

TOW LINE



SEPTEMBER, 1959

ON THE COVER—

A NEW SHIP with a new look, as well as interior innovations, is the fifth S.S. *Rotterdam* to fly the green-white-green houseflag of Holland-America Line. She arrived in New York for the first time Friday, September 11, and, following the familiar (but never stale) all-out harbor welcome accorded such important maiden liners, Moran tugs assisted her into a temporary berth at Fifth Street, Hoboken, N.J. (Later the smart looking 38,650-gross-ton transatlantic ship was moved to her line's nearly completed \$18,723,000 Pier 40, foot of West Houston Street, Manhattan.)

S.S. *Rotterdam* is 748 feet long overall, with a breadth of 94 feet and a height, keel to radar mast, of 201 feet, 10 inches. Twin-screw, double-reduction-gear, triple-expansion turbines give her a service speed of 20½ knots. She can carry 1,456 passengers and 776 crew, and is the largest foreign-flag liner built for the transatlantic trade since World War II—fifth in size regularly using the Port of New York. She was launched September 13, 1958.

The absence of a conventional (or even unconventional) smokestack makes the *Rotterdam's* profile unique in western ocean steamer lanes. Innovations mentioned include a passenger accommodation arrangement along horizontal rather than vertical lines, so that even at full capacity, first-class and tourist-class, everyone aboard may enjoy the most desirable areas of the ship without intermingling. This in addition to 102,000 cubic feet of dry cargo space and 14,000 cubic feet of cooled cargo space.

To command this new, completely air-conditioned H.-A. flagship, Commo. Coenraad Bouman was transferred from S.S. *Nieuw Amsterdam*, of which he was given command in 1956. So congratulations to him and, of course, to Nederlandsch-Amerikaansche Stoomvaart Maatschappij—the corporate name of the firm.

S.S. *Rotterdam* was to sail eastbound September 22.



Moran's European Agents.

ENGLAND: James A. McLaren & Co., 65 Bishopsgate, London, E. C. 2; SCOTLAND: Henry Abram, Ltd., 163 Hope Street, Glasgow, C. 2; NORWAY: Henning Astrup A/S, Fridtjof Nansens plass 4, Oslo; Birger Gjestland A/S Kong Oscars Gate 62, Bergen; DENMARK: Jorgen A. Rasmussen, 33 Amaliegade, Copenhagen K.; SWEDEN: A. B. Sandstrom, Stranne & Co., Postgatan 2, P.O.B. 93, Gothenburg; FINLAND: A. B. Lars Krogus & Co., O. Y. S. Magasinsgatan 4, Helsinki; BELGIUM: Wm. H. Mueller & Co., S. A. 21 Rue de la Bourse, Antwerp; GERMANY: Ernst Glassel, Altenwall 21, Bremen; SPAIN: Rafael Navajas, Alameda de Recalde 30, Bilbao; ITALY: Marittima Internazionale-Marinter S.p.A., Via alla Porta degli Archi 3/7, Genoa; GREECE: The Saporta Agency Co., Ltd., P.O.B. 21, Piraeus.



Vol. XII, No. 3 Published by September, 1959

MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC.

17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.

Cable Address: MORANTOW

R. M. Munroe, Editor

Jeff Blinn, Associate

(Unless otherwise noted, material published herein, if originated by this magazine, may be reprinted with the usual credit line)

New North German Lloyd Flagship, S. S. Bremen

WEST GERMANY'S resurgence is no myth. There is increasing and increasingly impressive evidence of it on both sides of the Atlantic.

One of the latest manifestations is North German Lloyd's 32,336-gross-ton liner *S.S. Bremen*, a July 16 arrival in New York from Bremerhaven via Cherbourg and Southampton—an occasion for that enthusiastic harbor welcome reserved for first-line transatlantic passenger ships. Other vessels, including tugs, municipal fireboats, U. S. Coast Guard craft, and sightseeing boats, airborne contingents, and noon hour throngs ashore gave the new liner and her master, Capt. Heinrich Lorenz, a well deserved salute.

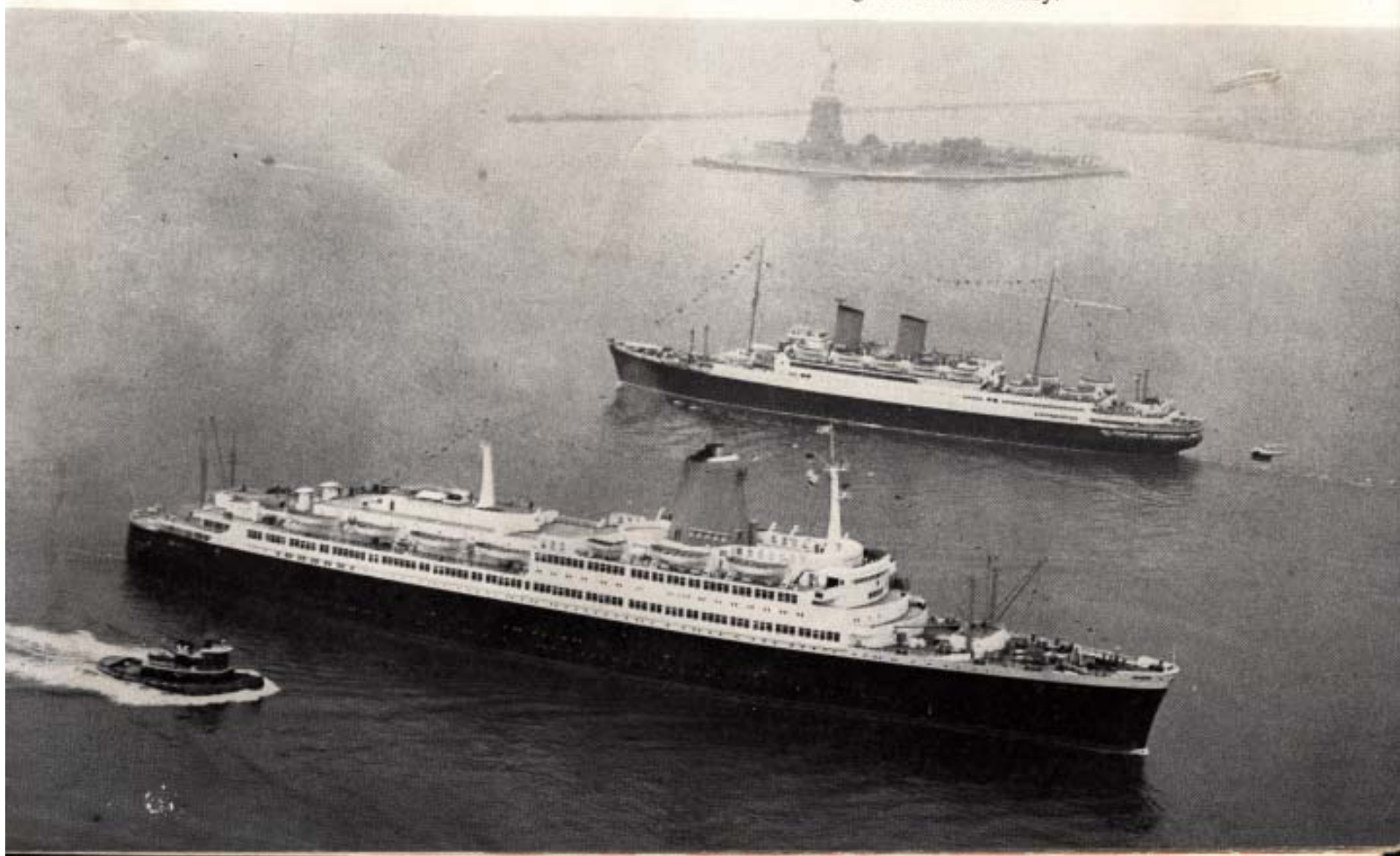
A Flying Camera, Inc., photographer caught the *Bremen*, with a docking tug escort moving at full speed to keep pace as she passed her outbound running mate, *S.S. Berlin*—significantly enough, in that stretch of the

inner harbor between Governors Island and our universally admired Statue of Liberty (background). These are sleek modern ships, worthy in all respects.

The *Bremen* is 699.6 feet long and 88 feet wide, with a draft of 30 feet, 10 inches, and a cruising speed of 23 knots. She has accommodations for 1,200 passengers—216 in first class, 984 in tourist class—and all her equipment and passenger-freight facilities are of the most modern type. (From here, six days to the Channel ports; to Bremerhaven, seven.)

Moran's always adequate diesel-electric tugs assisted the new ship to dock on the south side of Pier 88, North River, foot of West 48th Street, Manhattan, with one of our senior pilots, Capt. F. W. Snyder, calling the signals. She sailed eastbound on July 21.

U. S. Navigation Co., 17 Battery Place, New York, are the *Bremen's* agents in this country.



Tug-and-Barge Voyage, New York to Maine, As Reported by Tow Line's No. 1 Leg Man

EMPLYING the technique of The New Yorker's "our man Stanley," our man Shipley materialized out of the prevailing smaze one day recently, dropped a sheaf of barely legible notes on this editorial desk, and took off, mumbling something about putting the critical first 1,000 miles on his new Ford and having urgent business in (1) the Pennsylvania Dutch country, (2) Cape Cod and elsewhere in Massachusetts, and (3) the Canadian province of Ontario.

(That would be F. C. Shipley, the Sage of Dobbs Ferry, Professor of English at City College and Director of the Summer Session, a considerably better than average amateur photographer, and a canal and tug fancier from away back. He is no stranger here.)

This trip report concerns our inland waterways tug *Harriet Moran*, returning from Chicago to Bucksport, Maine, with one of two paper barges owned and operated by Time, Inc., the *C. L. Stillman*. We will undertake to translate o.m. Shipley's notes. Any italics that follow (in addition to vessel names) will be his.

The *Harriet* (Capt. Ray Larkey) with her light barge was half an hour ahead of time at the rendezvous point here where Fred and a couple of relief crewman were to get aboard. *Had left Albany 1435-144 miles in 11½ hrs. Nice going even with light*



tow. Was assigned upper berth in mate's cabin. Away at 0230. Not one to miss nite ride up E. River, stayed on deck. Was amazed at speed we were making, estimated 10 knots. Right, said Larkey. He never did get to bed that night. Next thing, Louis Mocca, cook, was signaling flapjacks, bacon and eggs, coffee.

East of Execution Light the tug lengthened hawser. *I watched white nylon looping over stern like whale line in Moby Dick. Barge now nearly ¼ mile astern. John Sterritt, second mate, took trick in pilot-house. Shipley took "the watch below." Roused by dinner bell, 1130.*

At 1330 the tow went through The Race, a wild patch of water in the midst of usually



placid Long Island Sound, at almost slack tide—but hard to believe.

Shortened hawser 0730 to enter Cape Cod Canal. *Seeing care with which it was hauled aboard and expertly flaked down, understood ease with which it was paid out in morning.* It was dark by the time the tow cleared canal. They let out hawser and headed due north for Cape Ann.

(Before proceeding here it should be mentioned that photographic conditions throughout the trip were unfavorable for the most part. Also, it happened the *Harriet* nearly always was in the right place at the wrong time, night, for interesting shots; but the accompanying seven pix are tossed in anyway for flavoring.)

Another day, 0500, and a noticeable tang in the air usually associated with the Maine coast. *Wife, native, says ocean doesn't smell right anywhere else.* Position 13 miles off Boone Island.

After breakfast our man visited Chief Engineer Gus Kellson. *Never saw a chief who wasn't proud of his machinery. Gus no exception. Explained everything, but engine spoke louder. Proof of pudding: 10 to 11 nautical miles sliding under us every hour.* Clear day, moderate sea.

Monhegan Island 1100, headed for Two Bush Channel; and p.m. spent running up Penobscot Bay—past Owl's Head and Rockland, then Camden, with Mt. Megunticook looming behind it through haze.

At 1600 *Harriet* took barge alongside, proceeded up Penobscot River under Rt. No. 1 bridge, rounded bend at Bucksport, and headed up to St. Regis Paper Co. mill. Docked barge 1750, 380 miles from New

York—39 hours, gross, no record run for the tug, but a good one.

Word was they'd load barge (2,000 tons coated paper in rolls) tomorrow, Sunday or no Sunday, unless rain. To town 2000 to see if we could scare up lobster. No luck; shrimp instead, spiced by yarns of Larkey—expert spinner.

A Yankee loading gang was johnny-on-the-spot Sunday morning, *working like beavers*, a crane swinging half-ton rolls into hold two at a time, whence they were rolled into place by *Yankee-power*. Care is necessary here, especially with ends of rolls, since a damaged roll can jam a high-speed press in seconds. Hence water transport, which produces lowest incidence of roll damage. *Time's Nick Wallace is no dunce.*

With Larkey and Sterritt, Shipley inspected the mill, idle on Sunday; but a foreman said paper comes through machines at 1,500 feet a minute, *just a smidgen under 15 knots.* They didn't think he would tell tall tales on Sunday.

Turkey dinner on tug, and later window shopping in town. *Salty stuff.* One store featured Evers' 1957 calendar painting: tug *Edmond J. Moran* at sea.

Delayed by showers which forced covering hatches, Yankees (2000) *working like*



killing snakes, got the last roll aboard; whereupon covers were rolled into place and dogged down, lines thrown off, and *Harriet & Co. outbound for Chicago.*

Monday. Radar navigation, because of darkness, then fog, *genuine Maine kind.* Whales were about, now and then close enough to see pretty well, *but refused to pose for photos.* Evening fine, clear. Made Cape Cod Canal about 2200, delayed by northbound steamer.

Tuesday. Block Island Sound calm; Long Island Sound, past Race, *plain glassy.*

Editor's note: The *Harriet*, with loaded *C. L. Stillman*, arrived at The Battery, New York, at 0300 Wednesday. We do not, alas, have space available for the remainder of our man Shipley's report, which was equally colorful... He wanted to finish the voyage to Chicago!



Celebrated Shipmasters

By ALLAN KELLER, New York World-Telegram & Sun staff writer, with whose permission and the newspaper's this is reprinted here.

THERE isn't much left to scare a man after he's had his ship break down in the north Atlantic's winter gales, the wireless cracking and intercepted messages from Nazi submarine wolf-packs. That is why Capt. Robert H. Bradsell steps on the bridge of the liner *Argentina* or *Brasil* with no more apparent concern than the suburbanite shows as he steps into his car to drive to the station.

"Don't get me wrong," said Capt. Bradsell. "I'm aware of my duties, alive to my responsibilities, but I don't step up the gangplank to the echo of my knees knocking a tattoo."

As a relief captain for the Moore-McCormack Lines, Capt. Bradsell takes either of the new de luxe cruise ships on the 31-day cruise to Buenos Aires and back when there is need. When there isn't he goes as staff captain, second in command.

He admits there is a certain loneliness to being master of a ship at sea. Away from land the skipper is the man with all the responsibilities. No matter how many duties he delegates to subordinates, he is the man with the ultimate decision.

"Do I pass around a hurricane or turn and run from it? Do I dock at a port with a bad epidemic or pass it up? Do I risk a stop where gunfire is crackling or play it safe?"

Capt. Bradsell is a good-looking man, in blues or summer whites, and he has to know diplomacy and the tactics of the social cocktail party. Just when a storm is making up he may have to soft-talk a lady passenger who doesn't see why her stateroom is smaller than Mrs. So-and-So's.



Captain Bradsell

Needless to say the passenger waits for an adjudication even if the storm comes close. To the man on the bridge first things come first, and nothing is more important than the safety of the ship and all its passengers and crew.

"But when I see the tugs cast off and we pick up speed passing the lady on Bedloes Island I sense a freedom I never know on land," said the skipper. "With responsibility goes a certain elation—a feeling of power over your own destiny."

It's different when the hurricane warning is up in the Atlantic. The route the Moore-McCormack liners take to South America crosses over the area where these tropical storms breed.

"When we know one is stewing around in the West Indies it gives us a bit of a queer feeling as we leave New York," said Capt. Bradsell. "But with modern radio and all the other equipment and information we get from the Weather Bureau we can operate with assurance the storm won't sneak up on us out of nowhere."

Capt. Bradsell explained, though, that there's a lot more to running a ship than patrolling the decks in the sunshine and being cheerful at the captain's table.

"The weight is always there," he said. "It doesn't oppress you, but

you're always conscious of it. There are things to watch for, to guard against.


"We know the River Plate silts up quickly and the fathom markings are not always accurate. The harbor in Buenos Aires has mean currents and not enough room to swing a cat.

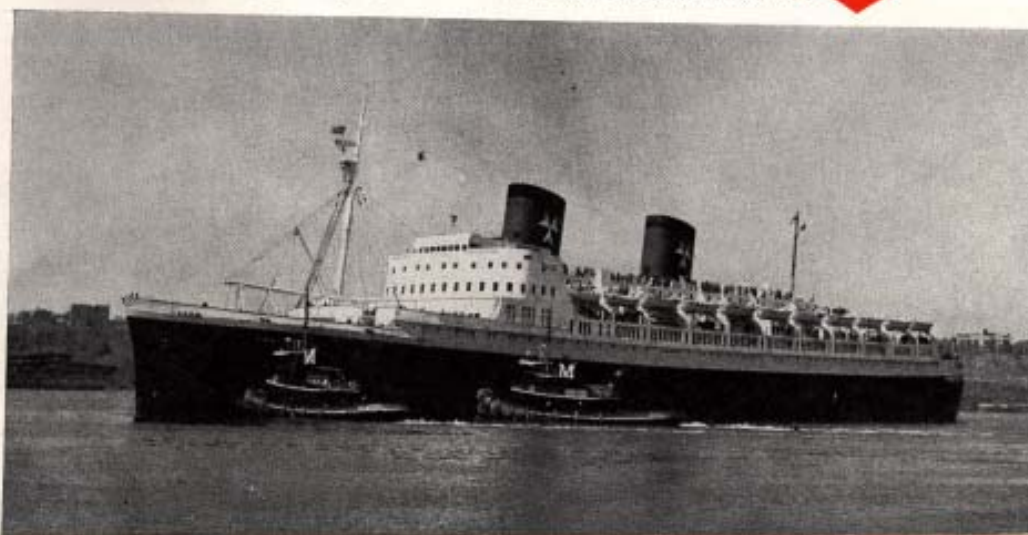
"Sometimes we go on new cruises to new ports. Then we have to bone up on charts and harbor rules and the peculiarities of the different ports of call. Sure, we pick up pilots locally, but if we had pilots from one wing of the bridge to the other we'd still have the ultimate responsibility."

SENIOR CITIZENS CRUISE—

Just as July was dwindling into August, something like 800 elderly New Yorkers, 60 to 90, shoved off one morning from Pier 70, East River, on the 11th annual outing of its kind for members of the Department of Welfare's Day Center Program for Older Persons. It was a gala boat ride.

The St. John's Guild provided its worthy hospital ship, and Moran Towing & Transportation Co. provided a tug, *Elizabeth Moran*, for an all-day ride—down the East River, around lower New York Bay, up-Hudson to above George Washington Bridge. There was entertainment, too.

EX-EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND—The transatlantic liner *S. S. Hanseatic* was sailing from New York on the strength of a flood tide when this photograph was made. The Hamburg-Atlantic Line 30,029-ton flagship, formerly *Empress of Scotland*, was completely remodeled and air-conditioned in Hamburg during the first half of 1958. She carries first-class and tourist-class passengers on the transatlantic run at more than 20 knots. The two familiar tugs assisting her here are our *Carol Moran* and *Cynthia Moran*. Home Lines Agency, Inc., 42 Broadway, New York are her general agents here. 



There's a Lot of Push and Pull in His Work

Editor's Note: The showcase feature of The Rhode Islander, Sunday magazine section of the Providence Journal, issue of August 16th, was a profusely illustrated article about a veteran Moran captain-pilot, Earl H. Allen, now a resident of Whippany, N. J. An excellent pencil portrait by Carl Maier, with the display headline "Towboat Skipper from Lafayette," made the front cover of the section distinctive. Spread over Pages 4, 5 and 6 inside were 10 photos of our captain and various associates afloat and ashore, at work, a miniature of the cover picture, and the following story by a Journal reporter writing from close personal observation.

By JOHN WARD

THE *Barbara Moran*, commanded by Capt. Earl H. Allen, a native of North Kingstown, had minutes earlier helped ease the *Constitution* into the stream to sail for Naples and now she was with sister tugs, docking the *Queen Elizabeth*, in from Southampton.

It was noon. New York harbor was busy as ships of all kinds moved up and down the river.

Captain and crew of the *Barbara Moran* went quietly about their chores, easing the giant liner into her pier as several thousand passengers and English crew members watched from decks high above. Below deck on the *Barbara Moran*, the cook was cleaning up from noon chow and preparing the early evening meal.

Got an Early Start

The well scrubbed tug, in the black and bright red colors of the Moran Towing and Transportation Co., had done quite a lot of work since the crew turned to at 5 a.m. She had docked the *Kungsholm* from Goteborg, the *America* from Bremerhaven and, ahead, under radio orders from dispatchers at Moran's offices on the 25th

floor at 17 Battery Place, were more assignments.

When the *Queen*, had been berthed, the six tugs scattered on a variety of jobs. Captain Allen got a call from the dispatchers to lend a hand with the *Seatrain*, a big vessel carrying an entire freight train, in sailing from the New Jersey shore for Texas City. From that job the *Barbara Moran* moved an Export ship from drydock to a Hoboken pier, where she was given final adjustments, and then to another pier for loading. By then it was time to hit the bunks in preparation for 5 a.m. orders the next day.

Action A-plenty Here

Captain Allen says that there's plenty of action towboating in the world's busiest harbor, but that the traffic is no more of a problem to towboat men than heavy expressway traffic is to the average motorist.

Captain Allen worked his way up to his own command from the bottom. He started as a deckhand. He follows in the wake of his father, the late Capt. Leroy H. Allen Sr., who also came from Lafayette section of North Kingstown. The son is married to the former Anita Matteson of Wickford and the Allens have three children. They moved from Lafayette . . . three years ago.

Captain Allen's father was a Moran captain for many years. He lost his life in World War II when his towboat, the *John R. Williams*, hit a mine and sank off Delaware, June 24, 1942. The boat was on loan from Moran to the government for Eastern Sea Frontier naval rescue work.

The son is now in his 22nd year with the Moran firm. He recalls making trips with his dad while a small boy and has been told he made his first voyage on a tug when he was six months old. He says that his paternal grandfather was also active on the ships in New



Captain Allen

York harbor. His maternal grandfather, Herbert Tourgee, also was in transportation, working for the old Sea View Trolley Co. in South County.

Until nearly three years ago, Captain Allen was on coastal tugs for Moran. This made it possible for him to live in Lafayette. He was on several towboats, working all the way from Bucksport, Maine, to Norfolk. One of his toughest jobs was towing the first Texas tower of 6,600 tons from Boston to its position on Georges Bank. There were two tugs on that long, rough haul.

Skipper Chit-Chats

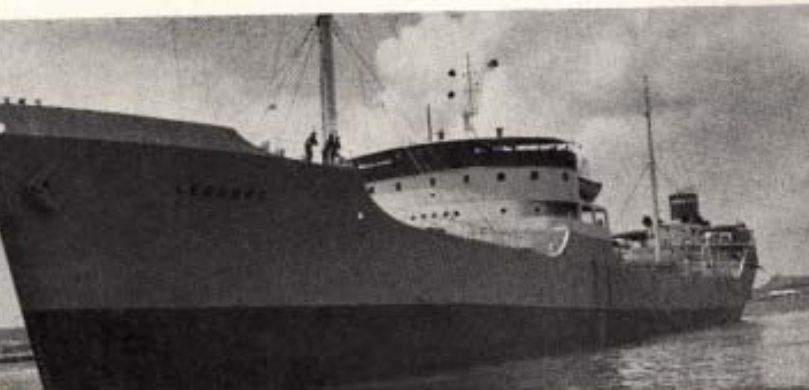
Captain Allen had a brief break in his towing duties the other day, while the *Barbara Moran* was tied up at Battery Place, and a chance to discuss his work. Farther along the Battery, hundreds of office workers and tourists leaned along railings watching some of the 500 ships that enter or leave New York harbor each day. Back in Battery Park, a 50-piece band was giving a concert.

The music drifted down across the deck of the *Barbara Moran* where Captain Allen was telling about docking big liners such as the two *Queens*.

(Continued on Page 14)

WILLEMSTAD REVISITED—Back in July our ocean tug *Marion Moran* (Capt. James L. Barrow) slipped into Willemstad, Curacao, to tow the Swedish tanker *Leoborg* to Baltimore, Md. One of two snapshots by a crewman, Albert C. Hagy, shows the tow leaving her

inner harbor birth at the start of that 1,733-mile voyage. The other shows a segment of the Willemstad waterfront and resembles C. G. Evers' colorful painting for the 1958 Moran calendar so closely as to be startling. (Some framing prints of that are still available.)



INTERCEPTED MAIL DEPT.

(Outgoing Division)

Capt. George W. Hayes
83 German Street
Kingston, N. Y.

Dear Capt. Hayes:

Capt. Fred Jonassen informed me that he was on board the *Anne Moran* today and was very much impressed by the condition of the tug.

He reported that the entire vessel has been maintained in an excellent manner, and that she is as clean as a whistle from pilothouse to bilges.

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on behalf of the company for the interest and diligence you and all members of your crew have displayed in maintaining the *Anne* in such excellent condition.

Fred K. Dezendorf
General Operating Mgr.

Capt. Frederick W. Snyder
8 Esmond Place
Tenafly, N. J.

Dear Bill:

Capt. Kingscote telephoned this morning to say what a masterful job you performed on *H.M.S. Victorious*.

Everyone concerned with this vessel was most anxious to have her berthed last night, and Capt. Kingscote wishes to pass on his compliments to you for what he regards as a superb exhibition of skill in docking this aircraft carrier under extremely difficult conditions.

The Admiral and all of us in the office are more than pleased to receive this wonderful report about you, and we also wish to add our compliments on your outstanding performance.

John S. Bull
Vice President

Who said it? "Water is best." (Page 17, Item 1)

Who said it? "Rich and various gems inlay / The unadorned bosom of the deep." (Page 17, Item 2)

Who said it? "And fast through the midnight dark and drear / Through the whistling sleet and snow / Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept / Towards the reef of Norman's Woe." (Page 17, Item 3)

"M" FOR MEALTIME—At more than one lock along the New York State Barge Canal it seems to be known, to the canine greeters at least, that those red tugs with the white block letter "M" on their black stacks carry cooks who are highly susceptible to hungry beggars. Here, in Lock 2, Waterford, one such patient pooch gets an expected handout from Fred Serley of Syracuse, steward aboard the *William J. Moran*. And thank ye kindly, sirl! The tug had the petroleum barge *Panhandle* (Seaboard Shipping Corp.), bound for New York from Ogdensburg on the St. Lawrence.

SEE YOU THERE, MATES?—The Propeller Club of the United States will hold its national convention in Detroit, Mich., this year—October 14, 15 and 16 at the Statler Hilton Hotel. This annual meeting of men in American shipping and allied fields will have as its central theme the new St. Lawrence Seaway.

RELAY TOW, SOUTH—This photo by J. T. Minster shows the hydraulic dredge *Seahaven* (40 feet wide, 200 feet long) in tow of our tug *M. Moran*, about to pass under the Chesapeake City Bridge after negotiating the Chesapeake & Delaware Canal. With Capt. Alexander D. Stewart in charge, the tow departed Chester, Pa., July 1. From Norfolk, Va., a Curtis Bay Towing Co. tug of shallower draft towed the dredge via the inland waterway route to Morehead City, N. C.; while the *M. Moran* put to sea, rounded Cape Hatteras, and met the tow in the North Carolina port. The *M.* then towed the *Seahaven* to Key West, Fla., where she picked up a crane barge, then delivered both to Los Minar Bay, Panama, July 19. Immediately thereafter the tug shoved off for Maracaibo, Venezuela, to tow a derrick and scow to New York. Southbound, 2,150 miles; northbound, 2,200 miles... Well done!



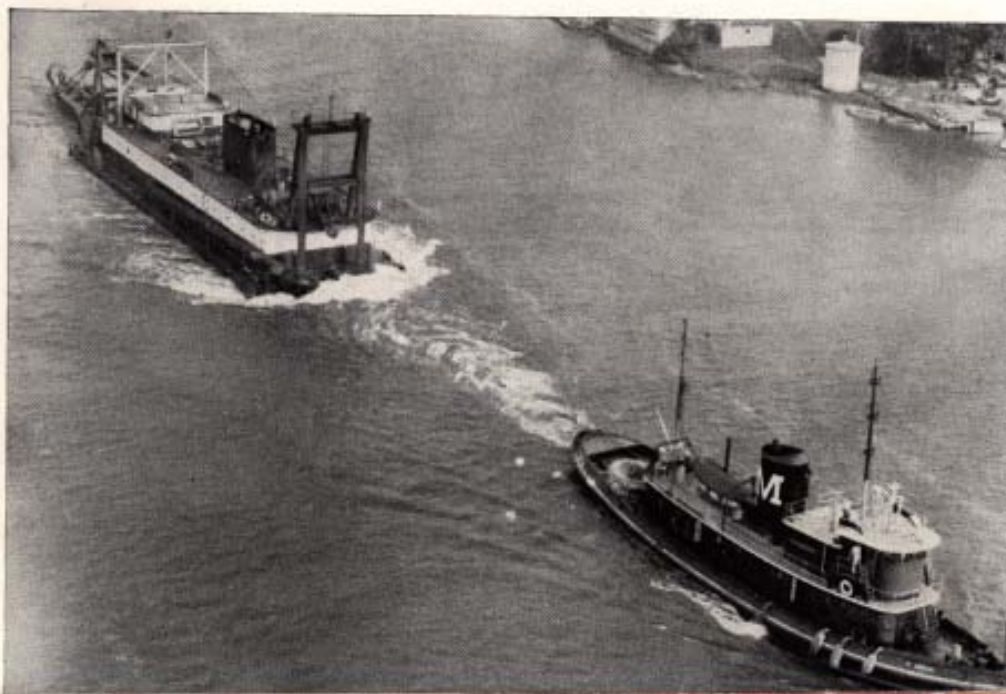
Happy to be Helpful

Dear Admiral Moran:

The students, the faculty, and I want to thank you and the members of your staff, Mr. R. M. Munroe, editor, and Mr. Jeff Blinn, associate, for the wonderful job they did for our schoolship, the *John W. Brown*, in publishing that Allan Keller article in the famous TOW LINE. We plan to make good use of extra copies provided us by sending them to (various interested people). All hands are honored that the story was published in a real ship lovers' magazine.

JOSEPH W. SCHELLINGS
(Chairman, Maritime Dept.,
Metropolitan Vocational High School,
New York City)

Who said it? "Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of the sea!" (Page 17, Item 4)



Our Mrs. Bull's Art Clicks in Exhibition

Another industrious TOW LINE scout—this is a fellow who obviously circulates in the upper cultural levels—has come up with an item the like of which reaches this repository of the routine all too infrequently.

A member of the Moran T. & T. Co. shoreside family, distaff side, appears to be making notable progress in the field of art—which in this connection probably should be distinguished with a capital "A". Randi K. (Mrs. John S.) Bull, wife of our popular vice president, sales, had twenty-one of her pictures in a Martha's Vineyard Art Ass'n exhibition, June 29-July 11, at the Dock Street Gallery, Edgartown, Mass. Documentary evidence at hand indicates that she covered herself with glory.

Thus the Vineyard Gazette of July 3, in a critical report initialed C.S., under the headline, "Vineyard Scenes Fresh in Viewpoint, Execution"; and having inspected some of Mrs. Bull's work, this reporter feels no compunction about going along with the critic's estimate:

Occasionally, an Island gallery goer might get the notion that the Island has been "done" by artists to the point of satiation. Not so. Proof of the pudding is to be found this week at the Old Sculpin in Edgartown, where there is a showing of the woodcuts, lithographs and watercolors of Randi K. Bull, a Norwegian-born artist. . . .

The work Mrs. Bull is showing is not all of Vineyard scenes, but the ones that are, are fresh in both viewpoint and execution. There is a watercolor called The Town, which is obviously Edgartown, as seen possibly by a bird swooping somewhere above Chappy point, a delightful impression of waterfront, trees and Methodist Church tower, the colors bold and sunny, the lines wryly drawn.

The lithograph called Fog is perhaps the

most eye-catching piece in the show, since at first it appears to be non-representational, a striking composition in red and black on white. But a closer look reveals it to be quite representational, and an intriguing impression of how fog catches the rays of the sun and distorts and disbursts them on land and water.

Among the woodcuts, the reviewer was most taken with a simple black and gray on white composition, although Mrs. Bull's choice of colors in all of them is a rich one. In this particular woodcut, however, she limited herself to black and gray to achieve a remarkably decorative perspective of a grove of leafless trees on a snowy Vermont hillside, so that visually it is like a fragment of delicate lace.

Dreaming Moon, Piraeus

(New York Times, June 13, 1959)

Here's popping torch and slapping sail,
The looming prow, the dockman's hail
To handsome lads in pumiced mail.
Their port is easy, laced with pride,
For garlands round the thick curls tied,
For vista as the waters wide.
They swagger, but forgive them this,
Who bear a world from the abyss,
And now are home from Salamis.

JOHN ACKERSON.

Who said it? "Others may use the ocean as their road / Only the English make it their abode." (Page 17, Item 5)

PORT NEWARK BOUND—With a cargo of 300 uncrated automobiles from Dageham, England, M. S. Chandris ended her maiden voyage to the Port of New York on June 9 when Moran tugs assisted her into Berth 2, Port Newark. The new vessel, owned by Evmyrania Navegacion S.A., Panama, was under charter to the Cunard Steam-Ship Co., Ltd. Early in 1959 this 9,960-gross-ton ship was launched at the Doxford Engineering & Shipbuilding, Ltd., yard, Sunderland, England. She is 510 feet long, with a moulded breadth of 67 feet, and her cargo handling gear includes 13 derricks of up to 50 tons capacity. Naturally, a Moran pilot, Capt. Robert C. Nielson, directed the transporting and docking operation. Chandris (U. S. A.), 39 Broadway, Manhattan, are agents for the ship here.



RECOMMENDED READING

THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE. By William Strunk, Jr., with revisions, an introduction, and a new chapter on writing by E. B. White; The Macmillan Company, New York, 1959 (\$2.50).

Do you get into trouble easily, or find it difficult to stay out of trouble, syntactically speaking, when you write? (Look who's talking! He can't even think of a simpler word than "syntactically.")

Are you confused by the elementary rules of usage, the ditto principles of composition, matters of form, and the other rigmarole your English instructors tried desperately to communicate to you while you were concentrating on far more important things? (Who's confused? Ask him if he'd like to try the \$64,000 sentence.)

Leave us not venture into the jungle of correct punctuation and all that rot. . . .

Anyway, whether you are an admirer of the late A. Woolcott's precious prose—especially if you are, let's say—or the lucid style of E. B. White himself, this slight volume, known on the Cornell University campus in his day as "the little book," may prove as beneficial to you as a dose of sulphur and molasses.

TOW LINE's recommendation is, read it—with underscoring pencil in hand to make it at least a little harder to forget your sins of omission and commission.

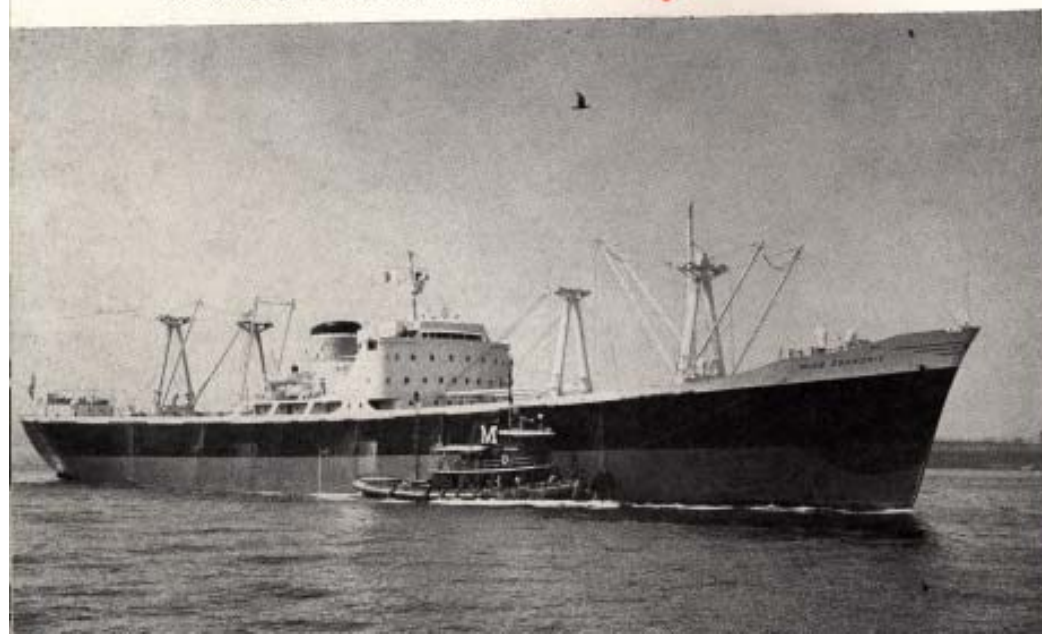
COLLISION COURSE. By Alvin Moscow; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1959; with 32 pages of photographs, (\$4.50).

This definitive account of probably the most controversial sea disaster in history, by a gifted Associated Press reporter who was continuously involved with the affair from the first SOS to the last line of the official record, is of the utmost interest in this quarter, since Moran also became involved.

This is the *Andrea Doria-Stockholm* tragedy, of course, that almost unbelievable collision in the vicinity of Nantucket Lightship on the night of July 25, 1956. The only reason "M" rescue tugs were not on the confused scene was that not one happened to be within quick striking distance. The ill-fated Italian liner speedily sank out from under such preparations as our operating department had under way. It was terribly depressing.

So is "Collision Course," to this reviewer at least—which is intended as a high compliment to the author's indefatigable interest in the story, his reportorial skill, his thoroughness as a researcher, his impartiality, and his extraordinary talent for sustained, book-length dramatic writing. Begun one evening when the reader was a little "low" to start with, the volume was reluctantly put down at about the half-way mark and not picked up again for days on end.

All the known facts are in this shocker, which is suspenseful and exciting. The verdict here: of its kind, none better.



Scientists Here for Oceanographic Meet

Scientists from 38 countries attended the 1st International Oceanographic Congress at United Nations Hq., New York, early this month. Sponsors were the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the International Advisory Committee on Marine Sciences (UNESCO), and the Special Committee on Oceanic Research, International Council of Scientific Unions.

Many of the scientists arrived aboard research vessels, all of which were docked along the North River for their convenience in attending meetings, which was made possible through cooperation of the marine industry here.

The American ships *Atlantis*, *Chain*, *Maury*, *Pathfinder*, and *Josiah Willard Gibbs*, and a Russian vessel (see below), were at Pier 34, made available by Isbrandtsen Co., Inc. *Calypso* (French) got a harbor welcome arranged by friends of her master, Capt. Jacques-Yves Cousteau, and was escorted to French Line's Pier 88 by Moran T. & T. Co. tugs.

Although the public was allowed to view the specialized ships at their piers, many supersensitive instruments installed in limited space made close general inspection impossible, but delegates to the Congress were invited aboard.

Below: Soviet Russia's new oceanographic vessel *Mikhail Lomonosov* docking at Pier 34, North River, under the direction of Capt. Arthur Biagi of the tug *Peter Moran*. The ship, bristling with scientific equipment, arrived in New York August 28.—United Press International photo.



New Reader Down Under

Dear Sir:

Recently I had the good luck to see a copy of your excellent publication, *Tow Line*, while I was visiting a friend in the offices of the Melbourne Harbour Trust's Port Authority Building in Melbourne, Victoria, Australia. I am writing to see if it is possible to be placed on your mailing list for the magazine as it comes off the press each publishing day. Also, have you any of the last three issues available? We have a saying "Down Under" amongst our seagoing fraternity that if you've never seen a Moran tug you've never seen New York. And have you a spare copy of this year's or last year's Moran calendar, please?

I remember the familiar black smokestack with the white "M" way back in 1934 when I was in Cunard's famous *Berengaria* (ex-*Imperator*, my favorite ship), the French Line's *Normandie* in 1936, and the *United States*, in which I went back to England in 1956 after being saved from the *Andrea Doria* disaster by the *Ile de France*. I have fond memories of your fine fleet of towboats.

To all at Moran Towing & Transportation Co., all the best!

ROBERT W. BROOKES
(Launceston-Tasmania, Australia)

QUARTET OF DUTCH TUGS—In the March issue of *Tow Line* we published contributed photos of four South African tugs. This inspired an old associate, John Bos of New Orleans, to forward a passel of postcard-size pics of tugs of the Goedkoop fleet, Amsterdam, Holland, and here are four of those.

According to Mr. Bos, the *Philip R. Goedkoop* (top photo), the *Johanna C. Goedkoop* (3rd from top), and the *Marian Goedkoop* have twin 300-horsepower Bolnes diesels, coupled to a Brevo reverse reduction gear—a fluid coupling which permits either engine to be used separately. They are operated by the captain in the pilothouse, which is equipped with ship-ship and ship-shore radiotelephone. The tugs, 84½ feet long, were built in 1956-57 by Arnhemache Scheepsbouw My Arnhem, Netherlands.

"Please note in the photos where the *Madoera* (ship being handled) is turned around that the *Maria Henriette Goedkoop* has a spring on her hawser," our contributor writes. "That seems to be a custom there, used to steer a 'dead' ship. I haven't seen it anywhere else, and it could not be done if your boat had little or not enough stability."

Jan Goedkoop is the latest addition to the fleet—the first Voith Schneider tug in Holland. She is fitted with twin type-L Brons diesels having a total output of 900 IHP. Length, 81 feet; width overall, 22½ feet; depth, 10 feet.

A friend of Mr. Bos is a Goedkoop skipper. *Tow Line* is passed around over there.

Likes "Water Bugs"

Dear Mr. Moran:

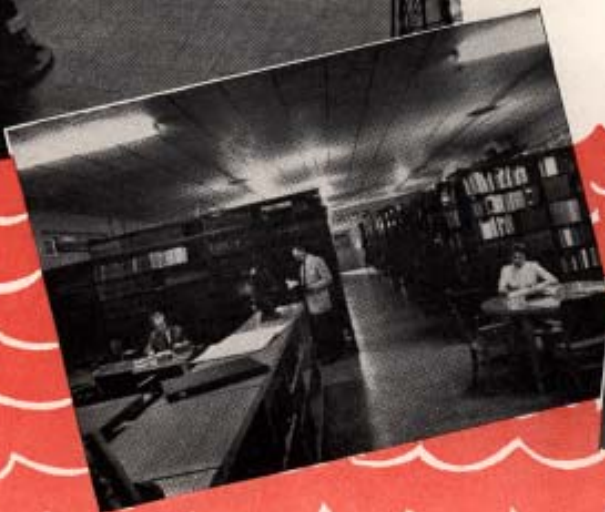
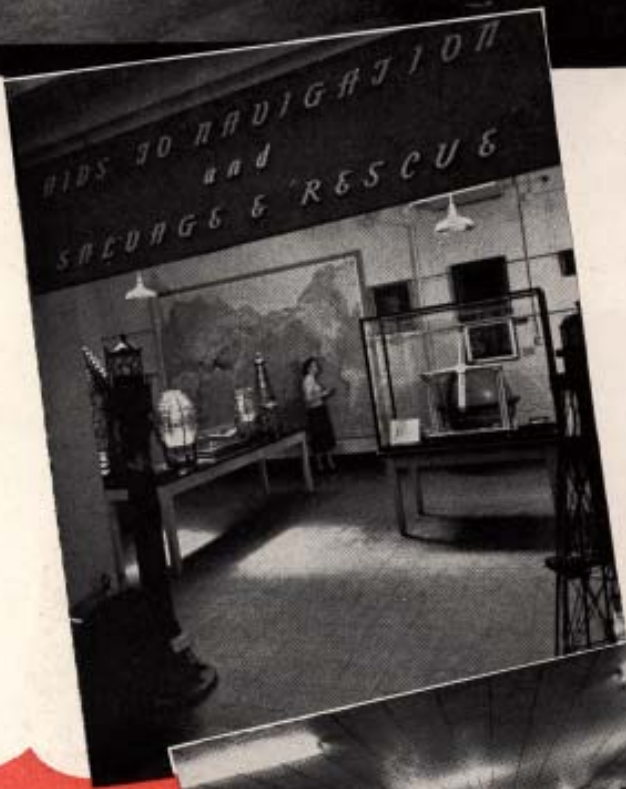
I have just finished reading the book your father wrote, "Tugboat—the Moran Story," and I found it wonderful reading, both exciting and informative. I know a lot about tugs after reading it. I have been held spellbound watching those little "water bugs" pushing and pulling the giant liners.

Mr. Moran, could you inform me where I can purchase a chart of N.Y. Harbor, the kind tug skippers use, and pilots? There are so many places mentioned in the book, I would like to have a chart to locate them. Also, I am curious as to what those charts look like. I'd appreciate it if you can tell me where I can get one. Thank you very much. I remain,

Sincerely yours,

SIGMUND KNOROWSKI
(230 14th Street, Brooklyn)





Saluting the

MARINERS MUSEUM

NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

THE MARINERS MUSEUM, Newport News, Va., is well worth the time required to inspect it thoroughly—if you can find it. A native guide seems to be indicated, and a reliable trailing dog might prove helpful. Why this is so, why a specialized and commendably complete (in some respects unique) institution of that sort should not be made easier for a touring motorist to find, is not intended here as an academic question. To a stranger, the roadside directional signs, presumably placed by the state highway department, are far too few and poorly located, in some instances misleading.

On a depressingly sultry forenoon in mid-May, a maundering Moran-man whose identity will be carefully guarded, having completed a nickel's worth of business in Norfolk, considered he probably would never be closer to the noted museum and resolved to have a look at it. He did—much, much later in the day and despite an apparently limitless maze of inadequately posted tunnels, causeways, bridges, detours, clover-leaves, construction work, alternate routes, semi-rural byways, and other impediments to a provincial

New Yorker's progress. And this is to report the Hampton-Newport News area is still there (somewhere) and that the museum itself is worth any effort to come upon in its quiet sylvan setting.

Rear Adm. E. W. Sylvester, USN (Ret.), director of the institution "devoted to the culture of the sea and its tributaries, its conquest by man, and its influence on civilization," was our knowledgeable, amusing and considerate guide on a tour that might better have been extended over two days than compressed into two hours. A former naval constructor, the admiral has an inexhaustible reserve of maritime lore he seems to enjoy flavoring with a salty and ironic wit uncommon in curators of any stripe. On this occasion he was hospitable, patient and otherwise helpful; so were his assistants.

For one thing, Admiral Sylvester was effervescing with enthusiasm over a recently completed and plainly "pet" exhibit, an ingenious and, he said, a logical diorama of the building of Noah's Ark; but that deserves a detailed report which must wait until another time.

Within the broad field of interest at

the Mariners Museum, founded nearly 30 years ago by Archer M. Huntington, is placed the history of shipbuilding throughout the ages, to and including the present. It is a stupendous project.

The museum library contains about 40,000 books and pamphlets, numerous periodicals, 3,000 ships' papers, 6,000 maps and charts, and 70,000 photographs. The print department, where nearly 10,000 prints, drawings, oil and water-color paintings—including many depicting Moran equipment and operations—are stored and cared for, provides a wide variety of pictorial material for exhibition and research purposes.

Exhibits include ship models, whaling and fishing equipment, navigational instruments, sailors' handiwork and tools, lighthouse and life-saving gear, silver and glassware designed with nautical motifs, and a really outstanding collection of more than 80 carved wooden figureheads from old ships. The assortment of ship models includes many and varied types—primitive craft, merchant sailing vessels, steamers, and naval ships, both sail and steam. . . .

(Continued on Page 12)



Sea Museum

(Continued from Page 11)

Naturally, there is a scale model of a Moran tug to be seen.

The August F. Crabtree Collection of Miniature Ships, 15 models representing types from dugout to steamship, is of special interest. Not only are these models technically accurate, but many are embellished with highly intricate and ornate decorations considered works of art.

A display of full-sized small craft is arranged in the courtyard—fishing boats, dugouts, skin boats, bark canoes, racing and cruising craft, lifeboats, even small submarines.

"Chesapeake Bay," "The Navies," "Merchant Ships of the World" are permanent exhibits; but other displays, changed frequently, are set up inside the museum, situated within a park and game sanctuary of 880 acres, which embraces a fresh-water lake named for the celebrated oceanographer, Matthew Fontaine Maury. The park borders on the James River near Hampton Roads, scene of that famous battle of the first ironclads, *Virginia* (ex-*Merrimack*) and *Monitor*, an area devoted to shipbuilding and shipping activities.

Within a 25-mile radius are many places of historic interest: Colonial Williamsburg, the Jamestown Festival Park, Jamestown and Yorktown Visitors' Centers of the Colonial National Historical Park. Nearby museums include the War Memorial Museum of Virginia in Newport News, the Fort Monroe Casemate Museum, the Norfolk Museum, and the Norfolk Naval Shipyard Museum.

The Mariners Museum may be reached by Routes 60, 168, 17 and 312—it says here!—and a variety of public carriers.

It is a gratifying and valuable institution.

Offer Is Still Good

Dear Sirs:

I would like to know if the offer made in the December issue of *TOW LINE* is still in effect. Would it be possible for you to send me a framing copy of the cover of that issue? Since I am an ex-Navy man, I find this picture very moving and I would really love to have a copy if possible. That ship in tow of one of your ocean tugs sort of brings back memories—the excitement of the life I used to know. And I thank you very much.

W. G. SNOWDON
(Norfolk, Va.)

"Just a Line" from a Tugboatman in British Columbia

To the Editor:

Just a line to inform you of a change in address. . . . Only across the hall, but I'm not taking any chances on missing one issue of *TOW LINE*. Out here we usually make a trip of one to two months' duration, so when I come on days off I can usually look forward to the latest issue; but I don't dare take it aboard the tug, as it would be sure to disappear. Such are tugboatmen when a magazine about tugs appears, since they are all too rare. *TOW LINE* is in a class of its own.

Enclosed is a small photo you might find interesting. It was made aboard the deepsea tug *Sudbury* while towing four Maracaibo tankers north to Victoria. She was assisted in this tow by the *Island Sovereign*, a 1,400-horsepower A.L.T. Both vessels are owned by Island Tug & Barge, Ltd., of Victoria.

Later the *Sudbury* made a second trip to bring back another three tankers. She has become famous on this coast for many deepsea rescue operations. Probably the most famous was her towing of the freighter *Makedonia*, which had injured her shaft 3,000 miles from B. C. in the middle of winter. The *Sudbury* was dispatched, and after many adventures amid constant gales, for which the North Pacific is infamous, she succeeded in towing the *Makedonia* to Vancouver.

The *Sudbury* is a former Canadian Navy corvette, 207 feet long, with a steam reciprocating engine of 2,750 horsepower. The enclosed picture was taken by my father, who was master during both trips to Venezuela. He made it as a gale of SE 80 was making up, and this struck the tow only a few days from home. . . .

Enough of this. Keep that wonderful *TOW LINE* coming; we love it.

M. H. McQUARRIE
(North Vancouver, B. C., Can.)

Only the Sea

(New York Times, July 23, 1959)

Only the sea is unaware of time;
Its fathoms dwindle not year out, year in;
It knows no youth, maturity or prime;
Its voice throughout the ages does not
thin.


The fields are conscious that the seasons
turn;
They feel the plow and reaper, warmth
and cold;
The forests, when the boughs begin to
burn
With flameless fires, tell the year grows
old.

But eons have no hold upon the sea;
It still will be exempt millenniums hence,
Serving as mirror for eternity
And shining foil for all impermanence.

ADELAIDE LOVE.

Who said it? "I love the sea as I do
my own soul." (Page 17, Item 6)

Who said it? "A life on the ocean
wave / A home on the rolling deep."
(Page 17, Item 7)

LUCKENBACH FREIGHTERS—Barely rippling the calm waters of Newark Bay, the trim 10,662-gross-ton *Marine Leopard* (Luckenbach Steamship Co., Inc.) heads into Port Newark to pick up a load. With a sister ship, the *Marine Snapper*, she transports cargoes between Atlantic and Pacific ports. The tug *Nancy Moran* had helped the ship out of her berth at 36th Street, Brooklyn, and in this picture is following along to dock her at Warehouse 138 of the New Jersey facility. The latest report available as we write is that the *Leopard* arrived in San Francisco August 19, having sailed from Philadelphia for Seattle. The *Snapper* was reported in New York the previous day. 





PORTLAND notes

THE LOCAL RECORD here has been broken again, this time by the arrival August 4 of the 47,200 DWT tanker *Naess Challenger* (Norstar Shipping Co., S.A., Panama) with a full cargo of 409,617 barrels, which she discharged speedily. The following day our tugs assisted her to sail for Hampton Roads, Va.

M. A. (Mad) Moore, president, Central Wharf Towboat Co., is back at his desk, impressively sun and wind burned as a result of a three-week cruise to San Lorenzo, Venezuela, on Lake Maracaibo.

Apparently heeding the advice of Horace Greeley, several among our tug personnel utilized their vacation time to "Go west." Fred David, mate on the *Thomas E. Moran*, to California; Richard Yorke, deckhand on the *Gay Moran*, to Wyoming; and Eldred V. Anderson, relief captain, to Colorado... "Vacations," they call 'em?

And guess what. Frank Knight of the Moran dispatching staff, New York, and Mrs. Knight turned up in Portland in the course of their summer time off and enjoyed the legendary busman's holiday by accepting an invitation to ride a downeast tug.

Portland harbor pilots and bridge tenders doffed their caps to Capt. Edwin P. McDuffie who, August 9, took the supertanker *Cities Service Miami* (width, 90½ feet) through the 94-foot Portland Bridge span, in fog, without once touching either side.

Below: Another recent visitor to Portland was the 47,000 DWT Texaco tanker *Brighton*, a sister ship of the *Trinidad*. A Portland Press Herald staff photographer made this bow-on shot while the big tanker was being handled by the tugs *Gay Moran*, *Thomas E. Moran* and Richard J. Moran... A lot of oil here!



LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE—One summer day the tug *Sheila Moran* was in Lock 24, Erie Section, New York State Barge Canal, which also is the scenic Seneca River for many miles thereabouts, and who should happen along but our hawk-eyed string photographer, Mark Chapman. Would members of the crew on duty kindly move over to the starboard side? They would, and here they are. Gesturing from the pilothouse window, Joseph McConnell, Kingston, N. Y., with Eugene Freeman, Nassau, on a stool behind him. Both are mates aboard. The men on deck are Michael Kavanaugh, Johnstown, N. Y., a wiper, and Christopher Hilland, Huntington Station, L. I., cook. The tug had an oil barge, *Blue Line 104*, for Lyons, Lock 27, to the westward.



Something Re Moran And Somebody's Rope

From an old friend, Reynolds Spriggs, affable grand panjandrum of Columbia Rope Co.'s advertising department, comes a small historical item for TOW LINE which, come to think of it, misses by less than eight years being eligible for our "50 Years Ago" column. Brother Spriggs talking:

"A few days ago I was looking up some ancient history in one of the early issues of our publication, *The Columbian Crew*, and I ran across an article in the March, 1918, issue which I thought would be of interest to you. I am enclosing a photograph of this page because we only have the one copy in our files."

The item is indeed of interest here, and although an adjacent photo of a wooden deck scow of that vintage, the *Moran No. 14*, is inadequate for reproduction, here is the bulk of the text:

This picture shows one of the Moran Towing & Transportation Company's scows used for hauling dirt from the foot of Ninth Street, Brooklyn, to a point of deposit on the Jersey Coast, loading dirt taken from the excavation of the new Seventh Avenue Subway.

The Moran Towing & Transportation Company is one of the largest owners of lighters and tugs in New York harbor. It owns and operates about sixty lighters and seven tugs, and takes large contracts for the removal of dirt from subway excavations, etc., and for hauling sand, coal and coke around New York harbor.

Rope plays a very prominent part in the activities of this company. It is used for towing lines, dock lines, hawsers and many other purposes. The quality of the rope which is used in this work is very important, for rope receives very hard usage in this work. It is jerked and strained towing the heavy scows through rough seas, ground and chafed scraping over the edges of the boats and along the docks, exposed to all kinds of weather, ground full of dirt, sand and other substances, and abused by rough handling. To stand up under these conditions a rope must have tremendous strength and endurance...

The Relief Ship

(From the *New York Times*)

All day the grain, pouring, falling like sand
Down the gigantic hour-glass of the chute,
Fills the ship's hold. Whose lives, what country's harvests
Are measured in it to the final foot,
The foot of safety-margin that divides
The shining mountain from the ravening sea?
Empty surmise is ended by the siren,
The crane's arm swiveled to another quay.
But this we know, the more as winds of steel
Sharpen the sky-wrack where mad gulls
are swirled,
The pyramid of corn is a mere mouthful
Beside the crying hungers of the world.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

It's Done With Mirrors

Sir:

How the deuce do you take, process and distribute these maiden arrival photos so quickly? I see the ship going up-river after noon one day, and in the first mail next morning arrives a superior print of it for framing. Somebody must have to work—fast!

SECRETARY
(N. Y. World-Tel. & Sun Bldg.)

Typical Acknowledgment

Dear Sirs:

The New York Historical Society gratefully acknowledges the receipt of your gift—a photograph of North German Lloyd's new liner, *S.S. Bremen*, arriving in New York July 16th, 1959, and being handled by Moran tugs under your pilot, Capt. Frederick W. Synder—for which the Board of Trustees extends sincere thanks.

R. W. G. VAIL, Director
(170 Central Park W., New York)

Who said it? "Ships, dim-discovered,
dropping from the clouds." (Page 17,
Item 8)

Push and Pull

(Continued from Page 6)

"They're good-sized ships, and when we go up to do a job we do it right. They don't want any second guesses with the *Queens*. One nudge on the piers from those ships and that's it. Those captains want a perfect job of landing and they get it. There are tugs forward controlled by mouth whistle by the docking pilot and others aft that get signals to push or pull from the ship's whistle. Men who have been at it 20 to 25 years handle the docking of these big liners. Another two or three years and I will be eligible for liner work. I belong to Reynolds Pilots, Agent, which is composed of 34 docking pilots. I hold master's papers coastwise from Mt. Desert, Maine, to Cape Henry and for all inland waters and first class, unlimited pilot's papers for New York harbor.

They're Not Cheap!

"The *Barbara Moran* and tugs like her cost about half a million dollars. Right now we are a day boat, with a crew of six, with two days on duty and two days off. We also have boats that work around the clock, using two crews. This tug is 106 feet overall and has a diesel-electric engine of 1,750 horsepower. She can tow 30,000 tons at five knots and is equipped with short wave radio on several frequencies, also radar.

"Fog in the harbor brings things pretty much to a standstill for ship work but generally the traffic is orderly. You are always pretty well aware of where the other fellow is going," Captain Allen said.

The *Barbara Moran* or other tugs he has been assigned to occasionally get into New York's harbor welcomes for heroes or world famous people

when tugs and fireboats send streams of water high into the air. Captain Allen's commands also have served as press boats for newspapers, radio and TV reporters and cameramen covering some arrival or other spot news event.

Moran Towing and Transportation, on the day Captain Allen was interviewed, had 17 tugs working in New York harbor, four on a day off, 14 others spread out at ports or under way all the way inland to St. Paul, Minn., and along the coast from Jacksonville, to Maine.

Going on a Hundred

Moran was founded in 1860 by Michael Moran and the firm operates under the slogan, "If it floats, we can tow it . . . anywhere in the world."

Heading the firm today as president is Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran, USNR. His three sons attended Portsmouth Priory. The company employs about 1,200 people, and father-son combinations are common among the towboatmen. Captain Allen says his sons have been out towboating, but whether they will be tugboatmen, as their father and grandfather were, remains to be seen.

Attention Model Fans

Dear Sirs:

I am answering Mr. Eugene O. Saphir, 9913 De Paul Drive, Bethesda, Md., who asked about modeling a tug of the Moran fleet. As I remember it, he was interested in an 18-inch scale model. It may be obtained from F. A. O. Schwarz, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Retail for \$14.95. A close copy of your *Peter Moran*, they say. Made of hard wood, and the electric motor runs on four flashlight batteries. Moen Trading Co., 7 West 24th Street, New York 10, N. Y., are the importers, but do not sell the model retail. There was a note about it in a magazine called *Young Men on Hobbies*, April 1956 issue, model boating page (71).


E. W. Ross

(1428 46th St., North Bergen, N. J.)

The Balancing Act



The instinct of sure-footedness is an invaluable asset and not the least important of a harbor pilot's talents. He must handle himself with the same care that he handles a ship. Our roving cameraman caught Capt. Robert C. Nielsen, West Hempstead, L. I., about to descend a ladder onto the boarding tug *Christine Moran* after docking the freighter *Pioneer Tide* (U. S. Lines)—strictly routine, summer or winter, in fair weather or foul, for the highly specialized members of Reynolds Pilots, Agts. Presumably, the *Christine* took off on another such assignment. A working pilot would do well to keep himself in top physical condition, too, wouldn't you say?

VAST EAST RIVER PROJECT—A \$40,000,000 project to reclaim the rundown East River waterfront of Manhattan was announced in mid-July by New York's Department of Marine & Aviation. The contemplated renovation covers 1¾ miles of waterfront, from the Battery Maritime Bldg. near South Ferry, along South Street to Corlears Hook, above Manhattan Bridge. The area pictured will be rebuilt with seven self-sustaining freight ship terminals, including a newsprint pier and a mechanized banana import facility, and a marina and heliport (bottom left). The department hopes work will start this year or early in 1960. 



Tow Line's Staff Correspondents Report Baltimore-Philadelphia-Norfolk Items



In the photo above a Curtis Bay Towing Co. tug, *Cavalier*, is shown alongside the huge vessel. Another, *Tern*, assisted the shipyard tug *Huntington* to handle her.

J. A. (Jack) Guess, repair yard manager for Curtis Bay in Norfolk, is regarded as "a real champ" in several ways, his bowling prowess being one of them.

First, meet his robust family:



Above (left to right): Taffy, in full dress; Mrs. Guess, Jack himself, Tommy, Johnny, and Jinny—a nice looking flock.

And here's a little about his enviable record as a kegler: 1937-38, won Billy Gauer Sweepstakes; member of championship teams, Virginia League and City Tournament play. Trophies of all kinds for being high roller on teams, 1939-42, clutter the family residence, 1136 West Ocean View Avenue. A World War II interval had Jack serving as an Army sergeant, overseas; and there were no more bowling championships until 1952. Add this: 1952-58, high man on Curtis Bay team; also, highest 1959 league average (106).

THE TANKER *National Defender*, largest ever to fly the American flag, was launched August 19 at the Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co. yard, Newport News, Va. The 810-footer, of 65,926 tons, is capable of carrying 20,000,000 gallons of fuel—say enough gasoline for 10,000 standard automobiles traveling from coast to coast.

Mrs. John Theodoracopulos, wife of the principal stockholder of National Transport Corp., owners, was on hand to christen the ship.

The *National Defender* is second in size only to *S.S. United States* among American-flag ships, and is described as a "tanker of the future"—available for military use in wartime. She can haul jet fuel.

Maybe it's not too late for TOW LINE to offer congratulations to Ralph Speakman, deckhand aboard the Curtis Bay (Philadelphia) tug *North Point*, and Mrs. Speakman, the former Caroline Ulmer, on their mid-summer marriage. . . Good luck to them!

While we're in Philadelphia, here are two good reasons for Louis Cudworth, port engineer, being a proud father. Son Curtis, 12, plays with the Babe Ruth League baseball team, and son Carl, nine, plays with the Little League team—both in Delaware Township. They are pitchers and have hurled some very spectacular games, we hear.

Gov. J. Lindsay Almond of Virginia is shown here as he boarded the yacht *Sea Level* (with a 13-man budget advisory committee) at the Curtis Bay Towing Co. dock, Norfolk, for a tour of Hampton Roads.

The Governor promised the Virginia Ports Authority to do everything in his power to further the development of Hampton Roads "as an asset to the entire State of Virginia."

The Authority wants to acquire and improve waterfront property, then lease it back to shippers on a long-term basis. D. H. Clark, executive director, said the overall cost of acquiring and improving the facilities under consideration could be amortized at a rate of about two million dollars annually over a thirty-year period.

Governor Almond spoke briefly following the harbor tour by his group.

Left: "A real close one!" says our man Frank Wood, who forwarded this shot of the Curtis Bay tug *Petrel* assisting American Export Line's freighter *Exhibitor* into her south-side inshore berth at Pier L, Lambert's Point Terminal, Norfolk. Capt. E. E. Miller of the tug *Tern*, assisting the *Petrel*, is responsible for the photograph.

Home Is the Sailor

(N. Y. Herald Tribune editorial, June 30)

The only surviving member of Admiral Peary's expedition to the North Pole in 1908 went to sea again the other day. He was at the helm, for the last time, of the only remaining American ship built for polar exploration—a two-masted schooner that he has sailed on twenty-six Arctic trips totaling 300,000 miles.

The man is Rear Adm. Donald B. Macmillan, now eighty-four, and his ship is the *Bowdoin*. He took her from Falmouth, Mass., to Mystic, Conn., where she is now berthed as a permanent exhibit in that town's museum of the age of sail. Other illustrious ships are already berthed near by, including the square-rigged whaler *Charles W. Morgan*.

The *Bowdoin* will be fitted out as if for an Arctic trip, though she will never sail north again, and visitors who go aboard will be able to imagine what it was like to explore the top of the world in the era before ice-breakers and polar flight. Admiral Macmillan is the last link with that age and that breed of bold men who first tried to tame a hostile land. He gives continuity to their story, for in his journeys he has done important research in almost every branch of natural science.

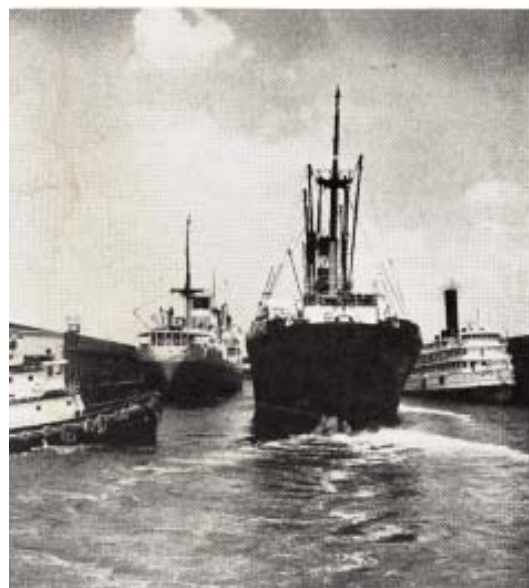
Clipper Logs, Years 1830-1930, Anyone?

A list of nearly 100 clipper ships and other old sailing vessels will be forwarded, upon request, to anyone notifying either Frank O. Braynard or Samuel D. McCoy, American Merchant Marine Institute, 11 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y., of the whereabouts of any sailing ship log book of the era 1830-1930.

The Braynard-McCoy team is collaborating on a biography of Charles R. Patterson (1878-1958), the famous marine artist whose work is not unknown to readers of TOW LINE, since a couple of his paintings appeared here on front covers.

Reminiscences of Mr. Patterson, from anyone well acquainted with him, also will be received gratefully; but the log books are sought to develop the stories of ships painted by the artist during his long and colorful career.

We wish these industrious gentlemen great success with their enterprise.





CAPT. JOHN A. BROWN, general manager, Moran Inland Waterways Corp., has been reappointed as a member of the Rivers and Harbors Panel, U. S. Coast Guard Merchant Marine Council, and will confer with Vice Adm. A. C. Richmond, Coast Guard commandant, and staff at the panel's annual meeting scheduled for September 16 at the Missouri Athletic Club in St. Louis.



Meet **Russell Bratcher** (left), pilot, who joined the Moran river operation two years ago. Born in 1909 in Litchfield, Ky., our Mr. Bratcher started working on the rivers in 1933 for Producers Pipeline. Was with that firm for 24 years. Married in 1929, he and his wife, Myrtle, have a son, a daughter, and four grandchildren. Captain Bratcher owns two farms near Mount Vernon, a total of 150 acres, and lives in a 1959 two-bedroom house trailer on the property. For recreation, he hunts and fishes. . . . Conditions have changed since Mark Twain's day on the river, it must be; but is the trailer-home equipped with floats?

Below: Ever see an Ohio-Mississippi River towboat out of the water? **G. W. Maxon, Jr.**, vice president, Maxon Construction Co., Inc., Dayton, Ohio, thought Tow Line readers might be interested in this shot of Moran Inland Waterways Corp.'s *M. V. David E. Moran* on the ways of his company's shipbuilding division yard on the Ohio at Tell City, Ind., upriver from our Mt. Vernon Hq. The *David E.* was undergoing minor repairs at the time. Mr. Maxon's thoughtfulness is appreciated.

From **Floyd N. Wolfe**, chief engineer on the *David E.*'s sister towboat *Betty Moran*, we have a snapshot of one of the *Betty*'s tows—barge *Intercity No. 2* in the immediate foreground—passing through the draw of the railroad-highway bridge at St. Paul, Minn. Here:



The bridge span is approximately 110 feet, and the span of the barges is 100 feet, Chief Wolfe said. . . . Close quarters!

Signal from Lake Erie

Dear Capt. (Leonard) Goodwin:

I am master of the tug *North Carolina*, presently working in the Port of Buffalo. On several occasions during the past few years I have had opportunities to see your tugs in operation here on the Great Lakes, particularly in Cleveland, Ohio, but also here in Buffalo. In fact, I had the pleasure of going aboard three of them and talking with the crews. My crew and I were quite impressed with your modern equipment and the excellent condition of the tugs.

I wonder if I might ask a favor of you, Captain. I would like very much to have a picture of a Moran tug, either in the process of towing a vessel or running light. I have a recreation room in my basement which I have decorated with pictures, clocks, running lights, etc. Mainly, the pictures are of tugs and steamboats on the Great Lakes, but I have a few salt water vessels which I was able to secure when I was in the service during World War II.

Thanks very much for taking time to read this, and if it is possible for me to receive a picture I will appreciate it.

CAPT. H. V. NOONAN
(The Great Lakes Towing Company)



YEARS 50 AGO

(Source: New York Maritime Register)

JULY 7, 1909—Tug *Storm King* has been sold by Boston Towboat Co., to Philip Wever & Son, Baltimore, who will use her in connection with dredging work in Buzzards Bay and at end of Cape Cod Canal. . . . Str. *Dean Richmond* at Boston has been bought by Thos. Butler, and will be towed to New York and broken up. . . . (Reedy Island, June 30) In collision today near Bombay Hook between tug *Swatara* and str. *Juan* (Nor.), from Port Antonio, tug was struck amidship and sank. All hands saved. *Juan* proceeded upriver; she had stem twisted and six plates damaged. *Swatara* was towing barges *Phoenix* and *Knickerbocker* for Portland and Neshaminy, for Saco.

JULY 14, 1909—(Boston, July 9) Str. *Grecian*, from Philadelphia, spoke tug *Valley Forge* yesterday off Barnegat, which reported barge *Perkasie*, one of her tow, sunk—all hands saved. Also had barges *Bear Ridge* and *Barry* in tow for Boston.

JULY 21, 1909—*Martha Stevens* (str.) was run into and sunk by tug *Confidence* near Robbins Reef July 20. Ass't engineer of *Stevens* died from effects of submersion.

JULY 28, 1909—Barge *Harrison*, owned by Texas Company, laden with petroleum, was destroyed by explosion and fire at Providence, R. I. . . . (Boston, July 25.) *Kenosha* (str.), Baltimore for Boston with coal, sprang a leak and sank six miles off Fire Island Lightship yesterday morning. She sank so rapidly, crew of 18 forced into small boats. They were picked up by str. *Howard* and brought here.

AUGUST 11, 1909—(Rockport, Mass.) Navy tug *Nezinscot*, from Portsmouth for Boston, capsized off Cape Ann this morning and three of crew were drowned. Captain's wife and boy and four of crew landed at Lanesville, and reported Captain Evans, surgeon, engineer, and several of crew drifting to sea in lifeboat. Captain and engineer later picked up by Dolliver's Neck life saving crew and landed at Rockport. Doctor Trotter was washed off grating and drowned.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1909—Barges have entered Maine granite trade. *City of Montreal* and *Summer* are at Stonington loading cargoes heretofore carried by sailing vessels. Schr. *William J. Lermond*, which was dismantled and abandoned off Hatteras last December, is at Belfast and will enter stone trade between Stonington and Cape Cod Canal after being converted. . . . *Bee* (tug) of Packard Redging Co., while proceeding up East River off foot of Delancy Street, August 25, port boiler burst, killing ass't engineer, severely scalding two firemen, and slightly injuring several others of crew.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1909—Navy Dept. has issued orders that no tows will be permitted on Hudson River between September 24 and October 10, because of Hudson-Fulton Celebration. E.C.P.

Ocean Liners Chalk Up Another Big Day

August 25 was a Banner Day (capital "B," capital "D," please) on the North River waterfront, New York, when nine liners moved 9,507 passengers into and out of port.

It was, indeed, a day to warm the heart cockles of any such particularly interested gents as Al Johansen, advertising-publicity specialist for the Trans-Atlantic Passenger Steamship Conference, and Moran's tug dispatching staff.

From Europe and South America came 6,279 passengers on five luxury ships—all docked by those ubiquitous "M" tugs. First off these four: U. S. Lines' *United States*, with 1,762, to Pier 86; Italian Line's *Cristoforo Colombo*, with 1,165, to Pier 84; and Moore-McCormack Lines' *Brazil*, with 182, to Pier 32. Later, the Cunarder *Queen Elizabeth*, with 2,191, to Pier 90; U. S. Lines' *America*, with 979, to Pier 86, south side.

Seasonal "thrift rates" may have accounted for an exodus of 3,228 passengers to Europe and the West Indies. Churning the waters of the mighty Hudson River that day, the Swedish American liner *Gripsholm*, the American Export liner *Constitution*, the Holland-America liner *Ryndam*, and Greek Line's *Olympia* departed in gala atmosphere.

New York—no wonder it's known as the world's busiest port!

Who said it? " 'Wouldst thou' — so the helmsman answered— / 'Learn the secret of the sea? / Only those who brave its dangers / Comprehend its mystery!' " (Page 17, Item 9)

Reference Work

From time to time in past semesters, Prof. Dr. John I. Griffin, a practicing savant of the Baruch School of Business and Public Administration, College of the City of New York, has taken groups from his classes on field trips around New York harbor aboard Moran tugs. They saw what is to be seen from such a water-level vantage point, and undoubtedly took notes and made pertinent photographs.

This may not have anything to do with a new book issued by Arco Publishing Co., 480 Lexington Avenue ("The Port of New York" by Doctor Griffin), a survey of this largest, busiest seaport. It is said to be invaluable to traffic managers, shippers, terminal operators, waterfront industries, students and transportation workers generally.

It costs five bucks; and the author thinks it does no harm that "after all, your tugs appear in some of the illustrations."

TELEVISION FEATURE—The superliner *S.S. United States* was made into 15 minutes of superior TV fare recently, with the aid of Moran T. & T. Co., Inc.—men and tugs.

Titled "Seafarers," the show is part of a series, "Americans at Work," sponsored by AFL-CIO. The film was produced by Norwood Studios, Inc., Washington, D. C.

The script called for filming the arrival and departure here of the speed queen of the seas, and certain scenes aboard ship.

Although the series is carried by 100 TV stations throughout the United States, viewers here must rely on Channel 13, WNTA, across the river in New Jersey . . . When? Our informants couldn't say.

Easy-Going Guy



A veteran of tug voyages to Goose Bay, Labrador, and St. Nazaire, France, among other outstanding ocean tows, Capt. Albert F. Shaw is frequently employed as a mate aboard Moran tugs assigned to offshore work. He's mild-mannered, soft-spoken, but knows his stuff as a deck officer, associates can tell you. A marine academy education started him (1939) on tours of duty aboard Texaco tankers and U. S. Lines freighters, in the course of which, during the war years, he rose from AB to captain. From 1950, a couple of years at commercial fishing and commanding yachts; but after another interval on tankers his interest turned to ocean towing—and to Moran, naturally. Between voyages Capt. and Mrs. Shaw, son Albert, Jr., and daughter Jean, are together at 3709 Libby Lane, Levittown, L. I.

Who Said It?

- (1) Pindar: Olympian Odes. (2) John Milton: Comus. (3) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: The Wreck of the Hesperus. (4) Rudyard Kipling: The Last Chantey. (5) Edmund Waller: Of a War with Spain. (6) Heinrich Heine. (7) Epes Sargent: A Life on the Ocean Wave. (8) James Thomson: Summer. (9) Longfellow: The Secret of the Sea. (10) James Elroy Flecker: A Ship, an Isle, and a Sickle Moon.

HURRY-UP JOB—For some reason unknown in this quarter, U. S. Lines wanted their freighter *S.S. American Planter* moved from the Bay Ridge anchorage off Brooklyn to Pier 60, 20th Street, North River—*muy pronto, por favor, senores*, or English words to that effect. And here she is moving upstream off Governors Island, with our *Martha Moran* and *Peter Moran* on bow hawser and port quarter, respectively. Capt. Ole Ericksen of the tug *E. F. Moran, Jr.* was the pilot in charge, and no moss accumulated on the *Planter's* keel en route.

ASHORE



AND AFLOAT

Vantage Point Aft



Not without reason, the after controls of a harbor tug often are used to advantage, full visibility being the principal consideration. Here, Capt. Rodney Jones of the *Christine Moran* is utilizing this auxiliary equipment—located at the after end of the deckhouse—exercising caution during a docking operation. A bright fog and the assigned position of his tug, under the overhanging bow of a freighter, prompted him to vacate his usual station forward. The experienced skipper is a resident of Providence, R. I., and certainly no stranger to the chaste columns of Tow Line, having been with Moran for nearly 16 years. (Anything he says about this department is a—er-r-r, it might be an exaggeration.) He has a first class pilot ticket for most waters adjacent to the New England states. A likable guy; we'd sail with him anytime.



DIED, SUNDAY, August 23, in Memorial Hospital, 68th Street, Manhattan, after a lingering illness involving radical surgery: Lillian G. Harrison, 67, one of Moran's oldest and most widely known employees, who retired the last day of 1958 as chief telephone operator, with only four months less than 30 years of service behind her. Following a requiem mass August 26 in the Church of the Ascension, 221 West 107th Street, New York, she was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. Surviving are a sister-in-law, four nieces, and an aunt and cousins in Washington, D.C. . . . 'We'll miss her here.

"Lill" Harrison was a "character," in the best and most complimentary sense of the term. She was something else important, especially in these tense times; she was fun either to work or to play with. And her style, her *modus operandi*, was highly individual if not unique.

We said once in another, happier connection that in New York shipping circles Miss Harrison was only slightly less well known and admired than the Lady of

Bedloes (now Liberty) Island, Miss Liberty herself . . . Quite a girl.

"Lill" and this writer on occasion were wont to salute each other in code, something not too far removed from billingsgate, that must have astonished listeners, but it was only in fun—nothing more than our eccentric way of expressing a mutual affection.

In this Tow Line corner, deep gloom, as when a cloud obscures the setting sun.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jones, 2434 Jefferson Street, East Meadow, L.I., July 14 at Hempstead General Hospital: another daughter, promptly named Claire Elaine. She weighed seven pounds at birth and has—oh, boy!—red hair and blue eyes. The family count-down as of now: Joseph, 14; Janeanne, 12; Donald, eight; Kenneth, four, besides the new charmer. Papa Jones is assistant engineer aboard the *Barbara Moran* and has been associated with Moran for nearly 18 years.

Another. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Balicky, 153 India Street, Brooklyn, at Polyclinic Hospital, Manhattan, on August 21: their third child and second daughter, Ann Marie. Apparently an impatient individual, she arrived almost two months ahead of schedule, a scant 15 minutes after midnight. The others: Stephan, six, and Donna, four. Mr. Balicky is assistant paymaster in Moran's ever popular payroll department.

"Keeping up with the Joneses?"... Congratulations to both families"

All Set to Move Her



A stout line, expertly snubbed, and an attentive deckhand are two prerequisites for docking or sailing a ship safely. In this early hour shot a new vessel, *M.V. Oregon Maru* (Kawasaki Kisen K.K., Kobe, Japan) is weighing anchor prior to docking at Pier 20, Staten Island. This freighter is one of three New York-Yokohama 24-day express ships operated by the company. Kerr Steamship Co., 51 Broad Street, New York, are their general agents in this country. Deckhand Jack Wyatt, here, is a resident of Saugerties, N. Y., and March 10, 1950 seems to be the date of his first employment by Moran . . . (Photo by J. Blinn, Esq.—who else?)

Although A.A.A. is a familiar designation in public prints for a certain welfare organization, in this instance the letters stand for Audrey A. Ackerman, 19, who recently joined Moran's accounting department as a replacement for Mrs. George (Penelope) Martakis, who is leaving us to begin raising a family. We will show you later how she looks.

Formerly a secretary in the Reuben H. Donnelley Corp., our Miss AAA was a 1958 graduate of Thomas Jefferson High School, Brooklyn. Home address: 904 Bushwick Avenue, that borough. She has every intention of marrying a young man presently attending City College, studying to become an electrical engineer.

Audrey's pleasures include swimming and speedboat driving—out Howard Beach way. Her first-blush impression of Moran Hq: "A friendly place." (She's right, by golly.)

Who said it? "A ship, an isle, a sickle moon— / With few but with how splendid stars / The mirrors of the sea are strewn / Between their silver bars." (Page 17, Item 10)



ANNUAL OUTING



FUN SEEKERS provided with Spanish-type fiesta hats departed at 0945, June 16 from 17 Battery Place on this year's Moran outing, the 10th one. A hundred shoreside employees and guests gathered at Old Cider Mill Grove, Union, N. J., to prove there's fun in "togetherness." Indeed, the festivities confirmed this.

Organized outdoor games and races (prizes to the winners), indoor Virginia reels and square dances, plus an abundance of food served throughout the day, were means to the merriment.

Two 18-inch by 22-inch cakes, topped by "M" tugs fashioned in frosting, provided an authentic note for those who hadn't seen a tug, presumably.

In the culinary department, too, were served: clams—steamed, on the half shell, broth, chowder; hot franks, hamburgers, country sausage; corn on the cob; beer, coffee, tea, soda.

Games and races awards went to: Pat Lynch-Jack Simpson, Muriel Murray, sack race; Vicky Wilson-Gail Mahoney, Ed Balicky-Fred Morgana, Nora Lascari-Carl Weiss, three-legged race; Jean Cuff, Mike Bodlovic, Joan Harkins, potato race; Helen Balavich, Frank Arnesen, Marge Craig, egg and spoon race; Molly Bierweiler-Ann Wirezak, Mike Bodlovic-Terry O'Connor, Jim Lantonio-Elaine Lubrano, balloon toss.

Noted and greeted were Janice Ludwig and Edna Shattuck who came from the headquarters of Moran's down-east operation, Portland, Maine. Personnel from our out-ports are always welcome.

Committeemen for the 1959 outing: Ed Walsh, Terry O'Connor, Ed Balicky; and it is said they worked so closely in making this year's gambol the best yet that no individual credit may be noted... That's togetherness!

