

TOWING LINE



PUBLISHED BY MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC.

CHRISTMAS 1951

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TOW LINE



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R. M. MUNROE, *Editor*

LUCILLE CHRISTIAN, *Associate*

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MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC.

Tacoma Marine Editor Sees New York Harbor

(ED GARRISON, in the Tacoma, Wash., News-Tribune)

(Editor's note: When Ed Garrison, waterfront editor of the Tacoma News-Tribune, came to New York to receive his award as one of the winners in Propeller Club's 5th annual American newspaper contest, at its silver jubilee convention, about the first thing he did was to contact Moran HQ and arrange for a day afloat aboard one of our Grace Moran-class harbor tugs. The following dispatch to his Pacific coast newspaper speaks for itself—and for a competent marine reporter.)

NEW YORK CITY—Note to Henry Foss, Foss Launch and Tug Co., Tacoma: From time to time you've heard the suggestion that you could do worse than hire, as a deckhand, a certain man at The News-Tribune whose fingers sometimes can't bear the pressure of the typewriter keys.

He can now be reported as "checked out" on New York's fabulous harbor, so if ever you have a tow coming this way, get out the withholding tax forms. The tide in the Tacoma Narrows might stump your man, but he should do good on the Hudson.

Thanks to John Bull of the Moran Towing and Transportation Co. here, this investigator was privileged to spend some 8½ hours aboard the Moira Moran, one of a number of 105-foot, 1,750-horsepower tugs in Moran's huge fleet.

Skipper of the Moira for most of the time spent aboard her was one Johnny Cray, a 26-year-old harbor man with a crew haircut which suggests he's just down from Yale. Spelling him was J. A. Barlow as the two alternated six-hour shifts.

Off in a Hurry

Johnny was waiting with his Moira at the Hudson's pier 1 when John Bull and his visiting fireman from Tacoma scurried down from the 25th floor of 17 Battery place and across the street to the tug. Speed was necessary, for the Moira was one of three tugs scheduled to dock the American Export lines' Constitution, which right then was pushing her way up the river.

Johnny yelled a greeting, suggested a trip to the galley, where the cook was holding some roast beef for the occasion, and backed his tug into the Hudson. By "turning on the heat," he soon overtook the 850-foot Constitution, gliding up the stream with the Carol Moran on one side and the Grace Moran on the other.

Once the Moran docking pilot—the

company puts one aboard every ship it docks—was ready to turn the big liner into her berth, the three tugs, triplets except for their crews, went to work. With the aid of four whistles (1—a policeman's hand whistle, which the pilot carried on the Constitution's bridge; 2—the booming, ear-shattering steam whistle aboard the ship; 3—a shrill air whistle aboard each of the tugs, and 4—a heavy air whistle aboard each tug), the Moran crews had the Constitution, just in from the Mediterranean, at her berth in almost less time than it takes to report it.

Tide Worst Hazard

The greatest hazard was presented by a strong outgoing tide, aided by the flow of the river. But when three Moran tugs go to work on such a job, it seems, there's little to worry about.

With the Constitution docked, Johnny called in by radiophone for orders. The dispatcher, high in the building at 17 Battery Place and with a sweeping view of the lower harbor, sent the Moira up the Hudson a mile or so to 59th St., where she hooked on to a 13,000-barrel oil barge, half empty, which was to go to Newtown creek, over in Brooklyn.

The oil barge, a strong southwest wind, and the swift tide in the Hudson gave John (Red) Murphy, a deckhand, an opportunity to do his stuff. Johnny Cray figured he would have to back the barge out against the current, let go for a moment and swing around to the other side so he'd be in position when the tow reached its destination on Newtown creek.

The plan was great, but the tide and the wind didn't co-operate. As Cray let loose, the current, aided and abetted by the wind, swung the barge around again. The stern was pointed down the river, the current was carrying the barge along at a rate which had the skipper worried, and the only man handy at the moment was Red, the deckhand. Luckily, there was no other traffic immediately in front of them, so Johnny and Red went to work. Inside of five minutes, during which Red "made fast" and slipped around the barge half a dozen times as Johnny backed off and pushed ahead alternately, the oil barge was safely alongside and we were Brooklyn bound.

Johnny breathed a sigh and whispered: "My friend, a deckhand can

make or break you, depending on how good he is. Red's the best."

The trip to Newtown creek involves going down the Hudson to the Battery, continually swinging to the port around the southern end of Manhattan and heading up the East River under the Brooklyn bridge.

Big Ships Seen

En route, glancing from the Manhattan docks on the left to the piers on the right, in Jersey, gave one a quick education in what there is carrying seagoing tourists around the world. One by one, some of the world's major ships showed up:

The Nieuw Amsterdam was over there in Hoboken, with the Noordam opposite her. Both belong to Holland-American. On the left was Moore-McCormack's Uruguay, at Pier 32. The De Grasse of the French line was at the 48th St. pier and nearby was the Swedish-American line's Stockholm. The American President lines' President Monroe was in the Todd drydock in Hoboken, with the Oslofjord in an adjoining dock.

Up the harbor, past "The Lady"—the Statue of Liberty—came United Fruit's Viragua, loaded down with bananas and passengers.

Going up the East river the Moira passed the Brooklyn Navy yard on the right. A sign on a big water tank proclaims it "The Can Do Yard," so named by a song in Ethel Merman's show, "Call Me Madam." On the left is the Fulton St. Fish pier, over which move most of the Friday menus.

Then came the best sight of all. A look at the stern of a vessel moored beside huge piles of lumber on the Green St. dock in Brooklyn revealed the words "Tacoma, Wash." She was the F. S. Bell of the Weyerhaeuser Steamship Co. Capt. E. D. Geddes of Tacoma is her skipper, but the Moira wasn't in close enough for a shout to see if he was aboard.

As the Moira turned her tow into Newtown Creek (Johnny suggested that the nose be held—how right he was, although Red loved the odors of his native "Green Pernt"), there was a quick look at the amazing building which houses the United Nations.

"Millions" of Panes

There are no frills, except for "millions" of panes of glass. The building

(Continued on Page 9)

CIVIL DEFENSE HOSPITAL EVACUATION DRILL FINDS TRANSPORTATION DIVISION'S FLEET READY TO FUNCTION EFFICIENTLY 'IF AND WHEN'

When New York City staged its first major civil defense test of the atomic era on Nov. 14, 1951, a pair of Moran Towing & Transportation Co. tugs—the Margot Moran and the Eugene F. Moran—participated in an exercise designed to perfect operational procedure for evacuating patients from half a dozen hospitals along the East River.


A flotilla of 20 vessels of various types simulated emergency landings to transport patients from Gouverneur, Willard Parker, Bellevue, New York, Welfare Island, and Doctors' hospitals under the assumption that the hospitals were not demolished by the hypothetical atom bomb, but had been cut off from ground communication by rubble, out-of-control fires, etc.

The Civil Defense Transportation Division's fleet, with

the small ferry Welfare as a command vessel, included the municipal tugs Brooklyn and Manhattan, the Staten Island ferries Tompkinsville and Gold Star Mother, U. S. Coast Guard picket boats, police launches, and tugs and barges contributed by other firms. They assembled at Pier "A", North River, and at five minutes past noon swung around the tip of Manhattan and into the East River. Making scheduled "stops" off the hospitals, the flotilla proceeded north as far as 90th Street.

Moran's participation in the water-borne evacuation drill was arranged by Joseph B. Moore, the company's C. D. recruiting officer. Nat Fein, staff photographer for the New York Herald Tribune, made the accompanying picture showing our Margot Moran in the vanguard.





Familiar scene along the Atlantic coast: one of Moran's ATA-type ocean tugs towing a disabled T-2 tanker into

Moran Tug Photos In M.I.T. Display

A recent exhibition in the main lobby of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, entitled "Design for the Sea" and open daily to the public, featured in one of its displays photographs of ocean and harbor tugs owned and operated by Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc. The exhibition was planned "to provide an insight into man's ingenuity in the design and construction of ships on the seas of the earth." It consisted largely of photographs, drawings, models and pertinent marine gear, and was set up in four parts:

(1) *Introduction*, indicating the extent of the seas, their significance to technology, and the scale of vessels plying them; (2) *Functions*, illustrating hazards encountered on the seas, as well as technical requirements ships must satisfy for successful operation; (3) *Form*, showing some of the visual aspects of vessel design evolved in answer to such requirements; and (4) *Materials and Techniques*, showing processes and details of construction for both wood and steel vessels.

International amity in the making. Members of the Japanese Diet aboard our tug Doris Moran, in the course of a complete tour of New York Harbor as guests of the Port of New York Authority and Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc. On the inspection cruise the visitors were taken as far north as George Washington bridge, back down the Jersey shore as far as Staten Island, thence along the Bay Ridge (Brooklyn) shore to the East River, north in that bustling channel as far as United Nations HQ, and back to Pier One, North River.

Curiosity from Down Under

Dear Sirs:

Over a number of years I have seen photographs of your vessels in various American magazines, and cannot help but notice the vast difference in design from our tugs here in Sydney.

Would it be asking too much of you to send me some photographs of your vessels or information regarding same, especially of the oil fuel, steam, diesel or diesel-electrics?

In passing I might add that I am a Certified Foreign-Going Master in the service of the Waratah Tug and Salvage Co., Ltd., of Sydney, N.S.W. All of our tugs are coal burners, and I am curious to know how diesel and diesel-electric vessels compare from a practical point of view.

At present I am laid up with a badly broken leg and ankle, caused by a fall from a jetty in Mackay, North Queensland. I was master of the tug "St. Giles" at the time, sent to Mackay to assist in towing the P. & O. cargo liner "Palana" to Sydney, a distance of 938 miles. However, I travelled 25 feet downwards and have been in plaster since March 5th, 1951, and with a possible further five months of inactivity, I thought that I might be able to improve my knowledge of tugs and various designs by writing to you.

Hoping you can supply my wants, and trusting that I will not in any way cause you inconvenience, I am,

NEVILLE W. ABBOTT
(Hunter's Hill, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia)

Fleet Safety Record

In this issue *Tow Line* is indeed happy to publish new evidence that Moran's campaign to improve the safety record of the fleet, including far-ranging ocean tugs, undoubtedly is paying off. In fact, the period covered shows the greatest improvement since the campaign was announced in Vol. I, No. 6, three years ago, when full cooperation by all captains and mates was solicited.

Joseph H. Moran, II, vice president, states September turned out to be only an average month, but that October was the best we have had.

"There were only four damage claims for the entire month of October. Except for one collision where the lawyers assure us we are not at fault, but can collect fully from the other vessel, no claim was serious," Mr. Moran said. "This is a very fine record, and we are more than pleased."

No claims were charged against the following in September-October:

Agnes A., E. Costello, H. Vermilyea; Anne, W. Gleason; Barbara, J. Sahlberg, H. Wee, J. Martin, G. Sahlberg; Carol, L. Thorsen, W. Hayes; Catherine, G. Hayes, U. Fontaine; Chesapeake, J. Jaques, M. DeAngeles; Christine, V. Chapman, F. Johnson, J. Guinan; Claire, J. McConnell, J. McConnell, Jr., J. Dirscoll; Doris, B. Scherer, M. Grimes, P. Gaughran; Edmond J., F. Schweigel, W. Mason; Eugene F., E. Allen, E. Anderson; Eugenia M., L. Goodwin, E. Merrill, E. Dexter; Geo. N. Barrett, J. Todesky, L. Tucker; Grace, K. Buck, C. Sheridan, W. Morch; Harriet, M. Connor, F. Perry, E. Freeman; Kevin, P. Jesse, J. Day; M., F. Dezendorf; Margot, N. Proctor, C. Hoffman; Marie S., F. Duffy; Marion, I. George, A. Collins, B. Ballance; Mary, R. Kivlan, G. Smith, E. Barrett; Michael, F. Knudsen; Moira, J. Fagerstrom; Nancy, R. Poissant, A. Biagi; Pauline L., L. Geitzler; Peter, M. Sullivan; Sheila, T. Sweet, D. Kjolner; Richard J. Barrett, J. Jorgensen, L. Larsen; Susan A., E. Carlson, C. Carlson; William C. Moore, B. Baker, H. Pederson; William J., R. Fiske, H. Hansen; Roustabout, H. Olsen, J. Johnson.

A word to captains and mates: keep up the good work, take your time and don't run chances.

Morantow: Cargo ship, 330 miles E. of Bermuda to Newport News, Va.—925 miles.





t. Such a 10,296-gross-ton ship is 504 ft. long, with a beam of 68 ft., a depth of 39 ft., a capacity of 141,158 bbls.

50 YEARS AGO

(The following items of interest were painstakingly extracted from files of the New York Maritime Register by Capt. Karl G. Palmer of Moran HQ, captain of the Tow Line's Historical section.)

NOV. 6, 1901—The Quarantine at New York, which has been in force during the summer season, ceased at midnight October 31st on all vessels from coastwise ports. At the same time, detention of passengers from Cuban ports was discontinued.

The big dry dock built for the United States Government by Maryland Steel Co. at Sparrows Point, Md., left Baltimore recently for New Orleans, La., towed by the powerful tugs "Taurus" and "Orion." The tow contains 6,000 tons of steel and 1,000 of machinery, and the distance to be traveled is approximately 2,000 miles. This is perhaps the greatest towing feat ever attempted. The hawsers are as big around as a man's leg and so heavy that the strain will not keep them from dragging in the sea. The tugs are cooled at sea by bags of coal sent over a trolley line erected on masts. The "Orion" is equipped with a patent steam towing machine, which in a blow takes up the slack in the lines or lets out more hawser to meet a strain.

LAUNCHED — The United Fruit Co.'s steamer Buckman was launched at Toledo, Ohio, on October 28th and will leave for Boston by way of the St. Lawrence River about November 10th. The new steamer has accommodations for about 30 saloon passengers, and a capacity of from 40,000 to 50,000 bunches of bananas. Capt. Israel, formerly of steamer Beverly, will command the Buckman. The Watkins, sister ship to the Buckman, will not be completed in time to make the passage to the seaboard before navigation in the St. Lawrence closes.

Edna V. Crew (tug) ran into steamer Denver at Pier 19, East River, New York, on November 4th and carried away smokestack and pilothouse. The steamer had rudder broken and sustained other damage. The tug was beached on the south side of Governors Island and subsequently raised by Merritt & Chapman.

A scow belonging to Hughes Bros. & Bangs, New York, capsized off Sandy Hook Lightship on October 29th and one man was drowned. The scow was towed to New York by tug Anson M. Bangs and another tug.

NOV. 13, 1901—The new steel dry dock for the United States Government, in tow of the "Orion" and "Taurus," arrived safely at Algiers, La., the morning of November 6th from Sparrows Point where it was built.

G. W. Wright (tug) took fire at the foot of West 99th Street, New York, on November 9th and was scuttled.

Ida L. Tebo (tug), bound up the river, was in collision with tug Wrestler from Boston, with a barge in tow, a.m. of the 6th, off 86th Street, East River, New York. The Tebo sank. Crew taken off by Wrestler. Latter has stem carried away and she has been libelled by the owners of the Tebo for \$6,750 for loss of the latter.

"Eugene F. Moran" Gets Around

Dear Sirs:

It gives me very great pleasure to write to your company, and to tell you that I am very much interested in the fine diesel tugs which comprise your fleet. (They are a fine tribute to the skill and enterprise of your organization.

Recently, I understand, you have added the m.t. "Eugene F. Moran," and I would congratulate you on this most modern tug. I only wish I could visit New York to see this ship. I have always been greatly impressed with the fine appearance of American tugs, and in this field you are very much to the forefront.

I believe that in the August, 1951, number of your publication "Tow Line" there are some views of this (tug), and I wonder if you would be so kind as to send me a copy of that particular issue (and) a photograph showing the actual ship "Eugene F. Moran." If you could oblige me in this way, it will be a favour which will always be remembered and deeply appreciated. I will have this photograph framed, and it will occupy a very honoured place in my home . . .

I sincerely wish you many years of faithful service with the new tug, and I am sure that you will be justly proud of this noteworthy vessel. Your company has a very great renown in maritime circles. I know that in the future you will maintain these traditions in building new vessels.

May I take this opportunity of wishing the Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., continued prosperity and good fortune in the years to come? . . .

CHARLES H. MUNRO
(29 Wallfield Place, Aberdeen, Scotland)

And We Thank You, Sir!

Gentlemen:

People from all over the world thrill to the beauty of New York harbor and the great symbol of Liberty in its mystical blue. Drinking it in as an unforgettable sight in the brief moments of opportunity, they carry away an impression of vitality—of the larger affairs of the Nation and of History moving majestically.

All of them are fascinated by the tugboats, busily shepherding the huge ships in from "every port from Mississipp' to Clyde."

Only a fortunate few, however, are privileged, as I, my daughter and friends have been, thanks to the splendid, old-fashioned courtesy of your Mr. Hennessey, Captain Miller, Captain Evans, their co-pilots, "sailors before the mast," and not forgetting the good chefs, Louie Vogeler and others.

We felt the throb of your moving powerplants, were most agreeably surprised by the shining elegance of your pilot-houses and captains' quarters, and at the perfect orderliness of everything from the berths forward to engine rooms, as neat as a lady's parlor. We marvelled at the expert efficiency with which these men handle millions-worth of ships, so gently that it is like touching silk when they land at the docks. And we ate to the point of supreme content.

For ourselves, for Mr. Fred Merriam of Framingham, Mr. Bill Pawling of the upstate New York Pawlings, Dr. Rhodes Quisenberry of Kentucky, and Miss Anne Walters of New York's Presbyterian Hospital, we thank you.

TOM P. SMITH
(Executrol, New York)

When the Veterans of Foreign Wars invaded New York for their 52nd annual encampment, one of the highlights of the gathering was a harbor tour for high-ranking officials of the organization and their wives, as guests of the National Federation of American Shipping, with Moran Towing & Transportation Co. cooperating. Here (left to right) is part of the keenly interested group aboard the tug Doris Moran: Joel L. Miller, Judge Advocate-General; Carl J. Schoeninger, Past Commander-in-Chief; Mrs. Julian Dickenson, wife of the Adjutant General; Joe Maloney, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Mrs. E. L. Jenkins, wife of the Inspector General; Hugh L. McArthur, chairman of the National Maritime Committee; Edmund P. Roberts, American Export Lines; and John Forney Rudy, Director of Public Relations for the N.F.A.S.—Moran photo.



Harriet Moran, Crew Earn Approval of Upstate Trio, Incurable Tug Devotees

By Martha Voorhees, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

(Editor's note: Miss Voorhees, Mrs. Hildegard Hayes, and Mr. Wickens, all residents of a small town 12 miles north of Syracuse bisected by the Seneca River-New York State Barge Canal, and interested followers of seasonal traffic on that waterway, have long been admirers of those sleek, powerful-looking tugs with the big white "M's" on their black stacks. Mrs. Hayes especially wished very much that she could have a ride on one; in fact, she thinks a fine tug is "just about the last word in boats." So last month they got their trip, a short one arranged by Tom Bishop, Moran's representative on the western sections of the canal, who also accompanied the voyagers. Some excerpts from Miss Voorhees' informal report to a still-appreciative high school English pupil of hers, Class of 1914, are reproduced here with her knowledge and consent—and the *Tow Line's* thanks.)

. . . It turned out to be a beautiful day, though still rather cold and windy. A little after ten in the morning, Hildegard appeared down our somewhat perilous back road to say that Mr. Bishop had just telephoned that the Harriet Moran would be at Lock 2 in Fulton at about 1:30, and would we be pleased to get aboard there for a trip to Phoenix, or farther if we wished? . . . John Hayes drove us to Lock 2 in ample time, and met us again in Phoenix when the boat arrived there. The whole trip was very interesting and pleasant.

Mr. Bishop met us at the lock house, put us on board, introduced us to Captain Perry, and then decided to make the trip with us. Because it was rather cold, we stayed most of the time in Captain Perry's pilothouse, and if he minded having four people expropriating his chair, and perched on lockers and desk for an hour and a half, he graciously concealed the fact—the four being Hildegard and I, and Mr. Wickens and Mr. Bishop. Chief Smith came in for a little visit, after letting us see his engine room and diesels, and Mr. Bishop showed us the rest of the boat, clean and tidy, way to the galley, which I inadvertently called the kitchen, and had to be corrected. A pleasant faced cook, standing by his stove and preparing some very savory smelling liver for supper, smilingly accepted the mass invasion of his domain. There again the housekeeping was excellent, and everywhere there were warmth and comfort. The cook said he didn't

care for liver, himself, but liked "cooking it for the men, who do," and I thought that marked him as an especially good one. They say he is.

I noticed some beautiful, fine, cord-work on the steering wheel and at the joints where the spokes are attached. Functionally, that would give a more positive grip than the bare rim, but this work was a creative, artistic expression, as well. Is that standard equipment on all Moran tugs, or some individual's fancy?

We all liked Mr. Bishop very much indeed—found him simple, wholesome, friendly, and interesting in his approach to the matters that came into our conversations, and we hope to see him again. (Having our toes in the door of a Moran tug, and being so hospitably received by everybody, we decided to put you and Mr. Bishop on the spot, sometime next summer when it is warm and pleasant, if ever, and ask for a somewhat longer trip.)

It was a very uplifting sight to watch Captain Perry round that strangely engineered curve into the lock at Phoenix, and put the tanker, with never a scrape, into the lock slip, with only eight inches to spare on either side. It was an exhibition of a complex skill depending on many factors. First, the precise interpretation of the signals given by a young man standing forward on the tanker, and acting as a sort of human semaphore, then the timing, then the un-hurried turning of the wheel, and the signals to the engine room, and an amazingly quick response to the details of time, space, and distance. And probably a lot of others, too.

We shall read the *Tow Line* with increasing interest and understanding, and I know that Mr. Wickens' nephew in Southampton, England, to whom the *Tow Line* eventually goes, will receive a glowing account of what we saw. . . . All kinds of observations of things which I missed will emerge from time to time, and will be correlated with those that have drifted in from traffic on the river below us. It is amusing how people who love the waterways and boats get to know the traffic as if it was neighbor persons.

'Nancy Moran' Model in U. S. Steel Sales Training Film



Recently the Jam Handy Organization of Detroit, Mich., produced a sound slidefilm for United States Steel Company, for use in a training series on the principles of industrial selling. In order to provide the "saltiest" possible atmosphere for the film, they constructed the boat yard office shown above.

Mr. Sheldrick, Director of Engineers for the Detroit Diesel Corp. division of General Motors, made available for the purpose a model of the tug Nancy Moran, one that he himself had constructed, which was "just what the doctor ordered."

"We thought you would be interested to see how effectively (this model) adds to the authenticity of the scene," writes Charles L. Wooldridge, Jr., Manager of Sales Training, U.S.S. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.; and we are.

Cook Aboard Grace Moran Outdoes Himself for Thanksgiving



There is no need to assume that crews working Thanksgiving Day on Moran T. & T. Co. tugs suffered even the slightest hardship in the turkey, etc., department. Leif Egeland, the Grace Moran's competent cook, left no stone or victual unturned to give his boys



the best, and plenty of it. Above (left): Capt. Bill Morch kibitzing hungrily as Egeland tastes his soup; (center) Operation Slice on the gobbler; and (right, l. to r.) Capt. Johnny Cray, Wesley Lewis, John Oien, and Henry Ronneberg fall to under their cook's watchful eye.



TACOMA MARINE EDITOR

(Continued from Page 4)

rises from nowhere, like Mount Rainier, and goes straight up on all sides. Johnny apologized for the lack of brilliant sunlight from the right direction. The reflections are something to behold, he reported.

After angling up the crooked Newtown creek for a mile or so (it's wide and straight, maybe, as the road leading up to Paradise inn), Johnny disposed of the oil barge and headed back to the East river, where he received orders to wait until 6:15, when he would rejoin the Carol and the Grace to shift a United Fruit ship.

Deckhands Red and Jim, Johnny answered when asked what they were doing with a big piece of white canvas, were putting the "bow canvas" on the forward fender. Whenever Moran handles a member of United's "Great White Fleet," the tugs don the canvas to keep the sides of the ship clean.

When the Parismina, the fruit vessel, had been shifted, Johnny drew the assignment this corner had been awaiting. The Cunard line's Mauretania had passed quarantine and the dispatcher sent the Moira, the Grace, the Carol and the Doris Moran out to dock her far up the river.

It was dark by now, and the sight of the 950-foot ship coming in from Southampton was beautiful.

But again, with the experienced Moran pilot on the Mauretania's bridge and the four powerful tugs below, there seemed to be nothing to docking the liner. The tide was heading up the river and the pilot simply kept the Mauretania close in to the Jersey shore until almost opposite her pier. Then he swung her to starboard and with only a minimum of coaxing from the tugs he made her fast.

Johnny said he'd let this corner off at 50th St., only a few blocks from the hotel, but the answer was no—a trip aboard a Moran tug comes maybe once in a lifetime for a Tacoman, so let's ride back to Pier 1 and take the subway back up town.

Tugboat

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Pompously, past pile and wharf,
On a leash of curved rattan,
Up a stream a jaunty dwarf
Tows a cowed leviathan.

Twice as sure as he is small,
Swaggers by with no concern,
Belches forth a raucous call,
Bids a mighty bridge to turn.

Midget of immensity
Strutting clouds of black and white,
Leads the giant on his way
Around the bend and out of sight.

ROGER L. WARING

Right! It Wouldn't Be New York

Dear Sirs:

I am at present doing some drawings of New York City and Harbour. In regard to the City, I can find enough material in your magazines, but very little space is given up to the harbour and its ships; so I'm lost, for New York without its harbour, well, it just wouldn't be New York.

Yours happens to be the biggest tugboat company, and what is more, I know you attend to the dockings of our two "Queens" and the "Caronia."

Could you send me pictures and details—colouring of funnels, superstructures, and hulls; also differences in design? The reason I don't want to draw all the tugs the same is, I hear you've electric, diesel and steam-powered tugs.

A friend of mine who was lucky enough to come off to the United States last year said that he tried to find the name of one of your tugs, but all he could see was the name "Peter Moran, New York" on the rear quarter. Could you give me the names of your boats and whereabouts on the boats they are painted?

Although I know you do quite a lot of docking, you must fill in your time with other jobs—towing or, as we are speaking of New York City, it should be "shoving." If possible, could the pictures show the craft in action docking or towing? Tugs without tows and in the right locale just don't look right. If you know of an illustrated booklet on this subject, could you let me know by return post? . . .

GORDON A. CROCKER
(Castle Donington, Nr. Derby, Eng.)

Morantow: Two derricks, New York to Jacksonville, Fla.—791 miles.

Ashore and Afloat



Big, handsome Nick Bodlovic, another of Moran's ace dispatchers—"a nice guy," is typical of the comments you overhear—is the son of a boiler-maker. Looking at him ensconced in his swivel chair, with practically no waste space visible, your impression might be that Nick himself has the build for it; and when he stands up you conclude there is no waste on him, either.

Nick was born in Barberton, Ohio, November 21, 1914. When he was in primary school his family moved to Burlington, Iowa; thence, in 1927, to Brooklyn, where the Bodlovics have resided ever since and liked it, even in the leanest years of the Daffy Dodgers.

After graduation from Drake's Business School in Manhattan, our boy started out in the electrical export business in Brooklyn with the Parr Electrical Co.

Next—about 1938, this would be—Nick took a job with Dauntless Towing Co., "on deck." Both north and south out of Boston, up and down the Atlantic coast steamed the Dauntless tugs, towing coal and oil barges principally.

"It was very valuable experience for me," is about all you can get out of Br. Bodlovic in connection with this deck department interlude.

In 1943, on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, Nick joined the Moran organ-

ization—having been highly recommended by Capt. Anton (Tony) Huseby, still very much in circulation hereabouts as the firm's senior docking pilot, with an affinity for French Line vessels, and vice versa. Following three years of service as a night dispatcher, he was shifted to the day side, where he was functioning efficiently with a minimum of fuss-and-feathers, assisted only by one of the Moran switchboard operators, when your editor button-holed him during a lull in the proceedings on a holiday afternoon recently.

As far as anyone at company HQ knows, the only disparaging estimate of Nick ever recorded officially was voiced by a Brooklyn radio "ham" (female). It had been her practice to sell news tips swiped off the ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore telephone frequencies to New York papers and press associations, preferably after prying additional details away from the unsuspecting ship owners or operators concerned. She objected, with a violence that is still legendary in our dispatching department, to Nick's adamant refusal to give her the low-down on a spectacular rescue mission by a Moran ocean tug some hours in advance of a routine news release by the public relations office.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, mister, but I've never even heard of you!" she admonished a harried fellow still working on that particular story—who was able and willing to return the compliment. "Uncouth" was one of the mildest epithets she applied to Nick, the saying goes.

Our Mr. Bodlovic resides at 92 Battery Avenue, Brooklyn, with his wife (Rose) and two daughters, Stephanie, seven, and Jerilyn, five.

As aforesaid, he is a rabid Dodger fan, plays a "fair" game of golf, likes bowling and the theater, and is a member of the Downtown Athletic Club.

A nice guy...



Frances Fry, secretary to Gen. Mgr. John J. Metzner, suffered a compound fracture of her right arm November 15th... Frances Werfelman (Accounting Dept.) was relieved of her appendix November 17th in Caledonian Hospital, Brooklyn... Capt. Leonard Peters, recently of the Margot Moran, and well remembered as skipper aboard the Moran-operated V4 tug Moose Peak on one of those long hauls from Tampa, Fla., to Banka Island in the Netherlands East Indies (13,000 miles), has been under observation in the U. S. Marine Hospital, Staten Island, for a persistent stomach ailment... The *Tow Line* wishes speedy and complete recoveries for all three of these fellow workers.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Don Dero—she's J. J. Metzner's daughter, Margaret—are the very proud parents of a baby girl, Nina Marie, their first, born November 15th at Mercy Hospital, Rockville Center, L. I. They reside at 20 School Street, Baldwin.

Sotto voce, to Frank A. Uniak, Director of Advertising & Public Relations, Cleveland Diesel Engine Division, General Motors Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio:

Sure, sure, various people hereabouts spotted the inaccuracies re Moran tugs in Phil Gustafson's *Satevepost* article, "The Norskies Never Let Us Down"—red stacks, huffing and puffing, etc.—but who ever heard of a denial catching up with the original report?

On November 8th, somewhere between Norfolk, Va., and New York, James Raynor, deckhand aboard the *Moirra Moran*, received notification that he had become a grandfather. Grandson James (seven pounds, nine ounces) was born to Jimmie's daughter, Lucille Glouiding, in Mercy Hospital, Westbury, L. I.

German Visitor Interested

Dear John (Bull):

Just a few lines to tell you how much I enjoyed the visit around the port... It was very good of your company to arrange transportation, and also to send Ed Hennessey along, for he was a very good guide and excellent company.

Herbert Vogemann, our German steamship-owner friend, was intensely interested in all that he saw, and has asked me to express his thanks for your help in making the trip possible. Herbert's sentiments are shared by all of us, for we did enjoy the outing.

CORTLAND D. LINDER

(*Kerr Steamship Co., N. Y.*)



Michael Bodlovic, four-years-younger brother of Nick, a full-length "profile" of whom will be found on this or the adjoining page, has succeeded Charles N. Wellington as assistant personnel manager for unlicensed personnel. Following two years as a deckhand aboard the Susan Moran, and two more aboard the Carol Moran, Mike came ashore late in June to substitute as a dispatcher during the prolonged illness of Danny Grandone, who returned to active duty October 31st. He resides at 330 East 9th Street, Brooklyn, with Mrs. Bodlovic (Julia) and their daughter, Juliann, aged eight.

Kevin Peter Moran, son of Rear Adm. and Mrs. Edmond J. Moran of Darien, Conn., and Miss Martha Hurley, daughter of Mrs. Martin J. Hurley of Stamford, Conn., were married October 31st in St. Maurice's Roman Catholic Church, Glenbrook, Conn. Mrs. Joseph C. Michael, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala., a sister of the bride, was matron of honor; while Thomas E. Moran was best man for his brother. The couple will reside in Florence, Italy, for the next two years.

Congratulations to Eddie Balicky (Payroll Dept.) on his engagement to Miss Mary Bellere on November 3rd. It seems the significant ring turned out to be a birthday present besides; she received it on her 20th anniversary, at a party attended by more than sixty relatives and friends. No date for the wedding has been set.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Munroe, 210 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, have had as their house guest recently Mrs. Sherrill A. Cline of Miami, Fla., Mrs. Munroe's sister.

The City College Cruise
Dear Miss Christian:

On behalf of members of the "Port of New York Course," may I thank you and the staff of Moran Towing for the highly instructive and very pleasant trip on board the Moira Moran...? We were indeed fortunate to be able to participate in the interesting operation carried out by your tugs. Captain Ericksen and his crew were very patient with the countless questions asked by the students, and I am certain that everyone now has a much better understanding of the vital function played by the tow boats of the Port of New York.

JOHN I. GRIFFIN, Ph.D.
(School of Business & Civic Adm.)

Delinquent congratulations to Max Brown, chairman, and Gus Gill, co-chairman, public relations managers in New York for the Bethlehem Steel Company and the U. S. Maritime Administration, respectively, for their superior job in arranging and conducting the Panel on Public Relations for the 25th annual Propeller Club of the United States convention and American Merchant Marine conference at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. It was a valuable contribution to better public understanding of the merchant fleet of the United States.

October Cover and Center Spread
Dear Mr. Munroe:

...I was in New York City about a month ago and called at your office to pay my respects and to thank you personally for keeping me on your mailing list to receive Tow Line. Your secretary, who was very gracious to me, told me you were away and said she would tell you of my call. Today I received Tow Line for October and read it with much interest and pleasure. I was particularly impressed with the wonderful photos on the cover and also those on Pages 6 and 7. I would be grateful indeed if I could receive copies of these photos to add to my small collection of steamship pictures...

JAMES H. LOONEY
(Worcester, Mass.)

Among belated requests for Moran T. & T. Co.'s 1951 calendar was one from Comdr. Blair Walliser, USCGR, of Blair Walliser Productions, 25 Tudor City Place, New York, who ran across it only last month and discovered in T. Barney's conception of the United Nations neighborhood "the best picture of my apartment I've ever seen."

Typical liner docking operation. A Moore-McCormack Lines photographer made this fine shot of the Carol Moran docking the "Good Neighbor Fleet" ship Brazil at Pier 2, Hoboken, N. J., Nov. 12th. (Harriet Moran also was on the job.) The regular crew of the Carol: R. M. Hayes, Lars Thorsen, and W. T. Hayes, capts.; Thos. Braziel, chief eng.; Bernard Sennstrom and Hector Gray, ass't eng.; Jose Picon and Howard Seymour, wipers; Edw. Batchellor, John Blaha, Knute Bakke, and Webster Johnson, deckhands; and Joseph Vlasich, cook. . . . They do a nice job, these Moran crews.



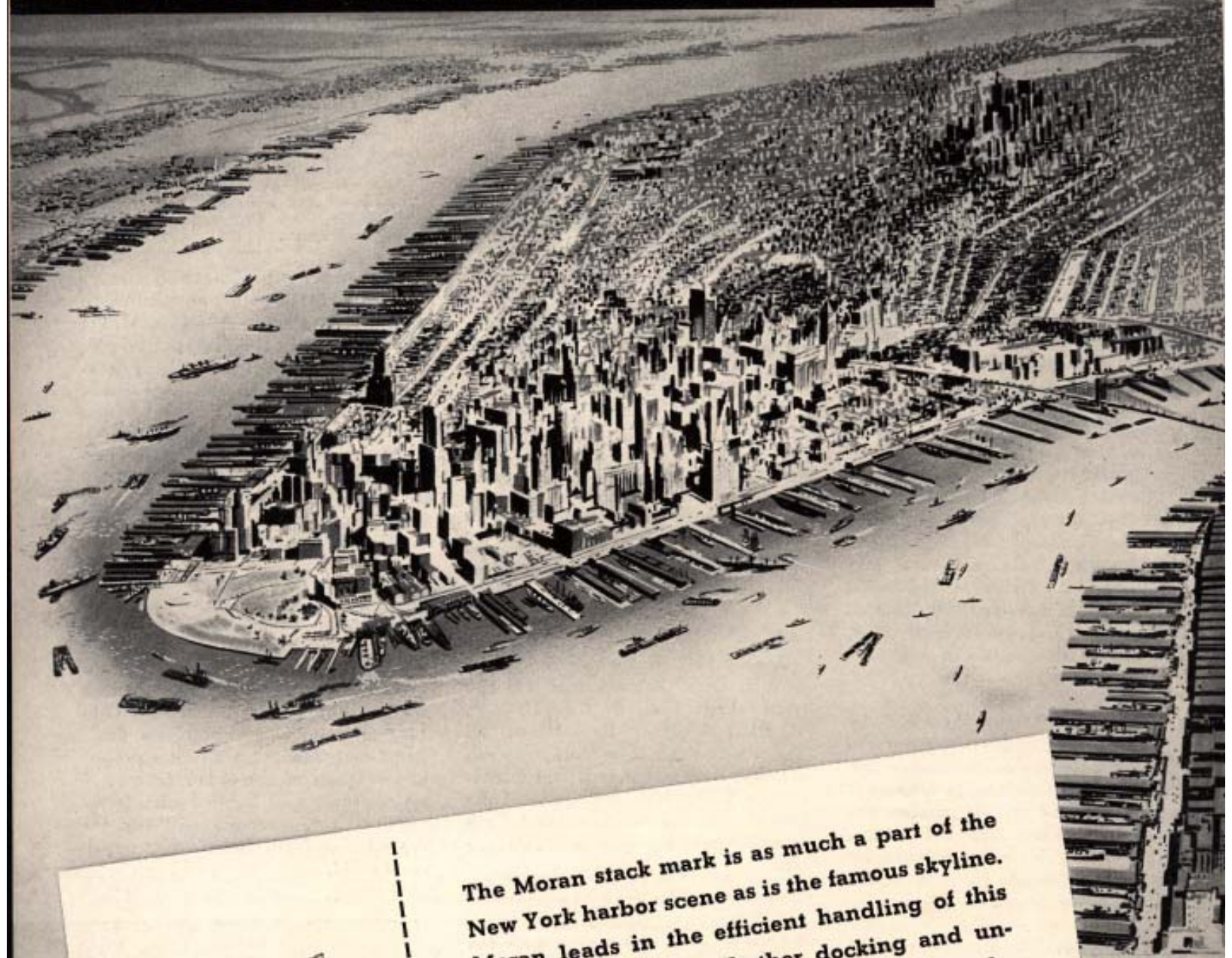
Oops—Sorry!

We are indebted to Miss Jane Savage, an eagle-eyed secretary in the Whitehall Building offices of Burmeister & Wain American Corp., shipbuilders and diesel engine manufacturers, for more trustworthy information regarding the power plant installed in M/V Nicoline Maersk, one of half a dozen recent first-arrivals in the Port of New York featured in the October issue of Tow Line. Thus Miss Savage: "Not turbine! A B&W direct reversible, single-acting, two-stroke, 10-cylinder, cross-head diesel engine... with a normal output corresponding to about 9,200 b.h.p. at 115 r.p.m." And a regretful bow also to Moller Steamship Co., Inc., the vessel's New York agents.

In a note preceding a profusely illustrated feature story entitled "Esso Portland at Portland" (Maine) in a recent issue of The Ships' Bulletin, publication of the Esso Shipping Company of New York, the editor wrote, "Also, we wish to acknowledge and express our appreciation to... Moran Towing & Transportation Company (Portland branch)" in mentioning many courtesies extended to him in the preparation of his article.

Getting out this house magazine is no picnic. If we print jokes, people say we are light-minded; if we don't, they say we are too serious. If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety; if we publish things from other magazines, then we are too lazy to write our own. If we don't print contributions, we lack a proper appreciation of the other fellow; if we do, the paper is filled with junk. Like as not, someone will say we copied this from some other paper... *We did.*

In The World's Busiest Port



Above—the new
"Eugene F. Moran"
... 1,750-horsepower,
diesel-electric tug ...
latest addition to the world's
best tug fleet

The Moran stack mark is as much a part of the New York harbor scene as is the famous skyline. Moran leads in the efficient handling of this port's great traffic. Whether docking and undocking the largest liners or performing the smallest towing jobs, the familiar white "M" stands for the finest in towing.

MORAN

TOWING & TRANSPORTATION

NEW YORK

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