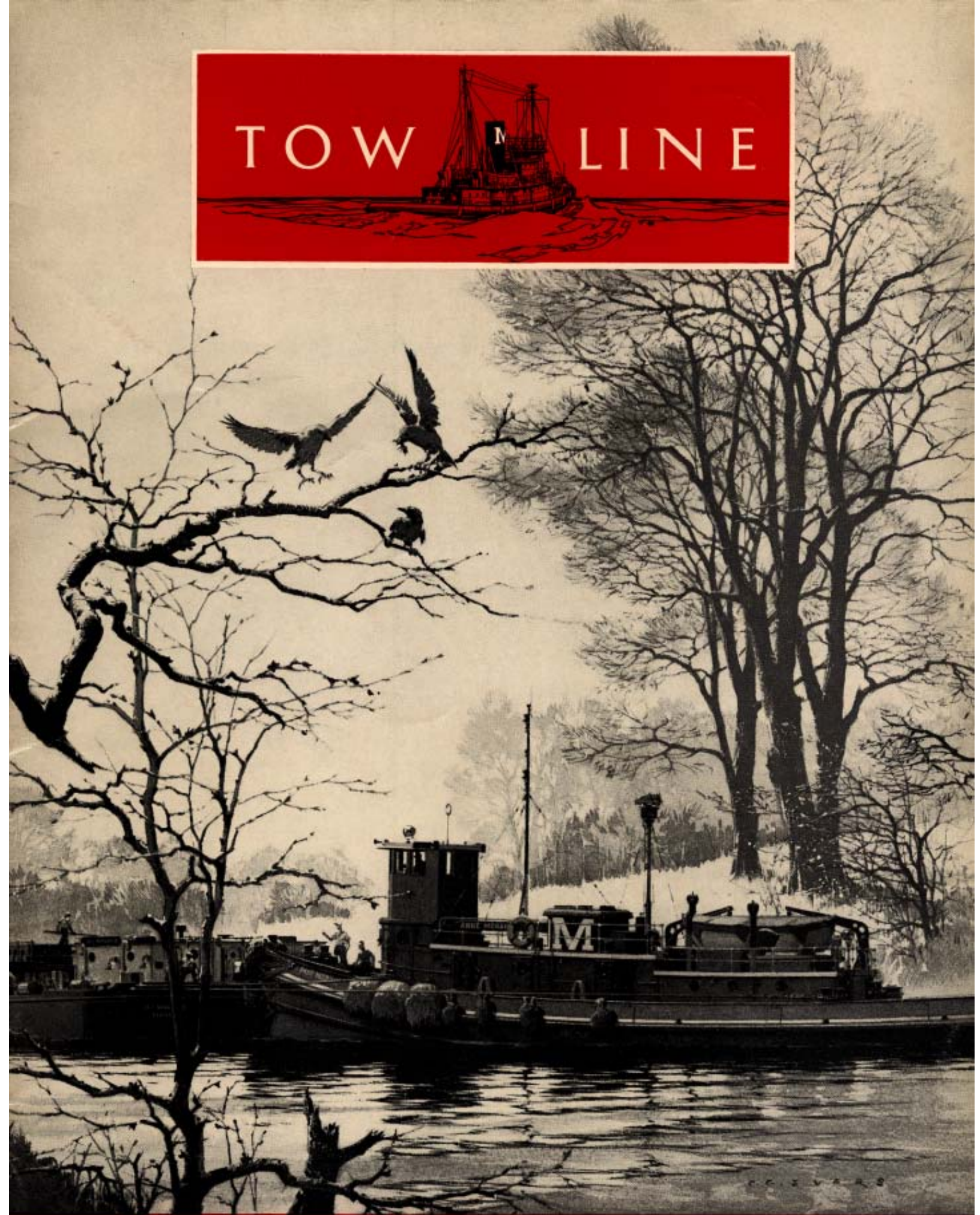



TOW LINE



ON THE COVER—

 ANNE MORAN, one of two far-ranging inland waterways tugs continuously employed (in season) in moving Time, Inc., paper barges between Bucksport, Maine, and Chicago, Ill., is what you see in this extraordinary visualization by our talented Charles G. Evers—who else? As usual, she is pushing the specially constructed *N. L. Wallace*, loaded with 2,000 tons of coated paper in rolls destined to become Life magazine pages. (If it were her sister ship *Harriet Moran*, the barge would be the *C. L. Stillman*, but both cargo and destination would be the same.)

Judging by the late winter or early spring aspect of the scenery here, and the technical circumstance that the *Anne's* main and radar masts are up, as they would not be in the New York State Barge Canal, it would be safe to assume the tow is descending the Penobscot River, somewhere between Bucksport and West Penobscot Bay, Maine. The tug itself has a crew of nine, including her master, Capt. George Hayes, and an indispensable cook—or steward, as some prefer to be called.

Something like 12 days later, including about 46 hours in the New York canals between Albany and Oswego, N. Y., this tow would be in the Windy City, unloading at Time's warehouse, South Halsted Street.

What about the eastbound leg of the *Anne-Harriet* shuttle? It is illogical and uneconomical to transport an empty barge. Sometimes a cargo of grain is taken aboard at South Chicago, Milwaukee, Wis., or Toledo, Ohio, to be discharged at Albany.

That's about it, unless your curiosity extends to those three big birds an Eversian whim put into our cover picture. Not vultures or buzzards, please be advised—tug and barge crews are too well fed to arouse their interest—but good old fashion crows.



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R. M. Munroe, Editor

Jeff Blinn, Associate

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New Moore-McCormack Liner Launched March 12

By ALLAN KELLER

(Special writer for Tow Line)

THE SUN was hidden behind clouds, but the scene was a gay and colorful one. The great knife-like bow of the new liner *Argentina* was draped in bunting. The platform below the massive steel plates was alive with flags and more bunting.

It was the 12th of March in Pascagoula, Miss., and the newest luxury ship to be built for Moore-McCormack Lines, Inc., was straining at the blocks keeping her from sliding down the launching ways.

On the temporary platform for the christening ceremonies were shipping executives, congressmen, suppliers, VIPs, newspapermen and their wives. And two old friends: Emmet J. McCormack and Eugene F. Moran, Sr., whose excitement and interest belied their years.

These two men have seen many a change in the shipping world since they first turned to the sea for a living. Mr. McCormack founded the mammoth shipping line which serves South America, South Africa and Scandinavia with perhaps the second largest fleet under the stars and stripes. Mr. Moran, chairman of the board of the Moran Towing and Transportation Co., played a key role in turning the towing company founded by his father into the world's largest.

Youthful Outlook

The characteristic that stood out most sharply about these two veterans was the youthfulness of their outlook.

"We've built two great ships—the *Brasil* and the *Argentina*—as proof of our faith in the future," said the head of the ship line.

"And I'm going to make the maiden voyage on this one," laughed Mr. Moran, "the good Lord willing."

Any listener would have been extra pessimistic if he had not thought to himself:

"What do we have to fear from a recession or fall-off in trade when men like these face the future so full of courage?"

While the two friends talked, and Mrs. William T. Moore, wife of the Moormack president, chatted with her matron of honor, Mrs. Percy Ebbott, about the best way to smash the champagne bottle, the helmeted shipwrights in the Ingalls Shipyard pounded props out from under the launching cradle.

Hundreds of visitors who had made the long trip south from New York, Philadelphia and Washington looked up at the sleek hull plates of the \$26,000,000 *Argentina* as she towered above them, and marveled at the wizardry of shipbuilding.

Round Trip, 31 Days

The new liner and her sister ship will make the round trip between New York, the West Indies, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires in 31 days. Air-conditioned throughout, with giant stabilizers to make her ride easily in the heaviest seas, beautifully appointed staterooms and public rooms, she is the personification of the American ship builder's art.

In New York harbor the new liner, like the others in the Moormack fleet, will be docked and undocked by Moran tugs. The efficiency of the small but powerful tugs will make the giant sea-going vessels more efficient in their turn.

To get back to Pascagoula, the speech-making was kept short and to the point. James Q. du Pont, great-great-grandson of the founder of the du Pont chemical empire, mentioned the career of the elder Mr. McCormack, who had started work in the shipping business in 1894 as an office boy, not for one firm, but for four—at the incredible salary of \$1 a week. (Let's assume he earned it!)

From the Fire Hole Up

While the chairman of the Moormack firm was thus getting his start, Mr. Moran was learning the ropes of the tugboat business and learning them the right way—on deck, below and in the pilot house of his father's coal-burning tugs.

A lot of water has slipped under the keels of Moormack liners and Moran tugs since those early days.

(Continued on Page 13)

Below: At the *Argentina* launching in Mississippi, those two old cronies, Emmet J. McCormack (left) and Eugene F. Moran, Sr. —Photo by Montell Studio, Edgewater, Miss.



Items: Messages Found in Drifted Bottles; Reports from Two Tugboatmen, One Angler

IN CASE ANYONE gets the impression that TOW LINE is preoccupied with the subject of bottles, he could be correct. Last issue it was Capt. Ernest H. Nelson's collection of odd cordial, brandy and liquor flasks, which the master of American Export Line's *S.S. Constitution* has arranged in an attractive display in his Long Island home.

This time it is some floaters—i.e., securely corked bottles containing messages, cast into the sea ostensibly to determine the direction, speed and distance of their drift.

Off South America

In the first instance, Capt. James W. Jenkins, master of our tug *Joseph H. Moran, II*, had a little attack of ocean curiosity. He was on a two-barge tow for the Texas Company from New York to Belem, Brazil, last June. In Lat. $01^{\circ}24'N$, Long. $47^{\circ}W$. near the mouth of the Amazon River—an equatorial position we would have been deliriously happy to swap New York for almost any day last February!—Captain Jenkins heaved his bottle over the rail, noting the exact time as 2300 GMT; the wind, east, force 3; the swells, heavy.

"Finder please return to Navy Dept., Washington, D. C., U. S. A., for current report," the note requested.

The dope sheet was returned to Moran HQ by William Russell Cowell, Jr., 741 N.E. 8th St., Pompano Beach, Fla., who said he and another boy found the bottle on the beach thereabouts, Sept. 20th.

Here it was figured—not taking into account whatever time it may have been on the beach before young Mr. Cowell & Co. came along—that the bottle could have drifted 3,050 miles in 108 days, which would be at the rate of 28.24 miles per day.

The finder in turn requested a report, so he was given a photo of the tug and a navigation chart on which was indicated in red pencil the probable route of the bottle in view of prevailing winds and currents.

And Off the Azores

In the second instance, David F. DuBois, an oiler aboard our *M. Moran*, was bitten by the curiosity bug. His tug was returning from France after picking up an Army derrick barge in Charleston, S. C., and delivering it in the port of St. Nazaire. On

Aug. 3rd, 200 miles west of the Azores—we would guess the position to be about Lat. $38^{\circ}30'N$, $32^{\circ}40'W$ —the bottled note was put in the water.

This one was found Sept. 25th on the south coast of Ilha de Santa Maria, Azores, by Domingos Jacinto Madeira, who should be (may be, for all we know) a wine maker or vintner. He, too, returned the signal to Moran HQ, where it was determined the bottle had drifted about 390 miles in 54 days—again ignoring any interval on the beach. And TOW LINE thanks Mr. Madeira for his trouble.

Since time immemorial these matters have fascinated many, many people in widely scattered maritime countries.

Intercepted Message

Perversely, your reporter is reminded of plucking a drifting bottle from a tidal channel in the ocean flats near Soldier Key south of Miami. At the time, he was writing sport fishing and marine news for an afternoon newspaper down there. The bottle contained some late intelligence of that nature intended for another columnist, the morning paper competition, who had the exhilarating experience of reading the items next day—but not in his own space.

NOT APRIL IN PARIS—If anyone inquires, February in New York brought noteworthy ice conditions and, naturally, vexing problems for the pilots. Docking the big ones calls for power and precise piloting under the best conditions. When winter is king, ice between ship and pier is the principal concern. In docking such liners as these, ice would pile up dangerously against pilings if a tug were not assigned to break and remove most of it beforehand. Only then can a ship be brought close enough to a pier so her gangways can bridge the gap. Shivery adjacent photos, all North River scenes, top to bottom: *M. T. Eugene F. Moran*, *S. S. United States*, *S. S. Liberte*, *R. M. S. Queen Elizabeth* (Cunard photo), and *M. S. Gripsholm* (photo by Ben Schiff)—the last just leaving New York on a 55-day cruise to South America.



Marine Junk Store

(From the *Kansas City Star*)

Here in this archway, facing the wide shore,
Flotsam and jetsam of seafaring lives
Are packed and priced from rafter-nail
to floor;
Yet no museum sadness loads the heart.
No, for the flash of foam from close
at hand
Or glide of seagull endlessly revives
These exile remnants, keeping them still
part
Of that immensity beyond the sand—
Ship's log and compass, lamp and
telescope,
Touched with a light as wind or wing
unravels,
And never far from passing feet and
voices
Of the same deathless breed who shared
their travels
Through the unknown, shine with a
deathless hope.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON
(*Springhill, Broadstone, Dorset, Eng.*)

Arctic Operational Problems Discussed

"Arctic Towing Operations" was the subject of an informal talk by Moran's marine superintendent, Capt. Leonard Goodwin, at a luncheon meeting of the U. S. Coast Guard Alumni Ass'n late in February.

Captain Goodwin illustrated his remarks with photographs made during the "Blue Jay" operations at Thule, Greenland, in 1951, in which several of our tugs participated. (Aside, to readers who keep a TOW LINE file for reference: See issue of October, 1952.)

A general discussion led by Capt. Frank J. Hughes, Moran general manager, operations; Capt. Percy Walling, personnel manager; Captain Goodwin, and Comdr. R. T. A. McKenzie, USCG, chief of the Coast Guard's licensing division, served to promote a closer understanding of mutual problems, it was agreed. Others attending the meeting:

Capt. W. P. Hawley, Chief of Staff, Third Coast Guard District; Capt. E. A. Anderson, Chief, Merchant Marine Safety Division; Capt. G. W. Holtzman, Chief, Intelligence and Law Enforcement Section; Capt. W. B. Millington, Chief, Aids to Navigation Section; Capt. V. C. Gibson, Chief, Engineering Division; Capt. Carl B. Olsen, Deputy Commander, Eastern Area; Capt. R. C. Foutter, Plans and Training Officer; and Commo. John S. Baylis, USCG (Ret.)

KEEL FOR NEW TUG—This is what you might have seen in Jakobson's Shipyard, Oyster Bay, L. I., on March 10 as the keel of that new Moran tug ordered for our affiliated Central Wharf Towboat Co. of Portland, Maine, was laid. No fuss, no feathers; just skilled workmen getting on with the job. The tug—100 feet long overall, with a molded beam of 25 ft., 10 in., and a designed draft of 12 ft., still unnamed as we go to press—is expected to be finished in September. Her dimensions and special features, including her 1,600 h.p. power plant, were designed with the Portland operation in mind.—Photo by County Photo Service, Westbury, L. I.



Signal from Norway

Dear Sirs:

I am extremely obliged to you for sending me the Moran Year Book. Permit me to compliment you on the most elegant finish. It will come in very usefully, containing much valuable information, besides a daily calendar for note making. Separately, we received your large calendar with the Willemstad view. We have given it a nice place in our office, where it will be of daily service. Many thanks. May I, in conclusion, tell you that your Moran news, which we receive at regular intervals, gives us great pleasure. It means a nice little visit to New York, besides a breath of the great world.

ROBERT NILSON
(*Fr. Nansens Vei 26, Volvat, Oslo*)

"Only Hired Man in the Great Northeast Who's Wired f'r Sight and f'r Sound"

Dear R.M.M.:

You should know how constantly pleased we are with TOW LINE—first for TV, then for more casual reading. Seems like each edition is a great improvement on the last one, and the current issue is a jim-dandy. Thanks again for including us on your list. What with the Seaway, the work on the Phoenix and Brewerton locks, and the snow gradually going from the plains of Plainville, it won't be long now until Moran's tugs get upstate way again and spring will indeed be here. "DEACON" DOUBLEDAY
(*Station WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y.*)

Tugs in Television Series on News Gathering

Routine Moran operations were featured in two episodes, March 20-21, of Walt Disney's "Mickey Mouse Club" newsreel, which claims a coast-to-coast audience of about 30,000,000. Ten episodes, presented daily beginning March 10, and headlined "Get That Story," explained news gathering techniques to a tyro.

Company dispatchers, crews of our tugs *Barbara*, *Carol* and *Cynthia* (Moran), and other personnel cooperated in making detailed surveys of tug maneuvers in docking R.M.S. *Queen Mary* and S.S. *United States*.

The film included scenes made in tug pilothouses, engine rooms and galleys; while deep sea, harbor and inland waterways operations were well described in the sound-track narrative.

Herewith, below: Disney's camera crew catches Moran dispatchers doing their stuff. Left to right, Lew Cass, director-photographer; Herbert Mulligan, technician; Pat Terzini, assistant cameraman; Capt. Joe Dowd and Danny Grandone, dispatchers. Right, clip from final footage made in the office of Admiral Edmond J. Moran, president (l. to r.): Bob Behrens, Jeff Blinn, staff photographer and Tow Line associate, and the Admiral.



Adopt-a-Ship Program Mushrooming; Diana L. Moran First Tug Chosen by School Kids

ACCORDING to a late report remembered here, 280 American ships have been "adopted" by children, in school classes and other substantial groups, in the four years that the Women's Organization for the American Merchant Marine, an auxiliary of the Propeller Club of the United States, has been promoting its unique "Adopt-a-Ship" plan.

If this total is correct, our *Diana L. Moran* turns out to be the 281st vessel—and incidentally, the first tug of any class—to be chosen as a seagoing mascot or protégé by such a group.

A Mariner Girl Scout troop in Scarsdale, N. Y., took a fancy to the *Diana L.* (Capt. Jens Halling), and reports have come to hand from a member of the outfit, Miss Joan Brice, 78 Penn Road, of that Westchester community, that the love affair is progressing nicely.

"You gave us more than enough information, but you can be sure that we deeply appreciated it all," she wrote. "The photograph of 'our' tug is lovely. We shall keep in touch with you and the captain and will let you know of everything we do concerning the tug. (We are trying to write a song about the *Diana*.)"

It may be that before we are through we'll be up to our shell-pink ears in this mushrooming maritime good will campaign.

Capt. Paul R. Jones, master of United Fruit Co.'s *S.S. Limon*, signalled TOW LINE that his ship had been adopted by the Clinton Public School of Clinton, N. J.

"Several of the students have writ-

ten to us inquiring about tugboats. Since your magazine is tops on the subject, I wonder if you could put them on your mailing list . . ."

Thus Captain Jones; but it would be a mistake to assume that these are the only straws in the offshore wind!

"Most Beautiful of All"

Dear Mr. Munroe:

Your splendid calendar with the extra print arrived. They were in good condition, and I have already framed and hung the print in my bedroom. In this room are many pictures of ships, but the *Diana L. Moran* is the first towboat. She is also the most beautiful of all. I thank you for this and also for TOW LINE of Christmas, which was as beautiful as the calendar . . .

MARTIN HENDRICKS
(Huisen, N-H, Holland)

We're No Gilded Lily!

Gentlemen:

During the past two years we have spent considerable time cruising the New York State canals and the Great Lakes aboard our *Mathews Elji*. We have become fascinated by the commercial traffic, and recently we were very interested in a borrowed copy of your company magazine. (It is) much more interesting than the "gilded" yachting magazines, and we would appreciate a subscription if possible.

JAMES P. BEARDSLEY
(64 South St., Auburn, N. Y.)

TOWED

(Reprinted from the *Imperial Oil Fleet News*, Vol. X, No. 1, Spring, 1958.)

A recent issue of *Tow Line*, *Moran Towing & Transportation's* well-edited magazine, contained a cut of a *Fleet News* front cover. Ever since we've been deluged with letters having the same theme: "Please add my name to your mailing list." We've had to say no, for our magazine is sort of a family affair with a small budget, but we do appreciate these requests, which came from all parts of the United States, England, Northern Ireland and even New Zealand.

The requests have reinforced our belief that people have a tremendous interest in ships and their crews, and an insatiable desire to know more about them. It's a source of pride, too, that so many of those interested would ask us to add their names to our mailing list. The third obvious fact is that *Tow Line* must have a whopping great mailing list to cover the territory it does! Our thanks to Editor R. M. Munroe.

*Editor's note: Mr. McKean's complaint, if it is a complaint, is anything but unique. We have had somewhat similar comments from quite a few other magazine editors since that series of full-page layouts, "Meet Some (More) of Our Contemporaries," started running. A plea of not guilty must be entered to the oversize mailing list charge, however. Last issue a press run of 7,700 covered all requirements nicely, including *Moran* employees both afloat and ashore, and about 1,500 readers in various foreign countries.*

Texas Tower No. 4 Issue

Dear Sirs:

. . . I appreciate it very much to receive regularly your magazine and always enjoy reading it. Especially, I want to mention that I found the last August issue really excellent. Every detail of the transport and erection at sea of the offshore platform had my careful attention. Thanking you once more for the favour granted me during the past year, and looking forward eagerly to the arrival of the next edition of TOW LINE.

WILHELM VIETOR
(Bremen, Germany)

EARLY MORNING DOCKING—No

matter how often the docking of a big transatlantic liner is photographed, or what time of day or night, there is always a new and striking angle to be recorded. One of our foreign friends, Werner Janssen of the Ernst Glassel agency, Altenwall 21, Bremen, Germany, made this just-before-daylight shot of "M" tugs—could there be any doubt of it?—assisting *R.M.S. Queen Mary* into her berth alongside Pier 90, 50th Street, North River. It is regarded here as an excellent amateur effort, and we are pleased to present it.



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.)

MARCH 11, 1908—Edgar F. Luckenbach (tug), which was sunk Jan. 28 in collision with str. *Pawnee* off The Battery, New York, was raised Mar. 7 by Merritt-Chapman Derrick & Wrecking Co.

MARCH 18, 1908—(Boston, Mar. 12) Barge *Schuylkill*, in tow of tug *Conestoga*, from Philadelphia for Marblehead with 1,162 tons of coal, was run into four miles below Highland Light at 6 p.m. yesterday by sch. *Mertie B. Crowley*, from Boston for Baltimore. Barge was damaged on port side and leaked so badly she put into Provincetown with all pumps going to prevent her from sinking... (Woods Hole, Mar. 14.) Str. *Silvia* (Br.), from New York for Halifax and St. John, N.F., ran ashore on Sow and Pigs Reef off Cuttyhunk this morning. Compartments are full of water. Revenue cutter *Mohawk* took passengers off in boats and landed them in New Bedford... (Mar. 16) Cutter reports seas breaking over wreck, and Captain Reed believes she will be total loss... *Navahoe*, large sailing barge built by Harland & Wolff, Ltd., for Anglo-American Oil Co., and especially designed for carrying about 10,000 tons of oil in bulk, sailed from Belfast, Ireland, Mar. 1 for New York in tow of oil str. *Iroquois*... *Providence* (ss, Fall River Line) was on fire early Mar. 13 when between Stepping Stones and Captain's Island, L. I. Sound. All passengers were transferred to ss. *Richard Peck*, which took them to New York.

MARCH 25, 1908—(Vineyard Haven, Mar. 17) Barge *Randolph*, Newport News for Boston in tow of tug *Cuba*, reported yesterday off Middle Sound, L. I. Sound, in heavy northerly weather, foremast carried away just above deck, with gear attached.

APRIL 8, 1908—(Bath, Me., Apr. 1) Bge. *Ashland*, from Philadelphia with 1,513 tons of coal for this city, went ashore on rocks and sank today while being towed up Kennebec River by *Seguin*. Crew saved.

APRIL 15, 1908—Tug *Nonpareil* of Philadelphia sank at Staples Coal Wharf, East Boston, night of Apr. 8... *Silvia*, before reported ashore on Sow and Pigs Reef, was broken up in gale of Apr. 8, and nothing is visible of wreck.

APRIL 22, 1908—SS. *Monterey*, for Havana, and str. *United States* (Dan.), outbound for Copenhagen, collided in New York Lower Bay Apr. 16. Both steamers damaged. *United States* beached on west side of channel south of West Bank, with engine room flooded. *Monterey* at her pier with stem smashed and twisted, plates started.

APRIL 29, 1908—United Steamship Co. was organized in Galveston Apr. 21. Will start May 1 with strs. *Progreso*, *Galveston* and *Gotthard*. Service: Havana, weekly; Matanzas, Manzanillo, Cienfuegos, monthly. Officers: John Seely, president; H. Mosle, traffic mgr.; J. M. Lykes, operating mgr.



Reciprocal Good Wishes

Dear Sirs:

Please accept my very best thanks for sending me your magnificent calendar for 1958 and for the art print accompanying it. For some months now I have received your magazine regularly, and as one who is interested in shipping and all forms of transportation, I enjoy reading it very much. From my home here on the North Irish seaboard, I heartily reciprocate your good wishes for 1958.

SAMUEL S. TROY
(2 Adelaide Ave., Coleraine, N. Ireland)

You're Welcome, Cap'n

Dear Mr. Munroe:

This is a note to express my most sincere appreciation for TOW LINE, of which I have been a recipient for the past 12 months. As a retired tugboat captain, reading is my most interesting hobby, and I can assure you TOW LINE provides me with all the unique and interesting articles on tugboating that I most enjoy. Congratulations to your magazine, best wishes for the New Year, and my most heartfelt thanks.

CAPT. W. T. MITCHELL
(316 Waverly Rd., Toronto 8, Ont.)

GRAIN TRANSFER—Tow Line has had no opportunity to publish the likes of this Photography for Industry (Rotkin) aerial view made for International Elevating Co., 26 Broadway, New York. It was the impressive background that persuaded us. Lower right: Floating elevators *Hudson* and *Oswego* transferring grain from the *Fort Pine* to the *Hellenic Star* between Piers 45 and 46, Erie Basin, Brooklyn. The *Fort Pine* is a Canadian-type Liberty ship, one of many World War II vessels laid up in the reserve fleet at Jones Point, Hudson River, and utilized for storing surplus government grain. The *Hellenic Star* is engaged in the movement of grain to European ports.

Used to transfer grain from one ship to another, but not to store or transport it, such elevators in most instances are not self-propelled, so Moran tugs handle them in New York. Often it is an extremely delicate operation to move them in a high wind, and placing them in close quarters between two ships, as these were, calls for top skill on the part of the tug and her crew.

Upper background: left, Governors Island and the financial district of New York; right, Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges.



IT'S ALL IN KNOWING HOW—A stout length of hawser, some chain falls, power, and know-how are the only requirements for raising and securing a drooping bow fender, which is what goes on here in this F. C. Shipley shot of deck activity aboard the canal tug *Claire A. Moran*. Engineer Harold Smeds (right) and deckhand Alfred Fallon, both of Staten Island, teamed up to do the necessary as their tug negotiated the Champlain Canal just south of Schuylerville.

No Moran Tug, No Dice

Gentlemen:

I have a 1957 calendar with a beautiful picture of one of your tugs on it. I am going to frame it. Do you have a 1958 calendar that I could have? If it does not have a picture of one of your vessels on it, then I wouldn't want it. I love ships. My grandfather used to build wooden ships in Bath, Maine. Before long we will be able to see more ships in Chicago. I am 13 and lame from polio, but I built a sailfish last year that came out fine. Next I will build a motorboat. I can't go out for sports, but I can swim good...

DONALD LACHLAN MACCORQUODALE
(785 Locust St., Winnetka, Ill.)

We Supply a Non-circulating Library in Alaska and Dabble in Dutch Immigration

FROM TIME TO TIME, as something moves them to write, we hear from a humorous and otherwise engaging couple whose very address is appealing to one whose literary eye teeth were cut on the no longer stylish ballads of Robert W. Service: Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Morgan, Route 1, Box 484, Ketchikan, Alaska.

In the most recent instance, theirs was a thank-you letter for a 1958 Moran calendar and the previous year's issues of *TOW LINE*. A white-bordered copy of our Christmas cover was requested, despite a haunting fear that someone might consider them "pig-gish"—and although "we are rapidly running out of wall space on which to display Mr. Evers' paintings."

It seems that also the Morgans have on order a copy of "Tugboat"—the *Moran Story*, by Eugene F. Moran and Louis Reid.

"We are not the only ones who enjoy the copies of *TOW LINE* you send us," they wrote. "Our friends always read them, but by George, they read 'em here! We don't lend 'em out."

We are as proud as Punch to be a mainstay of the Morgans' non-circulating library; but it was a postscript to the last letter postmarked Ketchikan received here that we thought might be of more general interest. This is it:

"... Perhaps it might interest you folks to know that through the courtesy of *TOW LINE* we became acquainted several years ago via mail with a very nice young Dutch couple from Holland. (We may have reported this; however, we haven't told you the latest development.)

"We are happy to tell you that we are to be their sponsors so that they may come

to this country to live! It may be another two years before red tape will allow them to come to the United States, but we are all making serious plans and couldn't be more delighted.

"And we can all thank *TOW LINE* and Moran for it. They saw our name and address on a letter you published some years ago, and they wrote to us. That is what started a most enjoyable, interesting and informative friendship-by-mail, and we thought perhaps you might like to know this."

This development nudges us a little further over on the proud side, and we are indeed happy to be informed of it. The best of everything to all hands concerned!

(What have we here, an international direct-by-mail sales potential? ... Wonder how a maritime matrimonial bureau would work out?)

¡Si, Señorita Secretarial!

Dear Sirs:

Please rush to me (before the supply is exhausted) a full-color print of Artist Evers' beautiful painting for the cover of the Christmas *TOW LINE*. It has such coloring, such vividness, and the skyline in the background is especially dear to me, as I am a native of New York City. You are to be complimented, not only on the fine material in your publication, which I read from cover to cover when it reaches the Marine Department, of which I am the secretary, but also on your excellent taste in choosing the wonderful paintings for your covers. I hope you won't mind my asking for a print now and then, as they are always tops! If still available, I would also love to have a copy of your handsome 1958 calendar.

(MISS) CARMEN YSTILLARTE
(Creole Petroleum Corp., Caracas, Ven.)



WHO'S ON FIRST?—That curvaceous lady on the right is *S. S. Constitution*, American Export Lines, shoving off on another sunny Mediterranean cruise. Our *Moira Moran* easily guides her 23,719 tons into the breezy North River "stream" off Pier 84. Soon after this, *Carol Moran* appeared, nudging the ship's bow to seaward. Such smooth concerted action left the photographer breathless—but still ashore.



FEBRUARY 1958

Journal of the
WORLD SHIP SOCIETY



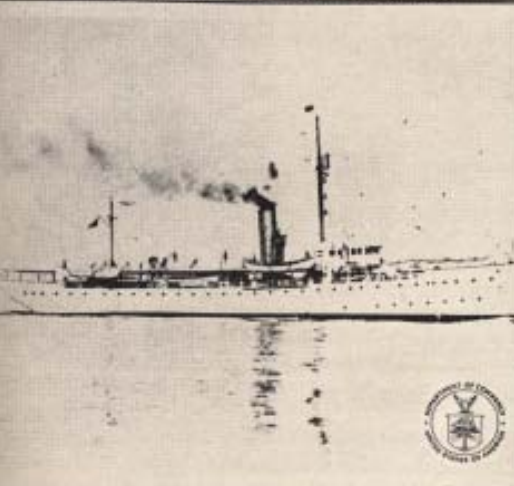
Vol. XI No. 12

DECEMBER 1957



**MARINERS
WEATHER LOG**

A bimonthly climatic review of ocean and lake areas



JUNE 2, NUMBER 2 WEATHER BUREAU MARCH 1958

Meet Some More of Our
CONTEMPORARIES

(Clockwise, from upper left)

Bureau of Ships Journal—Monthly; Bureau of Ships, Department of the Navy, Washington 25, D. C.; Rear Adm. A. G. Mumma, Chief of Bureau.

Marine News—Monthly; World Ship Society, 3 Parkside Road, Kendal, Westmorland, England; Michael Crowdy, Editor.

Going Places—Monthly; American Express Co., 65 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.; William Lerner, Editor.

Journal of Ship Research—Quarterly; Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, 74 Trinity Place, New York 6, N. Y.; Leo S. Blodgett, Editor.

Via Pensacola—Monthly; Port of Pensacola, 616 Brent Annex, Pensacola, Fla.; Justin R. Weddell Associates, Editors.

The Columbian Crew—Bi-monthly; Columbian Rope Company, Auburn, N. Y.; Reynolds Spriggs, Editor.

Foundation Bulletin—Monthly; Foundation Company of Canada, Ltd., 1220 Bay Street, Toronto 5, Ont.; R. L. Etienne, Editor.

Mariners Weather Log—Bi-monthly; U. S. Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.; Gerald C. Bristow, Editor.

(This is 5th and last of a series)

**JOURNAL
OF
SHIP RESEARCH**

Volume 1, Number 2 NOVEMBER 1957

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Published by THE SOCIETY OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS AND MARINE ENGINEERS
75 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Foundation Bulletin



MARCH 1958



The COLUMBIAN CREW

The Bulletin of the Columbian Rope Co. at Auburn, New York

**VIA
PENSACOLA**

VOL. 1, NO. 11 BULLETIN OF THE DEEP WATER PORT OF PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, U.S.A.



THE DEEP WATER PORT

Published by THE PORT OF PENSACOLA, 616 BRENT ANNEX, PENSACOLA, FLORIDA





Since this seems to be the 1958 ice issue of TOW LINE, more or less, "let's take a look at the record," as Al Smith used to say, insofar as it concerns towboat operations on the Ohio River.

We have it from Capt. John A. Brown, Moran's general manager out there, that for 18 days in mid-February navigation on the upper reaches of the Ohio was utterly impossible. Ice floes piled up at movable dams, and the Army Engineers had to drop the dams so the stuff could move out. This in turn resulted in such a severe low water condition that nobody could move—although it goes without saying that what the experienced government people did to alleviate the trouble was nothing more than standard practice.

Towboats took shelter in the Green and Kentucky Rivers; but our *Betty Moran* couldn't make it, alas, because she was stuck above Lock 16, which is at New Matamoras, Ohio.

It was pretty bad at its worst, Captain Brown said, in fact the worst condition of its kind observed since 1937. Fortunately for this department, he had some convincing visual proofs of his story, three of which are reproduced on this page. For example (*directly below*), a snapshot made from the city waterfront at Mount Vernon, Ind., where our river operation is based, looking northward towards Evansville:



Looked more like the St. Lawrence River than the temperate Ohio to mid-western observers, undoubtedly. The New York latitude-longitude was having February troubles of its own, however.

Captain Brown also produced a view (*adjoining column*) looking southward past our food supplier's dock towards the Texas Company's local plant.

But across the bottom of this page is the ultimate clincher, a Louisville Courier-Journal airview by Billy Davis, chief photographer, published therein March 2 and reproduced here with the newspaper's kind permission. This one does it.

What you see is the *David E. Moran* (Capt. Robert Shelton) assisting the *Allied Ashland* and her tow into the Kentucky River about midday February 18. The *Ashland's* sea strainers were plugged with ice so she could not operate, and Captain Shelton was happy to be of assistance. He transported the cripple to a safe anchorage and tied her up a couple of hours later—presumably much to the gratification of her owners.

The *David E.* was icebound from the 18th to the 23rd. The *Betty* was similarly immobilized from the 16th to the 26th... So much for hampering river ice.

We have the pleasure of introducing to you now another diligent worker in the Moran inland waterways vineyard, Mrs. Anita Louise Cox, originally of the Mount Vernon Moore family, secretary in the local headquarters of the company. She was born in 1937, graduated from Mount Vernon High School in 1955, and went to work immediately for the Fuhrer-Ford Milling Co. there. Six months later she accepted a better position with the First Methodist Church, where she remained until she joined Moran in June of last year.



There is a comparatively fresh item concerning those once British Browns, while midwestern territory is being scanned. What? A new baby, no less: Pamela Jean, 8¼ pounds when she arrived March 14 in Deaconess Hospital, Evansville, Ind. It was considerable of her, too, picking the time she did. The captain arrived home from a business trip to New York at 1:30 a.m. that

New York Waterways Ass'n Hears General

Brig. Gen. John L. Person, Ass't Chief of Engineers for Civil Works, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, was guest speaker at the 48th annual luncheon of the New York State Waterways Ass'n, Inc., Feb. 21 at the Downtown Athletic Club.

Quoting chapter and verse, and supporting his views with an abundance of favorable statistics, General Person bore down heavily in deriding the term commonly used in referring to funds approved by Congress and spent by such government agencies as his—"pork barrel" appropriations. Actually, dollar-for-dollar values in public benefits resulting from nearly all such appropriations far exceed the original estimates, he said.

David A. Wright served as master of ceremonies and made a report as president of the association. William E. Cleary, secretary, also spoke briefly.

Other guests of honor were: J. Frank Belford, Jr., Braxton B. Carr, Francis J. Collins, William J. Delaney, Raymond M. Fisher, Harry A. Gilbert, Thomas F. Horan, Edward C. Hudowalski, James P. McAllister, Alfred Moon, Rear Adm. Henry C. Perkins, USCG, Comdr. J. Lewis Putt, USPS, Col. Clarence Renshaw, USA, Col. T. DeF. Rogers, USA, Newton T. Ronan and Henry Ten Hagen.

At the Moran Towing & Transportation Co. table were: C. M. Devine, John L. Eyre, Capt. Leonard Goodwin, Capt. Frank J. Hughes, Malcolm W. McLeod, John J. Metzner, R. M. Munroe, and Fred Schilling.

FINANCE EXPERT—Fred Schilling, Moran vice president, has been made a member of the special accounting committee of The American Waterways Operators, Inc.

day, and at 3:30 a.m. he and Mrs. Brown (Pamela I) were on their way to the hospital... According to the last count, there were four other young'ns romping around the Brown "farm": Mac, 12; Sandy, 11; Eddie, eight; and Kevin, four.



TUGS GO TO SCHOOL

In the national school newspaper, Current Events — "larger circulation than any other school newspaper in the world" — Vol. LVII, No. 24, week of March 17-21, Moran personnel, equipment and far-flung operations were accorded an extraordinary two-page illustrated feature:

"Tugboats on the Job: Barges, freighters, luxury liners—the tugs can handle them all."

Both photographs and text emphasized our *Cynthia Moran*, but not to the exclusion of other units of the "M" fleet, especially the ocean tug *Joseph H. Moran, II*. At the time the piece was written she had just completed successfully a routine towing and rescue epic that accounted for 106 working days out of her home port. Item: transatlantic voyages to Rotterdam and return.

Maltese Collector

Dear Sir:

I intend to frame pictures showing marine views, including ships, to adorn my room. I would be very much obliged if you would be so kind as to send me (some) pictures, and I would appreciate it if included in the selection would be one showing the Italian liner *Augustus*. I am greatly enjoying your journal, and I have no words kind enough to thank you for sending same regularly. My collection of marine souvenirs, as well as my nautical library, is getting along very nicely. My card collection is over 20,000.

VICTOR L. WICKMAN
(95, St. Ursula Str., Valetta, Malta)



Postmark: Cape Town

Dear Mr. Munroe:

This is a little tardy, but I wish to express my thanks for sending me TOW LINE and the very fine calendar. My wife also greatly enjoys browsing through your excellent magazine. Of course, she especially likes to read about the Moran company families and females—and maybe to see what they are wearing. I enjoy the whole thing. I feel that I would like to make some return, and the only thing I can think of is to ask you to assure your captains that they will have a courteous reception and fresh coffee whenever they board a Robin Line ship. (I am in the *Robin Goodfellow* at present.) Once again, thanks for TOW LINE. It is one of the most interesting in the nautical field.

GEORGE R. BERENS
(At sea, January 28, 1958)

NEAREST SAFE PORT—One of Tow

Lines oldest friends, H. H. Outerbridge, Shelly Bay, Bermuda, very kindly thought of us again back in February when the ocean tug *Joseph H. Moran, II* arrived at St. George's with the 6,653-ton Swedish ship *Jacqueline*, which had lost her propeller and—worse and more of it—was out of fresh water and provisions. The vessel was picked up 92 miles off Bermuda, and after a two-day stay there, was taken to Newport News, Va. That was the next to the last lap of an unusually long period at sea for the *Joseph H. Moran*. "Captain and Crew of Moran Tug Live 106-Day Saga of Atlantic," "Tug's 3-Week Job Stretches to 105 Days," and "Tired Tug Tows in a 4-Month Saga," were headlines over three versions of the story in New York—Bermuda Photo House picture.

Inland Waterways Tugs Are Plying Their Regular Routes Again, Manned by the Likes of These Three



Master, *Marie S. Moran*: Capt. John Peterson, 19 Elmwood Drive, New City, N. Y.; wife, Helen; joined the company April 7, 1953.



Deckhand, *Catherine Moran*: Donald J. Stata, 551 Fifth Ave., North Troy, N. Y.; mother, Olga; joined Moran Oct. 5, 1952.



Deckhand, *Marie S. Moran*: William Erikson, 8809 Fourteenth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; wife, Randi; joined the company May 4, 1954.



One of this department's energetic operatives in Portland, Maine, turned up recently with on-the-job snapshots of an attractive quartet of office employees of Central Wharf Towboat Co. Already slanted towards the dis-taff side—don't worry, we know where the butter and maple syrup for our waffles come from!—we hasten to present them here.



First, Mrs. Dorothy D. Tozier, assistant secretary and office manager since June 1, 1953. She started as a bookkeeper and dispatcher two years before that. Has a daughter, Dale Ellen, aged 10. Resides at 919 Broadway, South Portland . . . Come to think of it, "Dot" was introduced here once, in the Christmas 1956 issue, but without benefit of felicitous photo.

Second, stenographic Mrs. Janet Ludwig, an employee since August 1957, when she began as a part-time clerk. Last November she started putting in a full day at the office, principally on secretarial work. Janet and husband, Leon, live at 221 High Street, Portland, and they have a son, Douglas, four years old.



Third, Mrs. Shirley L. Leiser, alert and diligent, as you can see, in her capacity as a bookkeeper — a profession your reporter would be just about as well fitted for as a clock tinker is for servicing an electronic brain. Yes, she has a husband, Harry G., and a son, H. G., Jr., aged eight. The address is Greenway Drive, Falmouth Foreside, State o' Maine.

Fourth, and last of the present quartet, Mrs. Edna Shattuck, who started with Central Wharf in July 1953 as a substitute dispatcher and billing clerk, and became a permanent employee five months later, having done "an exemplary job" while the regular dispatcher was on sick leave. Husband, William P.; daughters, Linda, 12, and Paula, 17. The family resides at 54 Berwick Street, South Portland. Looks good-natured, h'm?



There is another important fella we have to get in here, however — Madison A. Moore, Jr., 14-year-old son of the president of our Down East company, who seems to be trying to outdo "Mad," Sr., at seeing the world. A first year student at Kennebec School, Woolwich, Maine, he returned home April 1 after spending three months studying at St. Croix, Virgin Islands. The whole outfit went down: staff, faculty, student body—and their mascot, a monkey.

Besides their boss, these Central Wharf employees attended the annual Moran meetings and dinner for all male employees Sunday, March 30, at the Hotel Commodore, New York: Frederick S. Boyce, assistant to the president; Capt. Eldred Anderson and oiler Manuel Daluz of the tug *Richard J. Moran*, and relief engineer Ralph Bailey, who has a chief's rating.

Norman Barbour of the *Thomas E. Moran* has been promoted to relief master. He rotates between the *Thomas E.*, the *Richard J.*, and the *Gay Moran*, replacing Capt. Howard L. Wentworth, who has resigned.

Edwin P. McDuffie, mate aboard the *Gay*, has passed his examination for first class pilotage, Portland Harbor and approaches, with flying colors

Also promoted: Frederick Davis, seaman to mate on the *Thomas E.*

"About New York"

(Editor's note: The following item is reprinted from "Mike" Berger's justly famous New York Times column. Its subject, E. F. Moran, Sr., Chairman of the Board, Moran Towing & Transportation Co., was born March 24, 1872.)

One day in 1881 Eugene Moran Sr., for years head of the Moran towing fleet, came to Manhattan from Brooklyn with his father. They stopped at 2 Broadway, east of Bowling Green. The boy was fascinated by workmen swarming over a new foundation for the Produce Exchange. The Exchange was to be a noble structure of brick with imposing sculpture around the facade, with the richest interior decorations ever seen in the city.

Bart Cronin, the contractor who had the job, was a friend of the family's. He took the boy around. He explained how piles were driven, and why. He showed where underground streams had been dammed off so the work might go forward. Mr. Moran thought of all this recently when he came by Bowling Green. The old Produce Exchange was gone. Workmen had labored to tear out the spruce logs he had seen put down in 1881. A new foundation was building, one strong enough to carry a skyscraper.

Eugene Moran Jr. arranged to have his father driven down into the excavation to watch the workers pull out the piles he had seen driven seventy-seven years ago. The foreman cut a two-inch section from one of the old treetrunks for Mr. Moran Sr. to carry away as a souvenir . . .

Longs for 'M' Tugs

To the Manager:

I was delighted to get another of your year books (1958). They are so useful and so beautifully made up. I don't get over on your side of the Atlantic very much these days, and I doubt if this ship could find her way across, as she is now 11 years old and has never seen any places except Liverpool and West Africa. I wish we had a couple of your tugs at the above address (*M. V. Apapa, Bathurst, Gambia, W. Africa.—Ed.*), as we have to put her alongside a little 200-foot jetty without help of anything other than the tides, and it is not easy; but we do all sorts of things in Africa 100 years behind the times. Again, many thanks.

CAPT. J. S. COWAN
(Elder Dempster Lines, Liverpool, Eng.)

Another advantage in being female and employed by Central Wharf seems to be that none of the fair sex up there has been handed a summons for traffic violation—despite driving wrong on a one-way street, through red lights, denting fenders, wacky parking.

Want to Know About Oil Barrels? Right!

(Reprinted from the Mobil Mariner)

Have you ever seen a "barrel" of oil? If you have, then it was not the "barrel" oilmen talk about.

"Barrel" is a special term in the oilman's language. When used in production figures—for instance, in the statement that more than a billion barrels of oil were produced last year—a barrel means 42 U. S. gallons. However, when oil is shipped or sold, it is most likely done in barrels—more often referred to as drums—of 50 or 55 gallons.

The reason for this disparity is that when "Drake's Folly" struck oil in Pennsylvania back in 1859, naturally there were no oil barrels. The only available container was the whisky hogshead. Over the years the volume of a hogshead has varied, but the standard size in Drake's era was 42 gallons—and that's what a producer's "barrel" of oil came to mean and still does.

To complicate matters, refiners used a 50-gallon barrel for a long time after the producers adopted the 42-gallon barrel as their standard measure. It wasn't 'til after World War I that the differences were straightened out and 42 gallons became the oil industry's standard unit of measure.

In countries where imperial gallons are used 35 imperial gallons add up to one U. S. barrel. The U. S. gallon is one-sixth smaller than the imperial gallon. But no matter where you are in the world the various units of measurement can be converted and expressed in terms of 42-gallon oil "barrels."

Remember, however, that no oil is shipped, transported or sold in containers of 42 gallons. That is merely a measurement.

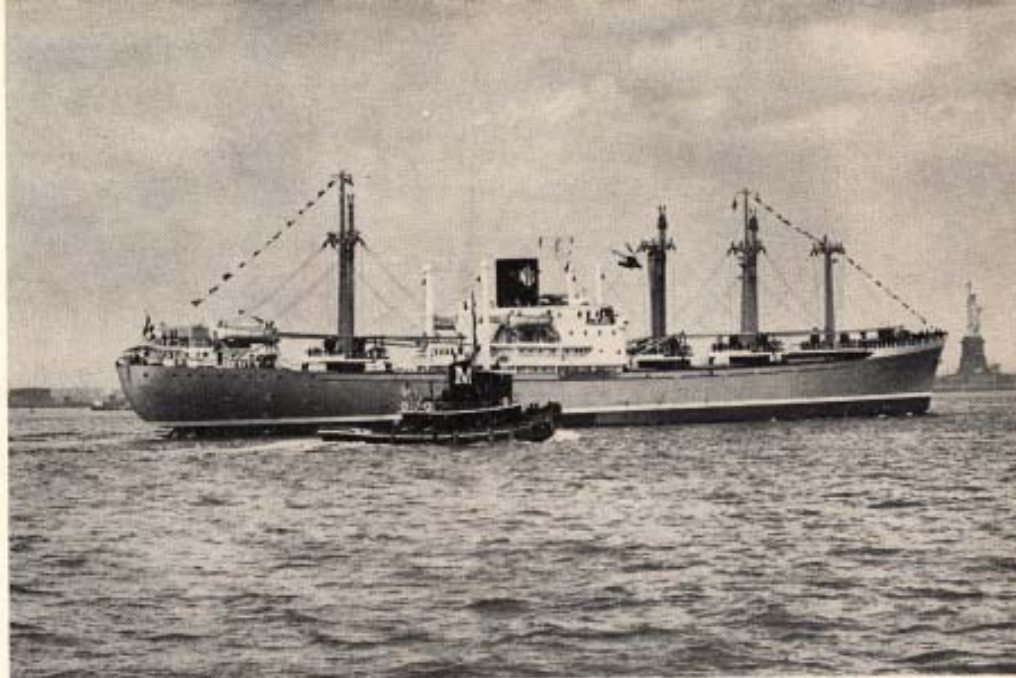
Awe-inspiring Waterfront

Dear Mr. Munroe:

Taking advantage of your kind offer, would it be possible for two of the paintings to be sent to me? Am referring to Mr. Evers' beautiful picture on the December cover of *TOW LINE*. Having sailed out of New York in the middle 'thirties, this painting clearly brings to mind the awe-inspiring sight of New York's waterfront. Your 1958 calendar takes the prize among those we have received and is admired by all who call here. Most sincere congratulations to Mr. Evers and to you and your staff for an outstanding picture and publication.

ROBERT C. PAYES

(Assistant Port Administrator and Pilot, Pago Pago, American Samoa)



Liner Launched

(Continued from Page 3)

The liners have grown large and speedy and luxuriously comfortable. The tugboats have become diesel and diesel-electric—and many times more powerful.

It was no wonder that the eyes of Emmet McCormack and Eugene Moran glistened with excitement as the count-down for launching began.

"Seven, six, five, four, three, two . . . one."

And There She Goes!

The voice on the loud-speaker sounded sharp and clear. The beautiful Mrs. Moore swung the be-ribboned bottle, a cascade of champagne splashed over nearby dignitaries, and the *Argentina*, picking up speed, slid down the greased ways and into the Pascagoula, which the Cherokees called the "singing river."

Flash-bulbs exploded and cameras clicked. A band played gaily. The honor guests cheered as the new ship got her first taste of salt water.

When it was over two veteran men of the sea, Emmet McCormack and Eugene Moran Sr., walked down the steep pine ladder to the ground, arm-in-arm, talking about the future. To both of them it was full of promise.

Editor's note: Mr. Moran returned to his home, 45 Ocean Avenue, Bay Shore, L. I., April 3 after his usual winter vacation in Palm Beach, Fla.—four months in this instance. He was back at his desk on April 7.

MAIDEN ARRIVAL—On March 4th, New York welcomed officially M. V.  *Mississippi Lloyd*, newest Royal Rotterdam Lloyd vessel, 11,500 tons, which arrived on her maiden voyage from Rotterdam. Moran tugs joined the ship off Stapleton, S. I., and escorted her upriver past the Statue of Liberty (which see in this photo) to the Battery, then back downstream and through Buttermilk Channel, assisting her to dock at Pier 3, Bush Docks, Brooklyn. Here is our Carol Moran, aboard which were H. van Wyck, Capt. D. Roosenschoon, H. Williams, J. van Baarle, J. C. Severiens, A. Drost, and the Misses N. van der Meulen and B. Scheulen. The 18-knot, 528-footer was launched Oct. 19.

Personable and Proficient



New business machine operator: Irene (Mrs. James) Daly, 1541 Shakespeare Av., Bronx; graduate, Aquinas High School, Thorpe Secretarial School; previous jobs include stint as information operator, N. Y. Telephone Co.; parents, Dennis and Nora Muldoon, Galway.

ASHORE



AND AFLOAT

IT'S A WARMING HANDSHAKE you get from Theodore Manuel Perry, manager of Amboy Towboats, Inc., another Moran affiliate, with headquarters at 201 Ellis Street, Tottenville, Staten Island, about an 18-mile crow flight SW of 17 Battery Place, Manhattan—worth it if you can fly.

"It may look rural out here, but it's still New York City," he says.

But there is nothing rustic about Ted's manner or in the steady buzz of activity around him. He is another of those from-the-ground-up businessmen—almost 24 years of shoreside association with the company.

Fresh from graduation at Perth Amboy High School, in 1934 he crossed Arthur Kill to learn about dispatching tugs. Undaunted by 10-12 hours a day and "doctors' hours" at night, he attended classes at Rutgers to find out more about business administration. Ambitious, y'see? As to his native place:

"Shoshone—that's an Indian name—was the nearest town, but it was on an Idaho farm homesteaded by my father that I was born on July 13, 1915," Ted says.

His dad, Manuel, came from Braza, Portugal, staked out a homestead among the Indians, and held out until hard times drove the family out and to Providence, R. I., in 1924.

So, besides impeccable English, Ted



T. M. Perry

feels "at home" in Portuguese, and has recently labored to a proficiency in Spanish—a triple-threat man, no less, in languages.

A romantic flair for acting during high school days led him to admire a talented Perth Amboy girl, Marie Buhler, and while they were still members of a dramatic club—bingo! suddenly they found themselves cast in real marriage roles.

A growing family with expanding interests—Richard and Jimmy, now 10 and 13, respectively—called for a new home. It was built two years ago on the foundations of the old one at 360 Grove Avenue, Metuchen, N. J. Ted is especially proud of the plumbing installation; did the whole job himself, of course.

Our Mr. Perry is a horse fancier, too, and more than a smidgen of this has rubbed off on son James.

"He had never been without a horse until recently," said Pop, referring to a prolonged stay the family had in South America. "Back in New Jersey again, I voiced concern over local statutes covering the keeping of livestock, since our home plot had been reduced to a couple of acres by encroaching residential developments, but that didn't faze young Jimmy. He was perfectly willing to 'fight city hall,' as the saying goes, so presently he turned up with a bona-fide permit: *one horse.*"

Gazing towards the Outerbridge span, Ted muses, "Most of the world's great tankers pass this way sooner or later"—and he's not far wrong.

From the top of the present he looks boldly to the future.

H. J. B.

The young fellow with the uniform and a pleased expression here is William Thomas Hayes, Jr., 17-year-old son of Capt. Bill Hayes of the *Moira*



Moran. He has been awarded a National Merit Scholarship as a result of competitive tests during his senior year at St. Francis Xavier High School, Manhattan. (140,000 tests are given to deserving students throughout the country, and 14,000 four-year scholarships are awarded by the National Merit Ass'n.) William T. will enter Manhattan College this fall to study for a B.A. in mathematics. His lieutenant's commission in the ROTC at high school also resulted from scholastic achievement.



"Nothing unusual about me," says this newest office boy at Moran headquarters, Michael P. O'Connor, just through with six months of active

duty in the U. S. Coast Guard. Brooklyn (3020 Avenue I) is his home, and he is a graduate of Midwood High School over there. Plans to major in accounting as an evening student at Brooklyn College this fall. Photography is his hobby. What—no romantic interests? Not yet, he says.

Add Baldwins: Tyler, Jr., born March 5 in Staten Island Hospital to "Tip," assistant to Capt. Frank J. Hughes, general manager, operations, and Mrs. T.—called "Frannie."

August C. Schneider, chief engineer, *Moira Moran*, is proud of two trophies his wife, Marie, brought home from the recent National Flower Show at the New York Coliseum. A member of the South Shore Garden Club, Staten Island, she entered African violets and came away with top honors for a single plant and a group of three. It was her first national competition, too. TOW LINE hastens to add its congratulations.



ANNUAL "M" GET-TOGETHER

IF YOU LOOK for anyone in particular here and can't find him, blame Tow Line space requirements, not the photographer(s) who covered the annual Moran meetings and dinner for male personnel ashore and afloat, March 30 at the Hotel Commodore, New York. Just about everyone not on active duty that Sunday was there, and company officials present seemed to think it was the most successful get-together of its kind to date. Cornelius M. Devine, Daniel A. Grandone, and Edwin J. Walsh were co-chairmen in this instance; and 11 industrious committees were headed by Eddie Balicky, John Tedaldi, John Masi, Jack Eyre, Howard Nielson, Joe Moore, Mike Bodlovic, Jim Drudy, Tip Baldwin, Jack Balsamo, and Ye Editor. There were business meetings from 1400 to 1800, including an all-hands talk by Joseph H. Moran, II, then dinner, with drawings for prizes, and top-drawer entertainment.

