

ALERT STAFF

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From
the
Editor. . . .

In this cruise book, the purpose of the Staff has been to picture the normal, everyday life of the United States Ship Ticonderoga and its men as they go about their tasks. We have endeavored to show how this great ship and its fine crew serve the Mission of our Navy: the cause of our Nation. We have pooled our thoughts and ideas on this subject and have put them into ALERT. We sincerely hope that the reader shares these thoughts and ideas with us. To the extent that this is achieved is our criterion of success.

We feel a debt of gratitude to all those, not named above, who helped us along the way with either a constructive suggestion or a word of encouragement. To them, our, "Thanks".

Lastly, "Thank you very much" to Commander Hubert Morrison for the splendid help and cooperation which made this book possible.

John H. Songster



Writer Coleman contemplates, Father Gibbons meditates, CDR Morrison ruminates, Editor Songster cogitates and Moneymen McGoldrick speculates.

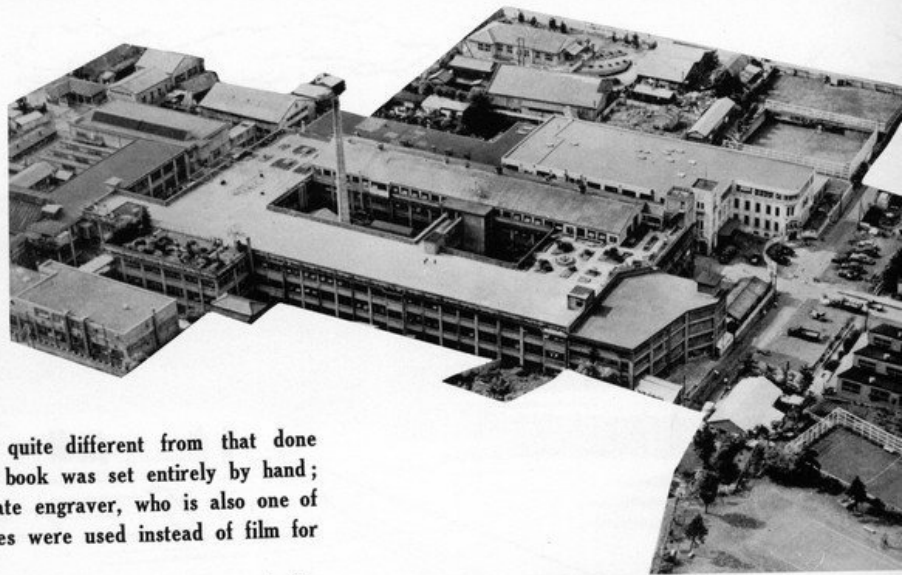


(above) Layoutmen Branner and Goble burnt the Midnight oil along with many cigarettes.

(below) Artists Lawder and Smith smoke pipes as well as cigarettes.



DAI NIPPON



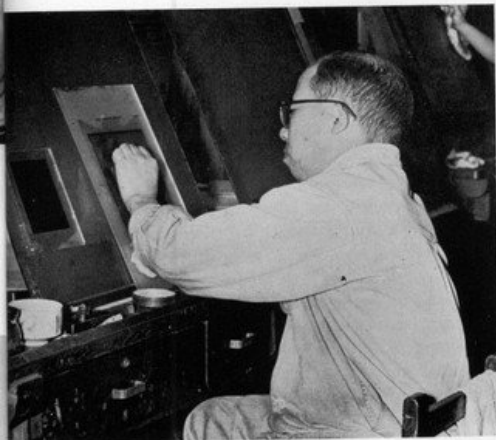
In some respects, printing in Japan is quite different from that done in the United States. The text in this book was set entirely by hand; the color plates were made by a first rate engraver, who is also one of Japan's top artists; and glass, wet plates were used instead of film for all photographs.

In the upper right-hand corner of this page is an aerial view of the main Tokyo plant of Dai Nippon Printing Company where *ALERT* was printed. Having printed many cruise books before *ALERT*, Dai Nippon has ample experience in this line. Japan's largest printing concern has, in addition to three other plants in Tokyo, plants in Osaka and Kyoto.

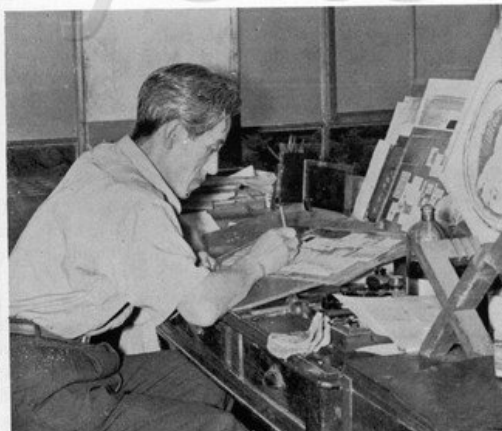
The remaining pictures on this page endeavor to show the various steps necessary to the printing of this book. Immediately to the right is pictured the binding process. All of these steps have been combined to bring you a book we hope you will enjoy for many years.



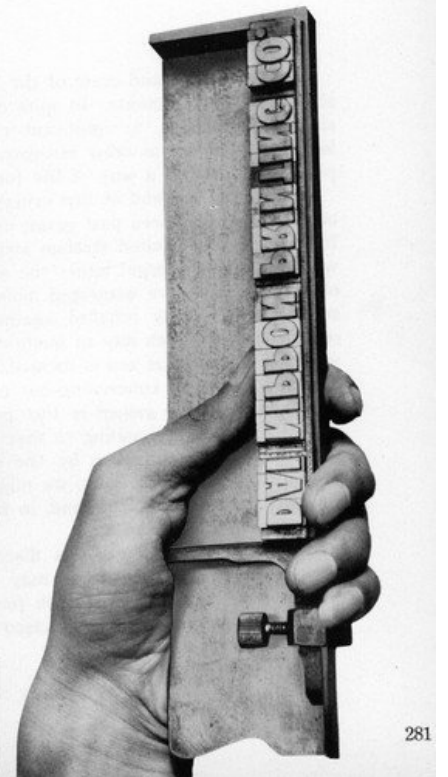
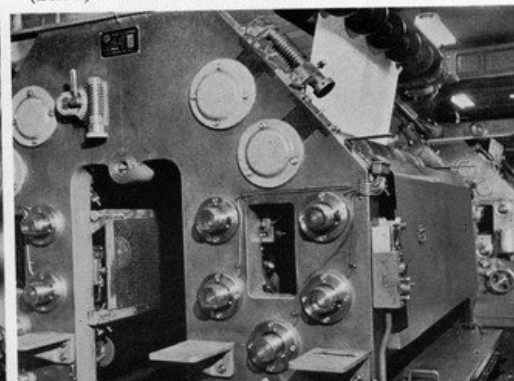
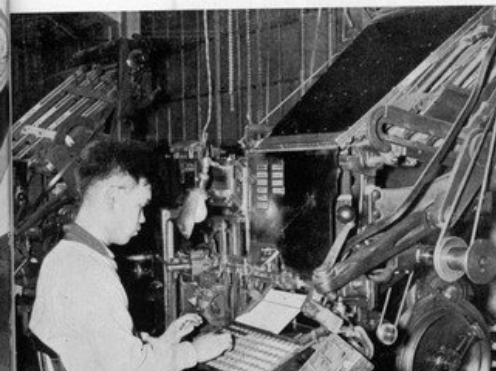
The Editors



(Above) Photo retouching
(Below) Linotypists at work



(Above) Top engraver working for the book.
(Below) Multi-color web for letterpress.





We, the officers and crew of the Ticonderoga, have come to this ship from many places, and we represent many backgrounds, skills and temperaments. In spite of the multitude of variations which make us different from one another as individuals, we share, in common, a significant experience—we have worked and sailed and lived together aboard a mighty ship which long before our advent as crew members was already honored by other men who fought and died on her steel decks and in her planes to preserve a way of life for us and our children.

As we near the end of this cruise, it is very natural for us to ask ourselves, "What have we gained by being here?" Certainly our memories of these past seven months are not entirely happy ones, but, few human endeavors produce complete satisfaction. Indeed, we have visited strange and interesting lands which we would otherwise never have the opportunity of seeing, and we will not quickly forget either the shipmates who have been our friends or the pleasant experiences shared with them. On the other hand, we have witnessed moments of tragedy and sorrow. We have known days filled with discouragement; we have sometimes inwardly rebelled against the discipline which is so necessary in a military organization; we have watched millions of dollars spent each day to maintain us and the things we have done; we have foregone pleasures and everyday comforts which a warship at sea is incapable of providing and which we could have enjoyed had we stayed ashore. But, whatever our judgement may be concerning our personal reward or loss during these months, let us pause here for a moment and remember that what we have gained or lost personally is not really important because it is only incidental to our purpose for being aboard this ship and sailing to that part of the world which the Navy in its own peculiar terminology calls "West Pac".

For long weeks, unseen by the eyes of the world, we have practiced the art of modern war. As an ALERT carrier of the United States Seventh Fleet, we might have, at any moment, launched our aircrafts on their mission of destruction. However, our wish is not to destroy, and, in fact, knowing the terrible power which we possess, we pray that we will never be called upon to unleash our weapons.

If our show of strength has discouraged a potential aggressive nation, we have performed the part for which we were intended although our training may never have been utilized in combat. If by our efforts, the threat of war has been lessened even a little then we should ask for no greater reward than the satisfaction of having fulfilled our purpose. With this thought in mind we return to San Francisco and our homes which lie beyond. *California, open your Golden Gate.*