



LETTERS OF  
CAPTAIN JAMES M. GALLAGHER

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This limited edition was prepared for the family  
and friends of Captain James M. Gallagher

*In these pages there are assembled some letters and excerpts from other letters written by Jim Gallagher (Captain James M. Gallagher, Infantry Reserve) from the time he entered active military service until his death on Bataan Peninsula, Philippine Islands, in April of 1942.*

*There are also included news clippings, correspondence from the War Department and letters from individuals with whom he had served, when such earnest efforts were made to learn more in detail of the circumstances surrounding his death.*

*Jim Gallagher attended Georgetown University, Class of 1936. Upon graduation he was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in the Infantry Reserve. The following summer he received additional training at Fort Meade, Maryland, and qualified for promotion to the grade of 1st Lieutenant.*

*In September following his graduation, he entered the newspaper field in the employ of the "Philadelphia Record." He worked for awhile in the business office soliciting classified advertising, a job he described as "bottom of the barrel stuff."*

*Then followed a period as a cub reporter assigned to Police Courts and Federal activities and finally arriving at his real interest, sports reporting.*

*All his life Jim had been passionately devoted to athletics, both as a participant and as a spectator. Anything in the field of competition aroused his deepest interest. He wrote a series of articles for the "Record" called "Dinny the Dub," which described the frustration of an ardent duffer in such widely separated endeavors as playing goalie on a ladies field hockey team to fighting a leading light heavyweight contender.*

*Jim's great desire and earnest aim was to be a serious writer. He devoted a portion of every day training for this goal. This was his life when in October 1940 he was called to active service.*

*Fort Bragg, North Carolina*

*April - October 1941*

April 26, 1941

DEAR POP:

Hope you received my telegram all right. My address is, as you have seen there: 3rd Bn. 47th Inf., 9th Division, etc., etc.

Everything seems to be working out fairly well. I am attached to a platoon, but not commanding and tomorrow will start at school for two weeks, which should bring me up to date reasonably well, plus plenty of pounding the books in between.

The camp down here is the biggest darn place you've ever seen in your life and it's really hard to visualize unless you see it. This Division has 3 theatres, post exchanges, recreation halls, guest houses and barracks enough to be a fairly good size city but it is almost lost here, tucked over in a corner.

The division itself is strictly a front line outfit and I am amazed at being assigned to it. They have practically enough motorized equipment to carry the whole thing now and more is arriving all the time. It seems that it will presently be split up though and a new division formed and even that eventually subdivided. Among the less fantastic of the rumors that fly around here—and boy! are they fantastic?—is that the army will be increased to 4,000,000 men.

I am living in officers' quarters in the divisional area that is about four or five miles away—maybe less—by road. 12' x 18' with a bed in it, period. The walls are native wood but painted. It really isn't bad, though and quite snug so far. The food also is quite adequate and the other fellows seem like a decent bunch.

Training here is strictly tactical with usual parade ground close-order drill occupying about one half hour in the morning with the rest spent in field work. We will probably spend several days in the field next week, or at least I would if I weren't in school. Suppose you've seen in the paper that next fall 400,000 men from all over will manoeuvre around here in simulated war conditions. Super colossal stuff.

Suppose that you have seen the baby by now and I am sure it is quite a remarkable child. Anxious to hear just what his name is.

Trust the old back is maintaining its good behaviour. With the good weather it would seem to me that it should improve. Don't suppose that heat makes that iron contraption any more comfortable, however.

Well, I'll cut this short now and close. So long, let me hear the news from home and remember me to all. Be good to yourself. So long.

JIM.



May 9, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Hope I haven't been too long in writing you but have been very busy for the last week.

Things seems to be coming along in fairly satisfactory manner—Deo Gratias. The work is by no means too tough, though stiff enough and I believe I can slip into it in good shape.

I am still in the refresher school for new officers and will be for about a week more—till the 15th. At the end of that time I will rejoin my company, in which because of lateness in reporting I am an extra lieutenant, of which there are many.

With time advancing and the inevitable expansion I probably will be plenty busy in a while.

Certainly fine about naming the baby "Joe." Hope he is able to live up to the monicker's amazingly lofty standards. If he can come near that, he should be quite a guy indeed.

Sorry that I couldn't be along for the celebrations, but of course, the old guy with the whiskers and stars on his vest is a mighty exacting master.

Incidentally, you might have my white linen coat and brown double-breasted light suit sent down here, since it seems they are necessary down this way. The brown-and-white shoes are also necessary.

Anxious to hear about the well known Academy Award (Crescent Prize) competitor and how the battle is coming. Suppose the flash on the winners will come over the radio when the announcement is made, so I'll know the results quite soon.

Before closing, it might be interesting to note how far this army has to go before it is really in shape. In my previous letter I told you that this division is rated one of the four best equipped in the country. But—it still has only three quarters of its required trucks, and is lacking in other arms.

In our regiment of 3,000 men for instance, the anti-tank company is supposed to have 12 - 37 mm. guns for use, few enough to stop any sort of an attack but we have only six now. Perhaps the most effective weapon now possessed by infantry is the 81 mm. mortar, a weapon that throws high explosive at a high-angled trajectory with amazing accuracy and quite valuable in the destruction of enemy machine guns.

We're meant to have six. Last week we got our first, and nobody has yet even seen the ammunition and its arrival is not supposed to be imminent.

The same thing is true of the 60 mm. mortars—smaller caliber weapons but sometime more effective than the 81 mm. variety because of the ease with which they can be transported to follow up an infantry attack. The all-important telephone communications are also deficient.

With this division to be broken up shortly and an additional one formed according to persistent rumor, it is hard to see where all the arms are coming from.

Suppose that, once we really get in the groove, this stuff will flow along speedily and I believe much is due by midsummer.

Well, so long, give my very best to all, Kack, Mary, Howard, Tom and his Ellies, Ginny, Betty, Kitty, Lockett and all, again so long.

JIM.

May 15, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Everything seems coming along in pretty good shape down here and hope you Yankees are doing as well up North.

Kack's letter was quite welcome and glad to hear the work is coming along as well. Her fears about my joining the tank troops are quite groundless, of course, since that is strictly a specialized branch and transfer as unlikely as changing from reporter to printer on *The Record*.

Finish up school Wednesday morning and report back to our companies after that. My company will be out in the field for the rest of the week and I shall join them there. Incidentally, the accent is very much on field work here and it appears we shall be camping out most of the summer, with the training culminating in the October games.

Anxious to hear about the outcome of Howard's trip. I have my fingers crossed and a few Hail Marys on tap.

Hope Tom's birthday was properly observed as I know it must have been and would like to have been at the festivities. Hope he got my telegram.

Drove over to Pinehurst with another fellow on Sunday. Certainly a lovely spot and can well understand its popularity. Incidentally the weather here has been magnificent ever since my arrival except for a few hours rain one day. It's amazing after our own changing conditions.

Another request for clothes. We are now in light uniforms or "khaki" as they say here, and the mornings are quite chilly. It would be well appreciated if you had all my squash shirts and sleeveless sweaters sent on down.

I'll close this now. Write soon and give my best to all in Philadelphia; so long.

JIM.

June 10, 1941

DEAR POP:

Am seriously considering removing the gold star behind your name in my correspondence ratings. Your work in this department will have to pick up if you wish to retain your hitherto excellent grade. It is not a field in which you can rest on your laurels.

Anxious to hear what happened in those tests you said you were going to take. Tell them to treat you delicately or I'll bring my weapons platoon up and blast 'em off the face of West Philadelphia.

Have been working fairly hard lately, studying and with the company. I talked to the company commander today and he seemed satisfied with the way I've been coming along. That of course was most welcome.

Was thinking something of dashing up to Washington for my five-year reunion this weekend. But between paying a lot of bills necessarily high because of equipment I've had to buy this first month and lacking a \$100 minimum in a new bank account down here and what with this gov'ts dizzy policy of paying only once a month, I don't know. We'll have to see.

Had a cool day today for the first time in weeks and rain last night for the first time since I've been here. Never thought it would look so welcome—and boy did it! That cloudburst looked like liquid gold.

Let me hear from you soon, my boy, and be good. Give my best to all the family, so long.

JIM.

June 13, 1941

DEAR DAD:

This will necessarily just be a line to let you know I'm alive and kicking and to apologize about criticizing your correspondence work. Letters have been pouring in lately from you and all immensely welcome.

Have been terrifically busy, lately. Last week I was appointed Regimental Athletic Officer, in addition to my regular duties. There is a lot of work to it and quite a bit of property to be handled in addition to it being one of those thankless sort of jobs.

Last night, tonight and tomorrow night we were and will be out all night on a CTX maneuver.

It is interesting but leaves little opportunity for sleep and I am going to try for an hour or so before going out again at 4:30.

So long and my very best to everyone. Hope your tests were a picnic and everything is satisfactory. Be good.

JIM.

June 17, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Looking at you from the top of the page in the official insignia of the 9th Division. Your guess is as good as mine as to just what it is. The general consensus seems to be that it's a rosette of some sort and that's about as good as any.

The Riggs' pictures were very interesting and the more so because he is normally a very slow worker. He promised me one of his lithographs of the Louis-Galento fight that he planned but never did get around to doing it as far as I know from calling him two and six months later. But he always was most interested in the thing and maintained he had just the shot in his mind and would get around to it shortly.

There seems to be a lot of complications coming up about the Fourth but I'll do my darnedest to make it. This army is well equipped with the usual complete line of shades and widths of red tape.

Have been working hard at this stuff with the duties of the athletic job so great that it cuts in hard on the military part. I'll just close my eyes and cross my fingers—all at once.

Another boxing show tomorrow, with a battalion baseball league coming soon and developments coming thick and fast at all times.

Been out in the field quite a bit and usually manage to catch a little rain if there's some around and no sleep. Heigh-ho lackaday. I'll sleep when I'm old I guess.

Didn't know Aunt Mae was there. I'm sorry I'm not up there to do a little night-clubbing with her. My very best regards.

The paper is arriving regularly and very nice to see too.

So long, Dad. Best to all at home.

JIM.



June 20, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Your and Kack's letter very welcome. Certainly good to get mail down in these parts.

Your very nice Schraft's box was received and it was only because that last letter was so hurried that I overlooked thanking you for it. It hit the spot.

Have been simply colossaly busy lately. This Regimental Athletic officer job in addition to regular duties, is huge itself so I am just about twice as busy as I ever was.

There are vast amounts of property involved. I am building a baseball diamond among other things with a 40 man labor detail, just umpired a hectic regimental championship softball game and tomorrow will conduct with co-operation a boxing show, the ring for which we have just completed. The detail for these things is terrific and quite involved. There are trucks for handling dirt and a huge number of other things to be argued for or begged for as the case may be. My superior is most co-operative, though, but himself extremely busy.

To make it a bit more hectic, our company was called on to represent an enemy force in a night problem on three successive nights last week against three regiments of the division. It was most interesting and I led a few night patrols against their position and once just avoided capture by the merest freak. But we got no sleep at all, it rained all three nights and then after getting in at 9 or 10 AM I would have to go to work at 1 on the athletic duties. I am in good shape however and didn't mind at all the dampness or lack of sleep.

Thursday, we again go in the field for two more days in a row and with our regiment take on the two other regiments; the 60th and the 39th. You may have read about the 60th a week or so ago in the Virginia maneuvers. They about licked the socks out of the 44th square division from Camp Dix which is four times their strength. We of course consider ourselves far superior to them.

You see we really are field soldiers, none of this sissy garrison stuff for us. As the summer progresses we take to the field more and more.

Anxious to hear the final work on your back X-rays. Hope they will be O.K. That clipping was stupendous "Uncle".

Glad to hear Aunt May is with you. I know you'll give her my very best.

My very best to all. Am working hard on the 4th of July proposition. It looks pretty good but there is still a couple of things which could ruin it so I'm crossing my fingers. Best regards.

JIM.

June 24, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Thanks lots for your letter and sorry my rate of production has been cut down lately by so much. It's just that we have been in the field so much lately.

Returned Friday after two days out and will be out four next week. Tomorrow we go to Durham for a parade (Monday) and leave directly for the field from there, so if you would like to see what that hard-fightin' 47th looks like I'd suggest you get a Durham paper for Tuesday and take a look. I hope you'll be impressed.

The maneuvers last week were what they call meeting engagements with the 39th and 60th respectively. Lots of hiking through woods, swamps and what have you, under the usual heat but we certainly learn plenty. We won both engagements incidentally, with our reg't pitted against theirs under certain set rules they have for deciding those things.

Had my first boxing show last week and did a little refereeing. Everything OK with superior officer doing bulk of job in show. One diamond now just about completed and if we ever get time to use it, should be good.

Have to hit the hay now for that early start. So long, looking forward to seeing you.

JIM.

July 12, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Sorry to be so long in writing, but just have been busy as all get out since returning here.

The few days home were magnificent. Nice little place you've got there. Might rent a room some day. Would do it now in fact if the daily commuting facilities from there to my present job were not so poor.

As far as those bonds go, I have no record of them and overlooked searching my room before leaving. If any are there they would be under the paper in one of the top drawers of the clothes chest.

The pictures were fair enough but only that. Did you notice the dumb guys said "47th Engineers" instead of "47th Infantry". My company is not shown. Leading the march with the peculiar looking helmet is the Col. Patch I was telling you about. The helmet is the new type tin hat.

Today I am regimental Officer of the Day. There is a ceremony for guard mounting that I got through all right and three times inspected all guard posts last night with sleep hardly more than a rumor.

So long, Dad. Best to all at home.

JIM.

July 27, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Just back in the barracks after a week in the field, which should explain somewhat the big lapse in the correspondence.

The field was as usual hot, sandy and crawling with the usual number of jiggers and various other determinedly hungry beasts who ate considerably better than the soldiers. The poison oak and ivy and sumac and etc. bloomed in as riotous profusion as formerly and there still persists the idea that 1 A.M. is a swell time to serve breakfast after suppering about 10 or 11 P.M. But outside of these minor considerations the thing was quite interesting and you can always learn plenty out there.

I have now invested in a sleeping bag and an inflated mattress and will take it with me next time out. It should be most luxurious if I ever get a chance to get it unrolled.

Just took this few minutes to dash off these lines to you, since I am about To Get Away From It All and go down to Wrightsville Beach over the night with a couple of other fellows. It should be quite nice.

Last Saturday we ran through a number of tests for officers in the things that an enlisted man is meant to be proficient in and I got through with a higher mark than average.

One little number was running about 250 yards up a hill about 45 degrees in angle, with rifle and gas mask. On the hill were three trenches, before each of which you had to hit the dirt, then hop over them. Then came barbed wire, which you crawled under and finally a seven-foot board fence, which you had to hop over. The whole thing had to be completed in two minutes. A mite fatiguing.

In addition, there were things like crossing a field theoretically under fire, running a bayonet course in gas mask, and tests in the use of a compass.

Refereed about four bouts in the last boxing show and it was quite a lot of fun. We now have lights over our ring, that is, as I told you, situated in a pleasant little glade. It is a very attractive setup.

Best to all at home and let me hear from you soon again. Thanks again for the doughnuts.

JIM.

P.S.: Pardon pencil but pen is borrowed somewhere. Thank Tom and Kack for their very swell letter that I will acknowledge soon.

August 3, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Yours and Kack's letters received and immensely enjoyed. Reason for typewriting mine is that someone has borrowed my pen and I haven't seen hide nor hair of the critter these three or four weeks past.

The doughnuts are fine. As for the amount, the same number would be mighty good every couple of weeks or so.

As I told you I drove a couple of other fellows down to Wrightsville Beach over the weekend. It was really quite lovely there and they have a fairly nice hotel that looked very much better after a week in the field.

Went to church Sunday of course—much to the surprise of my friends—and was amazed to find Joe's old friend Bill Corbett there. It seems he lives in Wilmington and stays down in Wrightsville some 10 miles away during the summer. He was quite nice of course.

He was exactly as you might expect to find him. He had rented his people's big cottage on the beach for the summer and he with his famous cousins and their wives were living in the former servants quarters that they call the "Pest House," with many signs like "These Premises Condemned as Unsanitary" plastered all over the place. A very colorful spot and they all give the impression as having the finest time in the world there.

We are in garrison this week and next week move into the field once more, where we will spend practically the entire month of August. After that of course, I will be ready for a leave in September.

Friday they are having a big clambake around here on the occasion of what they call "Organization Day" or the day when the regiment was activated.

Lots of sports are scheduled and of course and that means lots of work for me. In addition they will run off a parade with the Governor of North Carolina due to unburden himself of a few platitudes and assorted oratory.

Your air-conditioning must be a big help. Cutting out the noise from the station and the bouquet of the Schuylkill in July-August will be a help.

Kack tells me the doctor was pretty pleased about you. That certainly is swell news and keep up the good work.

Best to you and all at home. Let me hear from you soon.

JIM.

August 20, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Your letters received and as always thoroughly enjoyed.

That is a big fort that you are holding alone. You should have plenty of supporting elements in order to do that job the way it should be done. Hope that all have been rendering proper support fire for your position.

Glad to hear that Dr. Moore is considering dropping off here. This is a very educational spot for anyone to visit.

We are going out on another problem tomorrow, but it will only last overnight, which of course is practically a vacation for us. It will involve a river crossing I believe and should be most interesting.

I have been assigned to attend an Intelligence School run by the division. The object is to train us—about two men to a battalion. In the duties of a Battalion Intelligence or S-2 office. I have only had one class and don't know a great deal about the setup as yet, but of course that is why I am in school.

The Intelligence officer of the battalion is responsible for keeping the unit informed of what the heck is going on and gets his information from front line units, prisoners or where ever else he can pick it up. We already have one officer of that sort in the battalion, but that sort of training is liable to be very handy.

I have put in for leave beginning "on or about September 15," and lasting for eight days. It sure will be good to see you all. These jack pines and sandhills have limited allure.

Sunday we drove up to Duke and rubbernecked around the campus. It is really a stupendous spot and the five years that have gone by since I saw it last, have dealt quite kindly with it. It has lost a lot of the spang new appearance that it had, though it still has a lot of garishness left, but is on its way toward achieving a little mellowness.

Give my best to all at home and take care of yourself.

JIM.

September 1, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Once again apologies and once again the same excuse for being so dilatory in writing; out in field for week.

The doughnuts and candy were and still are quite delicious and have the boys hurraing. The time before you asked about how many and possibly this is a little too much of a gorgeous thing since there are no facilities for keeping them in my four bare walls. But thanks a billion most emphatically.

Glad to hear about everybody taking all the trips and they sound very elegant. How about you working in one or two—a little jaunt to Lake Louise for the skiing and water polo. You certainly are overdue.

The maneuver for us this time was not as successful as in the past. We caught it hot and heavy, got surrounded and much to our deep pink complexions, got ourselves captured after wild hurrooing and hurraing through the sun-blasted woods till it became quite a chore. The boys were really whipped with very good reason.

Worked very hard last week for the sports program for Divisional Organization Day—quite a workout. Everything went off quite beautifully and everyone had themselves a good time, or at least I hope so.

In the morning we had a divisional review for the retiring commanding officer that I wish you could have seen. Sixteen thousand five hundred men marched with their two thousand motor vehicles. The infantry went by in regimental mass, that is one solid square of 3500. Quite a sight I imagine.

Plans are very indefinite for weekend. Hope yours aren't same.

Hey, what do you think of this year and a half more stuff. Boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! When and if I get out I certainly will be plenty sharp as a newspaperman. They will probably assign me to the circulation staff selling them on some lightly travelled corner.

Best to all at home. Take good care of yourself.

JIM.



September 10, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Just a few lines to tell you to hold the fort, I'm on my way—or at least I hope I am. If I get away I'll grab a train that leaves here about 11:00 P.M. and gets to Philadelphia about 9:00 A.M. Saturday. Knock wood.

The reason that leave can't be shifted is that the Morale Officer went on leave and I have his job in addition to my others—all till his return the 16th.

In addition, maneuvers—the big ones—have been moved up and all must be back in barracks the 21st ready to move out to Camden, S. C., where we will go into temporary camp between maneuvers during October and November. I can leave the 13th but not before.

Cut this short since I hope to see you soon. So long and be seeing you.

JIM.

October 1, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Finally settled down here with the 28th Infantry near a little town called Winnsboro in South Carolina and we've just concluded our first maneuver in this series.

Been thinking a lot about that Philippine thing and probably by the time you get this I will have talked to you by phone about it provided I can get to a phone. There is none around here, but I intend to go into Columbia, about 25 miles from here, and will call from there.

The more I think about the thing the better it looks really. It won't be too long and it should be a big help in my army life, and right now it would seem a good idea to become as well versed in military matters as possible. The travel, too, offers an opportunity that in all probability I shall not get again.

Besides that it would seem that there is less likelihood of actual military operations there than with the outfit I am now with.

I can't see how it would hurt me in the future. In newspapers or any other sort of writing "the rolling stone gathers the gloss" as the expression goes.

So at the worst the thing just seems to me as a trip, the worst feature of which is that I shall be away from home for so long at a stretch. But on the other hand, I can't get home as it is.

Of course there seems a possibility rather strong that I shall not even go. You know as I told you over the phone, the original order arrived the 23rd and ordered us to sail the 25th from San Francisco.

Since that was impossible the regimental adjutant seemed to think that the whole thing might be cancelled. I'll just have to wait and see.

This umpiring came as a surprise not altogether pleasant, since I am absent from my own company. The duties are not difficult and time will probably hang a bit heavy, since ways of getting out of camp are limited and sitting in a tent without even a cot or chair in it, not exactly the ideal way of spending time.

The arrival at base camp was like something out of a movie. Only a small proportion of the tents were pitched in the recently converted cornfield that is our camp and of course the rain was pouring down in one of the hardest fashions I've ever seen. Trucks got mired to the hubcaps and everyone stood around looking miserable.



Finally though things began to take shape and by noon the next day you would never have known the place. The holes where the trucks had floundered were levelled off, all tents up; weeds cut down, and everything fine.

Incidentally I gave you the wrong address on the phone. Here's what it should be.

Me  
1st Bn. 28th Infg.  
Ft. Jackson  
S.C.  
APO No. 8

Umpire

So Long

JIM.

October 6, 1941

DEAR POP:

Tried to reach you by phone yesterday without success since they didn't know at the house where you were or how to reach you. You weren't expected home till 7 and at that time I was back in the base camp here where such modern gimcracks as telephones simply are not known.

Enjoyed your letters and Kack's, though you probably realize by now the last one you sent me was intended for Joe but somehow or other got in an envelope addressed to me. It was welcome anyway. Incidentally the mail service around here is about as primitive as most everything else and it takes about a week to get a letter.

This morning we are off for another week in the field. There's chill in the air and these woolen uniforms that one sunny week ago seemed designed exclusively for wear in Greenland and points north now feel like tropical worsteds. But by the time we're in them a week they will be so caked with accumulated dirt I suppose they will be much warmer.

Last week's problem involved a great deal of marching and little washing, but I got one big bang out of it. The 9th Division really hung it on the eye of this other outfit. They are without much doubt close to tops in this First Army. It would be nice to be with them if trouble starts.

Saturday and Sunday I spent in Columbia, 23 miles away, with a boy who used to live there and we spent a night with friends of his. Awfully nice people and they really know how to prepare the food—I am even getting to be able to eat grits with something like gusto—but they are definitely different than people in the north, I think.

Their houses look the same, are furnished the same, their clothes are somewhat the same, but not quite, but there really is down below the surface that old intolerance, and narrowness, that is hard and real as rock. Beneath all their hospitality, you are still a Northerner or better a Yank and like the conventional portrait of the Englishman, they have a definite self-righteous and superior feeling about being born in one of the most backward sections of the country—certainly 50 years behind us. I of course, get a huge kick out of the very real presence of that so-and-so Sherman. After being with them I am not quite sure whether his legions of hell, burned plundered and raped Columbia, last year or the year before. "Robert E. Lee go bragh."

We get a break today and move out in big trucks. I can hear the motors warming up outside our cloth tents now, so I'd better bring this to a close. I've heard nothing more from the Philippines incidentally and will let you know immediately when I do.

So long, sorry as heck I missed that series. I'll bet it was a terrific sight to see. Heard some by radio. How did Tom and Joe like that horrible holocaust Friday. I'd sure like to hear a few details. Best regards to you and all.

JIM.

*Aboard Ship Enroute to the  
Philippines*

November 3, 1941

Received November 10, 1941

Dear Dad:

This is an idea they have on ship board for sending airmail letters from Hawaii and I figure I'll give it a try.

Everything has been coming along smoothly so far and the voyage has been proceeding without a great deal of eventfulness. We just seem to be sailing along in quite calm seas looking for ways to pass the time.

Tomorrow we are due in Honolulu and a big day is looked forward to by about all. Have to take a look around and see if these Hula gals are all they are cracked up to be.

After that we are off for goodness knows where. There is rather a vague rumor, by no means official, that we will pick up a convoy and travel the rest of the way blacked out. These of course, are just a couple more of the unconfirmed report department of the army grist mill, which specializes in just this sort of thing.

The boat is pretty well packed with the sort of troops that you saw on the dock—we are cautioned about exact numbers of course. The boys are even quartered on the decks and smoking rooms.

As you saw it is a big vessel, something like 26,000 tons, I believe and too fast they claim, for any sub with big ideas.

Hope the trip back home was pleasant. Trust that you didn't hang around in any joint like the Top of the Mark so long, that you missed any connections. Was certainly glad that you were able to get out to the coast to see me off, since the necessarily long time that will elapse before I see anyone in whom I am really interested. Long time between drinks.

I have started on the Journal, with hardly conspicuous success, but will keep it up and try to at least keep my hand in by it.

The food on board is remarkably good incidentally. The regular ship's company is still manning the kitchens, not the army—the boat is just chartered from the American President's Line for this trip, the third such it has taken. The troops eat in the first class dining room and we in the second since there are less of us. The ship's orchestra plays for the enlisted men from the balcony and it sure is quite a sight to see the regular army chow line, mess kits in hand and dressed half in fatigue clothing filing down the impressive staircase to the dining room, a staircase that quite obviously was designed to allow the Duchess of something or

other, to make an impressive entrance while on her way to her evening grub.

There has been a couple of movies to break the monotony and I have become quite athletic in gym and deck tennis and feel in fine shape.

My very best to Kack and Tom and Joe and Mary and Eleanor and Helen and Howard and all the children, will write soon again. So long,

JIM.

November 16, 1941

Received December 3, 1941

DEAR DAD:

I'm starting this the day we leave Guam, Sunday the 16th. We lay off there for about six hours this morning, clearing by noon but I knew as much about the island at this time yesterday as I do today. We stayed about two or three miles off shore and all we could see was a misty looking line of hills that might have been Scranton, Pa. or New South Wales.

We are traveling in convoy now and have been since leaving Honolulu. The convoy consists of ourselves, the old *President Pierce*, now the Army Transport *Scott* and a brand new and very reassuring cruiser, the *Louisville*, I believe.

We had our first bit of excitement yesterday and it didn't amount to a great deal. In the middle of the afternoon an unidentified boat that looked like a freighter appeared off our port bow, far out on the horizon. We were moving in the center at the time with the *Pierce* to our left and the cruiser to our right. Immediately on sighting the boat—the first since leaving San Francisco, since we are traveling in an untraveled route—the cruiser spun around to the rear and went scooting behind our stern straight for the strange boat. It went booming along, the black smoke pouring from her funnels and her wake streaming white behind her, but before it seemingly was able to contact the other vessel, the strange boat had passed us and disappeared. So what it was, we will never know.

Our radio and wireless has been dead since San Francisco for fear of giving away our position.

We are traveling blacked out every night, beginning at 5:30 since crossing the International Date Line. That incidentally was a funny experience. One minute at 4.32 last Sunday afternoon became 4.33 Monday afternoon. There simply was no Sunday night or Monday morning in our lives. I sure would like to have someone ask me, preferably on a witness stand, where I was the night of November 9, 1941. Would I stop them.

The blacked out evenings are not as bad as you might imagine. We have a movie every other night, which of course doesn't interfere with the blackout and on the odd night the dining room that has metal caps over its port holes, is open for cards and reading. Most boys put the emphasis on the cards.

It's a wonderful incentive for going to bed early, which almost everyone does and I am in by 7.30 and 8 P.M.

Honolulu was simply lovely and I recommend it strongly on our next round-the-world junket. It's just as good as the travel bureaus would have you believe. Smith, Weil and I went ashore together and spent the morning zooming around in a car. I already mentioned the cliff called Pali in the postcard to Kack. We then dipped at Waikiki that wasn't disappointing at all and had lunch at the Royal Hawaiian, a very super hotel right on the beach. The lunch was delightful, being served on a lovely awning covered porch, while birds actually flew about over head and the sun beat a golden path on the ocean before us. There was a couple of outriggers with the conventional bronzed skinned Hawaiians scooting around in them and of course the gals, which are a rare sight indeed for us.

We had to go back to the ship immediately after lunch, 2 P.M., and there of course was more local color. All the soldiers were back, all feeling magnificent and laden down with those gorgeous leis of gardenia, carnation and bright camelias plus a few pineapples to boot. Quite a sight to see selectee Manny Schwartz, late of Brooklyn, grinning broadly among a necklace of flowers.

One of the boys was feeling so exuberant in fact, that he hopped right off the promenade deck into the harbor and had to be fished out by a tug. He was still hollering a whooping till he triumphantly ascended a rope ladder back to the ship and official custody.

The Journal is coming along pretty well.

Thanks to yours and Kack's books I am now one of the most informed men on the Philippine situation in the world today. I'm now on my third tome on the situation, "Inside Asia." "Orphans of the Pacific" is especially good and I recommend it highly if you are interested in that question. It is a very well done job.

There is no chaplain on board and of course that seems quite strange.

We have the usual ship's newspaper and it seems even more incomplete than usual. There is almost no sporting news in it to cite one terrible example and I haven't even seen any scores since getting on board. Almost as bad as being at Valley Forge with Washington.

Must say, however, that the trip as a whole has been most enjoyable. There is little to do but keep healthy and I have managed to do that to quite a degree. The days slip by so easily

that it is hard to believe that we shall be in Manila rather soon and not just keep on sailing along indefinitely. Time here is purely relative. We consider we are almost in port when we are or were in Guam some 1700 miles from the Philippines—"The distance from Atlanta to Denver" as Smith put it.

We won't know our assignments till the boat is actually in Manila Harbor and a boarding party comes aboard and lets us know just what we will do with ourselves for the next couple of years. Definite element of suspense there, since the posts we are liable to be in differ vastly, though none seems truly gosh-awful.

Zamboango is probably the worst or as bad as any. That is down in the southern part of the islands in the Moro country. These people are of course the only Mohammedans under the U.S. flag. They had quite a reputation for fierceness in times gone by and as a matter of fact were never wholly conquered by the Spanish, according to my numerous books. They certainly sound interesting.

Of course I will try to knock a post script on this letter as to where I will be.

I was worried about the letter I sent you from Honolulu. There is a bit of a story connected with it. We got a ride in a taxi and the driver was an exquisitely polite and seemingly honest Hawaiian. When we went out to Waikiki, not yet having come near a mail box, one of the other fellows gave him his letter to mail with money for postage. I did the same and what worries me is whether or not he tossed the letter out the window. I hope you got it.

If you sent me any letter at Honolulu, it never reached me.

(A few days later.)

This is our last day on board we believe. We have already sighted land and are now sailing through a strait between islands that are our first sight of what will be our home.

Looks pretty rugged—a lot like that barren Mexican coast we sailed by, on our way to Los Angeles. We are zig-zagging back and forth at a great rate and suddenly you are hit by an idea; what the heck am I doing here, the same that hits you on entering all strange places.

Smith and I lost out in the finals of the deck tennis tournament, for which feat we won ourselves the munificent sum of \$1.25 in cash money—each that is. We won a tremendous battle lasting an hour and a half in the morning and were sort of



bushed by the time we played the final in the afternoon.

Certainly enjoyed that last week at home and the journey to the coast. It is a nice thing to remember. I'm practically a dope fiend on those football games; just can't get enough.

You'll have to come out to meet me at the Top of the Mark on my return.

As I said we are due in Manila tomorrow sometime and will get our assignments then. I'll pause till then.

Am temporarily assigned to Fort McKinley, will not get permanent address till later. Fort is near Manila. Best regards,

JIM.

*Manila, December 1941*

November 22, 1941

Received December 8, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Received your letter written November 8th and one from Joe today and boy did they look good.

That dinner sounded mighty fine. I'm sorry I didn't get in on it. Was surprised to hear from Joe about Paul Lyons' coming marriage. Catches up with all of them eventually I guess.

Been in this town since Thursday now—I hope you received my telegram and letter—but yet don't know my assignment. We are temporarily assigned out here at Fort McKinley, just marking time and seeing the sights. I understand that they will probably send us out as instructors with the Philippine army—the Bamboo Army in army talk—with no direct command other than instructional. There are numerous places all over the islands and we are liable to land in any one of them. The best thing that could happen to us would be, to be assigned right here to an American or Philippine Scout regiment, but that is just too good to hope for.

The Philippine Scouts are distinct from the new selectee army. They have been in existence since the insurrection and have the reputation of being very fine soldiers. They are entirely American officered, and are part of the American army.

I am going to hold onto this letter till tomorrow at least though and maybe will get something definite by then. At any rate I know right now what my address will be in any case. It will be:

Me  
Headquarters  
Philippine Dept.  
U. S. Army  
Manila, P. I.

It will be directed to me from there.

The town of Manila looks very swell. We have no duties at present and nothing to do but look it over, which you may be sure we are doing at a great clip. They have quite a nice Army-Navy Club here, heck of a nice hotel in the Manila Hotel and worlds of color in almost everything and everyone you see.

It's quite teeming with these little brown men and although lacking in skyscrapers is quite a cosmopolitan burg.

The taxis are an adventure all themselves; one ride will linger in memory a lifetime, a lifetime that you fear will be cut all

too short midway through the mad career. They drive like bully blue blazes and if that weren't enough there is the problem of the caleche.

The caleches are horse drawn native taxicabs that literally jam the streets. They are quite picturesque, the better ones being very brave with very shiny brass, but they are driven by a race of indomitable souls who refuse to be intimidated from making a U-turn, for instance, just because a very large motor taxi is speeding down the block in the opposite direction. The whole thing is quite thrilling.

But as somebody said, "All the taxi drivers in Manila are good ones; the bad ones are all killed off." There is more than a germ of truth in that as you seldom see a crackup. Deo Gratias.

We have gone to see Jai-Alai several times since we have been here. You should see it; I'm quite sure you'd like it very much. (I have recollections of your saying you saw some at Miami.) You bet Pari Mutuel on players who play a round robin—two pesos or a buck a bet and can get a big bang out of it. The front on here is really super deluxe, a very modern spot with a first rate dancing spot on its roof from which you can actually see the jai-alai through the glass from certain tables.

I haven't had a chance to present the letters but intend doing so at first opportunity.

Our suspicions about going with the Philippine army were confirmed today when we drew our full field equipment here. We have everything we need to fight a major war including 45s and live ammunition—something you just don't get back in the States.

Have been doing plenty of Christmas shopping lately and hope it is satisfactory. You are my problem boy, but I've gotten a couple of things I hope you will like. Most of the stuff is off in the mail already and I have my fingers crossed that it will arrive in time. I hope you remember about my already having a magnificent Christmas on the San Francisco trip.

I'll close this now. My best to all the family and tell them they can get a letter out here for only three cents. Will write when I get an assignment. So long.

JIM.

November 30, 1941

Received December 8, 1941

DEAR DAD:

Finally at very long last we have our orders. Tomorrow I will leave Fort McKinley to join the North Luzon Force of the Philippine Army, whose headquarters are at Fort Stotsenburg some 80 miles from Manila.

As I mentioned before we are to be instructors in the native army and will have no direct command. Our job is to check on the Philippine officers most of whom are inexperienced.

It is a bit of a break getting with the North Luzon Force since I am at least on the same island as this very fine city here. However, we will be sent to a native camp that is liable to be almost any place up to 300 miles of Manila. We will live right in the nipa thatched huts that are the houses of 95 percent of the natives of poorer class here. They look quite comfortable—thatched roof and basket weave walls.

The Philippine army is composed of 10 divisions, which are in turn divided into three forces: the North Luzon, the South Luzon (around Manila) and the Mindinao-Cebu Force that is distributed among the islands to the south.

Luzon, if you look at your map, is the big island of the group. In the north, incidentally, are quite a few mountains and it is meant to be cooler there. Baguio, where the military academy is, is a sort of a summer capital and is said to have a really delightful climate. The north is also where the Igorots, Ifugaos and Bontocs live. These are the recently and I hope completely reformed head hunters I wrote you about, which for centuries have been doing such remarkable work in terracing whole mountains into rice fields. They are the ones which produced the luncheon sets I sent you.

It sure looks as though I'm in for some down to earth living, but it should be terrifically interesting and that will suit me fine.

Haven't heard anything from you since your first letter. This is my third airmail to you and I hope it makes the *Clipper* that is due to leave December 2nd. The presents I sent should have all made the *Coolidge* and get home by Christmas, I fervently hope, with the exception of Howard's. That was a robe I had made and it wasn't finished till the day after the *Coolidge* sailed. It's been in the mail two or three days now but they make no announcement of boat sailings here any more, so just have to hope for a boat to go out. I hope you like what I sent you.

You're a tough man to buy for of course, but after I'm here awhile longer I may see more more attractive stuff.

What they do here is some very excellent monogram work and amazingly reasonable tailored summer clothes. Don't suppose it would be very practical to send your measurements here without fittings, but these Chinamen do very fine work, especially if you don't hurry them.

Incidentally, I learn that this pina cloth of the type I sent Helen for Christmas is meant to be pretty good stuff and will wear like iron. They have some darned attractive cloths of it of a little bigger size than that I sent and if Kack thinks we need some at home I can ship it out.

This week has been most enjoyable. We are living like a bunch of bloomin' millionaires without the cost. There is considerable "spit and polish" among the Army here and you can go any place if you are an officer and there is always much scurrying around by worried and solicitous waiters and ushers. You actually call waiters over here by smartly clapping your hands or missing loudly. They arrive on the dead gallop. It's amazing.

They also have the darnedest way of serving a drink out here that you have ever seen. They just bring you a bottle and a glass, walk away and leave the rest up to your conscience. Mine has withstood the terrific strain pretty well, I'm glad to report. That isn't at just one or two clubs either. That's every place.

We have been seeing quite a lot of jai-alai. I am about even in betting and it is one of the most thrilling sports I have ever seen. As I said before you can get such a big bang for a buck bet that it is almost illegal.

Last night we went to the Army-Navy Club for the broadcast of the game. It was a beautiful setup and one of the loveliest parties I have ever seen but unfortunately the reception was so bad that nobody could hear a thing and they gave up even trying. The kickoff was at 2 A.M.

That about covers the news for the week I guess. We 47th fellows are getting all split up incidentally. So long, good luck and let me hear from you.

JIM.

*December 7, 1941. War in the Pacific. No word came from the Philippines. The fighting raged down Luzon then flowed into the narrow Bataan Peninsula. On April 10, 1942, outnumbered American and Filipino defenders surrendered Bataan to the invaders. Corregidor, last symbol of American might, alone remained, only to be overwhelmed on May 7th. The first phase of the Battle of the Philippines was over.*

*Then in June and August the three following letters came through from Jim.*

February 16, 1942

Received June 2, 1942

DEAR DAD:

Writing this because I have just heard there is some possibility of a letter getting through to you. I had understood that was just about impossible.

Hope you are all well at home and I sure am looking forward to seeing you when this is all over just about as much as I ever looked forward to anything.

I am well and going strong here in the jungle. We have had some action but by the grace of God and your prayers I have been fortunate up till now.

All in all we are not badly off. Our battalion C.P. (command post to you civilian guys) is in a little forest glade that does the very useful duty of screening us from aerial observation, or at least we think it has.

Our food is regular now and quite plentiful for our needs. We are perennially long on the salmon and tomatoes and short on coffee and that old standby of the soldier, corned willie, but we do pretty well with the ever-present rice filling in the short spots. We have a Filipino boy now, who warms the food and that's a help too. We in fact have discovered a Filipino dish that isn't bad, you mix up bread, milk, little sugar and on the rare occasions when you can get them raisins or dessicated coconuts to form a sort of cake that is put between two banana leaf pieces and cooked in a mess kit. Served with a little condensed milk on top, it's really all right.

Hope you received that New Year's message that was quite accidental and courtesy of the Red Cross. Happened to be back at Corps Headquarters in my former capacity of Division Liaison officer, when I just by luck happened to run into the fellow who was taking those messages. I pounced on him like a cat on a particularly well nourished mouse. Since then, however, have not been able to get word through.

Been back with the battalion now since New Year's Day, and am acting as Executive or second in command. Our boys are green but some do exceedingly well. One sergeant of ours attacked eight Japs the other day single handed and got quite a few. Three of them were shooting at him from a little trench (fox hole to the soldier) when he tossed a grenade in there: "They did not come out, sir," he reported. He sprayed the others with automatic rifle fire.



As liaison officer saw quite a bit of the various generals around these parts and now am concerned intimately with the boys on the other end of the line. Quite a variation.

We have constructed quite a dugout for ourselves. Everything but wall paper and oriental rugs—and we have Kogan grass serving in place of the latter. It's about 8 by 12 with logs, sandbags and dirt on top. Should protect us except from a direct hit.

Will have to cut this short a bit since we have a messenger going back to the rear and it's about a once-a-month chance.

To say I send my love to you is an understatement. Hope I will be able to send a victory wire from Manila before you get this. My very best to Mary, Howard, Kack, Joe, Helen, Tom, Eleanor, Kitty, Ginny, Betty, Terry, Elly Honey and our youngest Joe. Best regards,

JIM.

February 24, 1942

Received August 11, 1942

DEAR POP:

And how are you this very sunshiny February afternoon? I certainly hope that everything is excessively hunky-dory and that you have been able by now to slip down to that well known Florida sand. If you haven't properly taken care of yourself you will have one very angry and explicit soldier to deal with on my return, and boy, my voice has grown very loud and I am most explicit. In short, I am a very rough guy to deal with right now. And if in addition to not having taken care of yourself I find that the barrel of your machine gun does not shine like unto the sun, well—it's going to be just too dawgone bad—but I can't properly get the flavor on paper. I even look rugged. I have, believe it or not—a flowing very red beard and practically no hair. (My razor blades have given out, but we have a barber.)

Big news! Big news! You now have in your family a full fledged United States Army Infantry CAPTAIN. The promotion came through effective the 20th. If pressed for a reason why it should come through, I am somewhat at a loss. There have been quite a few handed out though and of course my present job as battalion executive would have this corresponding rank in the American army. We lack experienced men of course, but the men do excellently well, all things considered, and with the arrival of what we look forward to we will have or fondly hope and pray we will have those little yellow brothers on their way back to Yokohama—in boats with holes in the bottom, by the grace of Almighty God and with your continued prayers.

This is my second letter to you since my learning that there is some possibility of a letter getting out of here. My last was about one week ago and I had good luck in getting it right through to Corregidor by a messenger whom I happened to catch by a stroke of luck. I have had only two letters from you both of which came before the war, the last one of which was in answer to the letter I wrote you from Hawaii. I certainly regret not hearing from you in view of the great number of airmail stamps I know you must have expended.

The only communication I have received was a radiogram from Joe wishing me a Merry Christmas. I have carried it with me continually ever since and read it over often, together with your letters. It was most welcome to say the very least.

Our situation remains about the same. We are still pretty well situated, tucked back in the woods of which this place is prac-

tically nothing but, incidentally they have awarded a medal—the Silver Star—to our star corporal or rather sergeant (just promoted) that I mentioned to you previously. We are immensely proud of him, of course.

We have had a lot of very pretty rumors lately, but have our fingers well crossed since this place is worse than a girl's seminary for spreading rumors. You hear the most fantastic stuff most of which falls flat—they call it "cochers talk" here. A "cochers" is a taxi carriage driver, whose line in the Philippines is just as potent as his Philadelphia or New York cousin, or maybe more so. We are all anxiously waiting to hear what Roosevelt has to say today. It will be a few days before we do so. I hope it is plenty juicy.

Hear vague reports that this particular bit of jungle and homestead patches, called Bataan has become somewhat famous back in the U.S. Maybe we have gained fame equal to that achieved by the Bug River in Poland. It sure seems funny to us here. We are a most disreputable and unwashed looking crew, who are most hungrily looking forward to the first meal we will have in Manila—God willing. It will be a sumptuous and most indigestible affair with milk shakes and banana splits to garnish our champagne and sirloin steaks—cut this thick and with the old juice running out—boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy. Me for the life of an economic royalist or at least the diet of one.

Well, Pop, my love most sincere to every one of you—Mary, Howard, Kack, Joe, Helen, Tom, Eleanor, Betty, Ginny, Kitty, Terry, Elly, Honey and our young feller, Joe. Keep up those prayers—they are the finest things I've heard of—and keep yourself down when those tommy guns start to bop-bop-bop. All my love.

JIM.

March 2, 1942

Received August 11, 1942

DEAR POP:

This is the third letter that I have written since learning that there is a possibility of getting a letter through to you at home—just to keep the record straight.

We are all quite chipper around these parts, still waiting to find out what our little yellow pals across the way are going to do next and occasionally preparing a little surprise of our own for them. As they said in one official poop sheet yesterday, "Gracie Allen on Bataan. Here today and here tomorrow" (Poop sheet is army talk for "News sheet"—"poop" means news of any sort.) The arrival of a few paragraphs of news excerpts is one of the big moments of our day—on the days it gets here.

Meant to mention it before but just wanted to tell you that I took out a \$10,000 insurance policy in your favor the other day. It is a government policy and provides for a small monthly payment to the beneficiary rather than a lump sum turnover. It might not be the best kind but it was the only sort available and I thought it would be worth while perhaps. I named Kack as the contingent beneficiary.

Met Gene Smith the other day. I think you remember him—he is the boy from my company in the 47th Infantry who crossed on the boat with me. You took him to lunch with us one day and he was asking for you. Really looked good to see him and we had a fine bull session. I went back to his C.P. (Command Post) and we luncheoned together on fried rice, catsup, bread and coffee—hardly the equal of the Warwick blue plates, but did taste darn fine. It was a lot of fun. He has some nice 77 shell holes near his place but not nearly so nice or so many as our own private one shot over by our own Japs. We are quite jealous of our Japs and sort of proud of them too. We look forward to the day when we personally deposit them in the China Sea and will ship them a nice box of cookies when they hop off—The Casey Cookie is the name of a new gadget we have.

The latest one to panic the boy out here—you probably read about the Jap sub shelling the California refinery. As the story goes General McArthur has sent a cable to the commanding general of the Corps Area of which California is a part: "Hold out for 90 days and we'll get aid to you." A machine gun sergeant with the biggest, blackest and fiercest beard and mustache seen outside a pirate movie told me that this morning. Not bad, eh?

Incidentally some genius here or at home figured it cost the

Japs a \$700 loss on that shelling. They shot up \$1,200 worth of shells and did \$500 worth of damage. Maybe you heard about that.

There is a rumor going around that there is some mail for us back in the rear some place. Certainly hope so. It will look mighty good to see that "Office of the Postmaster" up in the upper left hand corner once more. Been quite a long time and I'm just about due.

We are short of things to say here really without talking about military affairs. The censoring is necessarily pretty strict. That old chance phrase might be very helpful to the enemy. They tell of capturing a Jap Lieutenant, with a diary on his person. He said among many other things that he had fought two years in China but never experienced anything like the "hell the American Artillery gave him." Very revealing of course, so I'll have to be mighty careful.

I'll cut this short now. My best love to you and all: Mary, Howard, Kack, Joe, Helen, Tom, Eleanor, Betty, Ginny, Kitty, Terry, Elly, Honey and young Joe. Please keep up those prayers of yours and everyones, if you can think of it. It sure gives you a nice feeling—knowing that is behind you. Best love,

JIM.

Capt. Inf., U.S.A.

*"Aftermath"*

# Record's Jim Gallagher Shares Fate of Bataan

Sports Writer-Son of Postmaster Has Been in Thick  
of Fighting Since War Started; Went to  
Philippines Last November.

The Record's own Jimmy Gallagher, son of Postmaster Joseph F. Gallagher, is one of those 36,000 heroes facing death or surrender in Bataan today.

## Georgetown Graduate.

It's still difficult for the boys in the sports department and the city room to think of Jim as Lieutenant James Gallagher, assigned by the U. S. Army to help train the Filipinos.

Jim's a gentle guy who wrote good copy because he loved football and hockey and ice skating. When he was a student at Georgetown University, he received his early military training as a member of the Reserve Officers Training Corps. Upon his graduation he received a commission as second lieutenant. After three summers in camp he rose to first lieutenant.

But few knew about that until he was called for active service in the spring of 1941. In November he went to the Philippines.

On December 20, Postmaster Gallagher was assured by the War Department that Jim was safe. Last week he was told that

Jim's name had not come through on any casualty list.

So Jim's been in the thick of it, four months of bloody conflict, without let-up day or night.

The men he worked with on The Record knew he could take it. His boss, Bill Driscoll, sports editor, said yesterday that Jim had more courage than any kid he ever knew. He was a lightweight in size but he'd tackle any assignment that came his way.

## Remember "Dinny"?

It was Jim who did the "Dinny the Dub" series, humorous yarns in which "Dinny," a novice, tried his hand in person at every sport from fencing to wrestling. "Dinny" almost had an arm broken on the mat. He risked his neck pole-valuting. He actually begged a boxer to really do his stuff so he'd know how it felt to take the count.

Jim learned a lot in those rough-and-tumble days in the sports department. But, in looking through the old clips, we can't find a spot where he ever learned to surrender.

Philadelphia Record, April 11, 1942

# Spirit of Bataan Will Live as Long As America Endures

By BILL DOOLY

We are all feeling heavy of heart these days. There is a terrible weight upon us. The enemy horde has conquered Bataan. The American flag has been pulled down in another corner of the earth where the red, white and blue stood for all the freedom decent men have held dear for time immemorial.

We, of course, knew this was going to happen, that it was inevitable. Yet, now that it has come, we are no less bowed in sorrow. Whatever out intelligence of the situation told us, in our souls we were praying for some miracle that would save the cause.

Now we are praying for the welfare of those who fought the battle of Bataan until overwhelmed by exhaustion and sheer superiority of numbers of an unconscionable foe. We know not what is going to befall those who survived.

A couple of desks away from where these lines are being written, Jim Gallagher once pounded away at a typewriter. Jim is a slender blue-eyed kid, and he's so far away, and we are all so helpless. It wouldn't be quite right to say that we ever demonstrated any marked affection for Jim. Or, let me put it, that we singled him out.

**He was one of the gang, that's all. But, thinking of that, what more can be said, what better accolade may be paid a man in this imperfect world than that? Than to say . . . he was one of us. Jim Gallagher was.**

Jim is over there, somewhere in what is left of the torment that for 96 days made a hell of a peaceful jungle. I guess—indeed, we may be sure—that he is a lot thinner now than he was when he was pecking away at a typewriter and Bataan was yet only a name he and his comrades were to place indelibly across the pages of history.

Still, Jim is a lot larger to us, too. He and all who are and were with him loom before us, great figures of honor and glory cast in our hearts and illumining the shadows.

There is no denying the fact that the battle of Bataan was a physical defeat for American arms and the incredibly brave ally in the khaki of the little Filipino. Yet it cannot be that the spirit of the men who fought for that little strip of land ever will be defeated.

As long as there is a Bataan, it will be there. And some day it will rise again and the Stars and Stripes will proclaim anew that for which our buddy, Jim Gallagher, and his brothers in arms, fought.

WAR DEPARTMENT  
SERVICES OF SUPPLY  
OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL  
WASHINGTON

May 16, 1942

Mr. Joseph Francis Gallagher  
5836 Woodbine Ave.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
Dear Mr. Gallagher:

According to War Department records, you have been designated as the emergency addressee of Captain James McD. Gallagher, 0-339078, Infantry, who, according to the latest information available, was serving in the Philippine Islands at the time of the final surrender.

I deeply regret that it is impossible for me to give you more information than is contained in this letter. In the last days before the surrender of Bataan there were casualties which were not reported to the War Department. Conceivably the same is true of the surrender of Corregidor and possibly of other islands of the Philippines. The Japanese Government has indicated its intention of conforming to the terms of the Geneva Convention with respect to the inter-change of information regarding prisoners of war. At some future date this Government will receive through Geneva a list of persons who have been taken prisoners of war. Until that time the War Department cannot give you positive information.

Very truly yours,  
/s/ J. A. ULIO  
J. A. Ulio  
Major General  
The Adjutant General



WAR DEPARTMENT  
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE  
WASHINGTON

May 25, 1942

Mr. Joseph F. Gallagher  
Postmaster  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
My dear Mr. Gallagher:

I have your letter of May 18th, regarding your son, Captain James McDonnell Gallagher, 0-339078, Infantry.

The records of this office show that your son was temporarily promoted to the rank of Captain as of February 20, 1942, and that he was serving in the Philippine Islands at the time of the surrender of Corregidor.

I wish to assure you that you will be immediately informed upon receipt of further information regarding your son.

Very truly yours,  
/s/ J. A. ULIO  
J. A. Ulio  
Major General  
The Adjutant General

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS  
SOUTHWEST PACIFIC AREA  
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

March 15, 1943

Dear Mr. Gallagher:

General MacArthur has asked me to answer your letter of inquiry concerning your son, Captain James M. Gallagher. I regret to inform you that there is no information concerning him at this headquarters and the General does not recall any contact with him. While it is true that the Japanese Government has supplied a partial list of their prisoners, the failure of any one particular name to be on this list does not mean that the particular individual is not a prisoner of war. Not all of their prisoners have been reported, and I am sure that in time the Japanese Government will provide us with these names. May I suggest that you communicate with the Provost Marshal General, War Department, Washington, D. C., who has been detailed all prisoner-of-war work.

If I can be of any further assistance to you, please do not hesitate to call on me. I know that General MacArthur joins me in the hope that your son is alive and well and that he will return safely to you.

Sincerely yours,  
/s/ CHARLES H. MORHOUSE  
Charles H. Morhouse  
Lieutenant Colonel, M.C.  
Aide-de-Camp  
September 19, 1946

WAR DEPARTMENT  
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE  
WASHINGTON

January 22, 1944

Mr. Joseph F. Gallagher  
5836 Woodbine Ave.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
Dear Mr. Gallagher:

Reference is made to your letter of 17 January 1944 in which you request additional information relative to your son, Captain James McD. Gallagher, who has been missing in action since 7 May 1942 in the Philippine Islands.

It is regretted exceedingly that up to the present time no further report concerning Captain Gallagher has reached the War Department. It is possible that he may be reported a prisoner of war through the International Red Cross; however, his name has not appeared on any of the lists of prisoners received to date. It may be added that the War Department has been confronted with a very troublesome situation in the manner in which the Japanese Government has reported prisoners or casualties of the American forces. This existing condition has made it difficult to obtain accurate or reliable information concerning our military personnel and the reports received from that government have been extremely slow in being submitted to the International Red Cross for transmittal to the War Department. You may be certain that when any information regarding Captain Gallagher is received, you will be notified promptly.

Permit me to extend sympathy during this period of anxiety.

Sincerely yours,  
/s/ J. A. ULIO  
J. A. Ulio  
Major General  
The Adjutant General

WAR DEPARTMENT  
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE  
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

July 1, 1944

Mr. Joseph F. Gallagher  
Office of the Postmaster  
Philadelphia 4, Pennsylvania  
Dear Mr. Gallagher:

I have your letter of 21 June regarding your son, Captain James McD. Gallagher, who has been missing in action since 7 May 1942 in the Philippine Islands.

Some reports regarding the status of military personnel who were serving in the Philippine Islands at the time of the surrender of Corregidor have been received from the Japanese Government. Inasmuch as the War Department is totally dependent upon this enemy government for official information relative to the status of personnel who are recorded missing, you will realize that the available information is limited.

The information which you requested relative to the number of American prisoners of the Japanese Government will be the subject of a later communication.

My continued sympathy is extended during this prolonged period of anxiety.

Sincerely yours,  
J. A. Ulio  
/s/ J. A. ULIO  
Major General  
The Adjutant General

*Continuous inquiries were made to every available source for any word or clue to the fate of Jim. In April of 1945 war ebbed back to the Philippines. American forces recaptured the Islands. Prison Camps were liberated. There began the task of assembling all information as to the fate of its fallen defenders. Then . . .*

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram, unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

BY DIRECT WIRE FROM

**WESTERN  
UNION**

A. H. WILLIAMS  
PRESIDENT

1228

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter  
NL = Night Letter  
LC = Deferred Cable  
MT = Cable Mails Letter  
WU = Telegram

The time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

WUA 35 76 GOVT=WASHINGTON DC MAY 26 1027P

JOSEPH F GALLAGHER=

5836 WOODBINE AVE PHILA=

I AM DEEPLY DISTRESSED TO INFORM YOU CORRECTED REPORT  
JUST RECEIVED STATES YOUR SON CAPTAIN JAMES MCD GALLAGHER  
WHO WAS PREVIOUSLY REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION WAS KILLED  
IN ACTION ON NINE APRIL NINETEEN FORTY TWO ON PHILIPPINE  
ISLANDS PERIOD THE SECRETARY OF WAR ASKS THAT I EXPRESS  
HIS DEEP SYMPATHY IN YOUR LOSS AND HIS REGRET THAT  
UNAVOIDABLE CIRCUMSTANCES MADE NECESSARY THE UNUSUAL LAPSE  
OF TIME IN REPORTING YOUR SONS DEATH TO YOU CONFIRMING  
LETTER FOLLOWS.=

J A ULIO MAJOR GENERAL THE ADJUTANT  
GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

WAR DEPARTMENT  
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE  
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

May 29, 1945

Mr. Joseph F. Gallagher  
Office of the Postmaster  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
Dear Mr. Gallagher:

It is with profound regret that I confirm the recent telegram informing you of the death of your son, Captain James McD. Gallagher, 0-339078, Infantry, who was previously reported missing in action.

An official message has now been received which states that he was killed in action on 9 April 1942 in the Philippine Islands.

I realize the great suspense you have endured during this unfortunately long period and now, the finality to those hopes which you have cherished for his safety. Although little may be said or done at this time to alleviate your grief, it is my fervent hope that later the knowledge that he gave his life for his country may be of sustaining comfort to you.

I extend my profound sympathy in your bereavement.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ J. A. ULIO  
J. A. Ulio  
Major General  
The Adjutant General of the Army

THE SECRETARY OF WAR  
WASHINGTON

August 11, 1945

My dear Mr. Gallagher:

At the request of the President, I write to inform you that the Purple Heart has been awarded posthumously to your son, Captain James McD. Gallagher, Infantry, who sacrificed his life in defense of his country.

Little that we can do or say will console you for the death of your loved one. We profoundly appreciate the greatness of your loss, for in a very real sense the loss suffered by any of us in this battle for our country, is a loss shared by all of us. When the medal, which you will shortly receive, reaches you, I want you to know that with it goes my sincerest sympathy, and the hope that time and the victory of our cause will finally lighten the burden of your grief.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ HENRY L. STIMSON  
Henry L. Stimson

Mr. J. F. Gallagher  
Office of the Postmaster  
Philadelphia, Pa.



## Capt. Jim Gallagher

Of all the reporters, rewrite men and copy-readers in The Record's news room, Young Jim Gallagher seemed the least warlike.

It came as a great surprise to learn, in mid-summer 1941, that Jim was a reserve officer, United States Army. He came into the office one day in October of that year, in uniform. A first lieutenant's bars were on his shoulders. Our minds were changed, then and there. He looked like a soldier. He was a soldier.

One of the younger reporters said: "Gee, when I'm drafted I'd like to be in Jim's platoon."

Six months after Young Jim walked out of The Record, he was missing on Bataan. He must have lived many years in those few months. He was a captain when he was killed in action. It was a "battlefield promotion." That's the kind of promotion which comes only as a result of valor far above the line of duty and of ability far greater than average.

We of The Record can never forget "Young Jim." To his father, Postmaster Joseph F. Gallagher, we can offer a sympathy that at least has an understanding of the fine qualities and the greatness of his son.

It is from the lives of so many Young Jims that victory for America has been achieved.

*A further search, unenlivened by hope, began to get some word on the circumstances of Jim's death. Gradually the War Department pieced together scraps of information concerning the missing. The following letters led to and confirmed knowledge of his death.*

WAR DEPARTMENT  
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE  
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

July 10, 1945

Mr. Joseph F. Gallagher  
Office of the Postmaster  
Philadelphia 4, Pennsylvania  
Dear Mr. Gallagher

I am writing to you in reply to your letter of 6 July 1945 addressed to Colonel George F. Herbert concerning your son, Captain James McD. Gallagher.

I fully appreciate your desire to know the circumstances of your son's death. Since the return of the American forces to the Philippine Islands exhaustive investigation has been made in the islands by the local military authorities in coordination with the War Department to clarify the status of our soldiers who have been unaccounted for since the surrender of Corregidor in May 1942. Liberated prisoners of war, residents, natives and local officials are interrogated regarding these personnel. As a result of these investigations the status of hundreds of our officers and enlisted men has been definitely established. Based upon an official report received in the War Department from the Commander-in-Chief, United States Army Forces, Pacific, located in Manila, you were notified that your son was killed in action on 9 April 1942 in the Philippine Islands. However, the complete facts and circumstances which formed the basis for the official report were not received. Accordingly, this office has requested the commander of that theatre to furnish this information, and upon its receipt I will again communicate with you.

I deeply regret the anxiety you have endured these past years and sympathize with you in your great loss.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ EDWARD F. WITSELL  
Edward F. Witsell  
Major General  
Acting The Adjutant General of the Army

WAR DEPARTMENT  
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE  
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

August 17, 1945

Mr. Joseph F. Gallagher  
Office of the Postmaster  
Philadelphia 4, Pennsylvania  
Dear Mr. Gallagher:

I have your letter of 31 July 1945, concerning your son, Captain James McD. Gallagher.

A reply has now been received to the inquiry referred to in my letter of 10 July 1945. The report received from the theater commander discloses that the report of your son's death is based upon an affidavit of Private Frank Spear, who is a prisoner of war of the Japanese Government. The report further reveals that the following information is available regarding the death of Captain Gallagher:

- a. Affidavit of Private Frank Spear, attested by Peter Koster at Cabanatuan Prison Camp on 16 September 1943, copy of which is inclosed.
- b. Handwritten roster recovered at Bilibid, which has the following entry: "Gallagher, James Captain \*March\* apparently refers to 'death march'."
- c. Handwritten roster, unknown origin, with the following entry: "25. Gallagher, James Capt Inf. March 4-9-42 Orani (165)"
- d. Typewritten roster, alphabetical listing of Army and Navy Personnel and disposition, recovered at Cabanatuan, lists the following: "Gallagher, James Capt Died Orani 4/9/42"
- e. A summary of affidavits attested by Peter Koster, Major, JAGD, at Cabanatuan, has the following entry: "165. Frank Spear, Pvt, CWS, 19011594, swore on Sept. 16, 1943 that he saw the dead body of James Gallagher, Capt. Inf, who died at about 3:00 p.m. on Apr 9, 1942 Near Orani, P. I."

I regret to advise you that the report reveals there is no record of the place of burial of your son's remains but that it is presumed he was interred in the vicinity of Orani, Bataan, Philip-

pine Islands. It is further stated that no information is of record in that theater which would indicate your son had been in Cabanatuan Prison Camp.

In compliance with your request, I am furnishing the names of several officers who were ordered to the Philippine Islands at the same time as your son, together with the names and addresses of their next of kin.

You have my deep sympathy.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ EDWARD F. WITSELL

Edward F. Witsell

Major General

Acting The Adjutant General of the Army

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS  
ARMY FORCES IN THE PACIFIC  
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF

APO 500  
11 February 1946

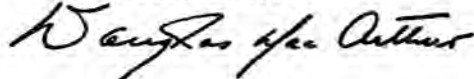
Dear Mr. Gallagher:

My deepest sympathy goes to you in the death of your son, Captain James McD. Gallagher, who died in action against the enemy.

You may have some consolation in the memory that he, along with his comrades-in-arms who died on Bataan and Corregidor and in prison camps, gave his life for his country. It was largely their magnificent courage and sacrifices which stopped the enemy in the Philippines and gave us the time to arm ourselves for our return to the Philippines and the final defeat of Japan. Their names will be enshrined in our country's glory forever.

In your son's death I have lost a gallant comrade and mourn with you.

Very faithfully,



Mr. Joseph F. Gallagher  
Office of the Postmaster  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Sgt. Emanuel Hamburger, ASN 2368127  
Sub Unit RI, 1907 SU Reception Center  
Fort Lewis, Washington

Dear Sergeant Hamburger:

Major Benjamin Stakes tells me of his meeting with you in a prison camp in the Philippines, where you told him about the manner my son, Jim, (Captain James McD. Gallagher, 0-339078) met his death. I understand that you brought Major Stakes to Frank Spears, who made an affidavit that he saw Jim's body on the Ninth of April. I wrote Frank Spears' mother and found that he was in the Tokyo Prison Camp in Japan, where I wrote him but I later learned that he, along with nine other men, was executed by the Japanese on July 25, 1945. Major Stakes, who has been at the Valley Forge Hospital here, tells me that Jim was killed by the Japanese when he would not respond to questioning.

The War Department has provided me with your address, and advised that a letter addressed to you at Fort Lewis would no doubt get an answer. I would appreciate very much your telling me all that you can regarding the manner in which Jim met his death and the cause of it, and any other information as to the actual time, place, and events leading up to it. I can't begin to tell you how important this information is to me and to Jim's brothers and sisters. I am enclosing a stamped envelope for your convenience.

I hope that you are well, and everything is going well with you, and I am looking forward to hearing from you.

With every good wish, I am,

Sincerely yours,

/s/ JOSEPH F. GALLAGHER  
Joseph F. Gallagher

1515 Terry Avenue, Apt. 201  
Seattle, Washington  
September 28, 1946

Mr. Joseph F. Gallagher, Postmaster  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of Sept. 19, regarding your son Capt. J. McD. Gallagher's death, I am glad to give you what little information I have.

I first encountered your son early the morning of April 8, 1942. He evidently was captured the evening before. He and two others, Frank Spears and Sam Stengeler, both deceased, were being questioned by a Japanese officer through an interpreter. The whole three were on their knees and all looked pretty woozy. During the questioning I overheard your son tell the Japs that according to the rules of International Warfare he was only required to give his name and rank at this time. He was slapped in the face by the Jap officer about three times.

In this area there were about six of us Americans and about 12 Filipino soldiers who had been captured in the Mt. Sumat area, on the front line. Around 7 a.m. we were lined up prepared to march. Your son and I were placed in front of the column to set the pace. We marched all day until about 5 p.m. On that march I had learned your son's name and that he was a newspaper man at home. At 5 p.m. we were placed under a large Mango tree and the Japs gave us some hot tea and a small sack of cakes for each two men. Capt. Gallagher and I split one bag which had 34 small cakes. He insisted I take them all as he didn't care to eat. He was pretty much weakened after the day's march without food, most likely not having any food the previous day. While we were sitting there he went out (of) his head for a few seconds. I asked him what was the matter and he replied, "I wish I knew." From all appearances he was full of malaria. After we had rested around an hour we were placed on trucks and were taken to Balanga, capitol of Bataan. We were locked up in the basement of a large dwelling and kept there all nite. There were about a hundred Filipinos and one more American there when we arrived. During that evening and early the next morning your son passed out several times. I had some aromatic spirits of ammonia which I held under his nose which seemed to re-

vive him. We had a few quinine tablets which he also took. The next morning the Japs fed us some rice and canned fish, but your son wouldn't eat; he appeared to be too exhausted.

After breakfast we loaded on trucks and left for Orani. Capt. Gallagher had to be lifted in the truck. We detrucked at Orani and were questioned by the Japs and left on trucks an hour later. During our stay at Orani your son layed down and seemed to be asleep. When we were ordered back on the trucks your son couldn't get up, so Frank Spears picked him up with a fireman's carry and started for the truck. At this time the Japs ordered Spears to take him across the road and into a small shack. Spears came back just before the trucks pulled out, about ten minutes. He sat down beside me and told me that Capt. Gallagher died in that shack and that he searched him and took his billfold and identification tags. I told Spears he should leave one of the tags on him so he could be identified later, but just then the trucks pulled out and it was too late. Spears later told me he turned in the tags and billfold to an army chaplain, but I don't know his name, but it was a chaplain who worked at the hospital at Cabanatuan, Camp No. 1.

Although I didn't see Capt. Gallagher after he died the place that Spears last saw and swore a certificate as to his death was a small Barrio in Bataan named Orani. When I last saw him on Spears' back I noticed his face was real purple and remarked that he needed medical attention, but under the conditions none was available. In my opinion, your son's death was due to malaria, mal-nutrition and exhaustion.

There is a chaplain living close to Seattle named Zimmerman who was at the hospital in Cabanatuan who might be able to give you a list of chaplains that were at that hospital. I don't know his first name or address but you might locate him thru the War Department. I know he got back safely and might possibly know something about the papers that were taken off of your son.

I am sorry I can't give you any more information and please excuse this scribbling. If there are any questions you think I may be able to answer let me know and I would be glad to oblige.

Your son died about 12 noon April 9, 1942.

Best wishes to you and your family.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ EMANUEL HAMBURGER



1515 Terry Ave.,  
Seattle, Wash.  
Oct. 4, 1946

Dear Mr. Gallagher:

I received your letter of October 2 today and will try to answer what I can of the questions you ask.

I retired from the Army on Sept. 30, 1946, after completing 32 years service and my permanent address is as above.

After being bound the night previous my meeting Jim, I do not remember him or Spears mentioning it, although the group I was with were bound with telephone wire during that night. They bound our legs and wrists. The reason they were on their knees, as far as I could see, was that the Jap officer who was questioning them was seated on a small bank at the edge of the road and by them being on their knees he didn't have to look up at them.

At the start of the march Jim appeared as normal as any of us. We were all somewhat weakened and hungry. I do not believe your son was aware of his closeness to death, for we held a pretty normal conversation most of the day. He didn't mention anything about his family or anything that I could construe as a message home. Our conversation consisted mostly of things military, about the situation on Bataan, and of officers of my regiment whom Jim was acquainted with. He didn't mention anything about feeling badly and seemed OK until at the end of the march that evening, when he seemed to go out of his head for a few seconds. He was dressed with a khaki shirt and slacks, a khaki field cap; the only insignia was his captain bars on the shirt collar. As to his weight I would judge, the best I can remember, that he was around 145 lbs.

He didn't mention how he was captured. But on April 6, the Japs had broke through our lines in several places and our troops to get out withdrew to the right flank. Several men, due to our communication wires being shot up, weren't notified about the withdrawal and were on their own getting out of that area, after the Japs got in. That was the way myself and two others of my company were captured.

We detrucked at Orani and were taken in a building, formerly a public market, and were required to fill out some blank forms. During that period, around an hour, Jim was lying on his back and Frank Spears was trying to take care of him. When we were ordered back to the trucks, Jim couldn't make it on

his feet, so as I said before, Spears lifted Jim on his back in a fireman's carry. At this time I noticed Jim's head, which was hanging down, had a very purple appearance. Spears carried (Jim) straight across the road, which incidentally was the main highway on Bataan, to a small building. The rest of us boarded the trucks immediately and as I remember it, it couldn't have been over ten minutes that Spears was there with your son.

No one was mistreated during the questioning at Orani. In fact, they gave us a half of a rice ball and some drinking water while we were there. All Spears said to me about the contents of the billfold was that there was some money and a few papers in it. I never saw the billfold or his tags. Orani is just a small village (Barrio) on the main highway of Bataan, the main part of it being on the highway. If the village hasn't been altered and rebuilt too much, I am sure I could recognize the building where I saw Spears carry Jim.

In regards to the affidavit made at Cabanatuan, I also swore to two of them for two men of my company who were killed in action. These affidavits were sworn to at a grave registration office and all the information they wanted was that you actually saw the dead body of the person concerned. As to the time of the day when Jim died, I was quoting the time from memory and that was four years ago. I know we rode in the truck during the morning and it seemed around noon to me when we were stopped at Orani.

I don't know the chaplain's denomination. There is one more chaplain named Taylor who I understand is at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, who did duty at the Cabanatuan Hospital. He may be able to enlighten you on who the chaplain was that Spears claimed he turned over your son's property to.

The march we made that day started at 7 a.m. and ended at 5 p.m. They rested us about 5 minutes every hour and also stopped occasionally when we reached small creeks so we could get a drink of polluted water. The march started on Trail No. 2 at the San Vincente River and ended at Orion cut-off near the Pilar-Begac Road. I don't know the distance but I'd estimate it to be 15 miles.

I enjoyed reading Jim's letter and really can realize just about what his feelings were at the time he wrote. I am enclosing same with Spears affidavit. I hope I've been of some assistance in my attempt to answer your questions.

Best wishes.

Sincerely yours,  
/s/ EMANUEL HAMBURGER

WAR DEPARTMENT  
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE  
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

ACPD-R 201 Gallagher, James McD.  
O 339 078

12 October 1945

Mr. Joseph F. Gallagher  
Office of the Postmaster  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Gallagher:

I have the honor to inform you that, by direction of the President, the Silver Star has been posthumously awarded to your son, Captain James McD. Gallagher, Infantry. The citation is as follows:

SILVER STAR

"For gallantry in action in Bataan Peninsula, Luzon, Philippine Islands, on 9 April 1942. Captain Gallagher commanded units of the 33rd Infantry, 31st Division, Philippine Army, holding a sector of the line south of the Pilar-Begac Road during the final Japanese assault on the Bataan defenses. While units on both flanks withdrew under the ferocious onslaught, he remained with his troops to hold and fight the enemy until he was killed. By his exceptional gallantry, Captain Gallagher made a glorious contribution to the inspiring annals of the outnumbered defenders of Bataan Peninsula."

The decoration will be forwarded to the Commanding General, Third Service Command, Baltimore, Maryland, who will select an officer to make the presentation. The officer selected will communicate with you concerning your wishes in the matter.

My deepest sympathy is again extended to you in your bereavement

Sincerely yours,

*Edward F. Witsell*  
EDWARD F. WITSELL  
Major General  
Acting The Adjutant General

## How About Memorial To Jim?

By RED SMITH

Two soldiers who happened to enter the service on the same day happened also to show up at Delaware Park on leave one afternoon during the summer meeting of 1941.

Friends in the press box hailed Jim Gallagher and asked how things were down at Fort Bragg and he said "Fine, swell." A few minutes later, Muggins Feldman came along and was asked the same question about life at Aberdeen Proving Grounds and he gave the same answer. Then Jim and Muggins, who were friends when Jim wrote sports for The Record and Muggins worked around the horse parks, got off in a corner where they thought they were out of earshot and could talk their own language without upsetting civilian morale.

"How is it really at Aberdeen?" Jim asked. "Rough?" Muggins grinned and nodded. "Kinda rough. How about Bragg?"

"A little rugged," Jim said.

Last Sunday, Sgt. Muggins turned up at Brandywine Farm, where the race crowd had a kaffee klatch preliminary to the new Delaware meeting. There are battle stars on his Pacific campaign ribbons.

First fellow he asked about was Jim Gallagher. No one could tell him anything except that Jim, who was on Luzon on Pearl Harbor Day, had been made a captain before the Philippines fell, and there'd been no news since. We talked about him a long time.

It was the very next morning the official announcement ap-



Red Smith

peared in the papers. Jim was killed three years ago.

The news, so long delayed, brought a strange mixture of feelings. Along with the ache, there was a certain sense of relief.

To us who worked with him and loved him, this has been Jim Gallagher's war from the start.

I don't think there has been a day since December 7, 1941, when he was out of our thoughts.

Yet all through these last three years when nothing was heard and we clung to a faint hope, we never knew for sure exactly what to hope.

We prayed that he might come back whole. But we all knew that death in battle was not the worst fate possible for a soldier in that Philippines campaign.

### Suggest Memorial For Gallagher

Now the long suspense is ended. It is possible to mourn Jim sincerely, and at the same time to be thankful he was spared something worse.

Some time ago another friend of Jim's made a suggestion which I now want to relay formally. Harry Robert, of The Bulletin, proposed that Jim's name be given to an award made annually by the Philadelphia Sporting Writers' Association.

Each winter the association designates an individual as the "most courageous athlete" of the year. Perhaps it is presumptuous of any group to set itself up to make such a judgment, but it is an honest selection made with sincere humility.

It seemed to Harry Robert, and it seems to me, that the award would gain in meaning if it were designated hereafter as the James McDonald Gallagher Memorial Trophy.

Jim was the first of our crowd—the first Philadelphia sports writer, that is—to see action in this war and the first to be lost.

We cannot pretend that any such small salute could pay Jim the honor that is his due. But the least we can do is make the gesture.

Jim's name would dignify the award and the organization which makes it. And granting that it falls far short of doing him justice, it could do him no harm.