

# TOW LINE



JUNE, 1954



## ON THE COVER—

**H**ERE, just in time for the customary change of pace in front covers, is watercolorist Rockwell Brank's conception of our Livingston-built, General-Motors-diesel-powered tug *Maira Moran* (Capt. Ben Baker) running light in open and obviously something less than calm offshore waters. You will have to imagine her position—some hours out of Norfolk, Va., say, bound for her home port, New York?

You will be correct in assuming, moreover, that she is not in the hands of any novice, since Captain Baker, who resides at 94-23 Two Hundred and Twenty-first Street, Queens Village, L. I., has been a valued employee of Moran since February, 1932. Our crews are experienced, top-notch, nothing short of the best available.

It will come as no surprise to *Tow Line* addicts—happily increasing in numbers with the years—that Mr. Brank is by way of being a specialist on seascapes. Perhaps it would be too much of an exaggeration to say a ship, to him, is merely a colorful object gracefully riding his swells and white-crested waves, but this painter's first and most enduring love is the sea itself. For what other reason would a young and ambitious artist take up residence in the sun-drenched Cape Verde Islands than to paint breath-taking surf and open sea to his heart's content?

At any rate, here for the enjoyment of all who react to such scenes with pleasure is Miss *Maira Moran* as the Brank mind's eye sees her on the crest of a high one.



*Moran's European Agents:* ENGLAND: James A. McLaren & Co., 45 Bishopsgate, London, E. C. 2; SCOTLAND: Henry Abram, Ltd., 143 Hope Street, Glasgow, C. 2; NORWAY: Shipping Services A/S, Fridtjof Nansens plass 4, Oslo; Birger Qvestland A/S, Kong Oscars Gate 62, Bergen; DENMARK: Jørgen A. Basmussen, 33 Amaliegade, Copenhagen K.; SWEDEN: A. E. Sandström, Stenae & Co., Pockhusplatzen 3, Gothenburg; FINLAND: A. B. Lars Kröger & Co., O. Y., S. Magasinsgatan 4, Helsinki; BELGIUM: Wm. H. Maeller & Co., S. A., 21 Rue de la Bourse, Anwerp; GERMANY: Ernst Glösel, Altenwall 22 Bremen; SPAIN: Rafael Navarro Aguirre 8, Bilbao; ITALY: O.S.I.A.M., Via C. R. Caccardi 4-26 Genoa; GREECE: The Segoria Agency Co., Ltd., P.O.B. 21, Piraeus.



Vol. VII Published by No. 3  
MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC.  
17 Battery Place, New York City  
R. M. Munroe, Editor Lucille Christian, Associate

## E. F. Moran, Sr., Named Waterfront Man of the Year

**E**UGENE F. MORAN, SR., chairman of the board of directors, Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., is serving his third six-year term as a commissioner of the Port of New York Authority. He is an astonishingly spry 82-year-old who has been a familiar figure around the waterfronts and in the high councils of New York shipping circles for most of his adult years, and with good reason.

On May 5, at a sell-out luncheon in his honor at the Hotel Commodore, the title of "Waterfront Man of the Year" was conferred on Mr. E. F. for his contributions to the development and welfare of the maritime industry in New York. Five hundred persons—virtually a "Who's Who" of the industry hereabouts—attended a luncheon given by The Barnacles, an organization which attracts members from almost every activity in the world's busiest port. A commemorative plaque

was presented by Thomas C. Gibney, president of the organization.

Emmet J. McCormack, chairman of the board, Moore-McCormack Lines, one of Mr. E. F.'s oldest and most affectionately regarded cronies, and Edward F. Cavanagh, Jr., toastmaster, New York Fire Commissioner—who was similarly honored in 1952—spoke admiringly of Mr. Moran's vigorous efforts in the course of half a dozen decades to improve the channels, waterfront facilities, and varied commercial interests of this port. They had an enthusiastically responsive audience, to say the very least.

The "Waterfront Man of the Year" acquitted himself more than creditably, too, and all those with the interest of the Port of New York at heart might do worse than to heed a few of his straight-from-the-shoulder precepts. There is no substitute for experience, especially in this up-and-down,

rough-and-tumble marine business.

What manner of men gathered to pay tribute to The Barnacles' 1954 selection? Space for a complete list is not available, but check the guests on the dais in the accompanying photograph—in the usual left-to-right order:

*Howard M. Cullman, Chairman, Port of New York Authority; Capt. A. F. Oliver, USNR, Commandant of Cadets, New York State Maritime College; Judge Paul V. Rao, U. S. Customs Court; Mr. Gibney, Peter Campbell Brown, New York Commissioner of Investigations; Mr. McCormack, Mr. Moran, Mr. Cavanagh, Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran, USNR, President, Moran Towing & Transportation Co.; Edward J. Shaughnessy, Director, U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service; Rear Adm. Louis B. Olson, USCG, Commander, Third Coast Guard District and Eastern Area; Robert W. Dill, U. S. Collector of Customs; James H. Ward, Vice President, Bethlehem Steel Co.; and Hewlett R. Bishop, Atlantic Coast Director, U. S. Maritime Administration.*



# Newspaper Man's Love Letter to Port of New York

(From the Newark, N. J., Evening News, June 6, Reprinted by permission)

BY GUY SAVINO

New York Staff Correspondent

**N**EW YORK—For many who have long cherished their love affair with the Port of New York there is one sight which best seems to distill its potency and charm.

From points on 42d street, looking westward to the river, it is possible to distinguish what seems to be an enormous glacier, a massive gray pile shot through with flags of vivid color. As it crunches ponderously upon the city one watches in growing horror until, gradually, it is identified as the cabined superstructure of an ocean liner gliding gently and quietly toward her berth.

## Free Performance Daily

It is a drama that is repeated nearly every day, yet is unflinchingly absorbing. And the admission for every performance, in which the greatest actresses of the sea star, is free.

There are other great harbors. But which other leads to New York? Sail for London and you must disembark at Southampton, for Paris and you land in Havre, for Rome and you are dropped in Genoa or Naples.

But when you sail for New York you land in New York, a hop, skip and a jump from the greatest cultural playground in the world.

Coming upon a landfall after a long voyage always is an intoxicating experience. Many will never forget their Pacific wartime experiences of discovering far from the continents a tiny bit of earth transformed by the military into a bastion bristling with ships, planes and great guns. Others think that Lands End, approached under a delicately tinted English sky, is the finest sight of all. The white walls of the Seine have their own beauty.

## Unique Manhattan Skyline

But where else does the voyager discover a skyline such as New York's?

Come upon it in the light of early day when it is standing sleepily in the milky mists, or at midday when the sun burns fiercely in the million-eyed buildings, or in the evening when the windows are radiant with incandescence—come upon it any time and it

will overpower you with its searing wonder.

Every day is carnival day along the waterfront. On a recent afternoon the *Queen Elizabeth*, *Constitution*, *Flandre* and *Olympia* stood impatiently at their piers. And within the same 100-yard area was the Navy carrier *Coral Sea*.

This vast ship, her winged bow flung high as though to get a better look at the city, her planes crisply aligned on the deck, gave new proof that New York probably is the only great city capable of being defended by mobile forts, thanks to the mighty harbor.

Ships are forever arriving and leaving. From distant points come the freighters laden with strange and exotic cargoes. They spill their thousands of sacks and crates into the trucks and then make off again for alluring destinations.

But the most exciting sight of all comes with the passenger ships. Some of those they bear here arrive filled with hope and expectancy. Others have come to die. About the whole scene is an urgency that is at once exhilarating and depressing.

## Laughing, Crying Faces

There are tears of uncontrollable joy and there are tears of anguish. There are the gay little parties where separations mean only holidays. There are other parties, grim and quiet, where one is seeing a loved one for the very last time. There are laughing faces, beautiful and joyous, and there are

faces tinged with fear and despair.

The giant ships seem almost alive as they creep toward their berths, reluctant because in them is the knowledge that once they have been tied to the earth, their independence ends. It is not regained until that moment when the lines have been released and they move once more toward the sea.

(Continued on Page 12)

---

**THREE CUNARDERS, THREE DAYS, 4,251 TOURISTS**—As appropriate as though made to order for Guy Savino's accompanying billet-doux to the world's busiest port, this aerial photo from Cunard Steam-Ship Co., Ltd., of four of its passenger vessels, and two others, in their North River berths is just what the doctor might have ordered if he had known the Newark Evening News feature was in the works.

Of the four liners alongside Piers 90 and 92, the 83,673-ton *QUEEN ELIZABETH*, the world's biggest ship, was the first to shove off, May 5, with 2,191 passengers—the largest number she had carried in 1954 to that time. The next day the *GEORGIC*, under charter to Cunard for a series of summer voyages, departed with 990 passengers; and on May 7 the 35,677-ton *MAURETANIA* sailed with 1,070 aboard. The fourth Cunarder, 34,000-ton *CARONIA*, got away May 11 on a 40-day European cruise. Left to right in this photo: *GEORGIC*, *MAURETANIA*, *QUEEN ELIZABETH*, *CARONIA*, and—continuing southward and out of the Cunard domain—the Greek liner, *S.S. OLYMPIA*, and *S.S. CONSTITUTION* of American Export Lines. Quite a lineup even for New York.

Note two powerful Grace Moran-class harbor tugs, one under the *QUEEN's* port bow, the other idling off Pier 92, ready to assist the ocean giant out into the channel and to point her nose downstream. (Moran docks 'em and sails 'em.)



## Company Promotes Walling, Bodlovic

Appointment of Elmer D. Walling as manager of Moran's maintenance and repair base at Port Richmond, S. I., and of Nick Bodlovic as chief dispatcher at company headquarters, 17 Battery Place, Manhattan, was announced in mid-June by Joseph H. Moran, II, vice president.

Walling succeeds Bruno Lukosus. The dispatching department position has been vacant since the retirement of Capt. Joseph H. Miller last February.

A younger brother of Capt. Percy L. Walling, master of the inland waterways tug *Anne Moran*, Elmer joined the firm 11 years ago as chief engineer of the *E. F. Moran, Jr.* Previously, he had been employed as a machinist at the Marine Basin Shipyard, Brooklyn; and before that (1936-1941) he was chief engineer of a small freight vessel operated by a family-owned concern, the Walling Transportation Line. (She carried copper from plants on the Kills to Providence and Boston, and steel wire from Providence to New York, principally.)

Mr. Walling is a native of Oneonta, N. Y., went to school in Montclair, N. J., and presently resides at 7 Barnegat Avenue, Adamston, N. J. He is 42 years old.

Thirty-nine-year-old Nick Bodlovic, born in Ohio, came with Moran early in 1943, following several years "on

deck" with another towing company in its North Atlantic coastal service. After three years as a night dispatcher he was shifted to the day side. He resides at 92 Battery Avenue, Brooklyn.

(Note: A full-length "profile" of Nick appeared in the Christmas, 1951, issue of TOW LINE.)

---

**Morantow: Barges, Nos. 2116, 2126 and 2127, New Orleans, La., to Maracaibo, Venezuela—1,757 miles.**

---

### Outlying (Northern) Precinct

Gentlemen:

... We have your 1954 calendar prominently displayed, and have begun a collection of such paintings by your excellent artist, Mr. Evers. We find each issue of TOW LINE very interesting and informative. Of course we hoard every copy for our nautical library and collection. ... Another thing we wish to thank you for: you were instrumental in getting us acquainted (via mail) with a very nice young couple in Haarlem, Holland. Jan and Corry Kremer of Haarlem receive TOW LINE also, and after seeing our name and address in one of your issues they wrote to us. We have been corresponding ever since, enjoying it immensely. How you do get around! We are sending with this letter a photograph made in Ketchikan last October, of the *Eugenia M. Moran* and her tow, the world's largest DeLong dock. We certainly were thrilled to see one of your "M" tugs here in Ketchikan! Also enclosed is a clipping of the story and photo that appeared in the Ketchikan Daily News.

MR. AND MRS. J. P. MORGAN  
(Rt. 1, Box 484, Ketchikan, Alaska)

## 'Doris Moran' Helps Crew of Sunken Tug

When the local tug *Brooklyn* sank swiftly and without warning just before daylight June 1 off the Battery, New York, carrying one of her seven-man crew to his death, the *Doris Moran* and other company tugs fortunately were close at hand to pick up survivors and to render other assistance.

The *Brooklyn*, with a New York Dock Co. carfloat, the *No. 8*, was en route from Weehawken, N. J., to Brooklyn when she listed to starboard suddenly and sank in 35 seconds, according to her master, Capt. James Ormston. Five other members of the crew scrambled aboard the *No. 8* and cut lines to the tug. The fireman, Edward Casal, was trapped below and drowned.

The *Doris*, only 1,000 feet away, quickly responded to whistle and lantern distress signals, came alongside, and picked up the survivors. After transporting the drifting carfloat to the Battery seawall and making her fast, she delivered the crew of the lost tug to Pier 15, Brooklyn.

Three other "M" tugs, *Barbara Moran*, *Carol Moran* and *Molra Moran*, also were in the vicinity and stood by to render additional assistance, if required, before pushing on upriver to help dock *RMS. Queen Elizabeth*.

When STS. HEMIRUSUS arrived in New York for the first time, May 21, whose tugs except Moran's (*CAROL* and *PETER*) would be assigned to dock her at Asiatic Petroleum Corp.'s Pier A, Bayonne, N. J.? This 12,185-gross-ton tanker, built in the Cammell Laird & Co. yard at Birkenhead, Eng., for Shell Tankers, Ltd., was launched in November, 1953. She is 555 feet long, with a beam of 69.5 feet and a moulded depth of 39 feet, and is one of a series of 50 such vessels. On this auspicious occasion Alec Logan, a director and technical head of Shell Tankers, arranged for a group of shipping executives to inspect the *HEMIRUSUS* at her New Jersey berth. Among the visitors, most of whom are

shown in one of two accompanying photos, were: Adolph Kurz, Keystone Shipping Co.; Gail Lindley, California Transport Corp.; Henry O. Schwartz, Paragon Oil Co.; S. Roma and E. V. Shearer, Overseas Tankship Corp.; W. G. Johnson and P. J. Clausen, Trinidad Corp.; G. E. Hooks and F. C. L. Owen, The Texas Co.; J. Roberts, Lloyds Register of Shipping; E. A. Klar, Todd Shipyards Corp.; William B. Case, Shell Oil Co.; J. Frank Belford, Jr., Seaboard Shipping Corp.; Mr. Logan, M. Deeks, Shell Petroleum, Ltd.; and R. D. McGregor, John A. Walstrom, Henry M. Greffin, and Ellery R. Baxter, Asiatic Petroleum Corp.—Photos from Shell Oil Co., and Franz W. Eck.



## Tug 'Pauline L. Moran' Tows Ex-Nazi Sub— Portsmouth, N.H., to Port Colborne, Ont.



ALLERY, REAR ADM. D.V., USN, writing from Chicago under date of June 7: "Now that the U-505 has been safely delivered to Buffalo, I want to thank you, on behalf of the Mayor's Committee, for the generosity of the Moran Towing & Transportation Co. in contributing a large part of this towing job as a public service, and to commend the captain and crew of the tug *Pauline L. Moran* for their outstanding seamanship and cheerful willingness to do whatever was necessary to accomplish this difficult job.

"They brought the U-boat through an Atlantic gale without damage; they negotiated the difficult and dangerous St. Lawrence seaway more rapidly than the Canadians thought possible...

"I rode the *Pauline L. Moran* for two days between Cornwall and Cardinal and have the utmost admiration for Captain Jones and his whole crew. All hands worked long hours and every man on board seemed to take a personal interest in getting the job done.

"By expert seamanship they took a 26-foot-beam tug through locks 45 feet wide, towing alongside a sub whose beam was 23 feet. As we pulled out of every lock we left the lock-keeper standing by this gate with his eyes popping out, shaking his head and muttering, 'It can't be done!'

"Please convey my personal thanks and a hearty 'well done!' to Captain Jones and all hands on the gallant little *Pauline L. Moran*."

Admiral Gallery, commander of the Navy task force that captured the only German submarine taken intact in World War II, now Chief of Naval Air Reserve Training, U. S. Naval Air Station, Glenview, Ill. has taken perhaps 5,000 words out of Tow Line's mouth with the foregoing 200-odd. We

may be able to add a bit of color, but few significant facts to the story of our *Pauline L.*'s voyage from Portsmouth, N. H., to Port Colborne, Ont., with the U-boat that will become a permanent exhibit at the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago.

The tow departed the New Hampshire port May 15 after a 24-hour delay caused by unfavorable weather, but the storm recurred to buffet Captain Jones with 48 mph. winds off Cape Sable at the southern end of Nova Scotia. Extremely confused seas caused by a strong tide from the Bay of Fundy running against storm waves, plus thick fog, helped matters not at all. Nevertheless, and despite some minor difficulties encountered at a couple of Canadian ports, and in negotiating the first three locks of the Lachine Canal at Montreal, the sub was turned over in good order to a U. S. Coast Guard tug at Buffalo on May 31.

According to Captain Jones, who resides at 108 Osceola Avenue, Providence, R. I., Canadian lock-tenders refused to believe until it was demonstrated to them that the U-505 and the Moran tug could be locked through together. This was accomplished with great savings in time and money—and

### New Orleans News Item



Energetic G. J. (Jack) Faulkner of the Black Warrior Towing Co., Harvey, La., long an associate of Moran Towing & Transportation Co. in that latitude, was on deck with our company house flag and some formal duties to perform when nine transportation and industrial associations presented tributes in the form of plaques, citations of merit, scrolls and certificates of awards to the American Waterways Operators, Inc. at New Orleans on Inland Waterways Day. The presentations were made at a luncheon sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce of the New Orleans Area, May 31. The above photo shows Mr. Faulkner congratulating Chester C. Thompson, president of A.W.O., and presenting him with a plaque.


with six inches on each side to spare—by lashing them together so the bulge in the side of the tug was superimposed on the under water bulge of the submarine's hull. Thereafter, 15 minutes was the average time required for each locking operation on the St. Lawrence waterway, which has plenty of locks.

All hands at Moran HQ, including the president of the company, himself a rear admiral, USNR, and Capt. Frank Hughes, general manager, had nothing but the highest praise for the *Pauline L.* and her crew.

Left: Leaving Portsmouth, N. H. (Navy photo); and right, in St. Lawrence River, Alexandria Bay, N. Y. (Watertown Daily Times photo.)





**NEW SUPERTANKER**—As Moran tugs assisted the brand new 38,000-ton Cities Service Oil Company supertanker W. ALTON JONES to dock on the south side of Pier 88, North River, bright and early Monday morning, June 21, Thomas Airviews made this comprehensive action photo of the operation. The JONES—named for the chairman of the Cities Service board—is said to be the largest, fastest and most powerful vessel ever built for an oil company. Her capacity is 14,112,000 gallons; her cost, \$9,500,000; her length, 707 feet—longer than any merchant vessel built in this country except the superliner UNITED STATES and the supertanker WORLD GLORY (recently completed at Quincy, Mass.); and her horsepower, 22,000. The new ship came from the yards of the Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Co. She will carry oil from the Persian Gulf. The port's famous "red carpet" welcome for newcomers—whistle salutes, fireboat cascades, hovering helicopters, escorting tugs, etc.—was accorded the W. ALTON JONES as she moved upriver to her exhibition berth at 48th Street, Manhattan. Our tugs MOIRA MORAN and EUGENE F. MORAN docked her easily, quickly. 



## Company Equipment, Men on WABC Show

Moran tugs and shoreside facilities and the company's senior docking pilot, Capt. Anton Huseby, play an important part in an hour-long documentary-type radio program which, when this was written, was scheduled to be broadcast from 8 to 9 p.m. on June 29 by station WABC.

Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran, president of Moran Towing and Transportation Co., was "taped" so he might help to tell the story of the indispensable role of tugs in marine chores connected with operating the Port of New York on a 24-hour basis.

WABC's "Report to the City" show has already documented the New York fire, police and water supply departments. This one, covering the Department of Marine and Aviation (Vincent A. G. O'Connor, commissioner), was put together from on-the-spot recordings describing routine and special workings of the department, including many problems.

Other voices: Commissioner O'Connor's and those of Capt. Lewis H. Rabbage, chief engineer, commenting on Pier 57, the most ultra-modern waterfront facility, and John M. Buckley, consulting engineer on the 58-million-dollar reconstruction and moderniza-

tion program for Port of New York docks.

Captain Huseby was asked to tell WABC's audience about his hair-raising experience in docking the French liner *Ile de France* in an 80-mile-per-hour hurricane in New York back in 1938. (Researcher and writer Vince Dempsey also interviewed the master of that ship, Capt. Jean Comillia; recorded a routine docking of the Cunard liner *Queen Mary*, with whistles and other characteristic sound effects, as well as a sailing of the Italian liner *Andrea Doria*; and even took his microphone aboard a Staten Island ferry for a running description of local electronic navigational facilities.)

### The Technicolor Touch

Dear Mr. Bull:

It is always with great pleasure that I receive your very familiar TOW LINE. As a seafarer I have been to New York many a time. I have always been fascinated by the colorful rhythm of that immense harbour in which Moran plays such a great and important part. To me, here in Normandie, TOW LINE is a breath of New York air . . . now reinforced by that vibrant background, your elegant 1954 calendar, which gives a technicolor touch to memories of bygone days. Thank you for your kindness, and may this year bring happiness to you all.

PIERRE N. GRIFFIN

(*Sainte Adresse, Seine Inf., France*)

### British Circulation

Dear Sirs:

I wish to thank you once again for issues of TOW LINE you have been so kindly sending to me. You may be sure that all the tug crews I meet in the Port of London Authority docks enjoy the contents of your interesting magazine. I have recently been transferred from one P.L.A. dock to another; consequently the above change of address. Would you please note this? I should not wish to miss an issue through this move of mine.

H. E. DICKMAN

(*Grays, Essex, England*)

### Add '50 Years Ago'

(*From the files of the defunct New York Maritime Register, June 22, 1904*)

General Slocum (excursion steamboat) left the dock, foot of Third Street, New York, a.m. of June 15, with about 1,700 excursionists bound for a grove on Long Island Sound. While still in the East River, a fire broke out on board the steamer, but she was kept on her course up the river until North Brother Island was reached, where she was beached, and the burned to the water's edge. A number of persons were saved, but the majority, mostly women and children, were either burned to death or drowned. Up to yesterday, 793 bodies had been recovered. Three hundred and twenty-eight persons are reported as still missing.

# 'American Merchant Marine — Lifeline of Industry'

*Editor's note: The 17-year-old author of the following article, a senior at St. Thomas High School, Houston, Texas, was one of the winners in the 1954 Harold Harding Memorial Essay Contest, an annual competition conducted by the Propeller Club of the United States. The proud youngster's award: a round trip to Australia as a guest of United States Lines! Previously, he had won first prize in a local contest sponsored by the Propeller Club Port of Houston, and his 1,012-word effort on an assigned theme, "The American Merchant Marine: Lifeline of Industry," later was selected as one of the 24 best submitted in the final judging by the club's national publicity committee, of which your editor is a member. The piece, almost unedited, is published as a matter of common interest.*

BY MARCUS A. J. SMITH, JR.

IF THE captain of an old side-wheeler who had last seen the serpentine Buffalo Bayou a few decades before the turn of the century could be brought back from his grave and shown what is today Port Houston, he would be, to say the least, astonished. Not only would he be amazed at the change in the port itself, but he would be even more amazed at the tremendous industrial growth which has taken place in the surrounding vicinity.

This same change he would find repeated at any large port in the country, or even in the world. Wherever there is a good natural harbor or an easily man-made one, there too will be great industrial growth and/or expansion. Port Houston used to be only an embargo center for cotton; now it is the key which unlocks the productive powers of a vast and ever-expanding combination of industries.

## World's Raw Materials

Up its churning waters to its teeming docks come raw materials from the nations of the world—rubber from Malaya, tuna from the great tuna grounds, burlap from India, and countless other commodities. These are fed into numerous industrial plants which in turn use them to produce such everyday articles as rubber tires, light bulbs, components for radios and television sets, as well as the many, many

luxuries that make our America the country with the highest living standard ever achieved by any nation.

We can say with certainty that no major industry could exist without at least the indirect aid of the American Merchant Marine. For example, every time the clock ticks off a minute, the Port of Houston pours \$200.00 into the economic bloodstream of the City of Houston. That is \$12,000.00 an hour—over \$100,000,000.00 a year. Included in these figures is only the money spent directly by ships that visit the port. Indirect benefits run into the billions, and help support dozens of businesses and industries. Multiply such figures by the numerous seaport cities in this nation and you can clearly see the tremendous economic influence wielded by the maritime industry. It is not hard to visualize the economic catastrophe that would take place if every ship, boat and barge were to be swallowed up by the sea!

## American 'Fourth Arm'

In time of war, our nation is just as dependent on the merchant marine as it is on the Army, Navy, or Air Force. Recently, President Eisenhower, in stating that it was indispensable in war, called it our "fourth arm." During World War II, three out of every four tons of vitally needed arms, munitions, and supplies were delivered by American Merchant Marine ships; and even that record was surpassed during the recent Korean conflict. It has been said that our mighty productive powers literally won the second World War; but would these feats of industrial might have profited us had there been no merchant ships to deliver those supplies to their destinations? However, this impressive accomplishment was not done without loss, for over 600 U. S. merchant ships and 6,000 merchant seamen were lost to enemy action.

Although it has been shown that American industry is, for the most part, dependent on merchant ships to bring to it raw materials and to supply foreign markets with manufactured products, one very important problem is constantly becoming more and more serious. If allowed to continue unchecked, one day it will overrun and destroy our great American Merchant



*Capt. Edward Kavanaugh, master of the S.S. PROSPER GUM, United States Lines, welcoming young Marcus Smith aboard his ship at Houston, Texas, shortly before she sailed for Brisbane, Australia.*

Marine. The problem is this: American ships, in the years following World War II, have carried less and less of America's ocean-borne trade to foreign countries. The reason is that our ships, have the highest operating costs in the world, and foreign ships can (and do) charge lower rates than ours.

Recently it also became apparent that our merchant fleet is fast becoming a "has-been" fleet. Mr. Richard L. Bowditch, president of a prominent American steamship company, has said, "More than 80% of our cargo and passenger ships were built during World War II—and eight out of every ten will become obsolete within ten years." Mr. Bowditch called for an aroused public opinion, more active patronage by American businessmen, and greater government support to bring the United States merchant fleet out of the doldrums which in 1952 saw it carrying only 37.4% of the world's foreign trade.

## It's a Serious Problem

This is indeed a serious problem which, although now seemingly remote, can irreparably harm the merchant marine industry if permitted to continue.

We must, therefore, modernize our merchant marine laws. It seems unreal, but it is fact that the very industries which rely on the shipping industry to export their products (the

*(Continued on Page 11)*





**MARINE BELLWETHER**—First through the Oswego Division of the New York State Barge Canal this season was our industrious inland waterways tug **HARRIET MORAN** (Capt. Meredith E. Connor, 64 Second Street, Waterford, N. Y.), shown in this Chapman photo against the bleak April landscape of Oswego County at Hinmanville, in the vicinity of Phoenix. She was en route from Backsport, Me., to Chicago with the *Time, Inc.*, Barge C. L. STILLMAN, carrying 2,000 tons of coated paper in rolls. Another "M" tug, the **ANNE MORAN** (Capt. Percy L. Walling) was close behind with a second *Time* barge, the N. L. WALLACE; the pair was losing no time in getting their part of the 1954 canal operation under way.

## Argentine Yachts Get a Lift

Dear Admiral Moran:

I have been informed of the generosity and spirit of cooperation manifested by you in offering free towing service for the Argentine yachts from Pier 25, North River, to City Island. Your generosity shows that comradeship and cooperation which is so common to all true seamen. As representative of the "Yacht Club Argentino," and in the name of Argentine yachtsmen who have come to participate in the Bermuda Race, I thank you for your help.

WALTER A. VON RENTZELL  
(Vice Admiral, Argentine Navy)

*Note: The seven yachts mentioned above, all entered in the Newport-to-Bermuda ocean race, June 19, were unloaded from the Argentine State Line's S.S. RIO ATUEL May 10. Taken in tow immediately, tandem style, by the tug NANCY MORAN (Capt. Mitchell Sullivan), six got an effortless ride around the southern tip of Manhattan and up the East River to fitting-out berths at City Island. Admiral von Rentzell, chief of the Argentine Naval Commission in the United States, said the yachts are repaying a visit two American craft—G. W. Blunt White's WHITE MIST and Charles N. Granville's ANGELIQUE—made to Argentina last year for the 1,180-mile race from Buenos Aires to Rio de Janeiro. — Photos from Wendell P. Colton and U. S. Coast Guard.*

## Say That He Loved Old Ships

Say that he loved old ships; write nothing more  
Upon the stone above his resting place;  
And they who read will know he loved the roar  
Of breakers white as starlight, shadow lace  
Of purple twilights on a quiet sea,  
First ridge of daybreaks in a waiting sky,  
The wings of gulls that beat eternally  
And haunt old harbors with their silver cry.  
Speak softly now, his heart has earned its rest,  
This heart that knew each alien star by name,  
Knew passion of the waves against his breast  
When clouds swept down the sea and lightning's flame  
Tore skies asunder with swift finger tips;  
Write nothing more; say that he loved old ships.

DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

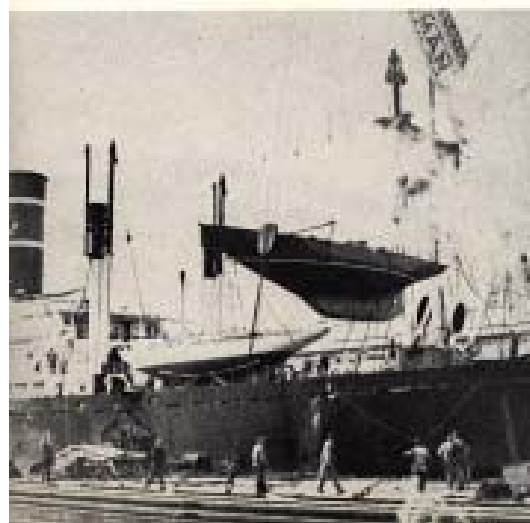
(In *Harper's Magazine*, and "Bright Harbor," published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

**Eye-opener:** Photo-illustrated feature, Staten Island Advance, June 8—all about our tug *Marie S. Moran's* retractable pilothouse, hinged mast, Sperry gyro-compass, Raytheon radar.

## Fleet Safety Record

The following captains and mates had no damages charged against them for the months of March and April:

*Agnes A.*, J. Petersen; *Anne*, J. Morin, P. Walling, G. Hayes; *Barbara*, R. Poissant, J. Sahlberg, H. Wee; *Carol*, R. Hayes, W. Hayes, L. Thorsen, A. Biagi; *Catherine*, J. Costello, H. Vermilyea; *Claire A.*, A. Tucker, A. Duffy; *Doris*, B. Scherer, O. Erickson, P. Gaughran, C. Valley; *Edmond J.*, W. Baldwin, W. Mason; *Eugene F.*, E. Allen, W. Anderson; *Geo. N. Barrett*, J. Todesky, N. Larsen; *Grace*, K. Buck, W. Morch, C. Sheridan; *Harriet*, J. Guinan, M. Connor, F. Perry; *Helen B.*, J. Johnson, J. Jacques; *Joseph H. Moran, II*, L. Goodwin, R. Fiske; *Margot*, V. Chapman, S. Abrams; *Marie S.*, J. Small, A. Yell; *Marian*, J. Barrow, E. Dexter, M. Scott; *Mary*, M. Rodden, J. Driscoll; *Michael*, H. Olsen, H. Jacobsen, L. Larssen; *Maire*, B. Baker, H. Pedersen, J. Jorgensen; *Nancy*, M. Sullivan, F. Jonassen, C. Hyde; *Pauline L.*, R. Jones, T. Trent; *Peter*, L. Langfeldt; *Richard J. Barrett*, E. Carlson, C. Carlson; *Shella*, C. Parslow, J. Chartrand; *William J.*, A. Munson, H. Hansen; *Barrow*, M. Anderson, G. Halvorsen.



## Local Shutterbugs' Annual Day Afloat

BY LUCILLE O. CHRISTIAN

Under occasionally ominous clouds, with a stiff breeze blowing out of the northwest, a capacity tug load of photographers, ranging from rank amateurs to experienced professionals, boarded the *Doris Moran* (Capt. Bernard Scherer) May 22 for the annual outing of the Volunteer Service Photographers, Inc. The day turned out to be a critical test of the technical abilities of every camera enthusiast.

Brief scattered showers sent a few of the less hardy guests scurrying for shelter from time to time, but the weather provided enough brilliant sunshine to satisfy those anxious to enhance their best exposures with filter effects, and something unusual in this line was available as line squalls passed over the city, casting weird shadows on the New York skyline.

The *Doris* left Pier 1, North River, at 1600 and cruised upriver on the New York side as far as George Washington Bridge. Heading southward again, she proceeded to Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty, then up Buttermilk Channel and the East River to Triborough Bridge—as the shutterbugs snapped innumerable pictures. Box lunches were consumed avidly.

Proceeds from such outings are used to help defray the expenses of the V. S. P. in connection with its very worthwhile program of helping to rehabilitate disabled veterans.

Judging by the welter of equipment that found its way aboard the tug, the competition for prizes—which were to be awarded June 17—should be keen indeed.

## Moran's Oceangoing Tug- Boat in Action in the North Atlantic

(Caption material accompanying a center-spread layout in the May, 1954, issue of *De Blauwe Wimpel*, leading marine publication of The Netherlands, Anthony van Karspen, editor—kindly translated for *Tow Line* by Capt. J. B. Aasboer of Lindenhurst, L. I., American correspondent for the widely circulated monthly magazine.)

There appears in the U. S. A. a most interesting monthly magazine called "Tow Line," which is the house organ of the world famous tugboat enterprise Moran Towing & Transportation Co. at New York. Our readers will remember that some time ago we were able to reproduce a series of unique photographs from that periodical. We can now do that again, thanks to the very friendly intermediary, Mr. R. M. Munroe, the capable editor of "Tow Line," who immediately after our request placed the rare photos at our disposal.


One of the Moran tugboats is seen in action during the time she tries to make contact with a ship struggling relentlessly in a North Atlantic storm. The name of the photographer, who had the chance on board that ship to make these impressive exposures, is unknown to us. One thing, however, is certain: he was a master in his profession. And another thing is that the editors of "De Blauwe Wimpel" appreciated it very much that they had the opportunity to publish these pictures. Therefore, once more our gratitude to our colleague of the "Tow Line."

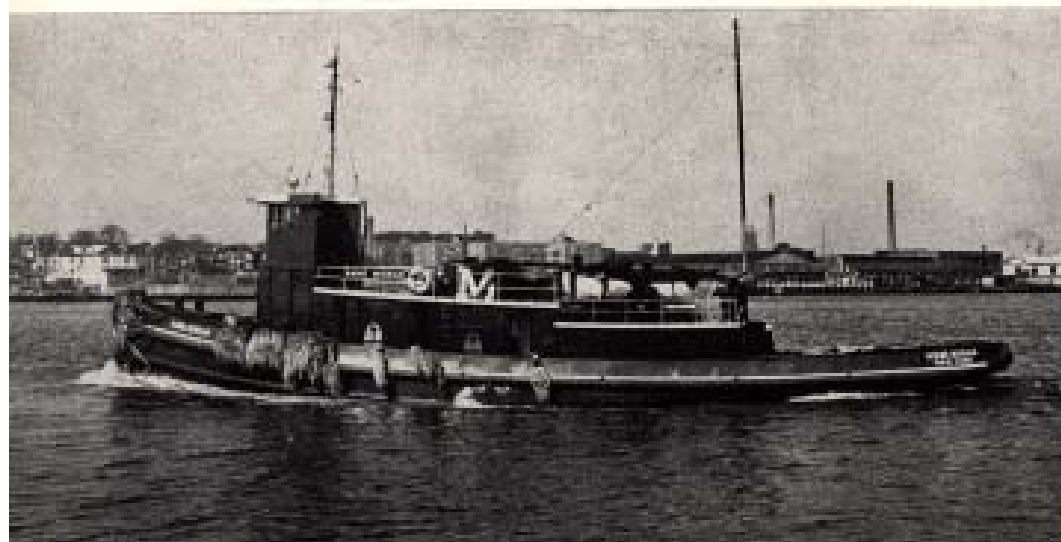
Seasonal reminder to masters and mates of "M" tugs: It is the continuing wish of the management that sailing yachts you encounter be accorded every courtesy of the road consistent with safety and common sense.

## Attractive 'Hello Girl'



Fortunate indeed was Moran T. & T. Co. to have the capable pinch-hitting services of Mrs. Margaret Keller, 68-24 Sixty-second Street, Brooklyn, during Gloria Engel's absence from the company's two-place telephone switchboard. She also served as a relief operator during vacation periods a couple of years ago, and previously was regularly employed by Farnall Lines and the New York Telephone Co. These are the men in her life: Fred, husband; Robert, aged 4½; and Paul, 10 months—and we consider them fortunate, too.

**INCREASED EFFICIENCY**—The latest electronic navigational aids are no longer found aboard rugged, far-ranging ocean tugs exclusively. Vessels such as our ANNE MORAN, essentially (but not necessarily) an inland waterways tug, frequently are as fully equipped. For example, a Sperry lever pilot, designed especially for use on tugs, was installed aboard the ANNE just before the start of the current canal season. It gives the same performance in automatic steering as the gyro-pilot, but is more compact, which is a considerable advantage in small wheel houses. Directly below: Capt. John Moran, 129 North Arlington Avenue, East Orange, N. J., operating the new "gimmick" during tests in Kill van Kull off Staten Island back in April. The ANNE also has a telescoping pilothouse, a Mark 14 gyro-compass, and hinged masts to facilitate her inland waterways work. 



---

## Winning Essay...

---

*(Continued from Page 8)*

dairy, sugar, potato, wool, and cheese industries) receive tremendously larger government subsidies than do the shipping operators. Therefore, we are faced with three alternatives:

(1) To socialize the shipping industry, but this would never be an

adequate substitute for private industry and free labor;

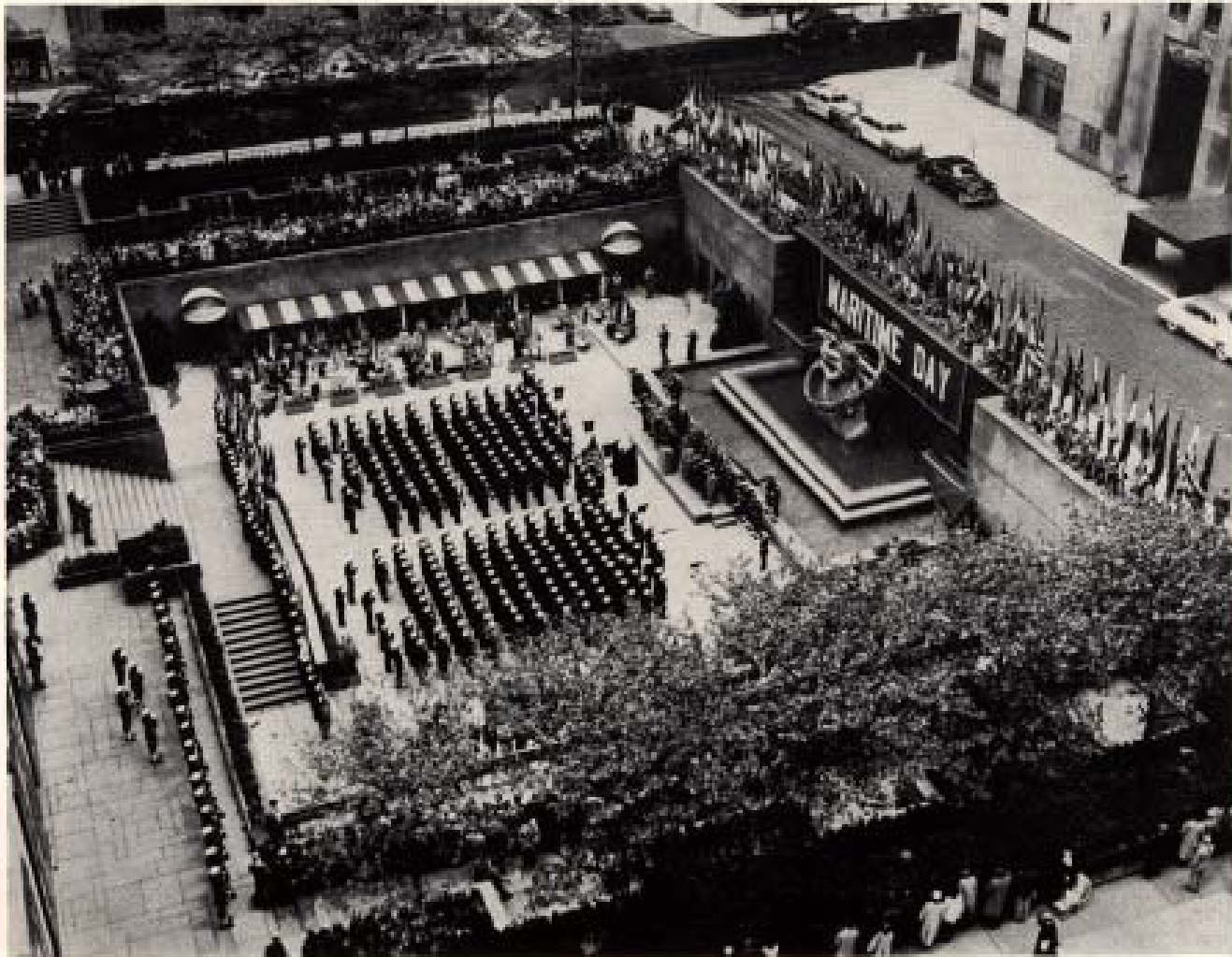
(2) To continue as we are, and let our merchant marine deteriorate until it sinks into oblivion, and permit foreign shippers to dictate freely to our own industries; or

(3) To insist that our government institute a long-range program to provide for the building of merchant ships capable of carrying at least 50% of our foreign trade and all of our coast-

wise and inland-waterway traffic, which also would include passenger and tourist service on all the major travel routes of the world.

If the third alternative is followed, the American Merchant Marine will continue to be great, and our industries will continue to prosper; but if either of the other alternatives are accepted, let us not be surprised if this great nation of ours fails to remain the "greatest on the face of the earth."

## National Maritime Day: New York, May 22, 1954



*This outstanding New York Times photo by Neal Boenzi shows what an appropriate setting the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center provided for Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks, principal speaker of the day here; Vincent A. G. O'Connor, New York Commissioner of Marine and Aviation; James S. Carson, chairman of the New York World Trade Week committee; Walter E. Maloney, president of the American Merchant Marine Institute; and the Rev. James C. Healey, senior chaplain of the Seamen's Church Institute, when they spoke to 1,000 persons attending the twenty-*

*first annual observance of Maritime Day in New York. Cadets from the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, L. I., are shown in formation on the flag-decked skating rink, following a 500-man parade up the Avenue of the Americas from Forty-fourth Street. Secretary Weeks pledged full support of the Eisenhower administration for "a merchant marine adequate for our national security and commercial needs." Other such celebrations were held in port cities and elsewhere throughout the United States, and even in foreign countries.*

---

## Savino's Letter...

---

(Continued from Page 4)

Blood has run on our waterfront. There is no waterfront that has not seen violence. There has been corruption on the waterfront. But corruption also ranges far from the shoreline.

Man can do little of mortal damage to our waterfront. Nature fashioned her too well. The mighty currents flowing from the Atlantic have dug the deep channels which bear countless ships with effortless ease. The harbor's capacious arms embrace the ships with a mother's protective love.

And the great cities which have grown about the harbor, taking their sustenance from her, have repaid her with the vitality of their people.

Some, who shy away at shadows, express the fear that the St. Lawrence seaway will subtract from our port's influence, as though a man-made channel can diminish the geography and the people that have made her great.

### Ninety Million Dollars

Only in a vast port where the greatest ships afloat are handled like match sticks could \$90,000,000 be spent on improvement and rehabilitation with scarcely the blink of an eye. In fact, there was no general awareness of the immensity of the fortune thrown so casually into the betterment of the facilities until some one took the trouble to tote up the figures. Yet it was far more than was spent by any six other ports in the country.

Friend, protector and provider—our Port of New York.

---

### The Washington Ticker

Dear Bob:

That bi-monthly TOW LINE is as welcome as the flowers in May. A jaundiced old journalist myself, I like the clean type, the well done layouts, the good photos, the interesting stories, the personalities—yes, even the poetry. Who wouldn't be thrilled by "Retired Sea Captain"? Maritime public relations could be helped so much if more in the industry turned out such a superior product as TOW LINE and practiced some of the precepts of M. T. & T. Best wishes ever to you all up there on the waterfront. Please keep TOW LINE a-comin'.

JOHN FORNEY RUDY, Senior Ed.

(Whaley-Eaton Service, Washington)

### Another Evers Fan

Dear Sir:

I ran across an issue of your magazine (December, 1953) and on the cover was a copy of your artist's painting of eight of the large transatlantic liners. If you should have a print of this picture left over, would you please send me one? Also, I don't know what the price of your TOW LINE is, but I would be only too glad to pay for a subscription. Thanks.

A. C. SIDES  
(Calcutta, India)

---

### "Ships and the Sea"

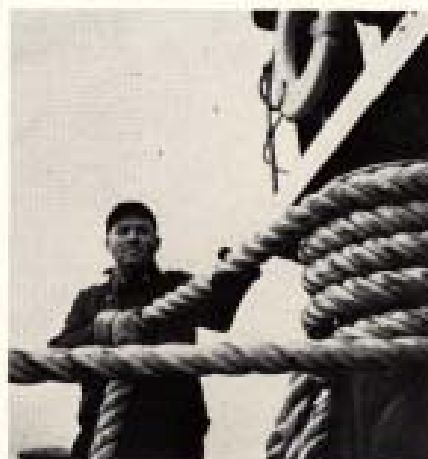
To the Editor:

... If you have any old issues with articles on the activities of your tugs in the Milne Bay, New Guinea, area during World War II, I would appreciate receiving them. I was located there during the war. I have just finished an article about your firm in an old issue of "Ships and the Sea." It was a most interesting piece of work, and you are to be commended for making the facts available to the author. I am very much interested in ships and American harbors, especially New York, since I was stationed in New Jersey in 1944 while I was in the Army. Please add my name to your mailing list if that is possible.

HAROLD C. MORRIS  
(Hickman Mills, Mo.)

---

### Doris Moran's Nylons



We haven't the foggiest idea what "dersler" or "gauge" the nylons are that so many tugs in the Moran fleet are sporting nowadays, but there seems to be no doubt about their appeal to the masculine eye—as usual. Various brands have been thoroughly tested by the boys afloat. Would it be damning with faint praise to say that at the very least they have been found far more durable than their counterparts from the women's hostelry sections? Here, deckhand Roy L. Burnette, 1629 Sixty-sixth Street, Brooklyn, a member of the crew of the Doris Moran and an employee of the company since August, 1950, snubs an eight-inch nylon hawser around one of his tug's stern bits.

---

## 50 YEARS AGO

(The following items of interest were selected from bits of the old New York Maritime Register by Capt. Earl C. Palmer of Moran Headquarters.)

**MAY 4, 1904**—*M. F. Plant* (ss) was towed into Tampa April 30 by steamer *Shawmut*. The *Plant* had lost her propeller April 24 ninety miles south of Tampa Bay. The *Shawmut* left Port Tampa May 2 with the *Plant* in tow, bound to Baltimore. . . . The steamer *Princess Irene* (Ger.), which arrived at New York May 4 from Genoa, brought eight shipwrecked seamen from the Austrian barkentine *Marije*, which was abandoned May 1 in 39°41' N, 50°28' W.

**MAY 25, 1904**—*Isis* (tug) was destroyed by fire at Bridgeport a.m. of May 23. . . . Schr. *J. T. Hopkins*, in tow of tug *Dawmless*, passed up Sparrows Point at 9:50 a.m. She has been in collision. Her bowsprit and headgear are gone. The tug's rail, pilot house and engine room are badly damaged. . . . *William Babe* (schr), which was in collision 20 miles E. of Fire Island with steamer *Furnessia* May 15 and abandoned, arrived at New York May 18 in tow of tug *J. J. Merritt* and tug *Mumal*. Vessel was on her beam ends.

**JUNE 8, 1904**—*Lorberry* (bge) of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal Co. was sunk off Vineyard Sound Light Vessel during dense fog at 7 a.m. on June 5 through collision with steamer *Tallahassee*, bound from Savannah for Boston. Captain Burroughs of the barge was drowned. The *Tallahassee* arrived at Vineyard Haven June 5. Her passengers were sent to Boston by rail. . . . (Kingston, Jamaica) Str. *Rossetti* (Br.), with 450 laborers from United Fruit Co.'s plantations, went ashore off Port Royal last night on her way to Bocas del Toro, Costa Rica. All efforts to float her have proved futile.

**JUNE 15, 1904**—Messrs. Neafie & Levy launched June 11 a steel tugboat for M. Moran Towing Co. of New York. The new boat is named *Eugene F. Moran* and is intended for coast and harbor work. She is 105' in length, 22'6" in beam, 12'6" in depth. . . . (Providence, R. I.) Tug *Courtwise* from Newport News reports that on Friday, about 10 miles from Fenwick Island, the barge *Ellida* parted her hawser and foundered. The captain, his wife, two daughters, and four men comprising the crew were rescued by the tug. *Ellida* was loaded with coal. Barge *New Jersey*, also in tow, was brought safely into port.

**JUNE 29, 1904**—The new steel tug *Catherine Moran*, built for Moran Towing Co. of New York, was launched at the yard of Neafie & Levy at Philadelphia on June 25. She is 105' long, 23' in beam, 13' in depth, and was named for the wife of Commodore Moran.

## Hennessey Now Ass't Vice Pres. of Moran



E. J. H.

Edward J. Hennessey, 9437 Shore Road, Brooklyn, a familiar figure in the tug business in New York harbor for more than two decades, has been made assistant vice president, sales, of Moran Towing & Transportation Co., it is announced by Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran, president.

Mr. Hennessey, a native of the Borough of Churches (b. 1905), entered the tug business in 1933 as a deck-hand employed by Card Towing Co., now out of existence, and three years later became a dispatcher.

He joined Moran for the first time in 1939, also in the dispatching end, but two and a half years later transferred to Olsen Water & Towing Co., as operating manager.

In March, 1950, Mr. Hennessey returned to Moran, and was given the title of vice president of the Olsen firm when the two were merged and Moran took over equipment and accounts with which he was familiar. He will continue in that capacity, specializing in servicing local accounts.

### Coastal

(From the New York Times, Mar. 26, 1954)

Slowly the fog drifts in from sea  
Over the marshes fill the town  
Fades into gray obscurity,  
A strange, half-darkness closing down.

Landmarks are lost, the pine trees blur  
Against a disappearing sky;  
Bell-buoys forewarn the mariner  
And gulls above the harbor cry.

In this mysterious world we keep  
A ghostly vigil, glad to stay  
Where comfortable hearthfires leap,  
Holding the trespasser at bay.

Then, suddenly, a change of wind.  
The curtain lifts, a pale sun shows  
Through mist miraculously thinned;  
Stealthily it comes and stealthily goes.

ALBERT RALPH KORN

What's this we hear about Capt. Mitchell Sullivan of the *Nancy Moran* encountering favorable weather conditions on one voyage late in May that enabled him to *push* Seaboard Shipping Corp.'s petroleum barge *Pan-handle* all the way from Delaware to New York? So what of it? So it was possible for him to average eight knots (repeat eight) with the loaded barge—the sort of job that pays extra dividends in the long run—and he has our editorial congratulations to add to official ones he has received.

### No Trouble At All

Dear Sir:

As I am very interested in ships of all sorts, I should like to receive some photographs of the tugs of your famous company. Booklets are very welcome. I hope you will be able to help me, and I thank you in anticipation for the trouble to be taken

JAN D. FELIENS

(*Berglustaan 17a, Rotterdam, Holland*)

Editor's note: The foregoing letter was illustrated with a very realistic action picture of an ATA-type tug of our *Marion Moran* class, and if Mr. Felien had not used ink of a weak bluish cast in making it he would find his free-hand drawing reproduced herewith.

Congratulations to Capt. Frank Hughes, this firm's hard-working general manager, on being made a member of the Marine Society of New York. The charitable organization, incorporated in 1769 under King George III, has a limited membership of 300. It looks out for the welfare of widows and orphans of shipmasters.

### Add One: Germany

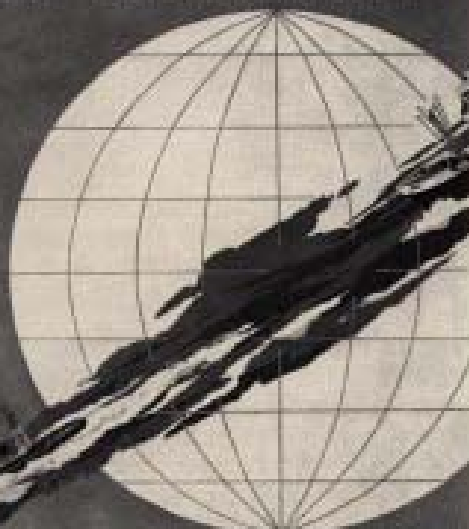
Dear Sirs:

As I have noticed in the press, you are publishers of *TOW LINE*, in which I take great interest. You, therefore, would oblige me very much by adding my name to your mailing list for this publication.

DR. G. A. THELL

(*Inst. für Schiffahrtforschung, Bremen*)

## DEEP SEA TOWING



**MORAN**  
TOWING & TRANSPORTATION

NEW YORK - CABLE: MORANTOW

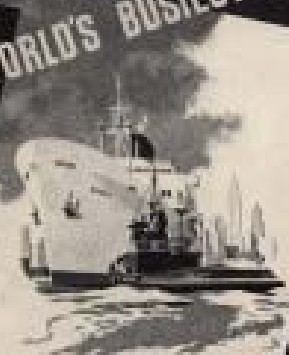
AGENTS: O.S.I.A.M. VIA CECCARDI 4-26, GENOVA

THE ACCOMPANYING POSTERS, prepared for this company by its advertising agency, the Wendell P. Cullton Co. of New York, are currently on display in appropriate categories in the International Marine Exhibition at Naples, Italy, opened last month, which will continue until October 15, 1954. As all good graphic art must be, these colorful placards calling attention to Moran specialties are self-explanatory.

The exhibition, sponsored by the Italian Ministry of Merchant Marine, is designed "to show the developments of navigation, shipbuilding, ports and the countless industries related to shipping, and their further possibilities in increasing international exchange and trade relations among all countries."

Pavilions house exhibits of various kinds connected with navigation—ranging from shipping lines and port authorities to the fishing industry, art inspired by navigation, technical maritime questions, the human factor in shipping, international organizations, "sea sports" (ship cruises, yachting, etc.), and such miscellaneous subjects as ship models and philately, to say nothing of main ship canals of the world, Panama, Suez, Kiel, others.

**M**  
IN THE WORLD'S BUSIEST PORT



**MORAN**  
TOWING & TRANSPORTATION

NEW YORK - CABLE: MORANTOW

AGENTS: O.S.I.A.M. VIA CECCARDI 4-26, GENOVA





**H**ERE WE GO AGAIN in the biographical division. In this instance we give you the 36-year log—might as well call it that—of Terrence G. O'Connor of Moran's accounting department, presently cashier. On him that currency bedecked title not only fits, but looks well. A good guy to know and to have on your side in emergencies . . .

The fellow was born, he insists—in Bayonne, N. J., nowhere else, February 22, 1918. A George Washington boy.

Naturally, there were the customary efforts to insinuate basic information into the young O'Connor noodle, viz: in St. Vincent de Paul School (*g. 1931*) and in Bayonne High School (*g. 1935*). Both campaigns were at least nominally effectual, as you see.

*First employment* — Grand-Silver 5-and-10¢ Store, Wilmington, Del., where he worked for some months as stock clerk. Thereafter, U. S. Rubber Co., New York, tire sales division, as office clerk, for about a year and a half.

*1937-1941* — Further education, at St. Joseph's Seminary, Calicoon, New York, near Monticello: college studies, which were interrupted for half a term by surgery and other treatment of spine fracture resulting from tobogganing accident.

*1942* — Employed several months as night information clerk at Hotel Taft, New York. . . . Enlisted in U. S. Navy



*The O'Connor*

and was sent to Newport Naval Base for boot training, but later was "surveyed out" of service because of that spinal condition.

*1943* — A month after being discharged from Navy, accepted employment with U. S. Army Engineers at advanced bases in Labrador and other far north areas. While assigned to board cargo vessels to oversee unloading of equipment and supplies, developed urge to go to sea.

*October, 1943* — Enlisted in American Merchant Marine as purser.

*November, 1943* — Employed by Moran as purser on V4 tug *Point Cabrillo* for voyage from New York to Norfolk, Panama, Pearl Harbor and San Francisco.

*February, 1944* — Returned to New York for further assignment. Interim spent in office at Moran HO.

*April, 1944* — Joined V4 *Black Rock* at Montreal for delivery of vessel to New York.

*May, 1944* — Sailed aboard *Black Rock* for United Kingdom—"little knowing," Terry recalls, "we would take part in D-Day operations at Normandy Beach," which of course is a story in itself.

*November, 1944* — Returned to United States aboard *RMS. Queen Mary*, on advice of doctors, U. S. Army Hospital, Cardiff, Wales.

*December, 1944* — Joined Moran's shoreside staff as paymaster for V4's, traveling to outports to pay off crews as trips were concluded. Thereafter, payroll and operating departments, War Shipping Administration, Moran, general agents; and Moran accounting department. (In short, while O'Connor was trying to "find" himself, Moran, in the person of Capt. E. C. Palmer,

found him. Better and more of it, it was speedily arranged to keep him ashore—a square peg for a square hole at long last!—where he is still doing all right.)

Terry's hobbies include an extensive collection of postcards sent through the mails, the kind that requires postage and postmarks. Thus the collection is or will be valuable for its stamps, too.

In June, 1945, the former Florence F. Rencke, also of Bayonne, suddenly discovered her last name had been legally changed to O'Connor. A son, Terrence Joseph, was born August 18, 1947; a daughter, Mary Florence, January 24, 1949.

Outside activities: third-degree member, Star of the Sea Council, Knights of Columbus, No. 371, Bayonne; member of Catholic Youth Organization Adult Advisory Board, St. Vincent de Paul Parish, Bayonne; and member of speakers bureau, Sister Miriam Teresa League of Prayer. In the latter capacity he lectures from time to time on the life and virtues of Bayonne-born Sister M. T., whose cause has been submitted to Rome for examination, with a view toward her ultimate beatification.

That's our Mr. O'Connor's "log" with only minimum embellishments.

*P.S.* — It was Terry, nobody else, who originated the idea resulting in the annual boat ride for Moran shoreside personnel, a fifth running of which was under way as this very item went to the printers, June 15.

Signal from Capt. C. M. Parslow, master of the *Sheila Moran*, just too late — and we're sorry — to make the April issue of *Tow Line*:

"Born, to Mr. and Mrs. George A. Rock, in a Rutland, Vermont, hospital on March 13, 1954, a daughter, Lauren Ann. Mr. Rock has been employed as a deckhand aboard the *Sheila* since June 20, 1951."

It's a boy for the Robert Lavaches. Leonard Joseph, weighing half a dozen pounds at ringside, was born May 7 in Kew Gardens Hospital. Needless to say, Bob, assistant engineer aboard the *Doris Moran*, is extravagantly proud of this new addition to his South Ozone Park menage.



Edward M. Balicky (payroll department), a stalwart of the Moran T. & T. Co. team in the Steamship Bowling League, came away from the ninth annual dinner and business meeting of the league May 25 at the Union Club, Hoboken, N. J., with a brand new title—vice president of the organization, no less. The Trinidad Corporation team, champions for the 1953-1954 season, was presented with the Moran Trophy, which has to be won three times—not necessarily in succession—before it can be retained permanently. The only previous winner was the Prudential Steamship Corporation team, a fifth place finisher this time. Although we may get our editorial ears pinned back for mentioning it, the Moran ball-rollers finished seventh, thus: won, 49½; lost, 49½; points, 68½. (Alas!)

Add cash awards for workable suggestions submitted by company employees:

To Daniel J. Nelson, dispatcher (*see full-length "profile" in the Christmas, 1953, issue of Tow Line*), for his idea relating to the quickest and safest means of handling railroad car floats at various float bridges—aboard each tug, a sketch of the bridges used, together with a list of whistle signals commonly employed at each location.



Miss Diana

The subject, one of our favorites, having aged considerably since her first snapshot embellished a private-eye report in these columns, we again present that self-assured charmer, Miss Diana L. Moran, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Moran, II, shown here trying out her 14-months-old wiles on the pigeons in Carl Schurz Park. The story goes that she has already evinced a lively interest in those tugs with the big white "Ms" on their black stacks, frequently seen from the windows of her East End Avenue home, running up and down the East River; but whether or not she yet knows the difference between a fantail and a fantod does not appear in the latest report of our Tow LINE operative.

## Miss Thomson, Sweet 19



Come July 7, she will be in the two-year employee bracket, will our Miss Marion Thomson, girl Friday to Asst. V. P.'s Joe Moore and Ed Hennessey, whose chores help to keep Moran's sales department on the upgrade. And come August 4—U. S. Coast Guard Day, if she doesn't happen to know it—Miss Marion will be graduated from the 'teens category. (An old woman of 20—think of that!) A product of Bay Ridge High School, she resides with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Thomson, at 5019 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn. One of her favorite off-duty activities is "reading," she says. Hmph! reading the minds of half a dozen starry-eyed boys, like or not.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Livsey, 68 Eighth Avenue, New York, who celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary on June 12. Now first assistant engineer aboard the *Peter Moran*, Tom joined the company in April, 1952; in fact, didn't someone say he has been a member of the *Peter's* crew from the first?

### Att.: Crew of Maira Moran

Dear Mr. Munroe:

I wish to express our sincere appreciation for the extremely interesting day that Mrs. Thrasher and I spent aboard the *Maira Moran* . . . with Lt. Robert A. Labdon of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy. I was particularly impressed with the housekeeping and maintenance of equipment aboard, which demonstrated the type, efficiency and morale of your operating personnel. Your Captains Baker and Pederson, as well as the entire crew, were very courteous and contributed much to our pleasant day by explaining operations and procedures. The efficiency and accuracy with which your two tugs handled the *Queen Mary* was the highlight of our trip.

M. J. THRASHER, Mgr. System Ops.  
(Long Island Ltg. Co., Mineola)

There was gloom, but sympathy to spare, at company headquarters when fellow workers got the news flash on Gloria Engel's serious automobile accident, May 8. One of a quartet of pleasantly efficient operators manning the Moran telephone switchboard, Miss Gloria sustained distressing injuries, including a fractured nose and severe lacerations about the face, when a car in which she was riding to work was struck broadside—whammy!—at a highway intersection in feverish Manhattan. As this item was typed she was recuperating rapidly and looking forward to resuming her regular watch on the 25th floor at 17 Battery Place.

(Note: Our Miss Engel returned to her swivel stool and switchboard gim-micks Monday, June 7, looking little the worse for wear, fortunately.)

TOW LINE extends (for all hands) get-well-quick wishes to Herman Jacobs, veteran Moran inspector, whose "ticker" was discovered recently to be acting up a little. . . . Also to Mike Bodlovic, tug personnel manager, confined to his home with a distressing back ailment as this item goes off to the printer.



Capt. Huseby

That ol' gada-bout, Capt. Anton Huseby, our senior docking pilot, received a rousing welcome from associates at Moran HQ when he returned to his dispatching department desk June 8 after a fine vacation abroad. Tony sailed from New York April 24 aboard the French liner *Liberte* (Capt. Jacques Leveque), and after debarking at Le Havre he squeezed onto the first plane leaving Paris for Copenhagen, Denmark. Thence to Goteborg, Sweden, and finally to Oslo, Norway, where he spent two weeks with his older brother, Olaf, a retired railroad station master. In due time the captain was back in Paris—wouldn't you know?—where he shamelessly acknowledges "kicking up his heels" for a week. He sailed from Le Havre June 1 aboard the *Ile de France* (Capt. Jean Comilia) and arrived in New York June 7, looking younger than ever. . . . *Sotto voce*: Are we in the wrong racket?

