot. We moved back down the track from Flake to look at the old ice plant and power plant. Tom and I had a quick look around, but were told not to enter the building. It all seemed very unreal. After this, we moved to the western end of the island to look at some buildings, all of which I believe were post-war. We then took a sloping path up to Battery Jewell, another 3-inch battery. This was also in good condition, with a Japanese Hotchkiss-type machinegun mounted in one of the em-



Battery Hall, Fort Wint

placements. It was then back to the beach for lunch and drinks. Walking back was an effort in itself.

In the full afternoon heat, we took a different road up to the center of the island, to Battery Woodruff, a 6-inch DC battery. The remains of the battery were found, incorporated into a post war structure, so there was not much to see. The final battery was Warwick, a 10-inch DC, whose guns were removed to Fort Casey State Park in Washington for display. A walk that seemed to take an effort all out of proportion to its length led us up the hill to the rear of Warwick. The BC station has been converted into a radar station and is occupied; also, the right walls of emplacement No. 1 have subsided. The apron in front of the radar station has been painted white, and walking across that was a trial, with the sun reflected on to you twice! The rooms on the ground floor were occupied, so we did not see much of them. A visit to the mine casemate was deferred for another day, and it was back to the boat. After liquid absorption we headed back to the Rock. The day finished for me with a swim off South Dock, while others went looking for Searchlight No. 1, via Powerhouse Ravine

April 6, 2001: Western Topside

This was another day on Topside and its major batteries. We started from Battery Smith, one of the long-range 12-inch guns. We walked down the former cableway into the rubble-filled magazine with its steeply sloping entrance floor. Ammunition and plotting rooms were found and explored. Passing the gun, we headed down a path to Battery Hanna, a two-gun 3-inch battery. On the way, a gun shelter for 155 mm GPFs was found, as well as a magazine, complete with geckos (small lizards). Hanna was found at the edge of the cliff. I turned back to Smith, but most of the group went to look at Battery Sunset (more Panama mounts), six-pounder emplacements, 92nd Tunnel, and Rock Point Battery (more Panama mounts).

It was then back past Smith to its near twin, Battery Hearn. This much-photographed gun, in relatively good condition, still looks very impressive. Some of us went underneath the gun, to look at the traversing mechanism, which had been painted for President Clinton's visit. The magazine is in reasonable condition, with a double entrance for gasproofing and intact overhead rail. The far end of the entrance tunnel is blocked with rubble. Next stop was the shell of the quartermaster storehouse, and then the hospital, which is in good condition, minus its roof. Original paint is intact, and some of the tiles are still on the walls. The top of Mile Long Barracks can be made out from the hospital. We then returned to Topside to see the lighthouse, and more married officers' quarters. The view from the lighthouse, which had been increased in height postwar, is very impressive, with the glistening blue of the South China Sea fading into the distance. It was then back to the hotel for shower and food.

After lunch it was back to the Rock's most famous battery, Way. This 12-inch mortar battery was in action right up to the surrender on May 6. Only one mortar was left in action by the morning of the 6th. My roommate, Tom Murphy's uncle was none other than "Wild Bill" Massello, the battery commander, who along with the "Fighting Fools" of Way, kept firing back, despite mounting casualties and wounds. Tom had brought along his uncle's decorations and a plaque to commemorate his uncle's bravery. These were photographed by the mortar his uncle had kept firing. Battery Way is very impressive, the mortars pointing in various angles. The rooms are in very good condition, with the remains of a shell cart in one magazine. The data booth and latrine are still there, though the latrine block is badly damaged. Further down the hill, Roger Davis and I found a radio station from an overgrown path and stairs leading from Way.

Further up the road was the shell of the ordnance repair shop. This showed signs of very heavy fighting. A quick hike through the bushes brought us to the North Mortar FC Station. This was on two levels, with a plotting room and meteorological station below. The observing stations above were in reasonable condition. While some rested by a loading platform opposite the repair shop, I went off with John Potter to locate the site of the trolley barn. We plunged into thick growth by the roadside, and found ourselves heading down a steep slope. This was stone-lined and turned out to be the trolley right-of-way to Mile Long Barracks. Once up on the opposite bank, John found an insulator for the overhead wire, and we found the concrete foundations for the roof support beams for the trolley shed. Done!

Final port of call was Battery Grubbs, a 10-inch DC battery facing Bataan. This unique battery has its own covered entrance. Both guns are off their carriages, with all small pieces stripped. Bataan seems very close from this battery and it is no surprise that it was knocked out early in the siege. The battery walls are heavily chipped and the BC station was knocked out, though the plotting room is intact.

April 7, 2001: Middleside

It was the last complete day of the trip, and though tired, we still had plenty to see. First on the list was Middleside Barracks, the reinforced three-story barracks by Middleside parade ground. These are similar to Mile Long Barracks in design and construction, although not in length. Though heavily damaged in places, other areas back from the road still retain some original paint and fittings, and give a reasonable idea of their original appearance.

Next was Battery Morrison, a two-gun 6-inch DC battery. After a bumpy jeepney ride along the old trolley track, a spare 6-inch barrel at the roadside told us

we had arrived. Both guns are still emplaced, minus any fittings. One gun is in battery, the other half lowered. The badly damaged BC station was inspected, and a small tunnel at the back of the emplacement led to the plotting room below, which is in reasonable condition.

The jeepney then took us along further bumpy trails, down to James Ravine. Battery James, four 3-inch guns for minefield defense, was found (no guns). This battery had been quickly knocked out in April 1942. At the bottom of the ravine, we walked across culverts and bridges, past an old water tower, to arrive at the infantry tunnel, which was mostly blocked. Closer to the water, the mine casemate that controlled the minefields in North Channel was half full of earth, but it could still be entered.

After lunch, we split into different groups. My group headed towards Water Tank Hill, by the Philippine War Memorial at the east end of Malinta Hill. We wanted to find AA Battery Denver. Walking up and beyond the water tower, we entered thick growth. With the aid of a bolo boy, we found circular depressions with powder-can linings. This was Battery Denver 60 years on.

It was then on to the hill above Battery Maxwell Keyes, visited earlier in the trip. There was an emergency "bathtub" (its shape, not its function!) FC station somewhere up there. Whilst the main group headed along the road, then up, Tom and I went straight up the hill, wading through the shoulder-high grass. We split up to try to cover more ground and pounded up to the crest of the hill. Within a few minutes, I stumbled upon the BC station, hidden in the tall grass, but intact. That made my day, helping to pinpoint another small segment of Corregidor history! It was worth the cuts on the legs as I lowered myself into the position, and found the bolts on the floor for the instrument. Then it was back down the hill, past the foundations of old buildings, and back to the jeepney. Other groups that day looked for Danny Howell's tunnel, explored Infantry Point, and Japanese gun emplacements above Power House Ravine. That closed the day's sightseeing.



Danny Howell's Tunnel

April 8, 2001: Topside Parade & Departure

So finally, it had arrived, the final hours on the Rock. The group split up into small sections, for a second look at a feature or a chance to see something missed. Some went to look at Middleside Tunnel, but I chose to climb the partly intact Golden Staircase from Middleside to Topside, a short but steep route between the two main barracks areas. After ten minutes, I was at the top by the rear of Mile Long Barracks. Roger Davis appeared out of the bushes, asked for water, and then disappeared, like a Japanese sniper. I headed to the other side of the parade ground to look at the married-officers duplex housing. These houses were divided into two units, side by side, each with ground and first floors. Though minus roofs, you can still see fireplaces and a few fittings, indicating the use of the rooms. It was once more past the old flagpole, then a quick look for the officers club, near the swimming pool. A few pieces of concrete foundation in the undergrowth were located, but that was all. I then went up past the back of the War Memorial, which offers great views of the east of the island and took a final look around the museum. Other groups looked for the remains of Searchlight No. 6, and took a banca round the invasion beaches.

We returned to the hotel and checked out. After a final Corregidor Hotel lunch, we headed to South Dock, and waited for the ferry. At 2:15 pm we departed for Manila. An hour later the ferry terminal hove into view, and we were soon standing in the car park in the afternoon sunlight. I went off with Tony, for further adventures in Luzon and Singapore, whilst the main body of the group went to look at the walled Intramuros and the American War Cemetery. Guys, it was great!

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Manila Bay 2001 Addendum: The Last to Leave

B.W. Smith

When the rest of the group departed, Matt Adams, Fred Guyer, and I remained—Matt for an additional day, Fred and I for two. On Sunday, Matt and I chartered a banca to return to Fort Frank. The banca deposited us on the point at the north end of the island, below the No. 2 emplacement of Battery Hoyle. Using a gangplank, we easily got ashore without so much as a wet shoe. The rock was naturally cemented into the soil, making it was easy to reach Hoyle and Searchlights No. 13, 14, and 15. From Searchlights 13 & 14 there was a short scramble up a steep, loose path through dense growth, but within a dozen yards or so the path became more open, and continued so all the way to Battery Greer. First, however, a concerted, although fruitless, effort was made to locate Hoyle's

Emplacement No. 1. At Battery Greer, the large vertical concrete shaft with an opening, visible from the sea, was found to be the exhaust for the large power plant. Two levels of underground tunnels were found, the upper of which ended in the exhaust gallery. The conspicuous hole in the vertical shaft appears to be battle damage.

A more leisurely examination of the ammunition handling area suggested the answer to another question. The battery had two shell hoists, but there are four openings between the floors, in addition to the powder hoist. The openings at the wall, furthest from the magazine, once had overhead rails, indicating they were to manually hoist shells, similar to the davits retained in earlier batteries. Similarly, the air passage connected the powder magazine with a doorway in the parapet in front of the gun, should the powder hoist fail.

Similar arrangements were found at Battery Crofton. Climbing the steep rock to the left of the emplacement, an emergency station, the F'7 station (subsequently Crofton's BC), and the C4 (later F4) stations were found. As at Greer, the plotting room for the battery under the BC was once reached by a metal ladder in a steeply inclined shaft. All metal ladders, however, had long since been scrapped. No access from inside the emplacement was found.

At the far end of Battery Koehler, a long, vertical shaft with the remnants of a staple ladder appears to lead to the FC stations above that battery, but the remaining staples were neither numerous nor strong enough for a closer examination.

The return to the banca was by the same route, less than 15 minutes from Battery Greer. Again, the operation was entirely dry. On the return, Matt climbed up to Battery Cushing. The banca rental was 3500 Pesos, payable in cash through the Corregidor Foundation office. The tip brought the total to around 4000 Pesos, roughly \$80 US split between the two passengers. For a return, one or two bolo men would be recommended, with ropes, to facilitate access, especially to some of the FC stations.

The next day, Monday, April 9, a Jeepney was rented, at 1600 Pesos (\$32 US) for the day. All the major batteries except Smith were revisited, and Matt and I returned to Wheeler Tunnel. At Battery Hearn, the power plant exhaust duct was followed, which proved to exit to the top of the hill above magazine. The opening near that for the MRI being apparently only a drain whose cover had been destroyed. (You were right Gary, I was wrong.) While Matt returned to the hotel, Fred and I crawled to the bottom of counterweight wells at Battery Chaney, Morrison, and Crockett.

After lunch, Fred and I returned to the James Ravine infantry bombproof tunnel. Although the entrance was tight, entry was possible, and it was found to be similar to Wheeler Tunnel, although considerably shorter. A few pieces of small arms ammunition were found in the tun-

nel. The remainder of the day was spent at the major batteries, and Fred found what appeared to be the bolt from an M1903 Springfield rifle outside Battery Way. At Battery Way, the power platforms on the right flank were reviewed. The bolt patterns indicate that the bases were not for radiators, but possibly for transformers to step down the alternating current from the central power plant.

The last morning, Tuesday, April 10, Fred and I took a short stroll to nearby infantry positions along the South beach. Meanwhile, the Philippine landing craft LC-551, *Dagupan City*, arrived at the South Dock with a contingent of Philippine Marines and veterans with their families. The ship, built in 1994, is 273 x 60 feet, and displaces 4265 tons full load, approaching the size of a WW2 LST. The ship has a drop-ramp bow and a helicopter platform on the rear. We toured the ship with permission of the young, female deck officer. The ship in general appeared modern and well maintained, although the brass azimuth circles on the outside compasses bore WW2 dates.

After the ferry ride back to Manila, Tony Estrada gave a tour of Fort Santiago, and then an impressive tour of Manila, with much excellent historical detail, before leaving the last two travelers to the smiling faces of Manila Airport Security. Once they were convinced that the X-ray image that appeared to be a pistol was in fact Fred's rusty Springfield bolt (much laughter and smiles all around), the tour rear guard completed processing and caught their scheduled flight to San Francisco.

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CDSG Member Survey Results

Mark Berhow

We asked the membership what they thought of CDSG publications and programs with the last election ballot. All but one of the responders noted they were happy with the current CDSG publications and programs. Here are some of my thoughts on some of the more specific suggestions. I hope this answers some of the questions.

"... think we have saturated the reprint market for books—slow down production to a more manageable rate." This is a matter for the Board to decide. Other members have frequently asked when are we going to do MORE publications. Hmmm.

"... what's the status of CDSG tour to Norway?" See the article earlier in this newsletter.

"... increasing the materials available on-line via the web site." This is actually a financial problem. We have to pay for our site based on how much space we are using. The more things we have on line, the more expensive the monthly fee becomes. At the moment our dues are pretty much consumed by our publications and operating expenses. Unless we are able to generate some income to cover this expense (or get a free site some-