

THIS IS  
*The Ship I Sailed On*

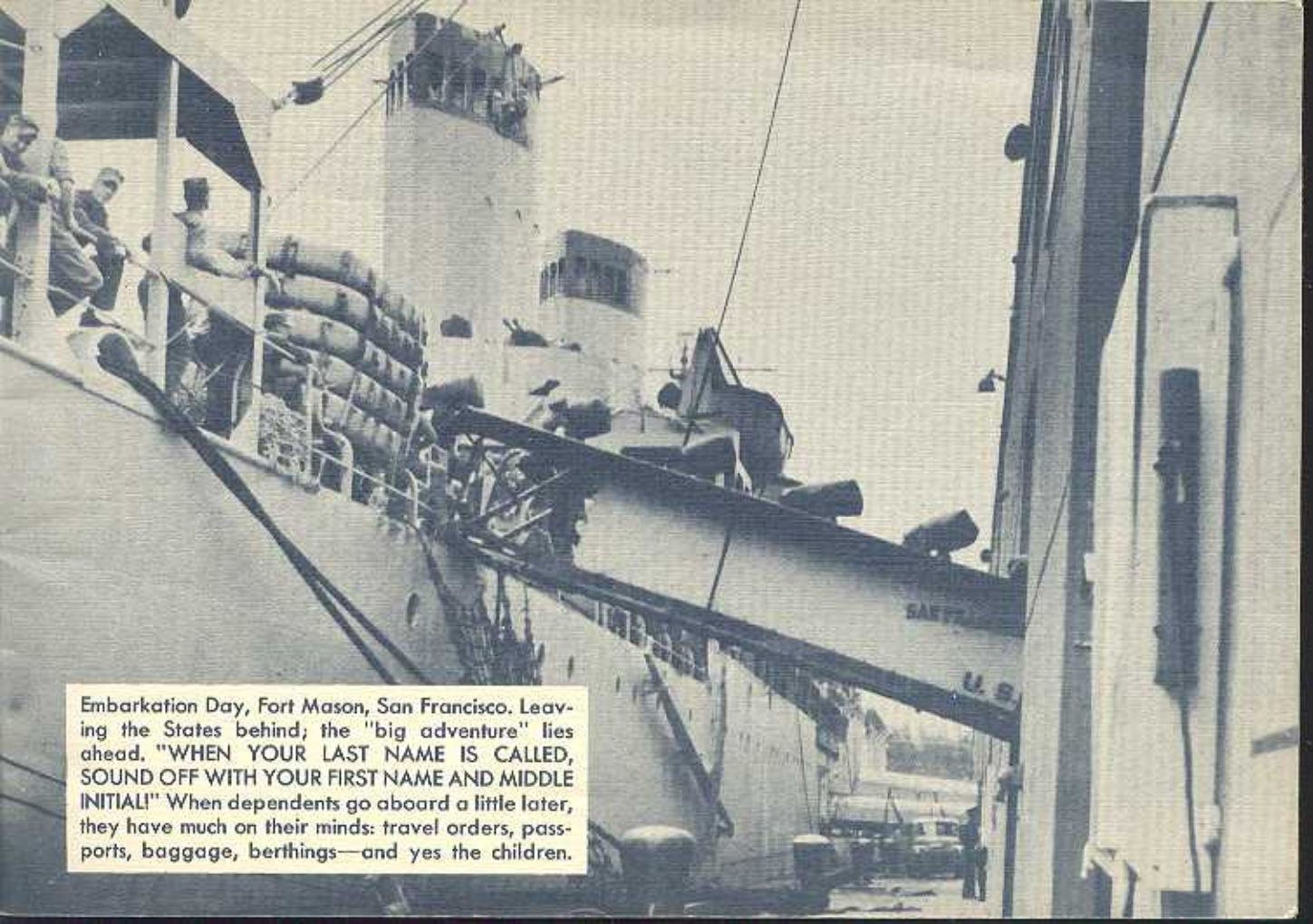


USS General A. E. Anderson

Men carrying duffel bags,  
Bulging with  
Close possessions,  
Trode heavily up a gangplank  
And then sail away.  
It is with these men—  
The men on foot,  
The young men,  
Where dwells the heart  
Of America's strength  
And security.







Embarkation Day, Fort Mason, San Francisco. Leaving the States behind; the "big adventure" lies ahead. "WHEN YOUR LAST NAME IS CALLED, SOUND OFF WITH YOUR FIRST NAME AND MIDDLE INITIAL!" When dependents go aboard a little later, they have much on their minds: travel orders, passports, baggage, berthings—and yes the children.

From the other end of the transport route it's "sayonara" to the Far East as troops board at Yokohama. Before sailing the band plays the familiar Sina no Yoru (China Night).



Sailing time. Good-byes have been said. The hurried last phone call was made; the last letter posted. Soon land will fade from the horizon and for days to come the sea will be a mysterious and treacherous companion.







The Anderson is photographed from the Golden Gate Bridge as she majestically cuts through the Bay on her way to open sea. San Francisco, a city built on hills, is seen in background. A portion of the Bay Bridge shows in extreme upper left.



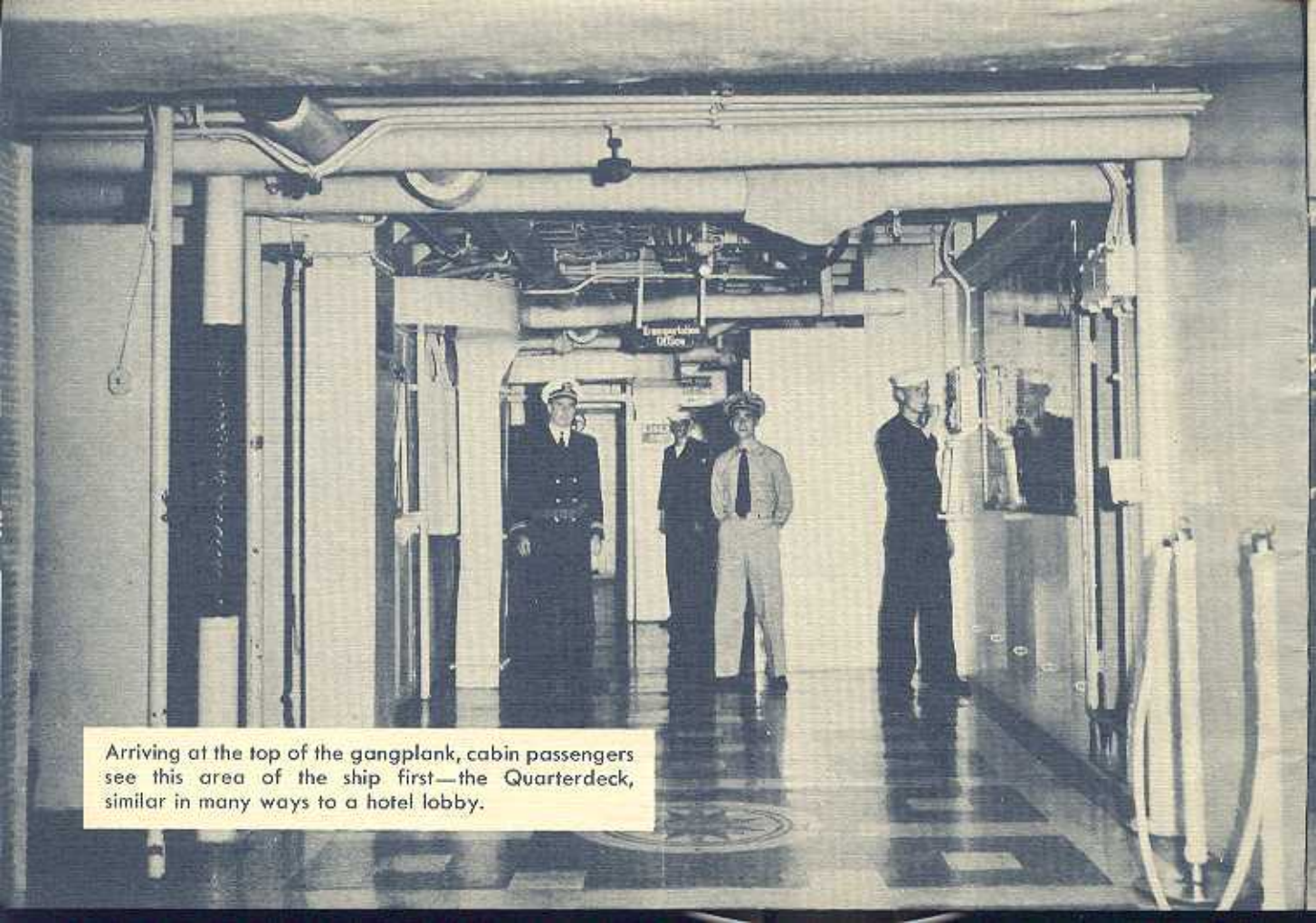
Enlisted passengers compartments. Troops put gear on bunks and get settled into the routine of life in a confined world afloat in a seeming endless sea.







A typical cabin. An Air Force sergeant and his family get acquainted with their new temporary home.



Arriving at the top of the gangplank, cabin passengers see this area of the ship first—the Quarterdeck, similar in many ways to a hotel lobby.



Lifeboat drill. "THIS IS A DRILL. GO TO YOUR ABANDON SHIP STATION!" Troops in life jackets present a graphic and massive foreground to sea's horizon





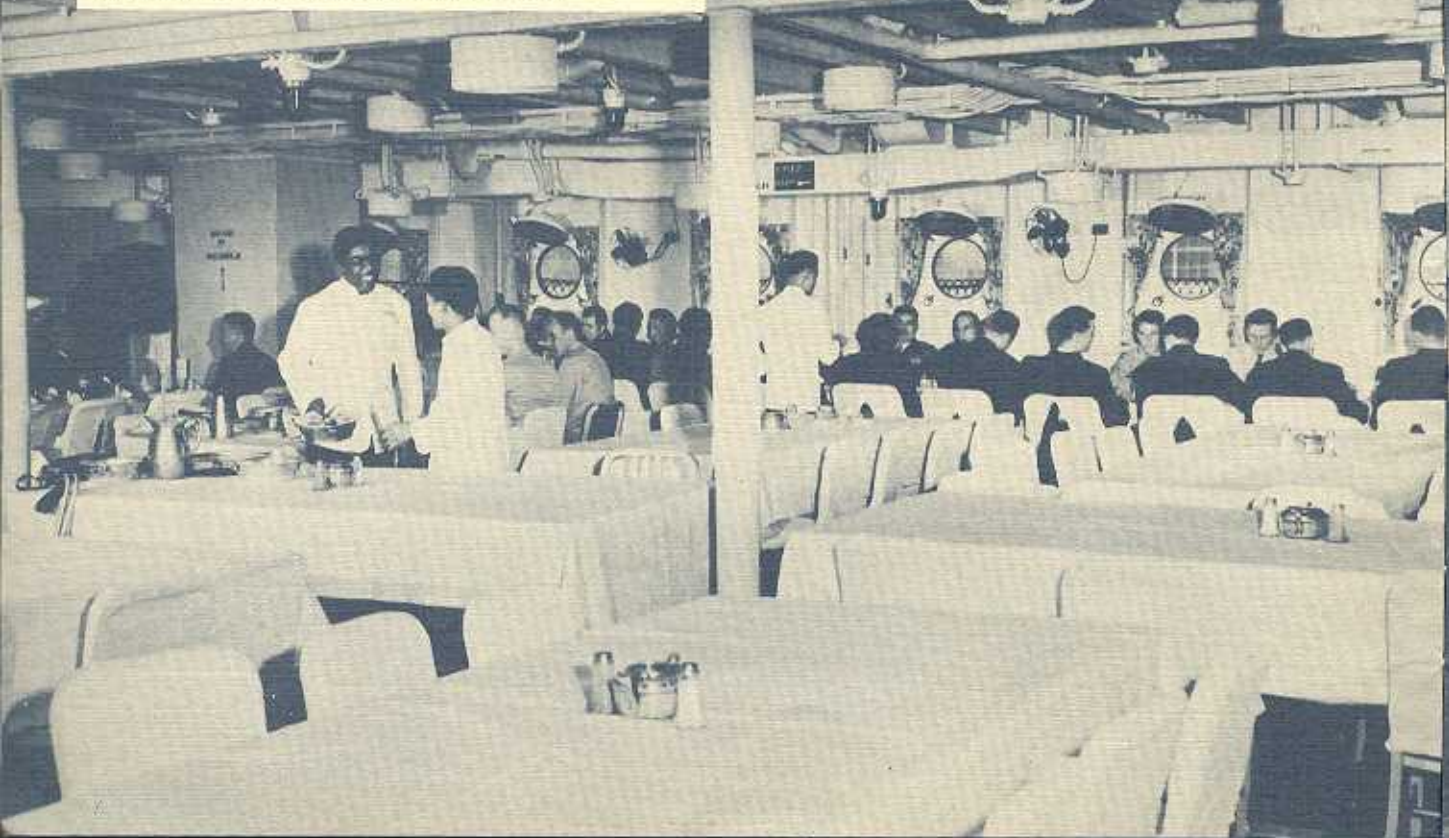
Troop washroom, where traffic is heavy in early morning as men begin day with clean start.





Not much elbow room in enlisted personnel mess on a loaded transport, but plenty of wholesome food. When the sea is heavy, many appetites are light.

Cabin passengers' dining room. A wide variety of food amid pleasant surroundings. For infants there is baby food and a special formula room.







Cabin passengers' lounge, scene of varied social and recreational activities. Card playing, community sings, and conversation, help break shipboard monotony and make the voyage a pleasant memory. Many friendships formed at sea are deep and long enduring.

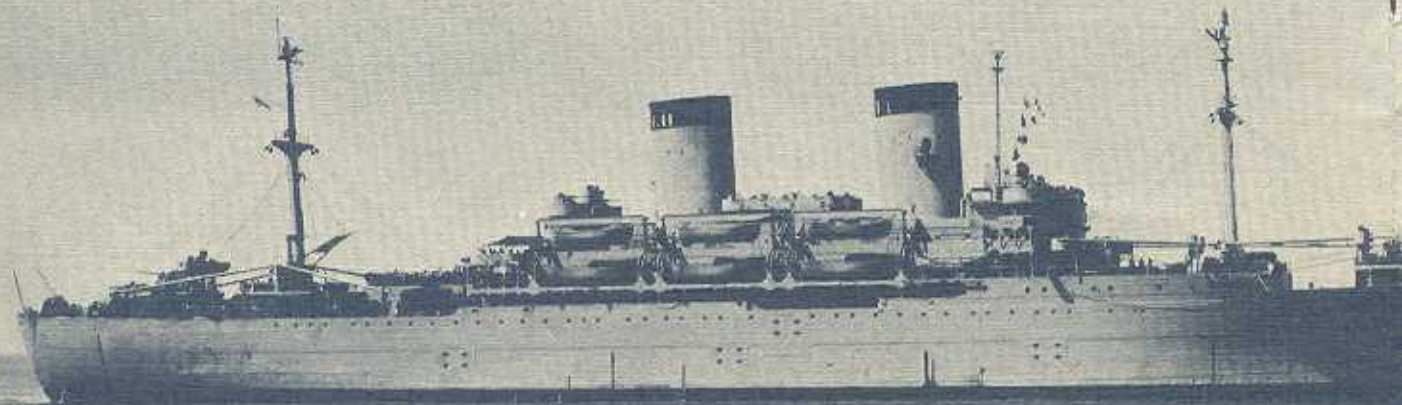


In troop area vending machines do a heavy business. Here a fellow can get a drink—a Coke.





Each shipload has plenty of talent. Troops form bands with instruments loaned out by ship's chaplain. Here a civilian passenger lends vocal support in an open air variety show.





# *The Story of*

## **USS GEN. A. E. ANDERSON, T-AP III**

THE USS GENERAL A. E. ANDERSON, operated by the Navy's Military Sea Transportation Service, was built in 1943 by the Federal Shipbuilding and Drydock Co., Kearny, N. J., and was named in honor of General Alexander E. Anderson, U. S. Army, who served in World War I and II.

Following construction the Anderson began operations in the Atlantic as a troopship late in 1943. She reached ports at Casablanca, Oran, Clyde, and Bermuda. In June, 1944, the Anderson sailed from New York to Melbourne and Bombay. Operating from the West Coast the Anderson touched ports at Noumea, Espiritu Santo, Finschhafen, Hollandia, Leyte, Manila, Townsville, Biak, Morotai, Eniwetok. Again returning to the Atlantic in July, 1945, she made several trips to Le Havre, one to Southampton, and one to Karachi via the Suez Canal.

The Anderson passed under control of the newly created Military Sea Transportation Service (MSTS) in 1950. Shortly thereafter she gave support to the conflict in Korea by transporting thousands of United Nations troops between the West Coast and Japan and Korea.

For her war service the Anderson is entitled to display these awards: World War II Victory, Naval Occupation Service, American Theater, Pacific Theater, European Theater, Korean and United Nations Campaigns.

A P-2 type ship, the Anderson has an overall length of 623 feet, a beam of 76 feet, a weight of 17,833 gross tons, and a cruising speed of 19 knots. She has up-to-date navigational and life saving devices, and her many facilities enable all aboard to follow recreational, religious, and educational pursuits while at sea.

The entire complement of the Anderson are members of the U. S. Navy.



180TH MERIDIAN

*Mystic Order of the Golden Dragon*

*Ruler of the  
180th Meridian*



GREETINGS!

Be it known that on \_\_\_\_\_, 19\_\_\_\_,

I, \_\_\_\_\_, entered the Royal  
and Mystic Domain of Neptunus Rex and the Golden  
Dragon by crossing the 180th Meridian, otherwise  
known to landlubbers as the International Date Line.


*mark of the  
Golden Dragon*

Witnessed: *Neptunus Rex*



In mid-Pacific the sea was calm. Dark clouds hung like rolling hills on the horizon.





International Date Line initiation ceremony. "... Know ye: ye that are chit signers, squaw men, smokers, ice men, gold brickers, sad sacks, fish eaters . . . and hearken ye: all ye sculpins, killer whales, tiger sharks, sea otters, eels, mermaids . . . there appeared within the limits of my royal, majestic, and mystic domain . . ."

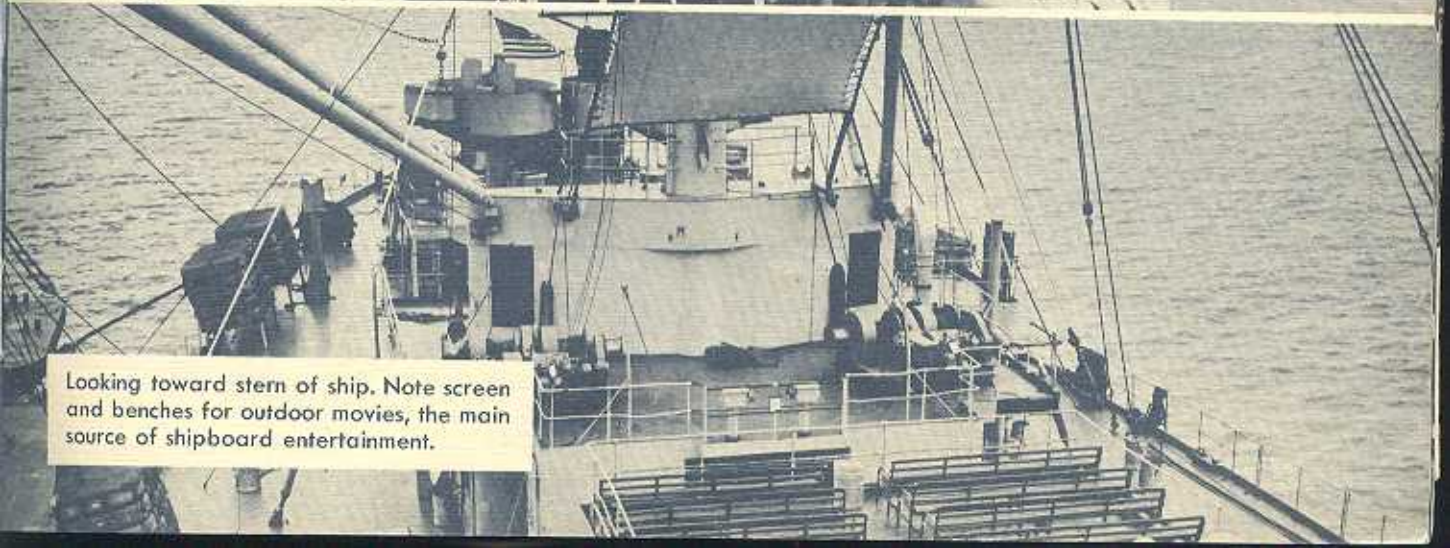
It is not always smooth sailing. This remarkable photo was taken just as the bow plunged into the sea with a mighty slap and sent water spraying like an atomic mushroom. Dramamine anyone?







"... it was a lazy, slow day, we were just standing around on deck, talking, thinking, day dreaming, looking out to sea ... waiting ... waiting ..."



Looking toward stern of ship. Note screen and benches for outdoor movies, the main source of shipboard entertainment.



Cabin passengers' on Prom Deck. For many the voyage is an exciting experience. For others, victims of mal de mer, with no relief from dramamine, it is no pleasure cruise. (Sunday services are conducted here for all passengers.)





A popular shipboard pastime  
—shuffling the pasteboards.



"Dear Mom . . . sorry I  
haven't written sooner,  
but . . ."



"... and this is the kid brother, and this is my sister. Your sister? Wow! Where did you say you were from? ..."





Stores do a heavy trade each crossing answering the immediate buying needs of all aboard ship. Operating in conjunction with the stores are barber shops and vending machines. Cabin passengers' store (upper); troop store (lower left); troop fountain (lower right).





Children's Playroom. At sea, as well as on land, kids must spend pent-up energy.





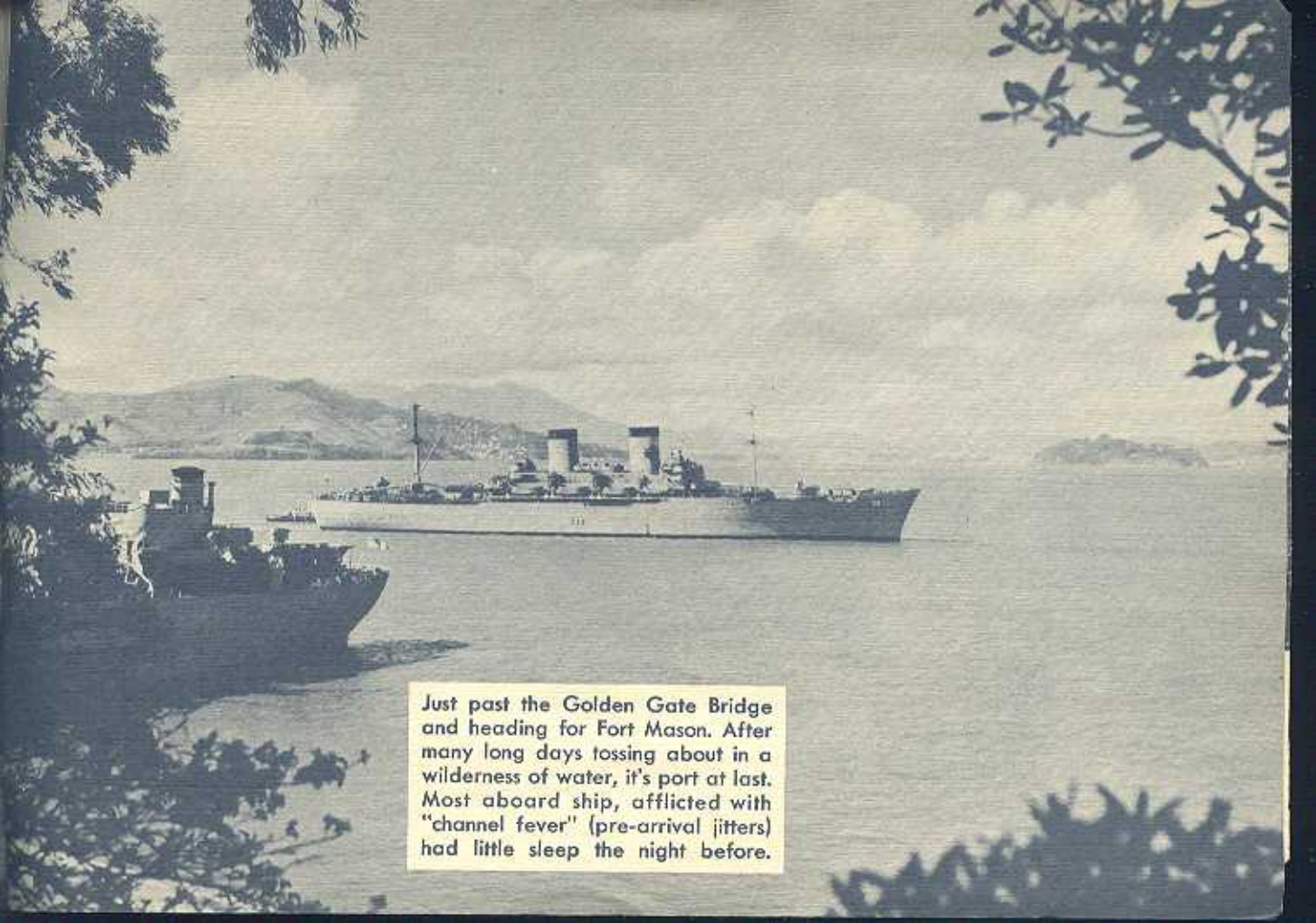
Just a few of the many jobs performed at sea by Naval personnel. Here they are busy in the library, galley, transportation office, and formula room.





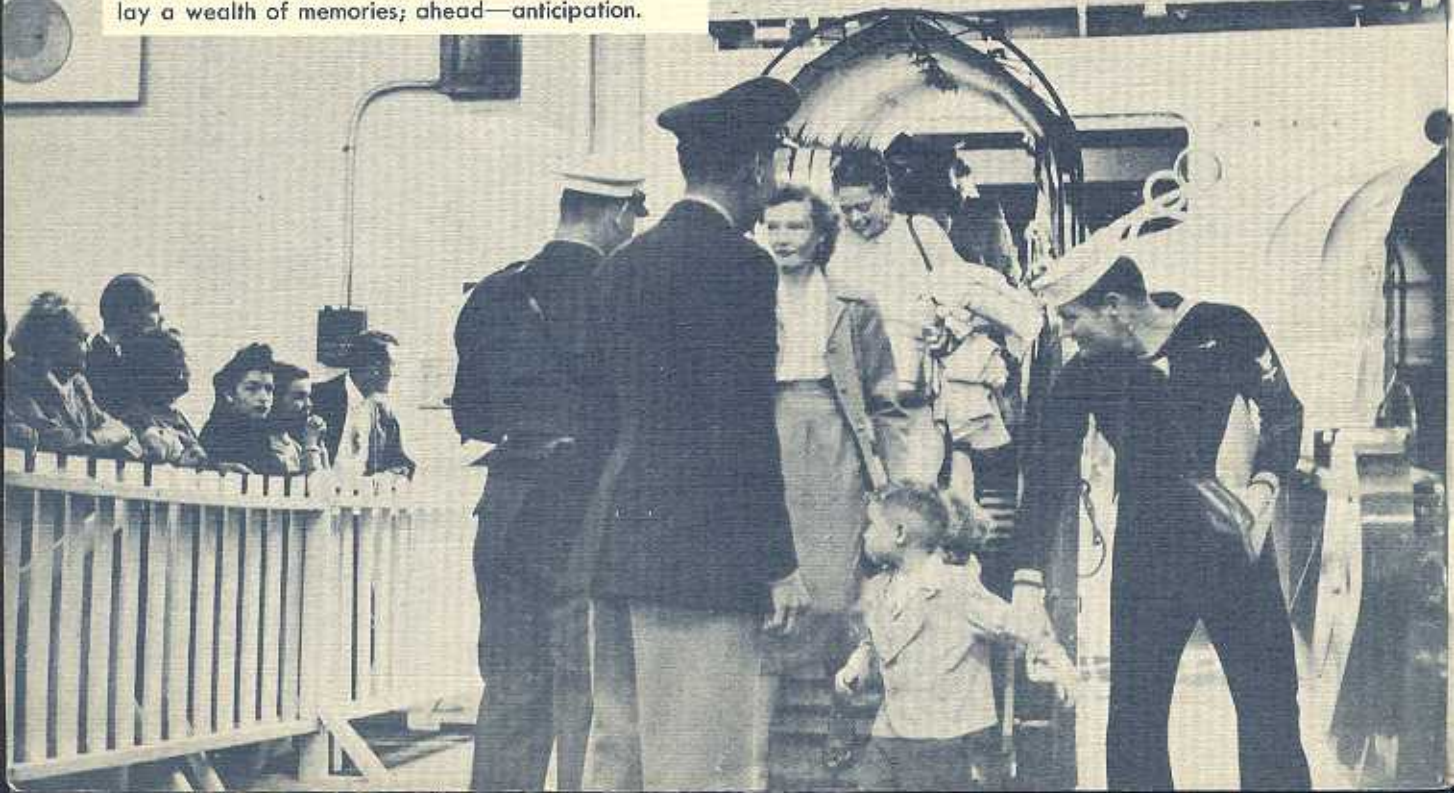
Arrival Far East at Yokohama's Center Pier Four. Ahead lay sharp changes in living routine. First noticeable change: purses bulging with bulky yen and military currency instead of U. S. coins and green money. The sights, sounds, and smells of the Orient present a strange contrast of the old and new existing side by side.





Just past the Golden Gate Bridge and heading for Fort Mason. After many long days tossing about in a wilderness of water, it's port at last. Most aboard ship, afflicted with "channel fever" (pre-arrival jitters) had little sleep the night before.

Cabin passengers leave the ship as visitors on Fort Mason pier anxiously await them. For those still aboard there are still a few minutes for hurried good-byes with new formed friends. Passengers, who at sea were welded into a close group of traveling companions, will soon scatter throughout the land. Behind lay a wealth of memories; ahead—anticipation.







*Message*

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