

TOW LINE



AUGUST, 1952

New French Liner S.S. Flandre . . .

See Pages 8-9



ON THE COVER—

Our front cover picture this time, an exceptionally well detailed airview from a (New York) News plane piloted by Bill Warner, with Gordon Rynders behind the camera, is something the like of which is not seen every day, we think all hands will agree. Thus, from the bottom of the photo:

1.—The Cunard liner *Media*, 13,700 gross tons, 540 feet long, on the north side of Pier 92, North River, 52nd Street, New York;

2.—The Cunard liner *Queen Mary*, 81,237 gross tons, 1,020 feet long, on the north side of Pier 90, 50th Street;

3.—The Cunard liner *Georgic*, 27,468 gross tons, 683 feet long, on the south side of Pier 90;

4.—The French liner *Liberte*, 51,840 gross tons, 936 feet long, on the north side of Pier 88, 48th Street; and—

5.—The S.S. *United States*, brand new flagship of the American merchant marine, 53,330 gross tons, 990 feet long, on the north side of Pier 86, 46th Street.

(This extraordinary aerial shot was made on June 25, 1952, a couple of days after the United States Lines ship arrived in New York for the first time, from Newport News, Va.)

Five transatlantic vessels with a total passenger capacity of more than 7,500! . . . In no other port in the world would such a sight, such a picture, be possible.



TOW LINE



Published by

MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC.

17 Battery Place, New York City

R. M. MUNROE, Editor

LUCILLE CHRISTIAN, Associate

Vol. V

No. 4

All About the Pleasures of Ocean Travel

"Now, on the other hand," one of a pair of steamed-up visitors to these editorial precincts was saying, "consider the joys of ocean travel."

Naturally, we had been considering them. What frustrated indoor voyager doesn't find his thoughts galloping along the cruise lanes when 90-plus temperatures prevail hereabouts? We permitted him to continue. You can't stop a hurricane.

First, there is the therapeutic value of continuous and complete relaxation, the fellow went on to say. Why, it's nothing less than a holiday en route to a holiday—an especially cogent argument from this journalistic standpoint.

Did we realize what sort of a bargain one gets in ocean travel? For the price we'd pay for "ordinary" transportation (and nothing else, if you please) aboard a transatlantic liner we might enjoy all the luxuries of a

floating resort. The monologist rattled on about dancing, swimming, cabaret entertainment, deck sports, turkish baths, motion pictures, trap shooting, hiking, and heaven only knows what else. (He said nothing about fly-fishing for trout; not a word about tobogganing or football.)

The caller may have suspected we were not listening, but we were; in fact, we were away ahead of him.

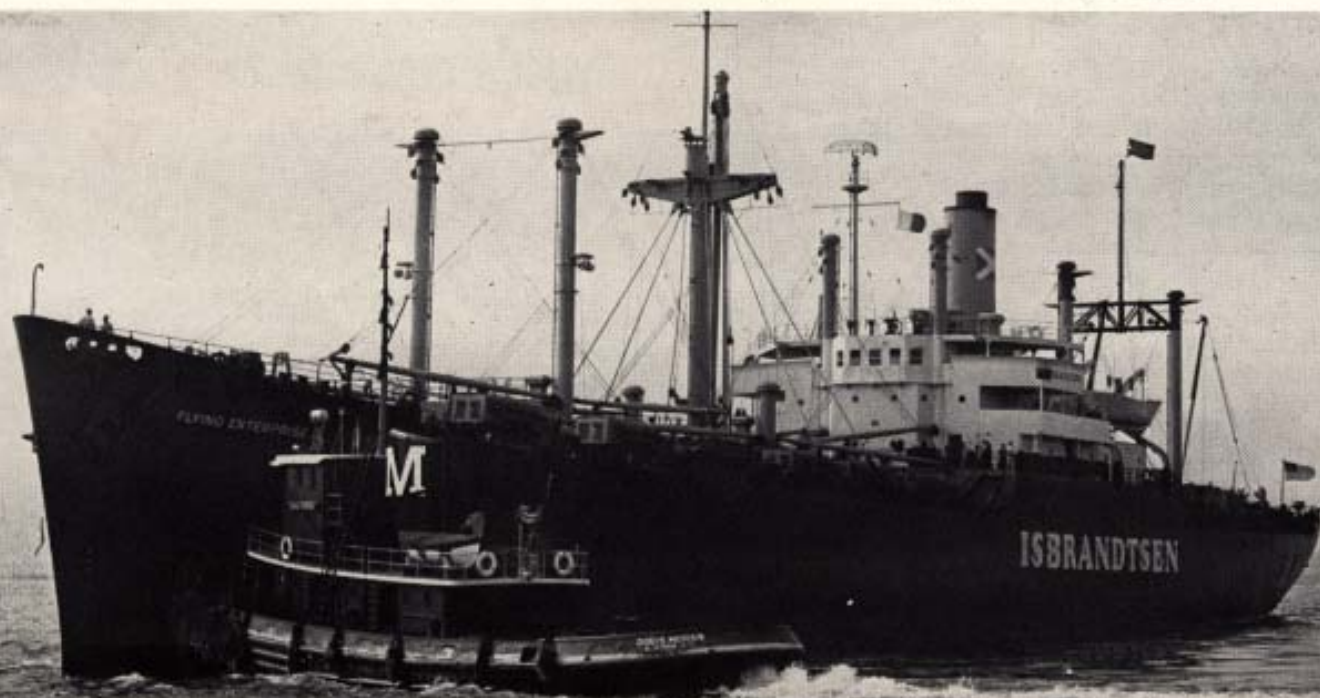
"Luxury, unaccustomed luxury, is what brings out the best in a man," he was saying. "Doors opened for you even before you reach them... midnight snacks... your choice of the finest wines (or what'll it be?) so much cheaper than ashore... dress for dinner, if you like, and what dinners!" (He was still astern of us.)

Healthful sunshine, invigorating salt breezes, the stimulation of different and super-comfortable surroundings, complete isolation (if you tell

the ship's radiotelephone operator you are not in), beneficial indulgence of suppressed desires—in short, nowhere else such complete luxury as on a large, well-managed ocean liner. (The fellow was virtually a travel brochure, except that he didn't fold to pocket size and was printed in only one color.)

But we knew all that to start with. . . . Boy, our deck chair!

WORTHY SUCCESSOR—S. S. Flying Enterprise, II, with Capt. Henrik Kurt Carlsen on her bridge, is shown here being assisted by our tug Doris Moran as she sailed from New York on June 6, following her first local appearance under the Isbrandtsen Co., Inc., houseflag. A C-2 type cargo vessel, the Flying Enterprise, II, succeeded the ill-fated ship Captain Carlsen struggled so valiantly to save until she went down off the English coast last January. The new vessel, acquired from the Waterman Steamship Co., is considerably larger than her predecessor.



Scientists Aboard Kevin Moran Study Floor of Atlantic

Columbia University, Woods Hole Institute, Navy Are Sponsors

A group of prominent American geologists and oceanographers, led by Dr. W. Maurice Ewing of Columbia University, sailed from New York in mid-July aboard the seagoing tug Kevin Moran on what was described as a major expedition to explore the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

The expedition is sponsored by Columbia, the Office of Naval Research, Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, and the Navy's Bureau of Ships. It will continue until about October 1.

Specially equipped with scientific gear for the scheduled underwater research, the Kevin Moran (Capt. James L. Barrow, Norfolk, Va.) began work off New England the week of July 20-26, but was to be joined later by the Atlantis, a regular oceanographic research vessel.

Nine scientists aboard the ships will make seismic refraction measurements to determine the thickness of sedimentation on the ocean floor, and also will gather evidence about the origins and structures of continental rock masses. They planned to study submarine canyons extending to sea from Africa and South America, to determine if they are similar to such formations as the Hudson River canyon, which has been traced 225 miles out into the Atlantic.

Samples of deep water and sediment will be examined chemically and otherwise to determine its "age." The Kevin Moran also will tow nets near the surface to collect tiny marine organisms whose shells sink to the bottom eventually to become sediment.

Doctor Ewing has made five similar expeditions previously.

Dave Garroway's two-hour morning television show (WNBT, New York) was devoted exclusively to National Maritime Day on that date in May, and one of its outstanding features consisted of panorama shots of New York Harbor made from the dispatching office at 25th-floor Moran HQ in the dockside Whitehall Building, with running commentary, including a before-breakfast interview with Capt. Chester Evans, Moran docking pilot.

Six 'M' Tugs Move 13,550-Ton Caisson Down the Hudson River in Speedy Time

On Tuesday, July 30, starting shortly after noon, six of Moran Towing & Transportation Co.'s diesel-electric tugs moved the first of three huge concrete caissons which will form the foundation of a new Pier 57, North River, from Haverstraw to the foot of West 15th St., Manhattan. The 38-mile tow was completed successfully in the fast time of thirteen hours.

The tugs Barbara, Carol, Eugene F., Moira, Nancy and Pauline L. (Moran), with Capt. John A. Bassett in charge, encountered no difficulties in handling the 13,550-ton caisson—376 feet long, 80 feet wide, 26 feet high—which was constructed in an abandoned clay pit, later flooded to float it. In the small hours of the following morning the box was nudged into a temporary mooring within the bulkhead line between Piers 56 and 58.

Ultimate placement of this caisson, as well as the other two, will be a precise and difficult operation, Merritt-Chapman & Scott Corp. engineers said, since the structure must be floated to an exact position over pilings in the river bottom. Falling with the tide then, it will be "pinned" in place permanently. Winds and currents are big factors.

When the other caissons are moved

down the Hudson, another Moran operation, they will be eased into position at right angles to this one, then sunk onto special "beds." Their tops will be under water, but a superstructure will support the pier floor. The caissons will be pumped out so their buoyancy will support 90 percent of the superstructure's weight. The pier-head box will accommodate a loading ramp inside.

The M.-C. & S. Corp. and the Corbetta Construction Co. share a \$5,685,491 city contract for the pier substructure and deck. The old pier was destroyed by fire in 1947.

Recommended Reading: In the July 12 issue of The Saturday Evening Post, "He's the Stingiest Admiral!" by Hugh Morrow—a full-length portrait of Vice Adm. William Callaghan, USN, commander of the Military Sea Transportation Service, featuring his unorthodox operating techniques. "Vice Admiral Bill Callaghan commands a 500-ship navy—with no guns," the sub-head on the Post's story states. "His expense account for a European trip totaled \$13. His staff are experts—at saving our money. His job? To supply Americans overseas with everything from bullets to diapers."

NORWEGIAN CADETS—More than a hundred boys from the Norwegian training vessel Statsraad Lehmkuhl, a three-masted auxiliary barque here on a good-will mission in mid-July, were guests of Moran Towing & Transportation Co. on a tour of the port offered as a feature of an entertainment program arranged for the midshipmen by a committee headed by Mr. S. A. Haram. The tug Doris Moran picked up the party at Pier 34, Atlantic Basin, Brooklyn, about 2 p.m. Sunday, July 20, and the eager boys were given closeup views of important installations and moored and moving ships along the New York and New Jersey waterfronts and channels. Most of the cadets aboard the Statsraad Lehmkuhl left the ship here to enter the service of various Norwegian shipping companies.



*Ah, Those Slinkers of Arman
Is How You Can Make En*



The Misses Smith and Christian learn from Ch. Eng. Boyle it is "knot" easy.



Muriel Murray trying to coax a dance out of jolly Johnny Masi.

3RD ANNUAL BOAT RIDE

Taking advantage of an almost perfect June 10th for their third annual boat ride, swivel-chair sailors of Moran's shoreside staff boarded the tug Doris Moran at Pier One, North River, at 10 a.m. and shoved off for Palisades Interstate Park, about 40 miles up the Hudson. Soon after arriving at 1:45 p.m. all hands enjoyed a fine roast beef dinner at Bear Mountain Inn, where Ed Hennessey m.c.'ed a diverting amateur entertainment program featuring Mrs. Jack Broesler, Mary Samuels and Capt. Joe Dowd. After inspecting the local zoo and other interesting exhibits, the crowd, again aboard the tug, pushed on upriver to West Point (just in time for retreat). Once back in New York Harbor, the party was treated to closeup views of one of the Cunard "Queens" and the French liner Liberte in their Manhattan-side berths, before going ashore at 9:30 p.m. . . . A fine day's outing!

Invigorating breezes and healthful sunshine attracted many to deck chairs forward on the tug.



The well satisfied committee: Ed Hennessey and Ed Walsh (front), Joe Moore, T. O'Connor.



Brunch en route . . . Customers: Eddie Ross (left), Elwood Lewis and Frances Werfelman.



"Was a man ever surrounded by so much beauty and talent?" asked Phtgr. Katz, fishing for a group smile.



'This I believe,' Says C

Editor's note: On Edward R. Murrow's "This I Believe" program over the Columbia Broadcasting System network, including Station WCBS, New York, one of this company's ace docking pilots, Capt. George B. Young, 18 Turnure Street, Bergenfield, N. J., recently contributed some of his personal tenets to that serial radio feature. The following transcript, from Radio Reports, Inc., is presented here not only for the sound reasoning and unpretentiousness of the captain's views, but for their appeal to thoughtful readers, as well as listeners. It is no small distinction, as Murrow points out, "to keep (one's) beliefs on an even keel in these troubled times."

MURROW: This I Believe... George Young is a tug boat captain. He started work 25 years ago as a deck hand on a towing vessel in New York's East River. Today he is an experienced docking pilot. He lives an unspectacular, balanced life with his wife and four children, two boys and two girls, in New Jersey. His every day responsibilities include the exacting task of nuzzling such great liners as the Queen Mary, the Queen Elizabeth, the Ile de France, and the Nieuw Amsterdam safely into their Manhattan and Hoboken piers and out again into the stream. What values has this maritime man distilled from life?

YOUNG: Once many years ago I was on the bridge of a ship that passed one of our large cities on a quiet night. I saw its lights reflected in the sky and heard the rumbling of the city's noises. As I looked to my other side, I could see nothing but open spaces of darkness and endless water. I realized how small I was and that my own problems of life did not seem great in comparison.

I have spent 25 years on boats. Now I am a docking pilot. My job is to bring in large luxury liners and stay with them until they are safely moored in their berths. Sometimes this requires two tugs, sometimes many more, depending on the tide, the

weather and the draft of

Most of you, no doubt, these tugs pushing and liners. What they are doing seem to make much sense. The big boat is always in the pier, her hawsers made fast and done.

These tugs, whether they move about in accord with signals sent from the bridges or piers. Such signals make up just as dependable as the signals even more so, because our

signals are rarely misunderstood. The captain of each tug does his work according to the signals he receives. He never asks questions. He takes everything on faith. And it always works out.

Working around tug boats where so much depends on team work has its effect on what I believe. I believe that if I am to attain a successful place in the world I must have the help of my fellow man, just as the great transatlantic liners depend on the help of little tugs to bring them safely to port.

I felt very important the first time I docked a big liner. She came riding up the harbor on a flood tide and towered over the stout little tug escorting her. As she drew alongside, a doorway opened almost at water level and two smartly rigged sailors helped me aboard. I was escorted to the bridge, where I took over from the bar pilot. I realized I was in control of a great ship worth millions of dollars and that the owners were depending upon me to bring her safely to her berth. After I had docked several of the large liners I realized I was not important, but simply the quarterback to call signals.

In spite of what we read in the newspapers, I have great faith in this country, and I pray that peace and understanding will come to this unsettled world so that my children can grow up

wouldn't take money. They worked for bigger stakes. I talked to captains of foreign ships who came in to New York Harbor, and they were just as concerned as we Americans over the tragedy.

I believe some way will be found to work together for world peace with the same sympathy and understanding that people worked to rescue little Kathy Fiscus. I believe God will some day bring this about.

MURROW: That was Captain George Young, tug boat skipper and a senior docking pilot for the Moran Towing and Transportation Co., in New York Harbor, who, one feels, has managed to keep his beliefs on an even keel in these troubled times.

Everyone Felt at Home

Dear Mr. Bull:

Please accept my sincere thanks and those of the guests I was able to invite through your courtesy for the tugboat ride which, although a "washout" by virtue of lack of cooperation on the part of the elements, was a complete success according to everyone's feelings. It was, of course, unfortunate that the weather was not with us, but I want to assure you that we all had a good time because we were able to make the most of a bad situation. May I especially take this opportunity to commend the crew generally and laud the graciousness of Messrs. Moore and Hennessey, who with their smiles and willingness to be of personal assistance, made everyone feel right at home? Again many thanks for affording us a swell time even under adverse conditions.

LUIS E. GUBLER
(Chilean Line, New York)

MORANTOW—The newest of our powerful diesel-electric tugs, Julia C. Moran, departing New Orleans with the barge Cap (ex-LST) for Little Pedro Point, Jamaica, a little jaunt of 1,127 miles. The W. Horace Williams Co. of New Orleans dispatched her to the British West Indies port to start construction of a pier for handling bauxite.



Ah, Those Sinkers of Armand's! Here Is How You Can Make 'Em; Or Can You?



When Armand Rioux, 54, part-time cook aboard the Barbara Moran, went ashore pending full-time assignment to another "M" tug, his departure was keenly felt, not only by that particular crew, but by others who had reason to know and appreciate his talents. The boys on the Barbara will miss, besides his sunny disposition, the delicious entrees and pastries, especially doughnuts, he was in the habit of dishing up. Mmmm . . . those doughnuts! Their deserved fame for lightness, flavor and digestibility had already spread 'round the harbor. When the news leaked from tug to tug that the "Doughnut Man" had dished up a new batch of his famous coffee dunkers, numerous "M" tugs would suddenly find urgent business to take them alongside the Barbara. At such times well-filled paper bags being passed gingerly from ship to ship were much in evidence.

Eventually, the fame of Mr. Rioux's round masterpieces spread even to Moran's shore-side staff (who know a good thing when they taste it), and more than one discreet appeal for a handout came from this source. Needless to say, Armand's five-dozen batches had a way of disappearing in something less than the legendary two minutes flat.

MORANTOW—The tug Julia C. Moran again, departing New Orleans with Standard Dredging Corporation's hydraulic dredge Cartagena for Cartagena, Colombia, South America, a voyage of 1,468 miles. This 1,240-gross-ton outfit measures 151.5 feet by 39.5 feet by 12.1 feet, and towing her in the open sea cannot be described as child's play.

Now that the supply of these delicious morsels has temporarily been shut off, *Tox Line*, as a public service, discloses herewith Mr. Rioux's private recipe, which he kindly consented to share. We cannot, of course, be responsible for attempts on the part of our readers to duplicate Mr. Rioux's handiwork. (Samples of any successful efforts will be appreciated in this editorial office, however.) The recipe:

INGREDIENTS: Salt— $1\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons; sugar— $\frac{3}{4}$ cup; shortening— $\frac{3}{4}$ cup; nutmeg—a pinch; lemon extract— $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon; eggs— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (2 eggs); evaporated milk— $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups; yeast—(two envelopes and $\frac{3}{4}$ cups lukewarm water); flour—7 cups.

MATERIALS NEEDED: Large mixing bowl, rolling pin, doughnut cutter, wooden bread board, and fairly deep frying pan or skillet.

PROCEDURE: (1) Place salt, sugar, shortening, evaporated milk, nutmeg, and 75% of flour in bowl, and cream them by rotating palm and fingers of hand around bowl. (For best results, all mixing should be done by hand.)

(2) Beat eggs and add to mix in three stages, creaming well into dough.

(3) Scrape bowl with flat surface, placing all mix in center of bowl. Sift remaining flour into mix, stirring lightly. Mix yeast with lukewarm water and add.

(4) "Develop" dough by scooping it up in palms of hands and letting it fall until it is smooth and elastic.

(5) Remove dough from bowl and place on well floured board. Scrape dough off hands with knife. Grease bowl well, return dough to it, and round it out. Cover bowl and leave in warm place for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to ferment. (When dough recedes to touch, it is ready to be used.)

(6) Place fermented dough on well-floured board and roll it out evenly with rolling pin until it is slightly less than $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Cut out with ring doughnut cutter.

(7) Remove centers and place doughnuts about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart on floured cloth. Allow to double in size.

(8) Fry doughnuts in skillet three-quarters filled with hot oil or fat until golden brown.

(9) Remove quickly with fork as soon as done and place in pan containing mixture of two cups of sugar and teaspoon of cinnamon.

(10) Mix doughnuts in cinnamon-sugar, place on dish, and serve.

This whole thing is faintly reminiscent of a slightly indiscreet "Ballade of Avoirdupois" published 20-odd years ago in The Lyre column, an editorial page feature of that equally defunct afternoon daily, the Miami (Fla.) Tribune. Thus the only stanza presently recalled, with its left-handed refrain line:

Hail, stylish stout! O best of cooks,
You know the way to a suitor's heart
Is not through sophisticated looks;
A homemade pie or a jelly tart
Is deadlier than a cupid's dart.

Though they come to scoff, the cynics
stay

Where there's more good food and less
bum art.

(I like 'em built like a load of hay!)

To Tug Peter Moran: Well Done!

Dear Sirs:

As you know, we have just completed dredging the entrance channel for Win-yah Bay, South Carolina. We want you to know that we appreciate the excellent service rendered by your tug Peter Moran, under the command of Captain Trent. The tug was handled with unusual skill under, at many times, very difficult conditions. Captain Trent did everything he could to cooperate with our crews at all times, and his efforts contributed greatly to the success of the job.

L. T. GAYLORD, Pres.
(Atlantic, Gulf & Pacific Co.)

Our Calendar Picture

Dear Sirs:

On visiting our company's office at the 31st Street pier, Brooklyn, my attention was drawn several times to the fine picture of a Moran tug in the Port of New York, on your calendars. Although I made many efforts to come into possession of a calendar like this, I did not reach my aim, and therefore I take the liberty to apply to your company, kindly requesting you to investigate if you happen to have still one copy of this calendar for me. When entering the Port of New York this is always symbolized by the big white "M" of a Moran tug. As I should like to keep this memory in Holland, in the form of this nice picture on the wall of my room, I hope you will be able to comply with my request.

D. HEIJER
(Ship's Clerk, SS. Ilos)



French Line's

FLANDRE

This fine new passenger ship, largest and fastest built in France since the war, has joined the international fleet in the North Atlantic. Here are a few scenes depicting her maiden arrival in New York on July 30, 1952...







CONQUERING HEROES—John S. Bull, Moran Towing & Transportation Co. vice president (Sales), left, and Edward J. Hennessey, Olsen Water and Towing Company vice president, who covered themselves with glory at Tamarack Country Club, Greenwich, Conn., back in June, by winning the 25th annual golf tournament of the Maritime Association of the Port of New York. Our Mr. Bull, with a handicap of 16, came up with a 70; while our Mr. Hennessey, with a handicap of 27, posted a net of only one stroke more. This gave them a "leg" on the J. J. Kelleher Trophy, which has to be won three times for permanent possession.

Palmer and Moore Given New Titles

Promotions of two veteran Moran Towing & Transportation Co. men, Capt. Earl C. Palmer and Howard C. Moore, were announced late in June by Joseph H. Moran, II, vice president.

Captain Palmer was designated Assistant Vice President, Sales, with duties and responsibilities as before. Starting his maritime career in 1910 as a seaman aboard a railroad tug, he has been connected with the towing business ever since. He joined Moran in 1932, and was marine superintendent from 1936 to 1948. During World War II he was a civilian specialist, then a commander in the Navy with assignments as towing officer for the Eastern Sea Frontier and as special assistant to the director of the Naval Transportation Service.

At the same time, Mr. Moore was named General Manager, Construction and Repair Division, also without changes in duties or responsibilities. He has been with the company since 1928, and before that was connected with the John E. Moore Co., a towing and transportation firm which was taken over by Moran.

"Leader in Its Field"

Dear Joe (Moore):

In behalf of the Shippers' Conference of Greater New York, I desire to express officially our thanks to you and to the Moran Towing & Transportation Co. for the splendid inspection trip of the facilities of New York Harbor made in your tug, the Carol Moran. Your unflinching courtesy and geniality made the trip a pleasure for everyone. The itinerary was very beneficial to all. The Carol Moran is an outstanding tug, and we are all of the opinion that the Moran Towing & Transportation Co. is the leader in its field. Many thanks for your kindness and cooperation.

R. A. COOKE, Sec. Treas.
(A.N.P.A., 370 Lexington Ave., N. Y.)

Our "M" Fire Fighters

Gentlemen:

This is to express our appreciation for the quick thinking and fast action of the crews of your tugs*... when they rendered invaluable assistance in preventing the spread of the fire which originated in the empty coal pocket at the foot of Adams Street, Brooklyn. Their deeds undoubtedly helped to prevent further property damage and possible injury to people in the area.

MILTON E. SPATT, Pres.
(Jay Street Connecting Railroad)

*Barbara Moran, Grace Moran, Susan Moran, and George N. Barrett.—Editor.

Banjo-Strumming Deckhand Entertains Working Press Aboard Tug Nancy Moran

As the new liner SS United States steamed up the harbor July 15 after completing her record breaking maiden voyage, members of New York's working press, who were assembled aboard the Nancy Moran, one of the accompanying tugs, were agreeably surprised (not to say impressed) by an impromptu, but professional sounding banjo serenade by an ebullient member of the Nancy's crew.

Later investigation by a *Tow Line* reporter identified the banjo strumming sailor as John Latka, 40, one of the Nancy's deckhands. His spirited style of banjoing has been a feature aboard the Nancy during slack hours for almost a year, crew members said. When the tug ties up temporarily at Pier 1, North River, knots of interested listeners often are attracted to the bulkhead by rollicking tunes struck off by our sea-going musician.

"John can play anything after he has heard it hummed a couple of times," marveled Capt. Arthur Biagi, the Nancy's skipper, who obviously spoke for his shipmates.

Cornered aboard, Mr. Latka admitted he has been playing the banjo

since he was a boy; hence his proficiency. He started out by taking lessons, but now plays entirely by ear.

"I guess I play 'Painting The Clouds With Sunshine,' 'Nobody's Sweetheart,' and 'You Are My Sunshine' oftenest," he said in reply to a question as to his favorite songs.

"I get requests from the boys for tunes from many different nations," he continued. "What would you like to hear—a nice Polish polka, a Hungarian dance tune, an Irish jig?"

Suiting the action to the word, he whipped out his trusty four-stringed instrument and began to churn through his well-stocked repertoire of ballads, principally foreign. John does his strumming without benefit of a plectrum (finger protector); he believes such gadgets tend to cramp his style. He sometimes plays the banjo in his home at 339 Nineteenth Street, Brooklyn.

"My wife doesn't mind. She appreciates good music," he says.

Mr. Latka is the father of three sons, none of which, he sadly relates, has shown any proficiency banjo-wise. He is still optimistic, however.

A. T. & T. Serves Two Dozen Liners

Excerpt from an illustrated feature story entitled "America's Steamship Industry" in the June issue of Long Lines, a monthly magazine for employees of the Long Lines Department of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., Joseph G. Lindsay, editor:

The 24 passenger liners to which Long Lines extends high seas service are: United States Lines' S. S. *America* and S. S. *United States*; American Export Lines' S. S. *Constitution* and S. S. *Independence*; Matson Navigation Company's S. S. *Lurline*; Home Lines' S. S. *Atlantic*, M. S. *Italia* and S. S. *Nassau*; Cunard White Star Line's S. S. *Queen Elizabeth*, S. S. *Queen Mary*, S. S. *Caronia* and S. S. *Mauretania*; Swedish American Lines M. S. *Gripsholm* and M. S. *Stockholm*; French Line's S. S. *Ile de France* and S. S. *Liberte*; Furness Withy & Company's Q. T. E. V. *Queen of Bermuda* and S. S. *Ocean Monarch*; Italian Line's S. S. *Conte Biancamano*, S. S. *Giulio Cesare* and S. S. *Augustus*; Holland American Line's S. S. *Nieuw Amsterdam* and S. S. *Ryndam*; Norwegian America Line's M. S. *Oslofjord*.

The same issue of the A. T. & T. Co. magazine carries a fine photograph made by Thomas Airviews for Moran Towing & Transportation Co., of the New York Harbor welcome extended to American Export Lines' S.S. *Independence* on her maiden arrival in this port.



DOWN THE FLIGHT—The tug *Marie S. Moran* with *Texaco's* barge No. 397, entering Lock No. 4, the central one of five which drop the New York State Barge Canal 169 feet around the Great Falls of the Mohawk River to the Troy level of the Hudson River. The Troy level (above the government lock) is approximately 15 feet above the Hudson at sea level. This is a typically attractive scene along the great Empire State waterway, seasonal assignment to which most veteran canalers emphatically prefer to the hurly-burly and frequent discomfort of winter work in and around New York Harbor when the canal is frozen over.

Morantow: T-2 tanker, Portland, Me., to Newport News, Va.—540 miles.

Morantow: Cargo ship, Norfolk, Va., to New Orleans, La.—1,499 miles.

Morantow: Dredge barge, Raritan, N. J., to Wilmington, N. C.—562 miles.

Morantow: Liberty tanker, Norfolk, Va., to Savannah, Ga.—501 miles.

Mrs. Cordes (nee Garlick) Recalls Moran Tug Laundry Service

(Editor's note: We believe the following letter addressed to 30-year-old E. F. Moran, Sr., Chairman of the Board, Moran Towing & Transportation Co., contains enough "local color" and other material of general interest to warrant publication in *Tow Line*, and we thank its thoughtful writer for this privilege.)

Dear Mr. Moran,

I read a very nice article about you and your father in the Brooklyn Eagle . . . with reference to your wonderful fleet of tugboats. It brought back loving memories to me, and I hope this letter will bring back memories to you.

You see, I worked for your father and you; at least my Mother did, and I worked with Mother. My father also worked for the Moran Tugboat Co. for many years. He was one of Moran's best foremen. His name was Henry Garlick. When times were hard on Mother, she went over to see your father and got some washing to do. Mother got lots of washing, and that is where I come in. Mother did the washing and I would do the ironing.

Mother's work was always satisfactory; she had more than she could handle at times. I remember once Mom got some heavy work from your father's tugboats and her price was a little too high for him. He objected, but after an argument your dear father gave in and let Mother have all the work she wanted. Mother's work was well appreciated by all the cooks on Moran's boats, and when the captains from big steamers came into New York they would ask Moran's tugboatmen the

name of a good washwoman. Mother was always highly recommended.

I remember back in the year of 1906 Mother did some washing for a steamer that was in New York for a week's stay. Mother and I worked day and night to get the wash ready, and we did, too. Unfortunately, though, when we took it over to the dock, we found the steamer had left. They were ordered out on short notice. Mother and I were very upset, but then, one of Moran's cooks came along and said his captain would take us, together with the wash, out to the steamer.

Now this is where I got the biggest thrill of my young life. I was so delighted and thrilled over being on a tug, I just walked around it as if my father was the owner. To see that little tugboat going through rough waters and alongside the big steamer was quite an experience.

We got the wash aboard alright and the captain was so glad that everything was O.K. when he arrived in England, he remembered Mom and sent her a nice shawl to show his appreciation for what she did.

I also remember my father taking my mother and me on the Moran tug he was firing, to see the big boat parade when

Admiral Dewey came back from the Spanish American War. It was a beautiful sight which I will always remember. I was on a Moran tug again when all the fireworks were displayed on the Brooklyn Bridge.

I'm sure, now, Mr. Moran, you can understand why this article brought back loving memories to me. . . . I have often told my daughter about my experiences as a worker for the Moran tugboats and how nice and clean they were. My father was always delighted to have his friends come aboard his tug to show them around; it was a pleasure.

Incidentally, Dad had been on the water from a boy 14 years of age till he died. He loved the water very much.

I often go down to Shore Road in Brooklyn with my daughter and watch the tugboats at work. . . . I only wish you could make some arrangements to let my daughter have the pleasure of going aboard one of your tugboats to see for herself that all I have said is true. . . .

I wish you all the happiness in the world. I hope God will spare you to see many more birthdays. You and your company have done wonderful work. . . .

MRS. H. CORDES
(542 Seventy-second St., Brooklyn)

"It Takes All Kinds"



Towering over a typically squat Grace Moran-class harbor tug assisting her, the Cunard liner Queen Mary is pictured here sailing from the north side of Pier 90, North River. Amateur and semi-pro photographers find fascinating, ever changing pictorial subjects along the local waterfront, especially around the uptown piers where Cunarders, French liners, and that brand new flagship of our American Merchant Marine, the S.S. United States, are berthed in the world's busiest port. Frederick C. Shipley, director of the summer session at City College, New York, who would rather take a leisurely cruise along the New York State Barge Canal aboard a Moran tug than to cross the North Atlantic on even the best of the big liners, is responsible for this significant and not-too-arty shot.

That VSP Spring Benefit

Dear Miss Christian:

Very hurriedly, I want to thank you for all that you did in making possible the success of the VSP Spring Benefit. I have been basking in an assumed glory for the smoothness of the organization connected with the party. Actually, the success of the trip is due entirely to your easy and efficient manner, and the cooperation of the crew, helping to make all of our people feel so much at home aboard the Barbara Moran. . . . Again, I would like to express my personal thanks for your kindness to me and for your many friendly tips. (I cite particularly the cherry cake and the tug's galley.) Best wishes to you and all the good people of Moran.

DEAN E. WITT, Ex. Sec.
(Volunteer Service Photographers, Inc.)

Sotto voce, to H. P. Belknap, Boca Raton, Fla.: To settle the speculation you say was stirred up, that south-bound tow seen off your beachfront community, including "a structure resembling a gargantuan packing case," was our tug Kevin Moran en route from Charleston, S. C., to New Orleans, La., with one section of a wooden drydock. (In normal usage, five such sections joined end to end in a shipyard will accommodate an ocean-going vessel of average size.) You're welcome.

Appreciates Cooperation, Skill

Dear Sirs:

As I have had no opportunity to call at your office, I hereby express my gratitude for your service rendered by towing my ship into port. It was a pleasure to work with the master and crew of your tugboat. . . . We succeeded at last in bringing the ship safely into port. Save for a couple of incidents with a broken hawser, everything went on smoothly in spite of the most unfavourable weather conditions one could think of, thanks to your cooperation and skill. And if chance may come in the future, I shall be glad to recommend your service to my owners.

J. K. KNUDSTAD
(Master, SS. Mim)

Norton, Lilly & Co., Agts

Norton, Lilly & Company announced in mid-July the firm's appointment as general agents in the United States for Yamashita Steamship Co., Ltd., owners and operators of the Yamashita Line to and from North and South Atlantic, Gulf of Mexico, and California ports and the principal ports in Japan. The S.S. Yamafuku, 10,800 DWT, a turbine-driven modern cargo liner, Yamashita's first ship sailing from Japan, is due in New York on Sept. 12.

Change of Command

At a ceremony staged on the flight deck of the light aircraft carrier Wright, moored at Pier 26, North River, New York, on June 30 Rear Adm. Walter S. Delany took command of the Navy's Eastern Sea Frontier, relieving Vice Adm. Oscar C. Badger, who had reached the age of mandatory retirement. Simultaneously, he assumed Admiral Badger's other duties, including command of the Atlantic Reserve Fleet, and of the Western Atlantic sub-area of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization naval forces.

From Our Last Frontier

Gentlemen:

Thank you very much for the April 1952 issue of Tow Line which just arrived. My husband and I also have enjoyed the other issues you so kindly sent several weeks ago—since we are in the publishing business ourselves and definitely appreciate the fine work done in the publishing of Tow Line. Your photographs are wonderful and all your material is very well written and interesting, all the more so to us because we are both very interested in tugs, all other types of boats, large or small, and the sea. We have purchased a binder in which to keep conveniently and permanently our copies of Tow Line, so we would certainly appreciate remaining on your mailing list.

MR. & MRS. J. P. MORGAN
(Ketchikan, Alaska)

S.S. Savannah (No. 1)



This scale model of the steamship Savannah, first to cross the Atlantic ocean (or any ocean, for that matter) is owned by the Maritime Administration, Washington, D. C., and the photograph was distributed by the American Merchant Marine Institute, Inc., New York, in connection with this year's observance of National Maritime Day. The ship sailed from Savannah, Ga., May 22, 1819. No contemporary pictures of the Savannah, except one line-drawing made by a visiting French naval architect, have come down to us, and this model is based on that drawing. Note the bent stack, designed to direct the smoke away from the sails; also the paddle wheels, which were collapsible and could be taken inboard in rough weather.

Another Midwest Fan

Dear Mr. Munroe:

I have just completed reading (for about the 10th time) the article "Moran Is Everywhere" in Ships & Sailing, and I feel sure I have the answer to a question that has been in my mind for a long time. The question is, "Where can I learn more about Moran and that intriguing letter 'M'?" The answer is probably in Tow Line. I am nuts about marine photography, and Moran does something to me—I just sort of relax and day-dream about those tugs and the work they do. While visiting in New York last summer, it was my firm intention to get a good picture of a Moran tug in action. I had my chance, but missed it. I did see your tugs sail the La Guardia at 5 p.m., Sept. 11, 1951, but was so busy watching them that I never lifted my camera until it was too late.

FLOYD LYNCH
(1226 11th St., Lorain, Ohio)

The 40 inland waterways channels of New York Harbor include 15 deep enough for ocean shipping (32 million tons of foreign trade in 1950), and 33 accommodating coastal trade (54 million tons in that year). There are 2,000 terminals on these waterways—900 piers, 100 ferry landings, 100 car float bridges (piers), 60 shipyards and drydocks, and 900 bulkheads and shore wharves operating as piers.

Life's S.S. United States Three-Sheet Shows 'M' Tug

In the July 21st issue of Life magazine, following Page 53—in case some stray reader of *Tow Line* did not see it, which may be unlikely—there was a three-sheet reproduction in color of the luxury liner S.S. United States in cut-away profile, against a somewhat stylized downtown New York skyline. The cross section depicted her 12 decks and much of her operating equipment, including accommodations for the 2,000 passengers (almost half of them first class) she can carry at one time.

Life's caption under the Rolf Klep watercolor spoke of the vessel's potentialities as a troopship, as well as of her astounding speed, already demonstrated most emphatically by both eastbound and westbound records in crossing the North Atlantic on her maiden round trip.

But what interested and gratified us most about the 10" x 26½" picture, here at 17 Battery Place, Manhattan, was the artist's inclusion of one of our sleek Grace Moran-class harbor tugs, on the great liner's starboard quarter as she proceeded down river to sea, Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., tugs dock and sail this new flagship of the American Merchant Marine, it should go almost without saying.

Maritime Races

F. Briggs Dalzell is chairman of the steering committee, and Joseph H. Moran, II, is chairman of the reception committee, for the International Maritime Races scheduled for Aug. 27 in the North River at New York, features of which will be tug and life-boat races.

Congratulations to Tom Anglim on his recent promotion to a mate's berth with the Moran relief crew; also to Capt. Harry Olsen's wife, who is out of the hospital and is reported to be well on the way to complete recovery. (Capt. and Mrs. Olsen are getting settled in their new home, Sixty-ninth Street, Brooklyn.)

New Pilot Boat

The Brigham Shipyard, Inc., Greenport, L. I., has been awarded a contract to build and deliver within eight months a 90-foot diesel-powered vessel for the New York & New Jersey Sandy Hook Pilots Ass'n, to cost \$200,000. She will have a 20-foot beam and a draft of eight feet, nine inches. An eight-man crew will operate her, but she will accommodate sixteen.

SAILING A TANKER—Anthony Linck, sometime photographer for Life magazine, notably in connection with that hair-raising rescue of the stern half of the SS. Fort Mercer by "M" tugs, has become so Moran-conscious he hates to pass up a good action shot involving the company's equipment even when he is on an unrelated assignment. While flying on a local job recently he spotted the accompanying scene and judged it would be right down *Tow Line's* alley, which it is. Linck's unusually low-altitude photo shows our Barbara Moran moving the British tanker *Labiosa* (capacity, 78,535 barrels) from the Royal Petroleum Co. dock, Secaren, N. J., to "stream" after she had discharged a cargo of oil taken on at Curacao, Ven. The Moran pilot starting her off on another such voyage was Capt. George Sahlberg. The vessel is owned by the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Co., Ltd., London, Eng.; and Furness Withy & Co., Ltd., 34 Whitehall Street, are the New York agents.



Ashore and Afloat



In a manner of speaking, tugboats, like those armies Napoleon had in mind, travel on their stomachs—or more properly, the stomachs of their crews. To keep a ship's crew satisfied in the culinary department is the exacting task of that sometimes maligned, but indispensable brotherhood, ships' cooks.

William Bender, 64, "cookie" aboard the tug Sheila Moran, presently a canal, has been a member of the chow producing fraternity since he first arrived in this country from his native Ellern, Germany, in 1909, forty-three years ago.

Before joining this company Bill worked as a steward for such shipping concerns as the Neptune Line and the Blue Line. In 1938 he came with Moran on the advice of a friend who was working on an "M" tug at the time. His first assignment was aboard the old steamer Marion Moran, long defunct. He joined the Sheila soon after she was launched in 1941, and has been with her ever since.

Now a citizen, last winter Bill made a trip back to his native town for the first time since he left it, to visit his brother and two sisters who still reside there. Needless to say, the village of 150 houses had changed greatly since our man left it to seek his fortune in America.

(Editor's note: Elsewhere on this page may be seen a group of three photographs of Mr. Bender's native place, including a picture of a substantial structure labeled "Gasthaus Waldlust v. Heinrich Gelb-Bender" and a wildlife group, presumably in the same neighborhood.)

On his trip Bill also noted with interest post-war shipping activities along the Rhine River. In many ways, he says, the Rhine with its steep banks, ocean-going freighters, and bustling tugs reminded him of the Hudson River here.

"I never saw so much traffic, and from many nations. It is not unusual to see tugs pulling barges from several different countries in a single tow," Bill told your *Tow Line* interviewer.

This diversity of shipping on one of Europe's most strategic rivers is an encouraging sign that Western Europe is learning to live and work in harmony, and that the European economy in general is improving, he believes.

After trying both, our Mr. Bender prefers canal operations to work in the harbor.

"On the New York State Barge Canal there is always something new," he says. "Every day is different."

He also prefers the cleanliness and rustic beauty of the great New York waterway to the world's busiest port, and the availability of *really* fresh

vegetables and fruits is another thing in its favor, you gather.

Bill has no "special" dishes in his culinary repertoire, but there is talk to the effect that his corned beef and cabbage is, not to undertake to coin a phrase, "out of this world." He says he used to try German-type dishes on the crew from time to time, but soon found out they prefer good old American pork chops, steak, cutlets and the like, with a minimum of frills.

Apparently, this explains the contented smiles and (oo-oops!) expanding waistlines aboard the Sheila. Chalk it up to Bill's home cookin', dished up in abundance and consumed with unconcealed gusto. Like all culinary artists, however, he must bear the burden of having to watch his handiwork disappear even before it has a chance to cool.

When not on duty aboard the Sheila Moran, Bill resides in Sherburne, N. Y.
L.C. & R.G.

Capt. Marshall Rodden of the Mary Moran and his competent crew were celebrated in upper-case style in an illustrated Sunday feature which ran to almost a full page of type and on-the-scene working pix in the Rochester, N. Y., Democrat & Chronicle on May 11. The story by Conrad Christiano of the D. & C. staff overlooked little in connection with the Mary's operations on the New York State Barge Canal; while Herb Schaeffer took photographic note of practically everything and everybody from stem to stern. . . . And thanks to Floyd King, news editor of that lively upstate daily, for the fine editorial buggy-ride!

Edward Magnuson, deckhand aboard the Doris Moran, became a grandfather on June 3. Walter J. Magnuson, Jr., arrived in this vale of tears and nuisance taxes on that date, in Queens Village, his pappy having been discharged from the Marine Corps just in time to make it home for the great event. Eddie's youngest son, Edward, Jr., 21, is an Army lieutenant (1st grade) on duty in Korea.

Michael Eigo, 31, an oiler aboard the canal tug Marie S. Moran, and Agnes Perry, both of Kingston, N. Y., were married in St. Joseph's Church in their hometown on June 20. Mike has been with the company for six years. The couple is residing at 141 Washington Avenue, Kingston.



Comparatively recent arrivals aboard the good ship "17" (Moran HQ), securely anchored 25 floors above Battery Place:

Miss Ellen Brosnahan, 317 East 35th Street, Brooklyn, a graduate of Catherine McAuley High School, who has taken on duties as a secretary in Operations; and

Miss Marion Thomson, 5019 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, a graduate of Bay Ridge High School, and a summer employee of the company last year, who has joined the business machine brigade in Accounting.

Welcome aboard, girls!

Eugene Bronk Hannay, whose proud pop is chief engineer aboard the tug Julia C. Moran, has completed his basic training at Sampson Air Force Base, Sampson, N. Y., and is now—you guessed it—a PFC. He was inducted on April 14.

Quick Thinking in Close Quarters

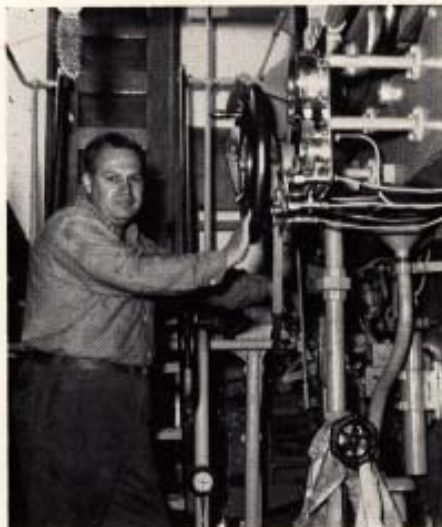
My dear Admiral:

It is always a pleasure to be able to compliment an organization for good work. I have just received a report from the Master of the S.S. Wesleyan Victory on the excellent handling of his vessel by your Capt. J. Jorgenson . . .*

R. L. GRAY, Vice Pres. & Op. Mgr.
(American-Hawaiian Steamship Co.)

*During critical minutes when the Newark bridge of the Central Railroad of New Jersey had a partial breakdown.—Editor.

Below-Decks Casey Jones



Chief Engineer Howard F. Greiner, Doris Street, Port Ewen, N. Y., a Moran employee since March, 1942, pauses in his duties aboard the busy canal tug Marie S. Moran to comply with a familiar "look pleasant, please" request from that energetic amateur photographer and inland waterways enthusiast, Fred Shipley, playing hooky from the College of the City of New York. Aboard the Marie all hands think "The Professor" is extra-special—and vice versa when you listen to Fred.

Congratulations to Dick Doring, steward aboard the tug Claire A. Moran, who celebrated his seventy-second birthday on July 14. He is still very active—make no mistake about that!—and looks forward to many more pleasant years with Moran.

Add "Suggestion" Awards:

To Eddie Johnson, whose idea it was that the ceiling in Accounting be sound-proofed;

To Eddie Balicky, who saw merit in showing appropriate movies of Moran operations to chair-borne sailors at company HQ;

To Capt. Charlie Parslow, a fellow with a notion that the installation of cheek pieces on the rudders of Agnes A. Moran-class tugs might result in more efficient handling.

Memo to the Admiral: Looking for a photograph of that model of the first steamship to cross the Atlantic, the S.S. Savannah, a one-column cut of which you will note elsewhere in this issue of *Tow Line*, your editor finally located it—guess where—in a folder labelled "Miscellaneous Ships (Not Docked By Moran)."

"Celebrated Shipmasters"

Dear Bob:

Your "Celebrated Shipmasters" department recalls a feature we worked at the (New York) Times some 15 or more years ago, when George Horne, the late "Skipper" Williams and I did a series, alternating weekly. It was a series of profiles on the Masters who came into New York, and it attracted widespread attention, helping to prove again that "nothing interests people as much as people" . . .

JAMES F. ROCHE, DPR.
(Moore-McCormack Lines, Inc.)

ACADEMIC REWARD—Ten honor students at Bay Path Junior College, Long Meadow, Mass., won a two-day trip to New York in recognition of their high academic standings, and here they are aboard the tug Doris Moran, which took them on a tour of the harbor. Front row, between our Capt. George Young and Ed Hennessey: Dean Emma McCrary of the New England institution. The three Port of New York Authority men standing behind the girls: John Yewell, Milton Lewis and Joseph Carmody. The visitors were thrilled when their tug assisted the Holland-America Line vessel Ryndam, sailing from Fifth Street, Hoboken, N. J., on one of her regular transatlantic voyages.



An aerial photograph of a large fleet of tugboats, likely the Moran fleet, moving across a body of water. The boats are arranged in a grid-like pattern, leaving white wakes behind them. The water is a deep blue, and the sky is a pale, hazy blue. The overall composition is dynamic and emphasizes the scale and organization of the fleet.

**BEST FLEET
OF TUGS
EVER ASSEMBLED
ANYWHERE...**

**Your assurance of the finest service
...for any towing job**

MORAN