

# TOW LINE



FEBRUARY, 1955

Men, Tugs vs. Sea  
(Pages 5 & 15)



## ON THE COVER—



**HIS WILL INTEREST** Danish readers especially, since the ship dominating our Mr. Evers' murky-day East River, New York, scene is owned by A. P. Moller of Copenhagen—the 6,740-gross-ton *Nicoline Maersk*. Moller Steamship Co., Inc. 30 Broad Street, Manhattan, are her general agents here.

Fitted to carry latex, molasses or vegetable oil in her deep tanks, this particular unit of Denmark's merchant fleet is 478.3 feet long overall, 63.7 feet wide, and 28.5 feet deep. Her diesel engines develop 12,000 horsepower.

According to a Lloyd's report as of this writing, the ship sailed from Hampton Roads, Va., January 16 for Kobe, Japan. She was through the Panama Canal January 27.

We could be—perish the thought!—a trifle inaccurate in identifying Manhattan waterfront buildings, including those industrial-type structures, visible in Mr. Evers' wash drawing, but this might be the sequence, beginning with New York Steam Corporation's 35th Street plant behind that derrick barge: (2) Consolidated Edison's waterside station, (3) the United Nations Secretariat building, (4) Queensboro Bridge, and beyond that (5) the massive pile of New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center—possibly an adjacent group or two.

In any case, fair winds and following seas are what we wish for *Nicoline Maersk* and her sister ships, proudly served in the Port of New York by the world's largest and most modern fleet of tugs, Moran's.



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# TOW LINE

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MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC.

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R. M. Munroe, Editor

Lucille Christian, Associate

## Home Lines Flagship 'Homerich' Is Newest Arrival

**I**N THE Thomas Airviews photo below, you see the 26,000-ton liner *Homerich* arriving in New York bright and early February 7, completing her maiden North Atlantic voyage as flagship of the Home Lines, and fittingly escorted by a pair of our *Grace Moran*-class harbor tugs.

Cascading fireboats saluted the trim, all-white vessel as she proudly passed the Statue of Liberty, and the usual medley of ship whistles greeted her from the time she left Quarantine until the tugs assisted her in docking at Pier 97, North River.

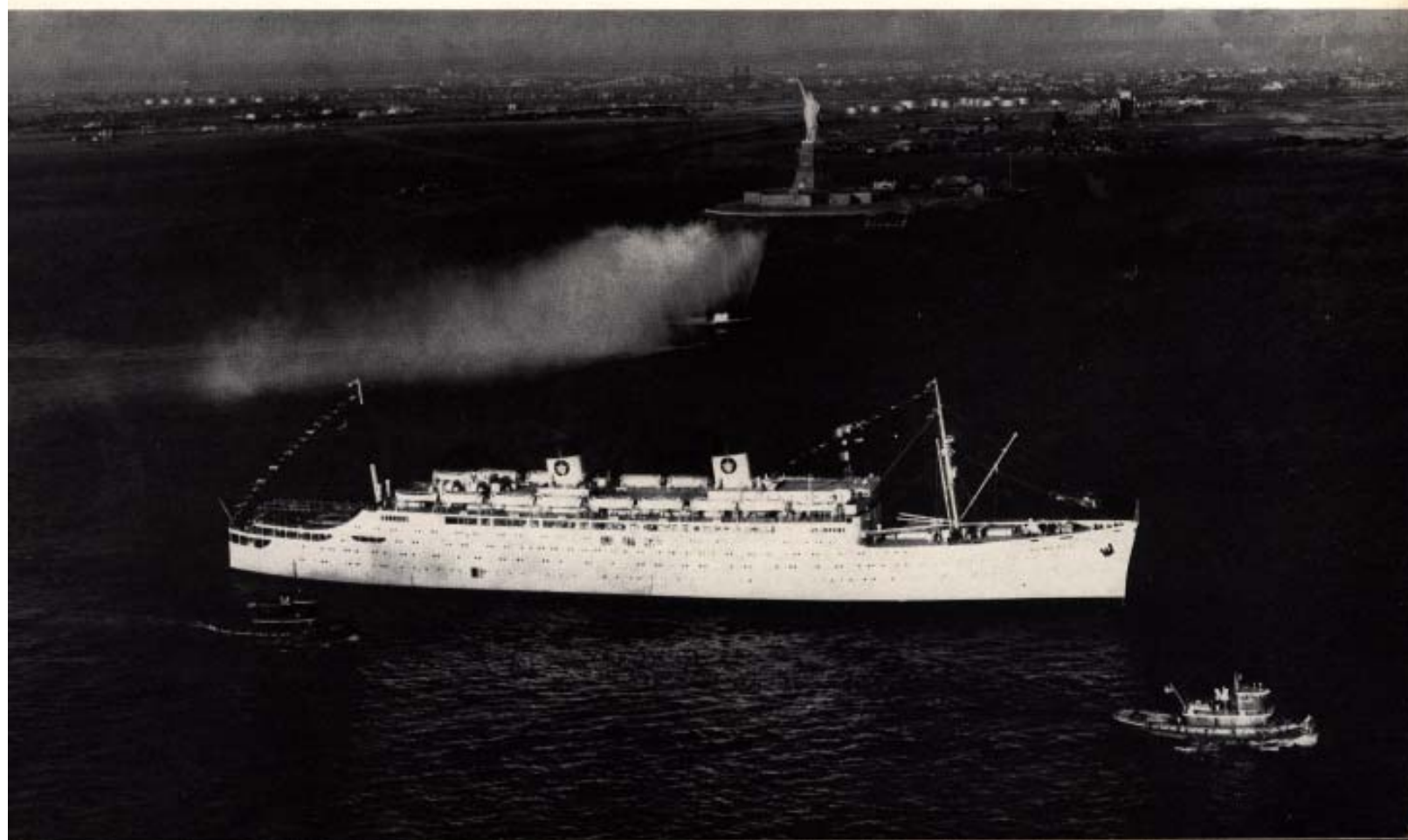
Formerly the troopship *Mariposa*,

the *Homerich* has been transformed by American and Italian workmen—and the expenditure of something like three and a half million dollars—into an ocean greyhound with one of the most efficient modern, steam-turbine power plants, and with more than adequate passenger cabins, lounges and other public rooms. She cruises easily at 20 knots—four less than her top speed. (Capt. Giovanni Ruffine said the ship behaved very well on her exceptionally rough Atlantic crossing, averaging 19 knots on the nine-day run from Naples.)

A two-class ship—first and tourist—

with accommodations for about 1,200 persons, and flying the Panamanian flag, the *Homerich* sailed February 10 on the first of four winter cruises from New York to various ports in the West Indies. In April she will enter the Home Lines' Quebec-Southampton-Le Havre service.

Besides all the impersonal salutes received from New York and New Jersey waterfronts as she entered the port, the new vessel and her crew were greeted here by James J. O'Brien, deputy commissioner of commerce and public events, who acted on behalf of Mayor Robert F. Wagner.



# Celebrated Shipmasters

**CAPT. ALBIN A. ANDERSEN**, commodore (unofficial) of the Grace Line fleet, is a serene and soft-spoken man—deceptively so, probably, because only a short acquaintance with him leaves one with the impression that his wit, skill, experience and tenacity could not be less than a match for any troublesome situation he might be confronted with either afloat or ashore.

As to stamina, there is a Rock of Gibraltar quality about him that becomes more apparent as an interviewer delves into his career. For example, only last August W. R. Grace & Co. awarded our subject the firm's forty-year service medal and honored him with a high-eschelon luncheon at India House, 1 Hanover Square, commonly regarded as the leading shipping industry club downtown. More specific evidence of his durability anon . . .

## Goes Ashore Next July

Some of the commodore's serenity could stem from his contemplation of a not too far distant day, Tuesday, July 19, 1955, the date he is scheduled to retire—to "go ashore," as veteran sailors say. That little matter seems to be well under control, too; at least he believes he knows "just about what I'm going to do." He has a place in the Catskills, somewhere near Woodstock, and characteristically, surveying mentally the thousands of miles of navigable inland waterways in these United States, he has been fooling around with his own plans for a 30-foot houseboat.



Artist Andersen, at work

Captain Andersen was born in Lillesand, Norway, into a family of sea-farers. After attending a navigation school near his native place, he served aboard various Scandinavian and American sailing vessels and steamships before joining Grace Line in mid-summer, 1914—more than two score years ago, as aforesaid. His first berth with Grace was that of third mate on the *S.S. Condor*, bound for Chile, Peru, and Ecuador, via the Strait of Magellan. Off the coast of Brazil, the ship was captured and sunk by the German cruiser *Karlsruhe*, a raider in South Atlantic waters at the time. The crew was landed at Tenerife, one of the Canary Islands, and eventually was repatriated from Liverpool, England.

## Third and Second Mate

During the remainder of World War I, young Andersen was assigned to the *S.S. Capac*, a sister ship of the *Condor*, as third and second officer. Later he was aboard the *Santa Rosa*, built by Cramps at Philadelphia, which at the end of the war was taken over by the United States Navy.

Continuing with Grace Line, he served on several ships as watch officer and chief mate, and in August, 1920, he was appointed master and was given command of the *S.S. Mineola*.

Following service on various Grace ships, in October, 1940, Captain Andersen was appointed port captain and terminal manager, in which capacities he served four years.

## World War II Shipmaster

Late in 1944, he took the *Santa Paula* out on war duty, staying with her on trips to the European theater, the Mediterranean, and the Persian

Gulf. After she was returned to her regular Caribbean cruise route, he was her master until July, 1951, when he was assigned to shore duty again as technical adviser on operations. Since then, he has made several trips on various ships of the Grace fleet, as relieving master. He was scheduled to go again, on the *Santa Rosa*, February 11, on one of those 12-day de luxe cruises to Curacao, N.W.I.; La Guaira (the port for Caracas, capital city) and Puerto Cabello, Ven.; and Cartagena, Colombia.

## Marine Watercolorist

In the tradition of many talented seafaring men—Capt. Donald W. Sorrell, master of the Cunard liner *R.M.S. Queen Mary*, for example; see Christmas, 1954, *TOW LINE*—Captain Andersen's hobby is painting. His favorite subjects, naturally, are ships and the sea. He has to his credit several fine watercolors which have been exhibited and have received flattering critical acclaim. Across a luncheon table at the Downtown Athletic Club one day when a dying January was blustering outside, he acknowledged diffidently in the presence of several witnesses that—s-s-sh!—once he even sold a picture.

One of his companions was reminded of a wheeze tossed to an audience of recruits at Camp Sevier, S. C., during World War I, by a volunteer entertainer who had been a professional contortionist in vaudeville. "I used to get good money for doing this," he would quip, "—not much, but good!"

## Query from Dunedin, N. Z.

Dear Sirs:

I have noticed in the *Shipbuilding & Shipping Record* that you publish a magazine, *TOW LINE*, and I am writing to inquire whether you would be able to place my name on your mailing list. I am quite prepared to pay for this magazine if it is available. I realize that a publication of this nature is for people connected with your company and for friends, but I am very interested in all features of shipping, especially those connected with your country, as information is very hard to obtain in New Zealand. I have the *Newport News Shipbuilding* magazine sent to me by those people, and I also subscribe to the *New York Marine News*, both of which I find very interesting . . .

ALWYN McMILLAN

(*Tapley Swift Shpg. Agencies, Ltd.*)

# 'Marion Moran' (Barrow, Master) Victor Over Storm

(From the Saturday Magazine, New York World-Telegram & Sun, February 19. Reprinted by permission)

By ALLAN KELLER, Staff Writer

**B**RAVE MEN are a dime a dozen along the waterfront. They look and walk and talk like all the others, and usually there's never a way to pick them out unless the pages of a ship's log help pierce the haze and storm clouds.

Brave ships are the same. Sometimes they're sleek and fast and famous. More often they're squat or stubby or rust-in-crust. A landlubber would never pick Capt. James L. Barrow and the tugboat *Marion Moran* as examples of victory at sea, but, if he didn't, he'd be dead wrong.

The *Marion Moran* is a powerful diesel-electric engine mounted in the smallest craft that will stay afloat when the seas are angry. It is all power and no beauty. Capt. Barrow looks a little like his own vessel, short, barrel-chested and powerful.

The skipper left for South America the other day but, before he cast off, his story came out when the Moran dispatcher checked the *Marion's* log. Rather reluctantly he filled in the details.

It was pleasant weather when the tug left San Francisco for Panama to await orders. At the canal Capt. Barrow was ordered to pick up two Lake Maracaibo tankers and tow them to a shipbreaker's dock in Baltimore to be cut up for scrap.

## Engines Purred Like Kittens

Up from the Caribbean, through the Windward Passage and along the Florida Coast, all went well. The big 1,900-horsepower diesels purred like contented kittens and the two empty tankers rode easily at the end of the tandem towline—a nine-inch nylon hawser.

Then off Frying Pan Shoals, about 150 miles south of Cape Hatteras, storm warnings were picked up in the radio shack. Sparks told Capt. Barrow the winds would hit gale force by midnight.



The winds picked up and, by evening, the *Marion Moran* was pitching and heaving and the tankers were bobbing like corks—very big and very unwieldy corks.

"It was a nor'easter," said the skipper, "but the funny thing about it was that, before the main storm struck, we got a bad blow out of the other side of the compass. I turned to a southerly heading to ride it out."

## Like Game of Snap-the-Whip

The two tankers, 2,200 feet astern, yawed crazily at the end of the towing hawser. It was like the country boys' game of snap-the-whip only some of the time the tug was anchor man and at other times it was flung about like a bass plug on the end of a casting rod.

In the small hours of the next morning, the winds shifted, but they didn't abate.

"I tried to swing but I couldn't turn into the wind," explained Capt. Barrow. "I was afraid the tug, or more probably, the tankers would breach to and take water over the side and roll over."

For three days and 15 minutes, the *Marion* ran before the storm. The ground swells built up and the waves grew higher and choppier. If the tug had been riding free she could have matched her speed and course to find the easiest riding. Instead, she whipsawed crazily, a prisoner at the end of the towline.

Sixteen men worked and fought to keep the diesels running smoothly, the tug on the best course possible and the whole enterprise afloat.

"No one ate any lemon meringue pie," laughed the skipper. "We had cold sandwiches mostly. Sometimes the *Marion* steadied enough so we risked heating up coffee or a little soup. And, when we could, we boiled eggs against the time when nothing would stay on the galley range."

Capt. Barrow made a wry face.

"I never did like hard-boiled eggs," he said. "I like 'em even less now."

One morning the wind whisked the spume and the clouds away, and the men on the *Marion* could see the forward tanker was much lower in the water. Either she had sprung a seam or she was taking in green water over the rail.

By now, the tug and its tow had been driven well south of Charleston and the winds were still too stiff to permit Capt. Barrow to change his course. It was a case of "steady as she goes."

"At least," chortled the skipper, thinking back upon the storm, "we weren't in any danger of running out of ocean."

But there was another danger, sinister and fear-provoking, and every one of the 16 men on the *Marion Moran* sensed it fully.

## Would Tanker Take Nose-dive?

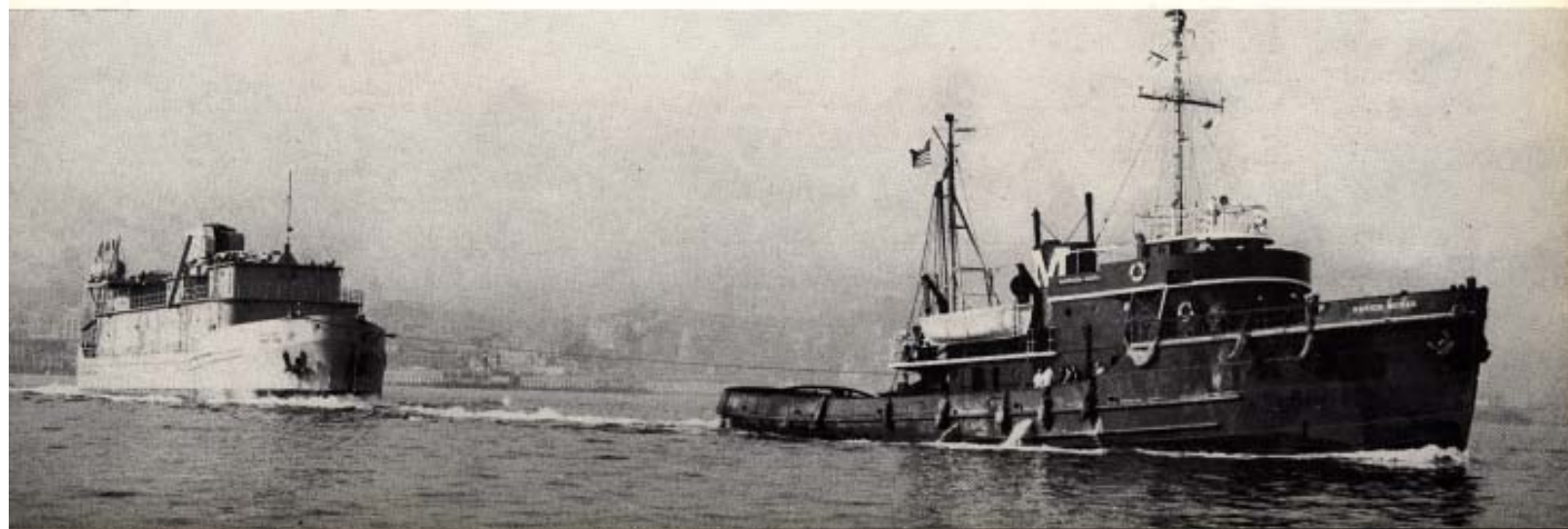
If the tanker that was in trouble took on enough water, it would go under—and it might take the *Marion* with it. Today's towing hawsers are built to take incredible strains without snapping. If the hawser didn't part, the heavier craft would drag the tugboat under like a millstone around a child's neck.

No one discussed that danger. Tugboat men expect danger. It goes with their jobs. They fight with the sea year after year, winning most of the time and making few headlines when they lose. A lot of headstones

(Continued on Page 10)

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The reason *Marion Moran* was in California at the time Mr. Keller's story begins was that she had just delivered one of two FMS-type barges, the No. 789, she had towed all the way out there from Staten Island, N. Y.—a little matter of 6,400 miles. The

other, No. 788, she had dropped off at the mouth of the Mississippi River, for a local tug to tow to New Orleans. (San Francisco harbor photo below by James E. Watson, 12th Coast Guard District HQ. Two other illustrations adorned the World-Telegram & Sun feature.)



## Ships in New York Harbor

They watch the doom-pale moon  
With waiting, yellow eyes:  
Stirs of the crouching wave  
And each star that dies.  
Boldly come the early tugs,  
Proddingly unconcerned with dawn  
As mist-drowned glints of light  
Proclaim the morning born.  
Slow processioning ships  
Sail then one by one  
To enter the great, white  
Crematorium of ocean sun.

ANTONY DE COURCY

(The Lookout: November, 1954)

## Industrial Movie Maker

Dear Mr. Moran (E. F., Jr.):

Recently, one of our motion picture crews spent a couple of hours aboard the *Carol Moran*, shooting a short sequence for a new color film we had in production for the American Cyanamid Co. The 22-minute film, made for public relations and sales promotion, has been completed. I would like to thank you and your associates for the exceptional courtesy shown us, and for making it possible for us to include some scenes of one of your tugboats in our film. The friendly cooperation of the executives in your control room, and of Captain Hayes on the *Carol Moran*, was greatly appreciated. Incidentally, the film, "High Level Profits," was on the subject of chemical feed supplements in poultry farming. This seems far removed from tugboat activities in New York Harbor, but our script called for an unusual opening sequence in which a tugboat is featured...

PETER HICKMAN, Sales Mgr.  
(Fordel Films, Inc., New York)

## Help! Help! . . . We Are Checking Our Mailing List

No matter how conscientiously it is handled, in seven years a magazine mailing list can get a little fouled up, and probably ours is no exception. Before this issue, Vol. VIII, No. 1, turned up in your mail box, we hope you received and filled out a ready-to-mail return postcard, addressed to the editor of TOW LINE, requesting certain information. In case you did not—or in case this notice comes to the attention of someone else interested in receiving regularly our bi-monthly publication—the return form below is reproduced from that postcard. We will appreciate having full and correct names and mail addresses of all hands (*Foreign readers please disregard*).

Please { do } continue to send { me } your magazine, TOW LINE.  
{ do not } { us }

(Please print)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

St. & No. \_\_\_\_\_

City & Zone \_\_\_\_\_

Remarks:

## Mediterranean Bound



An American Export Lines photographer found Rear Adm. and Mrs. Edmond J. Moran in an expansive holiday mood in their suite aboard the liner *S.S. Independence* and made this characteristic shot of the vacationers just before the ship sailed from New York on January 20. They were to disembark at Naples, Italy, and their schedule called for two or three weeks in Sicily, a week in Rome, and possibly a few days in Paris if certain business matters in the French capital should require attention at that time. They reside at 490 Hollow Tree Ridge Road, Darien, Conn. The Admiral is president of Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., Seaboard Shipping Corp., and the Maritime Association of the Port of New York.

"The port is the critical area in our  
oversea line of communication."  
—Maj. Gen. Paul F. Yount, USA.

## Fast Work by Crew Of Tug Saves Life

If a foreigner has it in mind to try to enter the United States illegally, especially by jumping into the icy North River at night from an incoming ship—as Nicolaus Almassy, a stowaway aboard the Holland-America liner *Ryndam*, did late in January—he had better make his attempt as far as possible from any late-working Moran tug and her vigilant crew.

In the instance cited, it was our *Mary Moran* (Eivind H. Knutsen, 582 Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn, at the wheel as acting-captain) that upset the Almassy apple-cart; and a good thing it was, too, because otherwise the 30-year-old Hungarian would be a dead duck. The Hudson is no steam-heated swimming pool at this season.

According to Mr. Knutsen, as thorough-going an amateur reporter as ever took the trouble to telephone information to TOW LINE, the *Mary's* crew heard over VHF radio-telephone a police alarm on the stowaway's desperate jump. Idling only a couple of piers away, the tug proceeded to the scene—chug-chug, posthaste—and immediately picked the fellow up with her powerful spotlight, off Ninth Street, Hoboken. There was little ice in the water, but he had already had more than enough swimming and was yelling to be saved, spluttering that he could take only a few more moments of it.

Dagfinn Jonassen, 901 Sixtieth Street, Brooklyn, a deckhand aboard the *Mary*, heaved a life preserver on a line, and presently Almassy, practically numb and scared stiff, was hauled aboard. Whereupon he passed out cold—in the Fahrenheit sense, too, of course. Under emergency heat treatment (inside and out) in the galley, he promptly came to, apparently little the worse for his dive and swim.

Mr. Knutsen reports a couple of policemen and a doctor in a radio car relieved the *Mary's* crew of their charge at the pier at Fifth Street, Hoboken.

Congratulations to one and all!

*Morantow*: LSM's 28 and 40,  
Charleston, S. C., to Atlantic City,  
N. J.—555 miles.

## Local Association Study Boosts Port

A study made by the Maritime Association of the Port of New York reveals that nearly twice as many ships entered and cleared this port during 1954 as were accommodated by its closest competitor, Philadelphia.

William F. Giesen, general manager of the association, said the survey indicated port activity in New York fell off 5.4 per cent from the previous year—total arrivals and departures having been 23,854 last year, 25,210 in 1953.

Here is the port-by-port breakdown prepared by the organization, of which Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran is president:

	IN	OUT
New York .....	11,952	11,922
Philadelphia .....	6,208	6,153
Hampton Roads .....	5,108	5,006
Los Angeles .....	5,009	4,929
Baltimore .....	4,998	4,661
San Francisco .....	4,478	4,358
New Orleans .....	4,241	4,028
Houston .....	3,584	3,582
Boston .....	2,309	2,251
Seattle .....	2,218	2,214
Portland .....	1,459	1,465
Totals .....	51,544	50,569

American-flag ships accounted for 50.6 per cent of the departures from the Port of New York. (Two thousand and 77 American and foreign vessels entered and cleared here last month.)

**CUSTOMS ITEM:** When the Cunarder *R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth* arrived in New York early in January, the ship's manifest noted 1,398 passengers and "one mouse, white, sex unknown."

## Fine Feathered Friend



We can't testify for sure about this, but circumstances certainly looked suspicious. Popping into the general manager's office recently to make inquiries regarding an ocean rescue under way at the moment, your reporter found Capt. Frank Hughes out to lunch. The hot seat was not unmanned, however, as this action picture of an unidentified assistant proves, but we failed to catch any of the telephone conversation that apparently was being conducted in—er-r-r, pigeon English. At that, probably this fellow was doing fully as well as Frank himself might have; the captain was all but silenced by a bad case of laryngitis that day. Obviously, the "line" was as busy as usual.—Tow Line photo.

**THANKS-A-LOT DEPARTMENT.** Note from Charles H. Hughes, 2681 Amboy Road, Staten Island 6, N. Y.: "In going over my papers, I came across the attached specifications for a tow boat built for Moran Towing Co. by Neafie & Levy, Philadelphia, in 1900. Thought you might be interested. You can keep them."

## Fleet Safety Record

The following captains and mates had no damages charged against them during the months of November and December, 1954:

*Agnes A.*, E. Costello; *Anne*, P. Walling, G. Hayes; *Barbara*, G. Sahlberg, H. Wee, J. Sahlberg, P. Gaughran; *Bartow*, F. Jonassen, M. Anderson, G. Halvorsen; *Carol*, R. M. Hayes, W. Hayes, L. Thorsen, R. Poissant; *Catherine*, J. Costello, H. Vermilyea; *Christine*, R. Jones, R. Fiske; *Claire A.*, F. Duffy, A. Duffy, A. Tucker; *Doris*, B. Scherer, M. Grimes, K. Buck, J. Cray; *Edmond J.*, W. Baldwin, F. Schweigel, W. Mason; *Eugene F.*, E. Allen, V. Chapman, E. Gronvold; *Harriet*, M. Conner, F. Perry, J. Morin; *Helen B.*, J. Johnson, H. Becker; *Joseph H., II*, L. Goodwin, S. Abrams, J. Shaw; *Margot*, D. Bodino, H. Dickman, J. Fagerstrom; *Marion*, E. Dexter, A. Kirchoff; *Mary*, M. Rodden, L. Geitzler, J. Driscoll; *Michael*, H. Jacobsen, L. Larsen, C. Valley, J. Todesky; *Moira*, B. Baker, H. Peterson, J. Jorgensen, E. Carlson; *Nancy*, M. Sullivan, A. Biagi; *Pauline L.*, J. Smith, R. L. Hayes; *Richard J. Barrett*, H. Olsen; *Sheila*, C. Parslow; *William J.*, H. Hansen.

## Speedy Fireboat Service

Dear Captain Hughes:

This is to acknowledge and thank you for the service rendered by your tugs *Harriet Moran*, *Eugene F. Moran*, and *Mary Moran*, relating to the fire which took place at our Pier 20, North River, New York, at approximately 4:00 p.m. Tuesday, January 4, 1955. Your assistance is highly appreciated, and we hope that, when necessary, we may be able to reciprocate.

M. B. RODERICK  
Supt. Marine Dept.  
(*Erie Railroad Co., Jersey City*)

**7TH COAST GUARD DISTRICT ITEM**—Off Mayport, Fla., at the entrance of the St. Johns River channel leading to the port of Jacksonville, the old St. Johns Lightship was discontinued late in 1954. A new lighthouse was established ashore (below, center, from ocean side) in position Lat. 30°23'09" N., Long. 81°23'53" W., with the light itself 83 feet above sea level. Also new there are a radio beacon, Class B., (left) its antenna tower being 1,210 yards, 013° from the light, and a fog signal (right) at the end of the south jetty.—Photos from U. S. Coast Guard.



## Docking French Liner *Liberté* (Captain Kerharo) Delayed By Heavy North River Ice Floes; Pilot Anton Huseby 'Up'

Editor's note: Capt. Tony Huseby, dean of Moran docking pilots, was in charge of maneuvering the huge transatlantic liner into her ice-choked North River berth under the extremely difficult conditions described in the following newspaper report. The "M" tugs under his direction were *Moirá Moran*, *Elizabeth Moran*, *Susan A. Moran*, *C. Hayward Mesick*, and *Joseph Mesick*. The average (normal) docking time is 30 to 45 minutes.

(Lyn Fernbach, in the *New York Herald Tribune*, February 4)

The French Line's 51,000-ton *Liberté* battled ice floes in her Hudson River dock for two hours yesterday afternoon before Capt. Paul Kerharo could bring the vessel close enough to Pier 88, at 48th St., to discharge his 667 passengers.

Originally scheduled to dock between 6 and 7 a.m., the ship notified French Line officials on Wednesday that unfavorable weather in the Atlantic would prevent docking before 2 p.m. A second cable, received here early yesterday, postponed the arrival again, setting it for 2:30 p.m.

For a while it appeared as if Capt. Kerharo would drop the gangway by 2:30, but after five powerful tugs had pushed the vessel close to its berth, a dense crust of ice between the liner and Pier 88 crossed the skipper's plans.

Although he had five tugs pushing the liner toward the pier from the port side, and although hawsers had already been put to shore, Capt. Kerharo found that he could not bring the *Liberté* close enough to secure gangplanks.

Consequently, he ordered the tugs to push the liner back toward the river for a repetition of the delicate landing maneuver. The second attempt, although bringing the vessel closer than before, still was not successful.

Meanwhile passengers, who had been ready to go ashore at 2 p.m., lingered near their baggage or watched the liner's attempt to dock from the protected promenade deck. The liner's deck hands were less protected from the elements, and many of them could be seen with shawls wrapped about their faces while they handled lines and hawsers on the wind-blown deck.

Not until its third attempt did the big vessel come near enough to dock and a whistle blast signaled "ship fast" at 4:27 p.m. . . .

French Line officials said they could not recall a time when one of their vessels had to make three docking attempts because of ice. They pointed out that because of the prevailing weather, they had used five tugboats instead of the usual four needed to dock the *Liberté*.

One of the tugs, the line said, had cleared the water of ice around Pier 88, but by the time the *Liberté*, fourth largest merchant vessel in the world, had docked, the broken floes had floated back into place.

Below: *New York Times* photo (Fred J. Sass)



**MID-WINTER SCENE**—Ira Rosenberg, *New York Herald Tribune* photographer, made this Page One picture the last day of January as Moran tugs assisted the Italian liner *Cristoforo Colombo* to dock on the north side of Pier 84, North River, 44th Street. The photo, from the top deck of the ship, was snapped as the *Colombo* was being pivoted on the upstream corner of the pier, with one of our Grace-class tugs backing through broken ice in the slip. The ladder-like shadow is cast by superstructure.

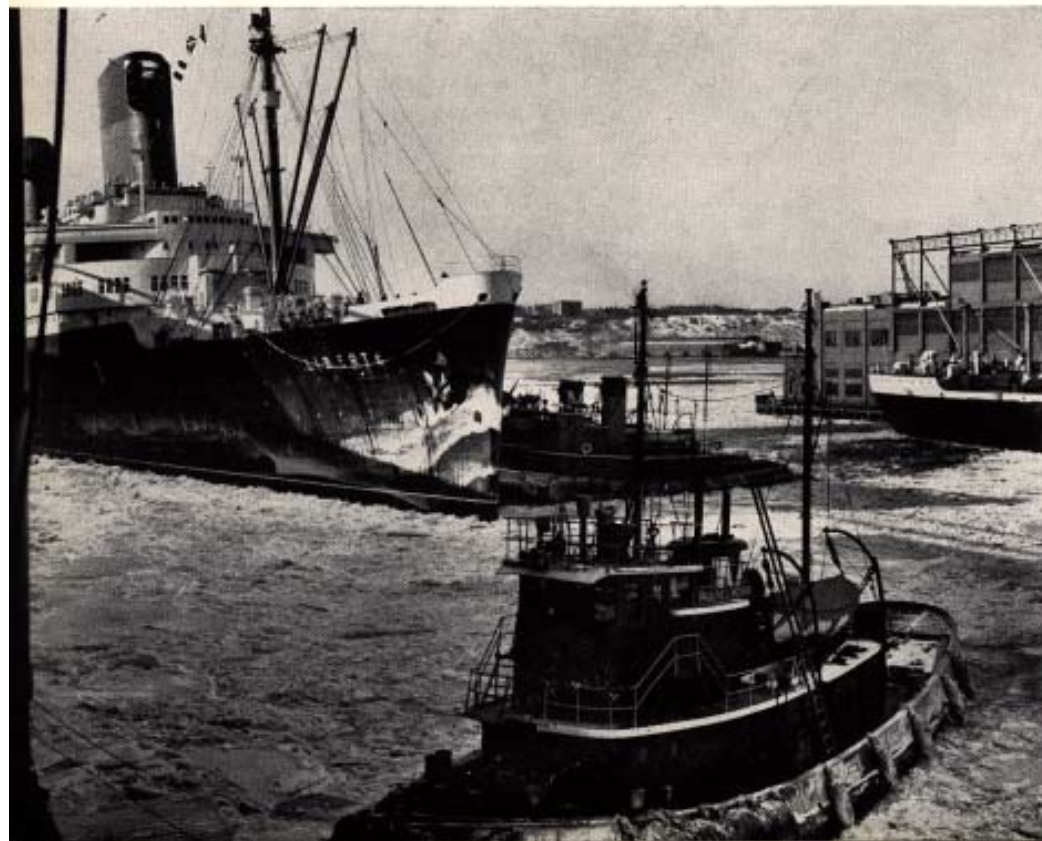
## Bureau Starts New Weather Forecasts

(Editor's note: Please refer to the leading feature article, "Weather Communication," in our Christmas, 1954, issue for background information.)

At the request of interests represented by the Maritime Association of the Port of New York, and others, an expanded weather service designed to aid the shipping industry operating in and around New York harbor has been initiated by the local United States weather bureau.

Forecasts covering anticipated conditions for this area—the probability of rain, snow, fog, wind, etc.—are being distributed at approximately 5 a.m. and 3 p.m. daily, so as to make them available to the entire industry.

Methods of distribution include a local weather teletype "loop" originating at 17 Battery Place; Western Union's ticker-tape service, and through the Maritime Exchange offices, 80 Broad Street. Also, Radiomarine (Stations WCC and WNY) has extended its forecasts for coastal waters.





## Ogden Reids Catch Ship from Tugboat

(New York Times: Jan. 14)


Ogden R. Reid, vice president of The New York Herald Tribune, and his wife boarded the outbound superliner *United States* from a bobbing tugboat off the Battery yesterday. The reason was a last-minute mixup over Mrs. Reid's passport.

The Reid's arrived at Pier 86, North River, at 11:30 A. M., to board the ship by orthodox gangplank. United States Lines ticket clerks discovered, however, that Mrs. Reid had forgotten to revalidate her passport. It had expired Dec. 29.

Mr. Reid placed a hurried call to the State Department Passport Bureau in Washington for permission to have his own passport validated as a joint travel document. Armed with the authority, the couple rushed to the bureau's local office at 630 Fifth Avenue for final certification and then downtown to Pier 1 at the Battery to the tugboat *Carol Moran*.

In the meantime, the *United States*, which had been scheduled to sail at noon, pulled into the river seventeen minutes late and churned slowly down to the Battery to rendezvous with the tug.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid reached the Battery shortly before 1 P. M., jumped aboard the tug and a few minutes later stepped through a side port of the *United States*.

**OFF-SEASON OPERATION**—As soon as the New York State Barge Canal is closed for the season, maintenance crews start making necessary repairs to locks, those requiring the most work being given attention first. This is an upstream view of Lock 24, Baldwinsville, where such refurbishing was under way early in January, with temperatures in the middle 30's the day Tow Line's staff photographer, Mark Chapman, recorded the scene. Here, new sills under the gates, new valves (which let water into and out of the lock), and a general overhaul were indicated. This sort of thing is likely to go on until just before the canal season opens next spring. Lock 24 is approximately 300 feet long and 35 feet deep, and will accommodate vessels drawing as much as 10 feet of water. John A. Czerwinski is chief operator since the death of Chapman's brother, Walter, a little more than a year ago. 

## Marine Library of F. E. Dayton Left to Eugene Moran, Sr.; Contains Books on the Development of Steam Navigation

(From the Marine Journal, Vol. 82, No. 1, January, 1955)

Fred. E. Dayton, who died at the age of 74 at his residence, 15 West 67th Street, New York, was for many years a publishing executive and writer on marine subjects. He was Sales Manager of the Conde Nast Press for 26 years until his retirement in 1950.

His entire library on marine subjects and historical reference to the development of steamboat navigation has been left to Eugene F. Moran, Sr., chairman of Moran Towing and Transportation Co., Inc.

Mr. Dayton was a native of Hartford, Conn., was graduated from Brown School and Hartford Public High School and served a term as councilman from the old fifth ward. For a time, he was a reporter on the old *Hartford Post*, the *Sunday Globe*, and the *Hartford Times*, as well as an officer and sheet anchor of the Hartford Press Club.

In 1904, he joined the old Electric Vehicle Co. of Hartford, becoming Boston and Chicago branch manager and finally sales manager of the Columbia Motor Co., its successor. He was also general manager of the National Incinerator Co. of New York. Later he became vice-president of the Ajax Rubber Co. of Trenton, N. J., with which he was associated for 10 years. In 1921, he joined Cross and Brown Co. of New York.

Mr. Dayton was a descendant of early Colonial settlers of the Connecticut River valley, and was a founder and life-time historian of the Hartford Yacht Club. In addition to writing sketches for the Dutch Treat Club, a writers' and editors' club in New York, he was the author of *Steamboat Days*, a history of America's river traffic. Prior to his illness, he was engaged in writing a history of the Connecticut River.

He compiled the official history of the Players Club of New York, of which he was a member for 35 years. He was also a member of the Dauntless Club of Essex, Conn., and of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Mr. Moran is a trustee of the American Marine Library Association. He is author of *Famous Harbors of the World*. A member and chairman of the Rivers, Harbors and Piers Committee of the Maritime Association of the Port of New York for 47 years, he was recently tendered a luncheon by the Barnacles at the Hotel Commodore, honoring him as "Waterfront Man of the Year 1953."

Mr. Moran has served as a Commissioner of the Port of New York Authority for thirteen years. He was appointed by Governor Lehman in 1942 and reappointed by Governor Dewey for two successive terms.

*ECHO*, from an American Waterways Operators, Inc., news release: "Modern towboats operating on the inland waterways give 120,000 ton-miles per towboat horsepower per year."

*ECHO*, from a letter from Charlotte D. Davidson, Industrial and Public Relations Dept., The Texas Company: "Dear Mr. Metzner: Many thanks to you again for all the help you gave me while I was preparing our article..."



# Marion Moran...

(Continued from Page 5)

go up in cemeteries over graves that are never dug because the men whose names are inscribed in granite go down at sea.

Men stood their regular watches on the *Marion*, but an extra man was assigned to the towing bits, ax in hand, to cut the towline if the tanker started to plunge below the surface.

Every hour a new man relieved the sailor with the ax.

## A Mean Place in a Dirty Sea

The fantail of a tugboat—even an ocean-going tug—is a mean place in a dirty sea. Despite oilskins and boots, the men were soaked to the skin by the time their relief came up out of the warm cabin and crawled over to the stern bits.

No one dreamed of cutting the empty tankers adrift. It would have meant heavy financial loss, but that wasn't the reason. No one who lives by fighting the capricious ocean wants to see two tankers floating about like monstrous battering rams, endangering every craft on the sea lanes.

So Capt. Barrow and his men just held on. The big engines purred like Swiss watches and the men ate slabs of cold beef between stale bread and cold boiled eggs, matching their skill—and their luck—against the wintry Atlantic.

## Then, After Four Days of It—

On the morning of the fourth day, the sun broke through the cloud cover, the winds died down and the long haul back to Hatteras, and on to Baltimore, began. When they tied up at the shipbreaker's dock the lead tanker was still afloat, but she didn't have much buoyancy left.

Back in New York, Capt. Barrow paid off his men, headed for a hotel room and a little shuteye. A landlubber might have guessed he was a farmer in town for a show, or a salesman on the way to a convention. That's the funny thing about courage. It doesn't show up on a man's face when the skies are blue and the wind is still.

## From Tugboat Annie, Cap'n Bullwinkle, Norman Reilly Raine

Dear R. M. Munroe:

Again I experience the intense pleasure of receiving the Moran calendar. What a fine artist Charles Evers is! Does he, I wonder, know Anton Otto Fischer? He is, I think, fully "bows abreast" with that old master of marine art.

As for TOW LINE, it is always my most welcome . . . arrival. You do a fine job with it, not alone in the illustrations, but also in the infallibly interesting articles and fillers. And incidentally, I would like to have a copy of the Christmas number TOW LINE cover for framing, if I am not applying too late.

And may I extend to you and to all the Moran fleet and personnel, ashore and afloat, the best of all good wishes for 1955, from yours admiringly,

TUGBOAT ANNIE BRENNAN

(writ wid me ball-bearin pen)

—and all hands of the tug *Narcissus*, and even from that old horse's tail,  
HORATIO BULLWINKLE

—and all hands of the tug *Salamander*, and from their faithful chronicler, and friend of all towboatmen and seafarers around our coasts,

NORMAN REILLY RAINE

(Hollywood, Calif., Jan. 4, 1955.)

## Consider It Done, Doctor

Dear Sirs:

The Liverpool Commercial Library maintains a collection of house magazines issued and donated by various large companies. I should be most grateful if you would be good enough to place the name of this library on your mailing list for your journal entitled TOW LINE.

G. CHANDLER, Ph.D., M.A., F.L.A.

(City Librarian, Commercial Reference Library, City of Liverpool Public Libraries, Derby House, Exchange Bldg., Liverpool 2, Eng.)

**POWERFUL STEAM TUG**—Formerly the *Thomas A. Meseck* (during World War II, the *U.S.S. Tavibo*) our *Elizabeth Moran* is equipped with a 1,200-horsepower Skinner Unaflo engine. This 224-gross-ton vessel was built at Newburgh, N. Y., in June, 1942, and her dimensions are 96.9 ft. x 27 ft. x 12.3 ft.—Photo by Jeff Blinn.

## 'Buck' Evans Rides Again



Mighty Nimrods, these—at least one of them, Capt. Chester A. Evans (left), ace Moran docking pilot, who ended the promising career of this eight-point buck on the very first day of the 1954 hunting season. The deer was shot near the Evans summer home in Merrimack County, New Hampshire, and one less reproducible snapshot than the above included a fine stern view of the captain's Brittany spaniel, "Pug," a participant in the post-hunt celebration. Chester's brother, James E. Evans (center), chief engineer of the tug *William J. Moran*, and Capt. Ole Ericksen, master of the *Ned Moran*, also shared the spotlight in this instance.

"If it floats, we can tow it!"





Copyright, 1954, T. K. Treadwell

Gentlemen:

In the summer of 1951, I was on the Navy's Operation "Bluejay," which was concerned with the supplying of Arctic Air Bases. At that time, I was Hydrographic Officer on the Navy surveying ship U.S.S. *Tanner*. Also along on the operation, providing towing services, was your tug *Marion Moran*. On the return trip, I found the opportunity to take a picture of her, in the bergs and pack ice off western Greenland.

While going through some files of photographs recently, I came across the picture, of which I am enclosing a copy. I thought it might be of some interest to you, since it shows the vessel in a rather unusual environment, for a tug.

T. K. TREADWELL

Lieutenant Commander, USN

(U.S.S. *Maury*, AGS-16, c/o F.P.O., New York, N. Y.)

Editor's note: Commander Treadwell refers to a top-notch story concerning Moran T. & T. Co. operations fully covered in the October, 1952, issue of *Tow Line*, where use was made of seven related photos released by the U. S. Coast Guard. Besides the *Marion* (Capt. Ira George), tugs involved in helping to establish a United States-Danish defense base at Thule, Greenland, in the summer of 1951, were the *Kevin Moran* (Capt. James Barrow), the *M. Moran* (Capt. John Barlow), the *Edmond J. Moran* (Capt. Dan Halpin), and several equally competent and adequately crewed ocean tugs also operating under the "M" house flag. As was pointed out at the time, all this was not child's play either from the standpoint of contractual responsibility or when it came to successful performance under extremely difficult and even hazardous conditions. . . . However, we are indebted to our correspondent for his excellent picture and for providing us with an opportunity to mention again a series of tows in which we will always have considerable pride.

## Go Ahead, Buy Her a Tug!

Gentlemen:

Ever since your outfit was kind enough to pack my wife off on a tugboat tour with her old school chum, Martha Wright (\*), I have had a mate psychotic on the subject of tugs. Inasmuch as the going price for such baubles is beyond the means of a writer even when he is selling, would you oblige by sending along one of your calendars? And if you make copies of your very excellent ads, would it be possible to get one which appeared some months ago in *The Log*? The catch line was, I believe, "Power In a New Fleet." I would be very much obliged.

JIM FABER

(601 N. Eye St., Tacoma, Wash.)

(\*) Editor's note: Long-tenure star of the long-run musical "South Pacific," who, with her girl friend from the west coast, spent some happy hours aboard our *Barbara Moran* one afternoon in October, 1951, and wished she could be a permanent member of the crew.

*ECHO*, from an illustrated feature story by Tom Morris in the Long Island daily newspaper, *Newsday*, issue of December 27: "They are the burros of the world's busiest port, greeters of cargo-laden vessels from the seven seas, and a vital part of harbor life. But . . . the white 'M' on *Moran* tugs has become a familiar sight in most harbors of the world."

## Interesting, Instructive

Dear Captain Palmer:

Despite the rain on Wednesday, December 29, I spent a most enjoyable day on the tug *Doris Moran*. The courtesy extended by all members of the crew and the dispatchers made for me a most interesting and instructive day, one that I hope I may have the pleasure of repeating during the coming summer months. My most sincere thanks to you, Captain Palmer, for making possible a day that I shall cherish always.

GEORGE A. DOERRER

(New Haven Power Squadron, Conn.)

Panama Line's S.S. *Ancon* was inducted into the Naval Reserve, Feb. 1.

TELEPHOTO VIEW—Bill Donohue of Todd Shipyards, Hoboken, N. J., made this interesting picture of the Cunard liner R.M.S. *Queen Mary* being assisted into her North River berth by Moran tugs, as usual, on one of her recent arrivals in New York. The photograph was made from a vantage point in Weehawken, on the Jersey side, and since the distance was more than a mile, he used a 15-inch Wollensak lens on his camera. "In a panoramic view such as this, the job done by your tugs can be appreciated even by the uninitiated," Bill said in an appended note. "I hope you like it." We do, and more than a little, despite the unidentified (and seemingly inevitable) tug and barge partially obscuring those "M" tugs on the stern hawsers. That's an impressive slice of the midtown Manhattan skyline, too.

*ECHO*, from a report by Chester C. Thompson, president of American Waterways Operators, Inc., Washington, D. C.: More cargo than ever before in the nation's history sailed America's inland waterways in 1954.



## 'To Fame Unknown,' by Port Magazine Editor

C. L. (Cliff) Alderman, industrious editor of the magazine "Via Port of New York," issued monthly by the Port of New York Authority, has recently published a new historical novel: "To Fame Unknown" (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts), reported as being fiction of that sort "at its best . . . dramatic, exciting, real."

A scarlet letter, witchcraft, the colonial wars between the French and the English, and the expulsion of the Acadians from their home in Canada are some of the ingredients of Alderman's book.

"Both on the side of history and on the one of romance he weaves a full-bodied, interest-holding tale. . . . The threads of two love stories are ably and excitingly woven against a background alive with the military,

### Sea Magic

We'd almost run to England;  
Ahead rose scarps of rain,  
Save where a cut of lightning  
The rampart rent in twain.

Our eardrums ached with thunder,  
Then a great blaze cleared the sky,  
Till awed we saw before us  
Long golden meadows lie.

Now every wind blew quiet,  
Like balm upon the lip;  
For red roofs in the sunset,  
We yearned to quit our ship.

Down rolled the mighty rain-cloud,  
And the bright land was gone,  
But oh our tears were happy  
That fell for Avalon!

JOHN ACKERSON

(New York Times: Jan. 18)

social and economic conflicts of the period," according to a reviewer writing in the book section of a New York Sunday newspaper of November 28.

## Here We Go Back to School— And in North Ireland!

To the Editor:

Thanks to the kindness of my good friend Bernard J. Gallagher of the Cunard *M.V. Britannic*, I recently received two copies of *TOW LINE*. I am keenly interested in shipping affairs, and *TOW LINE* seems a really marvellous production. I should very much appreciate it if you could put my name on your regular mailing list, and, though I hesitate to trespass further on your kindness, I can assure you that any photos, posters, etc., of your fleet will be very gratefully received and will find an honoured place in my school. May I wish you the very best of luck? And I thank you most sincerely in anticipation of your kindness.

WILLIAM DARLOW, Prin. Teacher  
(Ervey Primary School, Londonderry)

*Morantow*: World War II German submarine, U-505, Portsmouth, N. H., to Buffalo, N. Y.—1,775 miles.

We Cover the Waterfront, As They Say; Also the Magazines, It Seems

# ARGOSY

The Complete Man's Magazine • January 25c

## THE GREAT URANIUM RUSH

The Exciting On-the-Spot  
Story of the Biggest Treasure  
Hunt in the United States Today

BY ANDREW HECHT



# DUN'S REVIEW

## and Modern Industry

A *Dun & Bradstreet* PUBLICATION

JANUARY, 1955  
75 cents



### IN THIS ISSUE:

Stabilizing Employment . . . Your Product in the Atomic Age  
Qualities of a President . . . Ways to Boost Sales

## 50 YEARS AGO

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

**JAN. 4, 1905**—*Carrie Winslow* (bk.) from Buenos Aires in tow of tug *American*, fouled lighthouse on West Bank, New York Lower Bay, Dec. 28, and carried away jib-boom. Damage to lighthouse unknown. . . . *Drumelzier* (Br. SS.), New York for Havre, before reported ashore at Fire Island, was abandoned Dec. 29 as total loss by her captain, and dozen officers and crew were taken off by Fire Island and Oak Island life saving crews. Fifteen of crew were taken off by crew from Sandy Hook life saving station, placed on tug *Catherine Moran*, and brought to New York. Tug towed life-boat to scene of wreck and returned her to station. Steamer has broken in two.

\* \* \*

**JAN. 11, 1905**—*Catawissa* (tug), from Philadelphia with three barges, was anchored 18 miles SE of Boston lightship with wire hawser in her wheel. She was towed into Boston next day with barges *Silver Brook*, *Marion*, and *Buck Ridge*. All had lost rudders; *Buck Ridge*, her anchors. . . . Schr. *Theodore Roosevelt* arrived Gloucester Jan. 8 with captain, two mates, steward, four seamen, and captain's wife, of brigantine *Ohio* (Br.), from Kingsport, N. S., for New York with cargo of lumber. *Ohio* was abandoned Jan. 6, leaking and badly crippled by terrific gale off Grand Manan. *Roosevelt* put aboard prize crew of eight men, who worked her into Gloucester.

\* \* \*

**FEB. 1, 1905**—*Clarence* (steam lighter), with 50 tons of copper and other cargo, departed Bayonne Jan. 25 and foundered in bay. Crew of seven men drowned.

\* \* \*

**FEB. 8, 1905**—*Belle McWilliams* (tug) went ashore on Cockenoe Island Feb. 4 and is still high and dry. Crew not able to reach mainland and are sheltered in an old cellar on island, subsisting on tug's stores. . . . (Vineyard Haven, Feb. 6) Schr. *Clifford I. White*, with lumber, Calais for New York, and schr. *Avalon*, with coal from Philadelphia for Gloucester, were carried ashore on West Chop by heavy ice. . . . Tug *Patience* arrived New York Jan. 27 with barge *Baker*, from Philadelphia for Fall River, and reported having lost barge *S. D. Carlton* off Sea Girt during Jan. 25 gale. Nothing heard of barge or crew since. . . . Tug *Zouave* arrived New Haven Feb. 3 with two barges from New York. She was two days making 18-hour tow. Her bow was crushed by ice in channel. She sank in 30 feet. Crew safe.

\* \* \*

**FEB. 22, 1905**—Barney dumper No. 2, in tow of tug *Harry Runkel*, was cut through by ice and turned over Feb. 16 off Scotland lightship. Tug *Eugene Moran* rescued two men from dumper.

## Wood Carver-Modeler's Tug



John L. Male, 1068 Alheim Drive, Schenectady 3, N. Y., although disabled with multiple sclerosis, is no fellow to sit around twiddling his thumbs, moping. He spends a lot of his time wood carving and modeling—and good for him! Above is a photo of one of his models, fashioned, he says, from pictures in the Saturday Evening Post: illustrations in the Norman Reilly Raine-Harold von Schmidt "Tugboat Annie" series, and in some of the luxury liner advertisements. Mr. Male thinks he would enjoy the "better pictures" in this bi-monthly magazine and "perhaps could do a better building job," which he will certainly have a chance to do. This particular model is nine inches long.

### "Horse and Buggy Days"

Dear Mr. Munroe:

Thank you very much for . . . TOW LINE. It was forwarded from my old address, 132 Egbert Avenue, New Brighton, S. I. I am now retired from the Western Union marine service at the Quarantine Station, where I served 33 years from midnight to 8 a.m. I find TOW LINE very interesting, especially your article on horse and buggy days, as I also served six years at Sandy Hook and as relief operator at City Island. . . . Best regards to your dispatchers and continued success to you.

RAYMOND R. CONNETT  
(P. O. Box 25, Decatur, Ark.)

## International Navigation Exhibition, Naples

Gentlemen:

In view of the flattering result obtained by the . . . Exhibition, which for more than four months attracted the interest and admiration of numerous visitors, including Italian and eminent foreign personalities, technicians and scholars, it is a pleasure for me to convey, both in the name of the Entity and on my behalf, our thanks to all those who actively collaborated in achieving this success. In particular, to your firm which by its activity has contributed to same so much I wish to convey our deep appreciation and sincere thanks, trusting that we may be able to count on your valuable collaboration also in connection with future undertakings of the Entity.

AVV. GIUSEPPE RUSSO  
(The Secretary General)

### Canadian Tug Captain

Dear Miss Christian:

May I apply for a subscription to your magazine, TOW LINE? I was informed by the captain of your tug *Agnes Moran* while it was taking fresh water at our berth in Toronto that I may become a subscriber. I am captain of the tug *G. R. Geary* of the City of Toronto. I am extremely interested in . . . your magazine, (and) I have enjoyed the type of articles you edit.

CAPT. W. T. MITCHELL  
(Toronto, Ont., Canada)

**ADD EYE-OPENERS:** Full-page advertisement of Raytheon's "Mariners Pathfinder" radar, Model 1500, featuring photographs of our inland waterways tug *Marie S. Moran*, in seven magazines—Atlantic Fisherman, Canadian Fisherman, Western Fisheries, The Log, Waterways Journal, Waterways Magazine, and The Work Boat.

## MORAN TOWING AND TRANSPORTATION CO.



IN RECOGNITION of its contribution to and membership on a production team responsible for an achievement unparalleled in industrial history—the building by General Motors in the United States of fifty million motor vehicles.

ON THE OCCASION of the production at the Chevrolet Assembly Plant at Flint, Michigan, this Twenty-third of November, Nineteen Hundred Fifty-four, of GM Vehicle No. 50,000,000.

W. H. Curtis

WALTER H. CURTIS  
PRESIDENT



**C**APT. JOHN A. BASSETT is a "Florida cracker" by birth—February 4, 1896, Tampa—and early training, but his travels since then, almost exclusively water-borne, have ticked off many and many a degree of both latitude and longitude. Presently he resides at 1124 Banner Avenue, Brooklyn. (Three sons, Albert, Edward and Adam, also are Brooklynites.)

John's first job after graduating from high school in Tampa was aboard a three-masted schooner built there, the *City of Tampa*, which carried cedar logs from the West Indies to Pensacola and other Gulf of Mexico ports. His next was aboard a fishing smack, the *Garnet*, making 14-18-day voyages to various grounds in the gulf, principally the Campeche Banks off Yucatan, where hand-lining was the method employed. (The largest true red snapper he ever saw, he says, was a 23-pounder taken off Dry Tortugas.)

In both of these instances he was a lowly apprentice; but a man has to get a toe-hold, doesn't he?

The Bull Line ship *Dorothy*, carrying general cargo between Mobile and other gulf ports and New York, knew young Bassett next; then the *S.S. Monroe* of the Old Dominion Line (Norfolk-New York)—a 3½-year stretch during which he served as seaman and quartermaster, studying for his first license. (A hair-raising collision between the *Monroe* and the *M. & M.* vessel *Nantucket* enlivened this interlude.)

One night when the *Monroe* was at



Captain Bassett

Pier 25, North River, New York, one of the line's tugs, the *Kathryn*, was short a deckhand—this would be around 1915—and young Mr. Florida was assigned to her. Thus his continuing career as a tugboatman was launched. He has never regretted it.

Employment aboard Erie and New York Central railroad tugs followed, until he got his license for New York harbor and tributary waters; then (1919) he won a job as mate with the Card towing line, aboard the *Anna W.*

In 1943 Captain Bassett was called to active duty in the Naval Reserve. With other competent river pilots, he worked under the tug coordinator of the port, berthing Navy units.

The next year found him on duty in England, with Task Force 128. Next thing he knew he was involved in that all-out operation of constructing artificial harbors for the impending Normandy invasion—first ships, then 6,500-ton "phoenix" units also towed from England, placed in pin-point position and sunk. He remembers only too well being under murderous enemy fire on D-day!

Cherbourg, France, summer of '44: Adviser re trans-channel shipping, and harbor master (in charge of pilots, too), service aboard USAT vessels *Sea Train Texas* and *Lakehurst*.

Captain Bassett got out of uniform in 1945, worked awhile as a civilian docking pilot for the Navy in New York, and in November of that year joined Olsen Water & Towing Co. as docking pilot. The *Pentucket* was his tug. He came under the "M" house flag in the Olsen-Moran merger in 1950. Since then he has docked ships of virtually all types and sizes, including the *Queen Mary*...

And that's the story of our Cap'n John, as of February, 1955.

Nick Lazarnick, photographic illustrator, with studios at 230 Park Avenue, Manhattan, long identified with the practice of this firm in distributing, direct by mail and with the least possible loss of time, aerial views of maiden arrivals of important ships in the Port of New York, died suddenly January 20 of a heart attack... A nice guy, and Mrs. Lazarnick and his employees have our sincere sympathy.

From a feature column, *Fan-Tales* by "Davey Jones," in the Local 333 Journal (United Marine Division of A.F.L.), Vol. 8, No. 1, January, 1955:

"The world reads about the men of Local 333 as National Geographic Magazine runs a picture story in this month's issue, featuring members who handle the tugs, ferries and other craft... and in color, too. Termed the 'tugboat skipper who dresses as if for Wall Street,' Capt. Mark Grimes rates two-thirds of a page in a picture showing him at the wheel of the *Doris Moran*... and it sure is a natty suit Mark is wearing all right.... (Memo: check name of his tailor)... Other sections of the story on New York Harbor stress the tugboats and ferries, the work of oilboats, dredgemen and the like...

### Photography, Philately



This is Miss Rita Carnivale, a pleasant October addition to our accounting department. A graduate of Christopher Columbus High School, from 1946 to 1953 she was employed in the bookkeeping department of B. R. Rand, New York, Inc., a Wall Street firm of exporters, but came to Moran from Seaboard Shipping Corp., on the floor above at 17 Battery Place. She is a camera fan, a stamp collector, and a devotee of the so-called light fantastic in both its popular and its classical forms. She resides with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony C. Carnivale, at 2022 Colden Avenue, Bx.—Tow Line photo



H. L. W., Jr.

TOW LINE has its secret operatives all over, and one is located in Balboa, C. Z. Thus, we are able to assure readers that this is the way Howard L. Wentworth, Jr., 25, mate aboard the tug *Thomas E. Moran* of Portland, Maine, looked when he was 12 years old. The accompanying snapshot was made

New Year's Day, 1941, on the *Cruses Trail* in Panama, R. de P.—“the trail Henry used when he crossed the isthmus to destroy the old city of Panama,” according to our spy, who worked around New York harbor for many years.

Young Mr. Wentworth, who resides in Scarborough, Maine, a suburb of Portland, joined the Central Wharf Towboat Co. on April 1, 1952, as a seaman. He has three little daughters.

### Musical Divertissements



And this is Miss Barbara Ferraro, who joined our billing department in mid-January. She is a Washington Irving High School graduate, and previously was employed as a dictaphone operator by Fairbanks-Morse Co., Inc., 80 Broad Street, New York. Dancing is her favorite dish of tea, but almost any form of musical entertainment, especially theatrical productions, seems to be down her alley. She, too, makes her home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Modestino Ferraro, at 543 Grand Street, Manhattan. That's an electric typewriter she's using to record the amount of somebody's towing bill.—Tow Line photo.

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### 'Anne Moran' Beats Storm to Hold Seaboard Oil Barge



“Years of experience and solid time-tested skills paid off again . . . on December 14, when the crew of a tugboat, the *Anne Moran*, fought 60-mile-an-hour winds and 25-foot waves all day to keep a barge loaded with high-test aviation gasoline from piling up on the shore at Barnegat, N. J.”—Local 333 Journal.

Left to right in the above on-deck photo: John Heffernan, oiler; Charles Monsees and Jack Wyatt, deckhands; Leonard Noyelle, oiler; Volney Lacy, ass't engineer; William Olsen, cook; Stanley Mikalsen, chief engineer; Harold Hansen, mate; and Capt. James Fagerstrom, aboard the *Anne Moran* in port.

It wasn't quite as desperate a situation as spot-news reports indicated, maybe, but bad enough. Our ocean tug *Marion Moran* and the Coast Guard buoy tender *Gentian* were dispatched from Staten Island and Cape May, N. J., to assist, and they stood by until the storm abated, whereupon the *Anne* proceeded to New York, thence to Portland, Me., with her own tow, otherwise unaided.

Anyway, congratulations to a determined crew, from all hands ashore.

**CONGRATULATIONS:** To John A. Brown, 390 Lamberts Lane, Graniteville, Staten Island, our port captain, on becoming a citizen of these United States. He took his oath of allegiance December 17 in Richmond County Supreme Court. No doubt Mrs. B. and their three youngsters are proud.

### Old Canaler Is Homesick

Gentlemen:

Please accept my thanks for the Christmas issue of TOW LINE. But you made me homesick when I saw that picture on Page 6, showing the *Frank A. Lowery*. I was second engineer there at one time. I'm saving all TOW LINES, and I love to look at the canal pictures. Let's have lots more of them. If you want to see some fun, watch a couple of big oil tankers passing each other in the Rochester cut. You can't even put your reputation between them and be sure it will come out whole. Some of the old timers I was in are the canalers *Brooklyn* of B. & B. Line, *J. B. Austin* of Maggie Hallenbeck Line, *Tourist*, *Maple Leaf*, *Cornell 20* and the *I. L. I. 101*, also the *Francisco II*, to mention a few.

R. G. SUMMERS

(104 Herman Street, Buffalo, N. Y.)

**ADD SUGGESTION AWARDS:** To Albert Tews of Moran's maintenance and repair base, Port Richmond, S. I., for his proposal regarding rope turned in for junk, with a view to returning useable lengths to service.

Jeff Blinn, one of TOW LINE's staff photographers, recently acquired a new Linhoff 4" x 5" Super Technica press-type camera, with a Schneider Xenar 150 mm., f. 4.5 lens and other appurtenances; and who's the proudest guy in that racket hereabouts?

Capt. Harry N. Sadler, Moore-McCormack Lines, master of the liner *Brazil* when he was profiled as a “Celebrated Shipmaster” in the Christmas, 1952, issue of TOW LINE, retired from active duty on January 24.

**ECHO**, from an Oswego, N. Y., dispatch to the New York Times, dated December 31: “This port-conscious community of 22,000 has developed a five-phase campaign designed to re-establish it as the shipping center it was a half-century ago.”

