**Carl Eric Anderson, “Squeaky”**

**October 16, 1887, Jansberg, Sweden -**  February 18, 1960, Seattle, Washington

**Carl Eric Anderson, “Squeaky”**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Frederick (Charlot Holmes) Anderson, was born in Jansberg, Sweden, Oct. 16, 1887. His mother died in childbirth when he was only 4 years old, and his father remarried by the time he was eight. After graduating from high school he attended the Naval School at Stockholm, Sweden, where he qualified as Master Mariner. He immigrated to the United States in 1909, from Hamburg, Germany, on the ship “Kirkundbridshire” arriving at the port of Seattle, Washington. He was naturalized in Washington in 1913.

Squeaky was quite a character as a civilian and as a military man. Early on in Alaska he was running boats up and down the coast of Alaska and Cook Inlet, moving supplies and people. He was a licensed pilot in all ports of the Pacific Coast and Southeast and Southwest Alaska, including the Aleutian lslands. Because of the very nature of the business with transportation by ship in the early days, it often happened that the men who later ran the fish canneries were very often merchant seamen. Squeaky Anderson helped to start that track. He was President of the Kodiak Island Fishing and Packing Company, operating a salmon cannery at Seldovia, Alaska.

Doug Hansen’s oral interview with Robert Porter about history of Food & Drug Administration:

I think one of the most interesting characters of all to me and to anybody in the salmon industry was Squeaky Anderson. His name was Carl E. Anderson, and if you would like I can tell you a little of Squeaky’s background.

I first met him out in the westward when I was working at Squaw Harbor in the Northern tip of the Aleutian Islands working my way through school. We had a mail boat that came in once a month and it was also a trader, and Squeaky Anderson was Captain and owner of the boat. He had a reputation of picking up anything that was loose on the dock, including anchors, so you watched him when he came into port - he had several skirmishes with the law...for example, taking illegal sea otter pelts and things of that kind. Squeaky had a tremendous accent. He would get excited and he would start shrieking, and that is why they called him squeaky; his voice would get very high. But Squeaky was quite an operator and then he went into the salmon business, and Food and Drug from the very early times on had many problems with Squeaky. The files will show that at one time he had a plant at Camel, Alaska which is on Kodiak Island, and Food and Drug seized his entire season pack when it came down to Seattle. The fish were rotten, and Squeaky went bankrupt and had to get out of the cannery. Well, I lost track of Squeaky when I graduated from college, an4 as I mentioned to you, after the war I came back to Seattle with Food and Drug and went to Alaska, but while I was in the Navy I ran into Squeaky. I had lost a PT Boat in the Philippine Islands and was in the hospital for eleven months and was in a hospital in Seattle and about the time I was ready to be released from the hospital I was sent to the 13th Naval District for limited duty. And, when I got down there, about the second day I had been there, in comes Squeaky Anderson with four stripes; he was a Captain in the Navy. And, Squeaky, in his own way said "God Damn it, what are you doing here Hansen,' and I told him that I just got out of the hospital and he says; "Well", he says, "I've just come back from the South Pacific, I am famous, and they want me to organize a small boat pool for the 13th Naval District." He says, "Why don't you organize it for me." He says, "I got too many problems with my partner." He says, \*while I'm over giving my life's blood to my country, my partner in Alaska is robbing me blind." Well, he had cold storage plants, salmon cannery, shrimp cannery, etc. in Alaska. So it was very interesting. Well, then Saturday Evening Past came out with a feature story on Squeaky Anderson telling his escapades in the South Pacific as a Beachmaster for the Navy and he had done some wonderful things. There is just no question about it. He had gone out -well, first of all he had established a beach head in Alaska. He had commandeered a bunch of private yachts and things and taken them to Alaska and set up on Adak and he was known as the port captain there or Beachmaster and later went out to the South Pacific and was very instrumental in getting our ships unloaded for invasions and things of that kind, and they had talked about him storming up and down the

beach screaming at everybody and the Japanese flying over in small planes and yelling "Speak English, we can't understand you, well that was because of Squeaky's terrific accent.

But, to shorten the story somewhat, he then later became Admiral [Commodore] in the Navy and in the mean time I had an opportunity to go back to Harvard for some graduate work with the Navy and then came back to Seattle and was responsible for selling surplus, Naval surplus from these Puget Sound shipyards. Well, Squeaky Anderson became one of my best customers, and he bought thousands of dollars’ worth of merchandise at Navy cost for his canneries in Alaska. Then, one day, I told Squeaky I was getting out of the Navy, and he had a luncheon for me with a bunch of people around. He had no idea that I was associated with the Food and Drug Administration and, well, he had a bunch of officers around having a very enjoyable going-away luncheon for me, and Squeaky said "Well, Doug, what are you going to do when you are out of the Navy?" And I said, "Squeaky, I am going to go back to my first love and my old job with Food and Drug Administration." The man's face started turning crimson, the blood vessels stood out in his face, he actually splattered his food over all of us, he was so enraged. He said, "That outfit, how I love them." He couldn't believe that I would work with Food and Drug.

A couple of days later he came to see me and wanted to talk to me and said he had no love for that outfit. They had always hounded him and driven him out of business and bankrupted him at one time and I could understand, because Squeaky, it was always said of him, and I think this is true, he could have made a fortune, and he actually did actually make a fortune in legitimate business, but he was always trying the crooked angles first, and that is why he got into so much trouble with the law earlier on.

But nevertheless, in my first trip to Alaska, I did visit Squeaky at Seldovia, Alaska and he had quite an operation and we had problems there and I saw some things that were wrong and told Squeaky, and he was very attentive. Later on, when I got down to the States, I got some word that he was... he had some bad fish that he was sending down by yachts to be unloaded some place on Puget Sound and through a lot of undercover work and with Customs I found out these yachts had come from an old mill site in Anacortes, Washington, and found witnesses who had unloaded salmon. I went up and got samples of the salmon and really, there was some decomposition there and I might tell you, Bob, that I was qualified as a fisheries expert through training and experience. I used to testify in many court cases on decomposed salmon. There was no chemical test at the time on decomposition and it was what we always called organoleptic examination by smelling and looking. We could tell, pretty much the quality of the fish. But, anyhow it was my observation that the fish Squeaky had hidden up there were very mushy, and there was decomposition in it, so we recommended seizure, had the U.S. Marshall attached the fish, or rather, I am sorry, we had the state put an embargo on it and we tried to process seizure papers. Jack Harvey was Western District manager at the time and he would not approve seizure. He said it was border line, and he got the feeling that I didn't like Squeaky and that shouldn't be a reason for seizing his salmon. I told him no, I liked Squeaky, actually, but I had a job to do, and it was my feeling that that salmon was decomposed and it was true that it was borderline but the very fact that the man was trying to sneak it into the country; had not put it through the better salmon control plan when he was a member of the National Canners. Everything about the issue would seem to indicate that the consumer would be better protected by seizing the product and letting him recondition it. But, nevertheless Harvey prevailed, and we had to release the fish. Well, as soon as it was released, Squeaky Anderson asked to have lunch with me. He said, "Doug, I can't thank you enough for getting me out of that jam on that salmon.. and I said, "Squeaky, I was the one guy pushing like the devil to get that seized, and nobody else would listen to me." He winked at me and said, "I know, sure you did Doug." It was a fact. I tried to get it seized and was unsuccessful. But Squeaky and I became very close friends from that time on. He asked me, in fact, offered me the presidency of his operation in Alaska, and I did go up and look over the operation and Squeaky and his wife came over to my home on Bainbridge Island several times and tried to prevail on me to take the job. I didn't because I felt the salmon industry was somewhat shaky and there were problems with Squeaky. I just felt that he wouldn't do everything that I thought he should do. Nevertheless the next couple of seasons they really made a fortune in Alaska, but Squeaky’s wife divorced him and she was about his third wife, sued him, and he had to sell the canneries to pay her off and actually that ended his career in the salmon game. But a very colorful character and on the fish that I have been talking about that he had hidden up at Anacortes, he pointed out that he had caught the fish up at Swicksack Bay, there were real storms, the fish were mushy, and he was afraid it was rotten, and he didn't want to risk taking it through the National Canner's program and so he deliberately tried to sneak it into the country. But there was a case in which we didn't take action, but there were other very interesting cases where we had very good protective action.

**Cannery Days**

Now that Squeaky Anderson was the owner of one of the biggest canneries in the Inlet, “he saw a fleet of boats catching fish on the Inlet as a benefit to his cannery. The Seattle-based Libby, McNeil and Libby cannery operated most of the fish traps on Cook Inlet, nearly monopolizing the industry.  A drift fleet fishing for Squeaky would make him competitive. So Squeaky and his engineers robbed transfer cases (rear ends) and manual transmissions out of automobiles to create the gearshift arrangement needed to power a reel at the stern of a boat. Powered by a jack shaft, or an alternate shaft that ran off the engine using a pulley and a V-belt like the propeller shaft, the engine could turn the reel and pull the heavy gillnet and fish on board the boat. Such a “Squeaky” design was …far better than the days of trying to haul the net into a dory by hand.”  From “Trapped on the Reel” by Patrick Dixon, Published in The Alaska Fisherman’s Journal, May, 1999

**Navy Service**

According to US Navy records, Squeaky was commissioned Ensign in the United States Reserve Force on 11 January 1918; Lieutenant 9 December 1918; Lieutenant Commander March, 1935; Commander, 15 December 1942; Captain, October, 1944; and Commodore for temporary service, dating from 2 November 1945. He was promoted to the permanent rank of Commodore when placed on the Retired List of the Naval Reserve, effective 29 June 1948.

Commodore Anderson's World War I service included duty with the Naval Auxiliary Reserve, West Coast, March-April, 1918, and aboard the US Coast Guard Cutter UNALGA from 12 April 1918 to 6 January 1920. He then reported to the Receiving Ship, Puget Sound, Washington and was released from active duty on 6 February 1920.

Upon his return to active duty in October, 1940, Commodore Anderson reported to the Thirteenth Naval District, Seattle, Washington later being transferred to duty as Commander, Aleutian Patrol, Naval Air Station, Dutch Harbor, Alaska, in which assignment he served until September, 1943. For his service in the Aleutians, he received a Letter of Commendation from the Commander, Northern Pacific Force with authorization to wear the Commendation Ribbon, as follows:

"For outstanding performance of duty. Commander Carl E. Anderson, United States Naval Reserve, was on active duty with United States Naval forces in the Aleutians from December, 1941 to September, 1943. His long previous experience in Arctic waters and along the Aleutian Chain coupled with great energy,skill and loyalty made his services an important factor in the successful west ward movement of American forces along the Chain. His able seamanship and courage made his services of highest value in establishing the Naval Base at Adak, in operations during the battle for Attu, and in the occupation of Kiska. For his varied services as officer-in­charge at Adak, as pilot, beach master, and Captain of the Port, he deserved high praise. His conduct throughout was in keeping with the highest traditions of the Naval Service."

Commodore Anderson served, as Convoy Commodore, Western Sea Frontier, San Francisco, California for the month of October, 1943, then transferred to similar duty, Hawaiian Sea Frontier, Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii. For outstanding service in that assignment he received second and third Letters of Commendation from the Commander in Chief, US Pacific Fleet, for which he is entitled to wear two bronze stars on his Commendation Ribbon. The citations follow:

Letter of Commendation--Apamamn Atoll

"For distinguishing himself by meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services. He volunteered as beach master, in charge of beaches and the unloading of boats and landing ships during the occupation phase, after the capture of enemy-hold Apamama Atoll. By his exceptional ability in the unloading of ships, and by his fine personal leadership, he made possible the extremely difficult task of unloading heavy equipment and supplies over dangerous coral reefs without docks or unloading facilities of any kind. He personally improvised, from the few materials at hand, efficient methods for unloading rapidly the great quantities of heavy equipment and supplies necessary to maintain the Apamama Garrison and to build the air strip. His tireless energy and skill in this work were responsible for the comparatively rapid accomplishment of an otherwise slow and most difficult job, and contributed materially to the establishment of an efficient and self-sufficient American air base. His conduct throughout was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

Letter of Commendation - Eniwetok Atoll

"For distinguished service in the line of his profession. He was assigned duties in charge of unloading cargo equipment after the assault and capture of Eniwetok Atoll, Marshall Islands, 17-23 February 1944. By his exceptional ability and leadership, his vigorous personal supervision of the work, and his tireless energy and skill, he accomplished this task in a rapid and highly efficient manner, thereby contributing materially to the establishment of this advanced base. He is authorized to wear the Commendation Ribbon. His conduct throughout was in keeping with the highest traditions of the naval service."

He was awarded the Bronze Star Medal for services during the raids on Saipan and Tinian Islands, and cited as follows:

BRONZE STAR MEDAL (with Combat "V")

"For meritorious achievement as Commander Beach master Group TWO during the assault and capture of enemy-held Saipan Island from 15 June to 6 July 1944, and enemy held Tinian Island from 24 July to 8 August 1944. Skilled in the performance of duty, Commodore (then Commander) Anderson coordinated the unloading of supplies and equipment at the beaches during the initial landings and, by his aggressive fighting spirit in the face of intensive enemy gunfire, contributed materially to the success of these campaigns. His leadership and devotion to duty throughout were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

From October, 1944 to April, 1945 Commodore Anderson served as Beach master on the staff of Commander Amphibious Group TWO, and continued to serve on his staff as Force Beach master when Vice Admiral Hill took command of the Fifth Amphibious Force in April, 1945. He was awarded the Gold Star in lieu of the second Bronze Star Medal with combat distinguishing device "V", and following citation:

GOLD STAR in lieu of second Bronze Star Medal

"For meritorious achievement as Commander Beach Party Group during the amphibious assault against enemy Japanese forces on Iwo Jima, Volcano Islands, from 19 February to 9 March 1945. A resourceful officer and capable leader, Commodore (then Captain) Anderson cleared the landing beach approaches of underwater obstacles, mines and wreckage and generally prepared the beaches for unloading. Despite heavy enemy gun and mortar fire, he maintained direct contact with beach parties and effectively coordinated their activities on all beaches. By a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of his field, Commodore Anderson as able to furnish effective assistance to the beach masters and to handle promptly and efficiently many difficult problems and unusual situations. In addition to keeping responsible persons afloat and ashore well informed of the conditions and suitability of the various beaches, he also advised them of the most practicable and expeditious means of evacuating casualties and providing troops ashore with necessary supplies, ammunition and equipment. Commodore Anderson's initiative and courageous devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

On 18 August 1945, Commodore Anderson reported to Headquarters, Thirteenth Naval District, Seattle, Washington, and was ordered in October, 1945 to duty with the Office of Port Director there, with the temporary rank of Commodore. His assignment from 7 March to 11 July 1946, when relieved of active duty, was Officer in Charge of demobilized shipping on the staff of Commandant, Thirteenth Naval District. He was then on inactive duty in the rank of Captain until his retirement became effective, 29 June 1948, when he was advanced to the permanent rank of Commodore.

In addition to the Bronze Star Medal with Gold Star and the Commendation Ribbon, with two bronze stars, Commodore Anderson has the Victory Medal (World War I) and is entitled to the American Defense Service Medal (Fleet Clasp); Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal with six bronze engagement stars; World War I Victory Medal, and the Naval Reserve Medal and bronze star for length of service.

Commodore Anderson is a member of the Naval Reserve Officers Association, American Legion, and fraternal organizations.

**Veteran Handles Alaskan War Ports** By WILLIAM L. WORDEN ANDREONOFF ISLANDS. (JP) Charles E. Anderson, Known to North Area As “Squeaky”, Makes Things Hum in Harbor They say that, angered at a merchant ship master, he jumped up and down on an Alaskan dock, shouting through a megaphone, "I may be squeaky to the . . . steam ship company; but by . . . I'm captain of this port to the navy, so get your . '. . ship out of there." They say that a supercilious young naval officer escorted him aboard the first navy vessel assigned to his care and chided him for failing to salute the quarterdeck. A few hours later, he himself hurried down from the vessel's bridge to meet his former civilian first officer off a fishing boat who was just coming aboard the new ship. "Damn it, salute the quarter deck," he is said to have told the mate, who calmly spit over the side. "What the hell is eating you, Squeaky," demanded the mate, "and what's the quarterdeck?" "I'm damned if I know," the story says he replied, "but you'll salute it as long as you're on my navy ship." They say further than that, losing patience with a yeoman, he roared: "Why, you impudent pup, I'd give you a general court martial if I knew how."

Those are the things they tell about him along the hastily-built docks in the Aleutians and in the naval officers' clubs farther east. Probably none of them have more than a grain of truth in them; but they are, nevertheless, becoming parts of the strange saga of Squeaky Anderson, now well on his way to becoming a living legend in the naval war to protect Alaska.

On the navy records, he is Charles E. Anderson, commander, (JSNR, captain of the port at this island naval station. But the sign a big sign in front of the port captain's office says simply "Squeakyville." Anderson gave his full approval when the sign was painted. And, putting in a call to an admiral, he will as often as not yell into the telephone, "Hell, Admiral, say, this is Squeaky. The admirals love it. So do enlisted men and all the ranks between. On a bad morning not long ago, the port captain was riffing a set of papers on his desk while a yeoman watched. His system of answering letters is simple. He looks at a letter, reads it, frowns, says, "Tell him no" and hands it to the yeoman. That is literally all. On this morning, the telephone was jingling and a dozen people stood in the office, some waiting for Anderson, some merely getting warm by the stove. Suddenly, he looked up. "There's too damn many people in here," he said. "All of you that don't want anything, get out." Two naval captains, full four-stripers, sheepishly filed out along with sailors and lesser officers. They were grinning, but they got out. The saga of Squeaky is long, and not all of it by any means is funny. Born of naturalized American parents in Norway, Anderson got his first sea-going experience on a Norwegian sailing vessel trading on the Pacific coast and in the Gulf of California. Some thirty-five years ago, his wind-jamming days behind him, he landed at a southeastern Alaska port, eighteen cents in his pockets. For a few years, he worked at odd jobs in the new territory. Shortly before the First World War, an old American battleship arrived off Seward, Alaska, to pick up a load of Matanuska coal for boiler tests. When she left, Squeaky was aboard as an enlisted sailor. During the First World War, he was at sea almost constantly while the battleship convoyed troops and visited Queenstown, Ireland. When the war ended, Squeaky returned to Alaska; and in the next twenty years, "Alaska was good to me." Raising a family, operating coastal vessels, extending his holdings to include docks and a string of fish canneries, he became known along the whole territorial coast. "I can't complain," he says. "I came with eighteen cents; and last year, my income tax was . . ." He names a figure much larger than most executive salaries. About two years ago, Squeaky went back into the navy, this time as a lieutenant recognized for his knowledge of the Alaska coast and his wizardry with docks. For a while he was on the admiral's staff; but the docks needed him more. Bringing order out of the piles of freight at one Alaska port, he was quickly transferred here when establishment of a new army and navy base loaded the beaches of this island with mountains of merchandise and munitions, crowded its harbors with ships. Here he controls the bottleneck of most of the Aleutian war. Supplies for soldiers, bombs for airplanes, shells for guns, cots for hospitals, all must be unloaded here. Harbors must find room for ships that come in heavily loaded, sometimes go out ready for combat. The captain of the port is in the middle of it all. He had done such a good job at the first port that he had been made lieutenant commander. Here, a new efficiency record added another half-stripe to his sleeve, made him a full commander. He is not living a hard life so far as comforts go. Far from it. Admirals may stomp on muddy floors, but Squeaky's quarters have rugs. Generals' dinners feature dehydrated potatoes, but Squeaky sometimes even has fresh milk. A good radio fills one corner of his quarters, easy chairs dot the rooms; and m the tar corner this is his real pride a large electric refrigerator is loaded with delicacies only dreamed about by most of the people on this island. Squeaky is unrepentant. To high officers who wonder, he remarks merely, "Sometimes these ship captains want a little favor. They need a truck and no truck is provided by regulations. Well, the next time they come, they remember Squeaky." They do. They remember him with gifts that are priceless ashore and when they want a loading crane in a hurry without having to fill in fourteen forms. There is one standard answer for any sea-going man here. To avoid red tape, see Squeaky. Stevedores on Squeaky's docks the army and navy built them, but everyone knows they're Squeaky's unloaded 200,000 tons of freight in a month recently despite one hundred-mile-an-hour winds, waves snows and equipment that could stand repair. They will probably do more this month. Ships from thousands of miles away wait until they get to Squeaky's harbor to get the things they cannot find even at better-supplied bases. Captains and sailors, chaplains and longshoremen come ashore and stop at Squeaky's office to say hello, then go about their business. Usually, they go with the loan of a truck they need, a small boat to make their jobs easier, a variety of supplies they had wanted for a long time. And Squeaky? Squeaky was frank with an admiral not long ago. "I've got a boy," he said. "He's in the navy and he kind of looks up to the old man, even if he is over six feet and I'm just a little over five. Well, I've got enough rank now. What I want is a chance to go to sea again so maybe I can get a medal. The boy would like it." There are people here who will give you odds he gets it.

CORONADO JOURNAL

By Dorothea Pilkenton

From 8000 tons of salmon on a cannery floor in Alaska to the embattled beaches at Saipan is the route that Commodore C E. “Squeaky” Anderson travelled to become the Navy’s most famous beachmaster. Anderson is finising two weeks active duty at the Amphibious Base where he has been giving the Beach Group I the benefit of his experiences as a beachmaster gained at Attu, Tarawa, Kwajalein, Saipan, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. As explained by Rear Adm. J. H. Doyle of the Amphibious Training Command in an amphibious operation the problem of getting equipment, food, medicine and ammunition from ship to shore and up to the forward area is of the greatest importance. The beachmaster is responsible for moving supplies and in combat areas works under terrific pressure and goes ashore with the third or fourth wave of troops. Anderson, who is known as the “father” of the procedure used today by the Navy, gained his working knowledge from experience in many fields of employment. He said he came to the United States from Sweden at the age of 15 with 35 cents and a good solid Swedish accent. He still has a pronounced accent. His first job was as a railroad worker. Prom there he went to Attu and became a fur trader on a three-masted sailing ship. In 1911 he made a voyage to Sam'Mego on a lumber schooner and \ vas fired off the job because the skipper said he worked too,hard. Getting another ship, he served as second mate and did nothing but give orders. Before long the sailors were calling him “Squeaky/’ a name that has stuck with him every sipce. It has been told by Navy personnel who have visited Alaska that if you go any place in Alaska and ask for “Squeaky” Anderson, everybody knows who you mean. His salmon canneries at Seldovia, near Kodiak, are where he makes his headquarters in that country. Part of the year he spends in Seattle, where he and Mrs. Anderson maintain a home and where he is active in the Naval Reserve. An interview with a man like Commodore Anderson who has been written up by reporters from Saturday Evening Post, Time Magazine, Newsweek and many others it’s hard to tabulate all the qualities that make him interesting. For those persons who think a man is successful because he can earn lots of money, Anderson can qualify on that score. His salmon canneries and other interests put him in the upper brackets financially. For those who believe that a man is successful because he does every job well, or better than the next man, Squeaky Anderson is still tops on the list, but for this reporter I’ll take that former Swedish immigrant with his terrific sense of humor that can’t be recorded on paper with that twinkle in his eye as he almost apologizes for the explosiveness with which he punctuates his sea • stories. •