

TOW LINE



AUGUST, 1954

National Shipping Authority . . .
(Pages 8-9)



ON THE COVER—



ROLLING Down to Rio," the familiar song title, would not be inappropriate as a caption for this black-and-white reproduction of another outstanding Charles G. Evers watercolor, since the *mise en scene* here is the impressive entrance to the Brazilian port of Rio de Janeiro.

What you see is our ocean tug *Kevin Moran* (Capt. Leonard Goodwin, Jr.) arriving at Rio with a floating power plant, the *Seapower*—57 days out of San Juan, P. R.—and a cargo liner, one of thirty-five such ships operated by Moore-McCormack Lines, leaving port presumably on her return voyage to New York. The closest of those two towering peaks dominating the harbor entrance is Sugar Loaf Mountain, on top of which is perched a radio-TV antenna tower. The other is Corcovado, surmounted by a huge *Christus Redemptor*.

The not too commonplace *morantow*—together with several previous hauls involving approximately the same equipment—was fully described in the December, 1950, issue of *Tow Line*, but for the benefit of late-comers we will cover this particular area of the ground again quickly.

Our 1,900-horsepower, diesel-electric *Kevin Moran* departed the Puerto Rican port with her tow—350 feet long by 50 feet wide; drawing more than 13 feet of water with a 12-inch hydraulic dredge and a small tug topside—September 22, 1950, and she arrived in Rio de Janeiro October 27, two days ahead of schedule, having completed the 3,845-mile voyage without incident.

Rio, you may remember, is in Lat. 22° 54' S., Long. 43° 10' W.—a "fur piece" from the *Kevin's* home port, New York.



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: Shipping Services A/S, Fridtjof Nansensplass 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., Packhusplatsen 3, 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 Glässel, Altenwall 22 Bremen; SPAIN: Rafael Navajas Aguirre 8, Bilbao; ITALY: O.S.I.A.M., Via C. R. Ceccardi 4-26 Genoa; GREECE: The Saporta Agency Co., Ltd., P.O.B. 21, Piraeus.



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MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC.

17 Battery Place, New York City

R. M. Munroe, Editor

Lucille Christian, Associate

New Tug Joins World's Largest, Most Modern Fleet

(Abstract of news release dated, Aug. 16)

Christine Moran, a new 1,200 h.p. diesel-electric tug, was put in service at New York and in nearby coastal waters last week by the Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc. . . .

Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran, president, said this indicated continuing confidence in the future of New York harbor and other Atlantic east coast ports, and also emphasized in the most practical way the company policy of providing equipment of maximum power and efficiency even for routine assignments. The firm is continually adding new tugs to its fleet . . .

The *Christine Moran*, steel-hulled and 103 feet long, was built by the Gulfport Shipbuilding Co. in Texas. Her main engine is a 12-cylinder, Model 12-278A, General Motors diesel, which drives a GM Electromotive Division generator especially modified for such purposes. This in turn drives an identical motor also modified for use in marine propulsion.

The tug's maiden tow consisted of two derrick barges from Miami to Jacksonville. In the North Florida port she picked up another barge for Norfolk, then ran light to New York.

After fitting out at Moran's maintenance and repair base, Port Richmond, S. I., the tug was assigned to regular work in New York harbor; but John J. Metzner, vice president, reported she might be sent anywhere along the coast from Rockland, Maine, to Norfolk, as required.

Capt. Rodney Jones of Providence, R. I., a veteran skipper of Moran ocean and harbor tugs, is master of the *Christine Moran*.

(Photo, right, by Stanley Rosenfeld)



Long-Distance Saga of Our Tug 'Pauline L. Moran'



Cap'n Jones

AS ocean tugs go, our *Pauline L. Moran* may not be the largest or the most powerful or even the most yachtlike, if you're concerned with looks rather than with performances—and if you are, it should be kept firmly in mind that with tugs, as with people, "handsome is as handsome does." As a matter of fact and record, she is 105 feet long and is rated at 1,200 horsepower (diesel-electric), which is enough, if not more than enough, for such purposes as will be mentioned presently, provided the maximum efficiency is utilized—the proverbial good trick if you can do it. So much

for the pertinent vital statistics of our 211-gross-ton *Pauline L.*, built by the Livingston Shipbuilding Co. of Orange, Texas, in 1942.

What we started out to develop in some detail here is the penchant this particular unit of the Moran Towing & Transportation Co. fleet has for getting around this far more wet than dry world, and for doing well a variety of jobs that certainly are not the easiest to which such a workboat can be assigned. As an introductory case in point, see Page 6 in the June issue of *TOW LINE*—the feature story and action photos under that two-column headline, "*Tug 'Pauline L. Moran' Tows Ex-Nazi Sub—Portsmouth, N. H., to Port Colborne, Ont.*" It was merely the beginning of a long-distance towing saga—not even approaching a record in the annals of Moran operations, however—that may be said to be fairly typical of this company's sturdy equipment and experienced crews.

As Al Smith, the Happy Warrior, used to say, "let's have a look at the record." The *Pauline L.* (Capt. Rodney Jones) left New York May 12, and three days later left Portsmouth with the U-505. She was at Buffalo with the submarine June 1, left the next day (light), and arrived back in New York June 10, where she was engaged in run-of-the-mill harbor work for the next 10 days. . . . Check?

Shoving off for Savannah June 20,

the tug left that Georgia port June 24 towing two barges, which she delivered at Kingston, Jamaica, July 1. She left there July 2 (light), arrived in Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, left the same day with two other barges, and arrived in Mobile, Ala., July 10. The following day found her en route to Jacksonville, Fla., (light), where she arrived July 14. Towing an LST, she left Jax July 15, arrived in Moorehead City, N. C., on the 18th, and headed north again (light). So . . .

High on the beach in the vicinity of Rodanthe, N. C., northwest of Wimple Shoal, was the 1,275-gross-ton ex-Navy net tender *Omar Babun*, the *piece de resistance* of as bizarre a job of salvage as was ever undertaken and successfully completed by acknowledged landlubbers—amateurs at that. Acting on orders radioed from New York, on July 19 the *Pauline L.* was alongside the lightened and floating *Omar Babun*, and the following day towed her into Norfolk, Va. (Subsequently this telegram addressed to Captain Jones and his crew was received at Moran HQ: CONGRATULATIONS. THANKS FOR YOUR SERVICES IN EXPERTLY TOWING THE MV OMAR BABUN. It was signed Canipe



Pauline L. Moran, towing at sea

Salvage Co., E. A. Canipe and crew members; and see below *Time* magazine's account of how the salvors did what they did and netted a not-too-small fortune.)

Now then, as any self-respecting crow would be a fool to fly, the distance covered by the *Pauline L. Moran* on her little jaunts to the northward and southward added up to 9,541 miles—as closely as it could be figured by expert navigators—by the time the tug arrived in New York again on July 21.

In the June, 1948, issue of *TOW LINE* a good deal was made of the *Pauline L.*'s enviable record in World War II, as well as of one of the longest non-stop tows ever undertaken by a privately owned tug of her size and power—a dead vessel (the 11,000-ton Liberty ship *Norlago*) from Port of Spain, Trinidad, to New York at an average speed of slightly more than five knots. . . .

See what we mean now?

(Reprinted from *TIME*, August 2, 1954. Copyright, Time, Inc.)

TRANSPORT

Rescue from the Graveyard

With the ready-to-assembled equipment for a cement factory and a steel forging plant in her hold, the 1,275-ton Honduran freighter *Omar Babun* steamed out of Philadelphia one day last May on a coastwise voyage to Havana. Off the Carolina coast, the *Babun* ran into a full gale. Her cargo shook loose, tearing

away the deck supports and ripping her hull. Captain José Villa ordered the ship beached on the desolate Outer Banks, 25 miles above Cape Hatteras. That night Captain Villa and his crew were taken off on a Coast Guard lifeline, and the *Babun* was abandoned 300 yards offshore in the "Graveyard of the Atlantic."

One Man's Hobby. Old salts from Rodanthe, a nearby hamlet, inspected the wrecked ship the next morning, pronounced it a "probable total loss." Pro-

fessional salvage companies agreed. But one interested onlooker, Esveld Canipe, Buick dealer from Havelock, N. C., was more optimistic. Landlubber "Nip" Canipe, 38, had been fascinated with the sea ever since he moved to Havelock twelve years ago from western North Carolina. A tinkerer all his life, he had read a book about the wrecks off Cape Hatteras, and recently had tried a little amateur salvage work on an old World War I hulk up the coast from Havelock.

(Continued on Page 15)

DeLong-type Barge To Sea and Return

On August 12 New York morning newspapers featured long illustrated, technically detailed stories about a chain of so-called "island" radar stations being established by the U. S. Department of Defense on the continental shelf between Virginia and Newfoundland, the island or platform in each instance to consist of a dual purpose dock-barge developed by the DeLong Engineering Co.

(See previous TOW LINE articles concerning tows of similar equipment to Greenland, Venezuela, and Alaska by Moran T. & T. Co. tugs, 1952-1954.)

The DeLong dock-barge used in making test borings for several of the offshore defense installations—a 250 ft. x 60 ft. x 15 ft. hull with a dozen 100-foot spuds in wells—was first towed from Fort Belvoir, Va., to New York, where temporary living accommodations for 50 men were installed on deck.

Another Moran tug delivered the ungainly and particularly difficult tow at the first pin-point offshore location July 17, moved the dock-barge to various other such station sites as required, and returned her safely to New York August 9.

Tip to marine news editors: Watch for commercial use of this type of dock-barge in New York harbor soon.

"NEAT, BUT NOT GAUDY"—Ever have an opportunity to inspect the engine room of an ultra-modern diesel-electric tug? Not too many people have that pleasure, aside from operating personnel, but it is a pleasure even for them. Here is the do-it-all department, as spic and span as one of those shiny model kitchens you see pictured in *House Beautiful* and/or *The American Home*, aboard our 1,750-horsepower harbor tug DORIS MORAN, as seen by the all-inclusive eye of Stanley Rosenfeld's camera. That is Chief Engineer James B. Boyle, 67 Atlantic Avenue, Stamford, Conn., at one of the controls. Ralph Johansson, 667 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, is the wiper on duty, in the background, forward. Besides the control panel in this starboard-side view, you see one side of the tug's 16-cylinder, two-cycle General Motors Model 16-278A, diesel engine. Main generator: Allis-Chalmers, 525-volt, 1,210-kilowatt, 750 rpm.; propulsion motor, Westinghouse, D.C., 525-volt, 1,500-horsepower, 600-750 rpm.... Power with a capital "P".

Notable 'First'

(Attention Hugh Gallagher et al.)

When the Matson Navigation Company was incorporated in 1901, the fleet consisted of five sailing vessels, a steamer, and a tug, which explains the seven stars in the line's present burgee-type flag; and this is believed to be the first time a "lowly" tug was honored by being represented in such a house insignia.

Echo, from the Newark, N. J., Evening News, June 24, 1954: "The rivers and harbors committee of the Newark Chamber of Commerce made its annual inspection trip in Newark area waterways yesterday aboard the Moran Towing & Transportation Co.'s tug *Carol Moran*. . . . The group also included representatives of the Port of New York Authority, who were hosts on the trip."

Morantow: CVE-49, Norfolk, Va., to Mobile, Ala.—1,450 miles.

'Eugene F. Moran' Hauls Oldsters on Boat Ride

Eight hundred and twenty-two elderly persons—between 60 and 90 years old, they were—from homes for the aged and other institutions in New York, sailed July 19 on their sixth annual boat ride, aboard the St. John's Guild vessel *Lloyd I. Seaman*, in tow of a Moran Towing & Transportation Co. tug, the *Eugene F. Moran*. (This company provided the tug gratis.)

Capt. Abraham Sorenson of the guild's ship said he encountered aboard Capt. Charles Kohel, 89, retired, himself a licensed officer, who had sailed on all five previous outings.

Refreshments were served to the oldsters, and an entertainment program of music, singing, dancing and games also was provided.

It was said at the time that the popularity of this holiday afloat had made it necessary to arrange an additional ride on August 17 for those who could not be carried on the July outing.



THE 5th MORAN

'ANNUAL'



'Geographic' Piece by Rear Admiral Moran

On June 15, just too late to wedge the accompanying photo layout into the current issue of *TOW LINE*, Moran's shoreside employees and their guests sailed upriver to Bear Mountain State Park on their fifth annual outing—as successful as usual.

The tug *Doris Moran* (Capts. Ole H. Ericksen and William T. Hayes) departed Pier 1, North River, at 10:30

a.m., and the spirits of the holidaying crowd brightened proportionately as lowering skies cleared en route to the popular Hudson River resort. The gang got ashore there at 2 p.m. Buses transported all hands to Dunderberg Field, where hot dogs and soda were made available.

In the scheduled races and group games competition was hilariously keen, according to our delegated reporter, Terry O'Connor, originator of the summer outing idea. The winners in various events:

Potato Race: Men, O. Ericksen; women, M. Murray. *Sack Race:* Men, H. Johnson; women, M. Thomson. *Egg & Spoon Race:* Men, E. Balicky; women, N. Lascari. *Kiddie Car Race—for women only:* (1) P. Brown and (2) J. Harkins. *Hoople Race:* Men, F. Morgana; women, P. Donohue. *Three-legged Race:* Men, F. Eck-F. Keller; mixed, J. and P. Brown. *Tug-of-War—Operating Dept. vs. Accounting Dept.:* E. Walling, H. Mesnard, J. Brown, J. Dowd, and O. Ericksen (*Ops.*). *Soft Ball:* Men and women played seven innings, punctuated by much cheering and razzing from surrounding hills occupied by spectators, and the score ended in a tie.

At 4:30 p.m., ravenous appetites having become highly vocal, a picnic-style chicken dinner—with baked beans, potato salad, corn on the cob, ice cream, and coffee yet!—was devoured in a shady grove.

No casualties were reported.

"Stop-and-Go Sail Around South Norway . . .

"Steep-walled Fjords, Historic Seaports, and Friendly People Greet a Connecticut Yankee Cruising Along Viking Coasts."

The foregoing display line and banked sub-head appear over the by-line of Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran, USNR, and a profusely illustrated 32-page travel article occupying No. 1 position in the current (August, 1954; Vol. CVI, No. 2) issue of *National Geographic Magazine*.

Randi Kjekstad (Mrs. John S.) Bull, wife of the Moran Towing and Transportation Co. vice president, and Andrew H. Brown of the National Geographic staff are credited with thirty-six photographs accompanying the feature—twenty-nine of them in color.

The story describes a two-yacht cruise, in the summer of 1951, around Norway from Bergen on the west coast to Oslo on the east. The president of this company and Mrs. Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Bull, and Capt. William A. Pyle were aboard the admiral's 36-foot cutter *Deep Water*. Percy Chubb, II, the well known New York insurance executive, Mrs. Chubb and their children, Percy, III (16), Corrine (14) and Joseph (10) manned the 44-foot Chubb yawl *Laughing Gull*. Both auxiliary sailing yachts were shipped from New York to Bergen for the 600-mile cruise along Norway's southern tip.

The admiral's running account of the inter-family adventure misses virtually nothing that visiting Americans in that latitude and longitude—Mrs. Bull is Norwegian born—find interesting, from

the *flickr flakk* and goat cheese that turned out to be features of the standard ship-board breakfast, to Viking artifacts and the extreme friendliness of the modern natives. The coastal scenery is described as magnificent of its kind, and the photos prove it.


This issue of the magazine contains a "bonus" in the form of a new map of Northern Europe, compiled and drawn in the cartographic section of the National Geographic Society.

Dutch Cruiser Assisted

Dear Joe (Moran):

Allow me to convey to you on behalf of my Government sincere thanks for your kind and helpful gesture in making tugs available for the towing in and out of *H.M.S. Karel Doorman* on her recent visit to the City of New York. Your cooperation has been highly appreciated by all concerned and certainly constituted a fine contribution to the success of this official visit . . .

BARON JAN A. DE VOS
(Netherlands Consul General, N. Y.)

NEDERLAND LINER—Moran-handle in the Port of New York, M/V *BANKA*, 11,100 deadweight tons, is 513 feet long, with a draft of 29 feet, and has a service speed of 16 knots. She was built by A. Vuyk at Kapelle a/d Ysel, The Netherlands, and was delivered to her owners, *Nederland Line*, Amsterdam, late in 1953. Like practically all new vessels of that line and the *Royal Rotterdam Lloyd*, the *BANKA* has unstayed masts, giving maximum freedom of movement for her cargo booms, particularly in connection with voluminous and heavy-lift cargo, for which she has spacious decks. The vessel has deep-tank accommodation for carrying edible oils and latex, and she can also carry a considerable quantity of reefer cargo in special compartments. Her passenger and crew accommodations are fully air-conditioned. 



THE NATIONAL

SHIPPING



Louis S. Rothschild, Chairman Federal Maritime Board and Maritime Administrator.



C. H. McGuire, Chief Office of National Shipping Authority and Government Aid.



Left: E. C. Upton, Member Federal Maritime Board.

ON March 13, 1951, the National Shipping Authority was established as an integral part of the Maritime Administration under the U. S. Department of Commerce. It was conceived and activated as a defense agency—as part of the complicated machinery that would be set in motion in event of war or any such national emergency.

Almost concurrently, the NSA was called upon to provide ship tonnage for moving military supplies to the Korean theater of operations, and also to move large amounts of bulk cargo—principally grain, coal and fertilizer—to those countries which fell within the scope of the operations of the Economic Cooperation Administration and successor agencies.

This activity on a virtually world-wide front called for breaking out from our various reserve fleet anchorages hundreds of government-owned ships, repairing them, assigning them to privately owned steamship companies for operation as general agents of the government, loading them, and dispatching them to various destinations with increasingly important cargoes.

This was carried out only because the volume of cargo to be moved was far beyond the capacity of the privately owned American merchant marine fleet within the time it had to be transported

overseas; and at the peak of these operations, just a few days more than a year from the time NSA was created, 541 government-owned ships were in operation.

This activity proved to be a testing ground, not only for NSA, but for all commercial agencies that participated in making the program a success—even Moran Towing & Transportation Co. and such tug operating firms. It proved, first, the basic adequacy of a federal agency created for the purpose of handling ocean shipping in wartime. It proved the American ship repairing industry was capable of sudden, extensive expansion to handle the dry-docking and repair of such ships. And it proved that the towing industry, called upon to move more than half a thousand ships from reserve fleet areas to shipyards and later back again, had the tugs, manpower and experience to do the job.

National Shipping Authority vessels transported military cargoes all over the world, supplying bases in Europe, Asia and particularly the huge U. S. Air Force Base at Thule, Greenland. Here, in the far north, NSA ships made voyage after voyage during 1952 and 1953, transporting materials with which to construct the base, equipment to supply it, and the thousand and one items neces-

sary to maintain aircraft and personnel in top-notch condition. (The number of ships engaged in this run was nearly half of all ships used for such purposes, including Navy ships and privately owned American-flag vessels.)

In the relatively short period during which the NSA fleet was engaged in carrying foreign aid cargoes, impressive totals were run up, both in the number of sailings and in the volume of bulk cargoes carried. During 1951, more than 900 sailings were made by NSA vessels, and these carried nearly 9,000,000 tons of coal, grain, coke, pitch, sulphur, phosphates, and other cargoes. From January 1, 1952, through the middle of March, when the program was complete,



Moran tugs leaving New York harbor with the Moore-McCormack liner S. S. URUGUAY for the James River anchorage, Va.



Typical 20-knot vessel

PING

AUTHORITY

it declined. Ship after ship, as soon as she reached port after her final voyage, was prepared for return to the national reserve fleet anchorages. In a very short time, the only government-owned vessels remaining under general agency operation were those still required by the armed forces of the United States for transportation of military cargoes.

This service demanded, for the most part, the faster Victory-type ships and a few specially equipped Liberty ships, together with the new Mariner-class vessels which were beginning to come from builders' yards in ever increasing numbers. The number of Victory-type ships operated for account of the military decreased rapidly as the Mariners entered service. Thirty-one of the latter, out of a total of 35 ordered, have been delivered. (As of July 31, 1954, the number of NSA ships assigned to the government for transporting military cargoes was 24—the majority Mariners.)

NSA is in a quiet period now. In the three years since it was established it has demonstrated the value of having a standby organization of its kind ready to go into action whenever the peace of this country and/or its allies is threatened. It has brought about the repair and rehabilitation of more than 500 ships, leaving a nucleus fleet in good operating condition, available to the nation on very short notice. It has provided an opportunity for American steamship companies and American seamen to familiarize themselves with the new Mariners on many world routes, so that their potentialities may be further explored and evaluated completely from the standpoint of commercial operation.

The Korean hostilities and the mutual aid program of the United States gave NSA a chance no other mobilization agency had—to prove itself in peacetime for the work it would be expected to do in wartime.

an additional 500 sailings were made, lifting 4,750,000 tons of bulk cargoes. These went to 16 nations in Europe and Asia; but besides, a large number of sailings were made with military cargoes.

The extensive use of government ships in this trade was made with a basic policy always in mind, viz: that no government-owned vessel would be kept in service when a privately owned American ship was available to do the job. This policy was put into effect early in 1952 when the demand for coal and other basic commodities declined to the point where American ships in private ownership were able to handle them.

As rapidly as the NSA fleet grew, so



Typical reserve fleet anchorage, Suisun Bay, near San Francisco—one of eight.



Loading American grain in the Port of New York for shipment to E.C.A. areas abroad.

Owner; Luckenbach S.S. Co., Gen. Agt.



Moran tugs moving S.S. TIMOTHY DWIGHT from Jones Point anchorage, Hudson River, to New York to be loaded



Four 'M' Tugs Help S.S. United States to Date with Beauticians at Bayonne, N. J.

(Editorial, The New York Times, July 18)

Superliner Indeed

Rarely does one find the traits of thoroughbred racer and work horse united in a single object. Yet the impressive statistics compiled by the superliner *United States* since she broke the Atlantic speed record on her maiden voyage two years ago give evidence that she embodies that unique combination. The huge vessel has already transported some 140,000 passengers almost 300,000 sea miles in 485 full working days at sea. She has moved gigantic quantities of cargo in addition to half a million bags of mail. Moreover, twelve times in her ninety crossings she has bettered records set by other vessels without any engine trouble to stay her speed.

With pessimistic reports on the present state of our merchant marine not uncommon, it is good to be able to salute the good ship *United States* on her maritime achievements. May she have many years of smooth sailing ahead.

On July 19 the *S.S. United States* kept a marine "beauty parlor" appointment made for her Jan. 1—with the 1,079-foot drydock at the New York Naval Shipyard Annex, Bayonne, N. J.

With one of Moran's ace docking pilots, Capt. Frederick W. (Bill) Snyder presiding on the wings of the ship's bridge deck, our tugs *Doris Moran* and *Carol Moran* assisted her from her regular berth on the north side of Pier 86, North River, West

Forty-sixth Street. Near Robbins Reef two more units of the ubiquitous "M" fleet, *Margot Moran* and *Eugene F. Moran*, joined the convoy to help escort the 990-foot, 53,239-ton speed queen of the seas into drydock. None of this was child's play, and a Navy pilot was on hand to collaborate with Captain Snyder at the New Jersey end of the line.

As the vessel rested high and dry on huge concrete keel blocks, thus exposing her hull, four propellers and rudder—but not to the eyes and cameras of press photographers—technicians representing United States Lines, her designers (Gibbs & Cox), and the U. S. Navy gave her an ultra-critical "once over." The prettying-up job included bottom scraping and painting, a propeller check, etc., and it was the third time in her two-year career that she had been inspected below the water line. (Previously the *United States* had been sent south to Newport News, Va., her birthplace, but this time the two-day round trip was eliminated so the line could keep her on schedule.)

On her maiden transatlantic voyage in July, 1952, the pride of our American Merchant Marine averaged 35.59 knots on the eastbound crossing (Ambrose Lightship to Bishop Rock), 34.51 knots on the east-to-west run. That "ain't hay," as the colorful phrase goes.

British, American Towing

Dear Sir:

I am gathering information to write an article for our local engineering journal on towing and am wondering if you are interested enough to supply me with some particulars and perhaps a photograph or two of your tugs. While my article will deal mainly with British vessels and methods, with which I am of course most familiar, I feel that it is necessary for a description of American types, their engines and equipment. If you can help in this matter I will be extremely grateful.

ALAN J. CRUICKSHANK
(Maida Vale, London, Eng.)

Morantow: T2-type tanker, Mobile, Ala., to New York—1,654 miles.

Echo, from the New Orleans Times-Picayune: "Inland waterways offer tailor-made transport."

French Harbor Pilots

Dear Sirs:

I write to you to say that I have very much enjoyed reading your interesting magazine *TOW LINE* on the occasions when I have been fortunate enough to see it. I am a Toulon harbour pilot and would be very glad if you could send it to me regularly at the above address for me and my fellow pilots to read.

CLEM RENOUX
(9, Av. de la Mitre, Toulon, Fr.)

Morantow: Dipper dredge, Miami, Fla., to Maracaibo, Ven.—1,150 miles.

Fleet Safety Record

The following captains and mates had no damages charged against them during May and June, 1954:

Agnes A., E. Costello, J. Peterson; *Anne*, P. Walling, G. Hayes, J. Guinan; *Barbara*, H. Wee; *Carol*, R. Hayes, W. Hayes, L. Thorsen, C. Sheridan; *Catherine*, J. Costello, J. McConnell, H. Vermilyea; *Claire A.*, A. Tucker, A. Duffy; *Doris*, J. Martin, M. Grimes, P. Gaughran, B. Scherer; *Edmond J.*, W. Baldwin, F. Schweigel, W. Mason; *Eugene F.*, E. Allen, H. Jacobsen; *Harriet*, M. Connor, E. Perry; *Helen B.*, J. Jaques, J. Johnson; *Joseph H., II*, L. Goodwin, G. Dentz; *Margot*, M. Sullivan, R. Larkey, S. Abrams; *Marie S.*, W. Karwoski, A. Yell, J. Small; *Marion*, E. Dexter, M. Scott; *Mary*, M. Rodden, J. Morin, J. Driscoll; *Michael*, W. Morch, C. Valley, H. Olsen; *Moira*, B. Baker, R. Poissant, J. Jorgenson; *Nancy*, L. Langfeldt; *Pauline L.*, R. Jones, V. Chapman; *Peter*, T. Trent, J. Fagerstrom, D. Bodino; *Richard J. Barrett*, E. Carlson, C. Carlson; *Sheila*, C. Parslow, T. Sweet, J. Chartrand; *William J.*, A. Munson, E. Freeman, H. Hanson; *Bartow*, H. Becker.

Although all hands must continue their efforts in respect to safety, nevertheless, our damage record has been generally satisfactory for some time, Operations Dept. records indicate. June was a particularly good month, showing we are getting good results from our safety program.

Who Pilots Ships

Who pilots ships knows all a heart can know
Of beauty, and his eyes may close in death
And be content. There is no wind to blow
Whiter than foam-white wind and no wind's breath
Sweeter than tropic wind. There is no star
That throbs with cold white fire as north stars do;
No golden moon-path lovelier than the far
Path burning on the sea when dusk is blue.
There is no rain so swift as rain that flies
In bright battalions with a storm begun,
No song that shakes the heart like amber cries
Of gulls with wings turned yellow in the sun.
Who pilots ships when life's last heart-beats stop
Has drained the cup of beauty drop by drop.

DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

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

50 YEARS AGO

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

JULY 6, 1904—Tug *John S. Haskins* of Baltimore, recently purchased by Port Johnson Towing Co., arrived in N. Y. on July 1. . . . Barge *City of San Antonio* (late steamer) has been sold to John W. Gates. She is at Erie Basin fitting out for New Orleans-New York trade.

JULY 13, 1904—The largest steamship in the world, the White Star liner *Baltic*, arrived in N. Y. July 8. She is 728 feet long, has 26,000 horsepower, and uses 235 tons of coal a day.

JULY 20, 1904—New steel steamer *Providence* of the Fall River Line was launched at Quincy, Mass., on July 16. . . . *West Farms* (tug) was run down and sunk in East River opposite Pier 12 on July 15. She was struck by a New Haven Railroad float in tow. Only one man was seen to escape. . . . *Zampa* (schr), Port Liberty, J. C., for Calais, Me., with cargo of coal, was run into by last barge in tow of four in tow of tug *Arthur A. Ward*, from Hartford to New York, at 3 a.m. July 14 off Norwalk. The schooner sank in seven minutes; crew took to a boat and were picked up by the *Ward*.

JULY 27, 1904—*Charles W. Church* (schr), coal laden, Norfolk for Boston, while anchored in Vineyard Sound night of July 18, was in collision with barge *Kingston*, stern barge of tow of three in tow of tug *Walter A. Luckenbach*. Schr. had bowsprit and headgear carried away; will be towed to destination. . . . *City of Rockland* (str) which departed Boston 5 p.m. July 25 with 300 passengers for Penobscot River ports, struck on Gangway Ledge opposite Ash Point, S. Thomaston, Me., in heavy fog a.m. 26th. She was immediately beached to save her from sinking. Passengers were transported to Rockland by a tug.

AUG. 3, 1904—Twin-screw str. *Caronia*, first of pair being built by John Brown & Co., Ltd., at Clydebank for Cunard Steamship Co., was launched July 13. She was christened by Mrs. Choate, wife of the Hon. J. H. Choate, U. S. Ambassador in Great Britain.

AUG. 10, 1904—*Monohansett* (excursion str) went ashore on Great Misery Island, Salem, Mass., harbor Aug. 3. Fifty passengers aboard were taken off safely and landed at Salem Willows. The vessel will be a total loss.

Aug. 24, 1904—Carfloat in tow of tug *Transfer No. 2* collided with ferry boat *South Side* in East River off East 11th Street night of Aug. 20. Float was held into ferry until she was alongside wharf, where passengers disembarked. When float was pulled out, the ferry filled.

British Circulation Jumps; Compliment from Liverpool

Dear Sirs:

I wish to acknowledge with many thanks the June copy of *Tow Line* which has just reached me. The magazine is most entertaining, and I feel that the editor is to be congratulated on the results of his work. I find the illustrations of great interest. If any of these should become available for distribution I would be very pleased if I could have copies, particularly of your own towing craft. I look forward to receiving *Tow Line*.

(230 Blackmoor Drive, Liverpool, Eng.)

H. HOPKINS

Another Outstanding 1954 Moran Rescue; All-in Swimmer Saved from Watery Grave

In the unanimous and fervent opinion of the share-holders in *Cookie*, a characteristically sad looking black cocker spaniel, not the least important rescue accomplished by Moran equipment and personnel in 1954 will be the saving of their virtually water-logged pet from drowning.

It appears the said *Cookie*, female and not more than a year old, one would guess, slipped her collar and disappeared from the motor yacht *Evelyn*—owner unidentified, alas—while the family aboard was cruising in the harbor on July 24.

Returning from assisting the S.S. *United States*, sailing from Pier 86 that noon, our tug *Carol Moran* (Capt. Bob Hayes) encountered *Cookie* paddling valiantly against a swift running ebb tide in midstream off the Battery. Joe Jones, 2434 Jefferson Street, East Meadow, Long Island, assistant engineer aboard, (a company employee since October, 1941), kicked off his shoes, eased down a jacob's ladder tossed over the *Carol's* rail, and as the tug came alongside snatched the visibly tiring dog from a fate possibly less gruesome than a vivisectionist's table, though quite as lethal. She was a strong swimmer, but when pulled aboard she

was trembling with exhaustion and just about all in.

Hugh Mesnard, Moran's chief engineer; his father, R. E. Mesnard, and his sister, Mrs. Marjorie Mills, and sons, Charles and Jerry; and Hugh's wife and daughters, Jacqueline and Leslie, also were aboard the *Carol* at the time, and Hugh—a competent and tireless amateur photographer, if ever there was one—made the accompanying action pictures of the rescue.

Crewmen noticed a large green yacht cruising slowly in the vicinity, apparently looking for something, but the tug had a hurry-up job, docking a Moore-McCormack ship at Pier 16, Brooklyn, and could not make contact immediately. However, the *Evelyn* was encountered again about 4:30 p.m. off St. George, Staten Island, still searching despairingly, and *Cookie* was delivered safe and sound to the children of her family—all hands practically hysterical with joy over recovering their lost pet.

Mesnard's on-the-spot photos: Dog-tired *Cookie* as she called on her last ounce of energy to reach helping hands aboard the *CAROL MORAN* (left), and safe in her rescuer's arms. That's Gerald E. Thorp, 2745 East Twenty-third Street, Brooklyn, of the *CAROL's* deck crew, in the left background of the latter picture.



Syracuse Radio-TV Man Tug-Conscious

"The Tow Line portfolio just received is very interesting," writes Bob F. (Deacon) Doubleday, farm radio and television director for Station WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y., a basic National Broadcasting Co. affiliate. The Deacon, as he is known upstate—and very favorably, according to our monitors—was introduced to these bi-monthly reports on Moran Towing & Transportation Co. operations at the request of E. McIntyre of Phoenix, N. Y., a lock tender on the Oswego division of the New York State Barge Canal.

"I'm grateful to you and your Company for many happy days among the canalers, and also for your thoughtfulness in sending along the good reading," he continues. "Much of the material is usable on the early morning program from 5 until 7. There is a chance that some of your pilots may hear about it, although canal traffic is not up to snuff these days.

"If there is any way that our station and program can serve you and your company and your ships, we all are ready for that time. Ship-to-shore and the reverse are not altogether impossible in the early morning. It has been done with much interest . . ."

Editor's note (*sotto voce*): How about a running description of a Moran-tug-propelled petroleum barge arriving and unloading at an Esso, Socony-Vacuum or Texaco terminal in Syracuse, or, say, a blow-by-blow account of a westbound voyage through Oneida Lake in what boatmen there like to think of as rough weather?

Morantow: EC-2, New York to Wilmington, N. C.—562 miles.

Sailing Time

(Reprinted from "The Lookout," Vol. XLV, No. 3, March, 1954, issued by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.)

You need no watch to tell her sailing time
When tugs tread water, pant around her bow
And every aperture along the pier
Fills up with faces. [Down on the waterfront
Where the crowd grows, gardenias are half price.]
Hawser by hawser they start to let her go
And each taut rope which bound her to the shore
Slackens, droops in a deep curve, and falls,
High on her deck the winches groan and turn —
Foot by foot winding all her lines aboard
Till there is no connection, only last words
Called through cupped hands, caught piecemeal, then ground out
In the propellers' first Niagara churn,
The whistle's deep and breast-bone-shivering blast.
Then as with gathering sternway she draws out,
Cleanly as any cut of surgeon's steel
The separation's made — husband from wife,
Parent from child, friend from aching friend,
Each dwindling figure parted from its love,
Though each one strains to keep his own in sight,
He knew from the first blast it was no use:
The ship, directed to the harbor's mouth
Gives her allegiance to another world;
The empty slip, where gulls swoop after scraps,
Gapes open to the air like a new wound.

EVELYN AMES
(In the New York Times)

Echo, from the New York Journal of Commerce: "Inland water transport chalks up big gains."

Morantow: Destroyer, Norfolk, Va., to Boston, Mass.—474 miles.

Moran Dispatcher Guest On TV; Dowd Interviewed



Cap'n Dowd

Capt. Joseph Dowd of Moran's dispatching staff—whose single-mindedness on duty is matched, if not surpassed, by his attention to the fluctuating fortunes of the Brooklyn Dodgers

during his leisure hours—was a guest on the "Colonel Venture" television program (Station WOR, Channel 9) July 13.

The program featured a motion picture of a ship arriving in an American port, possibly San Francisco, including taking on the bar pilot, guiding the vessel through congested harbor waters, and a sequence on the actual docking. Following this, Captain Dowd was interviewed as to procedures in docking such a ship in the Port of New York. He was asked to compare New York with other busy world ports—local and foreign docking techniques, the number of tugs required to handle the largest transatlantic liners, and all that sort of thing.

Cap'n Joe reported he was "a shade nervous" at first, facing a microphone with the TV cameras on him, but that wore off. He did an excellent job.

Morantow: Dredge and derrick boat, Amuay Bay, Ven., to Puerto de Hierro, Trinidad—585 miles.

MID-SUMMER ARRIVAL — Here, with one of this company's Grace Moran-class harbor tugs alongside to assist her in docking, is M/V WHAKATANE, late addition to the New Zealand Shipping Co.'s large modern fleet, as she arrived in New York June 12. (She sailed June 20 on the first leg of her regular America-South Pacific run.) The WHAKATANE is first of a class of three vessels especially designed for the trade of the Montreal Australia New Zealand Line, Ltd. Of 8,000 gross tons, she is 471 feet long, with a beam of 62 feet, and has a sea speed of 16 knots—about 30 days for a voyage between United States Atlantic ports and Sydney, Australia. In addition to 101,200 cubic feet of insulated cargo in specially designed and temperature controlled compartments, the vessel can accommodate six passengers in three double cabins. Whakatane is the name of a borough and river in the Bay of Plenty, New Zealand, and means "show many qualities."



Tugboat Glamorized In Industrial 'Ads'

The lowly tugboat—the so-called “workhorse” of our harbors, inland waterways, and indeed the high seas—has become the glamour craft of current industrial advertising in leading American magazines, judging by a variety of semi-monthly, monthly, bi-monthly and quarterly publications on TOW LINE'S exchange table.

Here are twenty-eight national advertisers—and this is not a complete list by any means—who are using tug pictures in their magazine copy:

American Bosch Corp., American Gas & Electric Co., The American Hoist Co., American Tel. & Tel. Co., Babcock & Wilcox Co., Baltimore & Ohio R. R., The Bechtel Corp., Bethlehem Steel Co., Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Cummins Engine Co., Inc., Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R. R., Erie Railroad, Fairbanks, Morse & Co., General American Terminal Co., The General Tire & Rubber Co., Goodyear Rubber Co., Marine Office of America, The Mead Corp., National Electric Products, National Steel Corp., New Orleans Public Service, Inc., New York Central System, Philadelphia Electric Co., Socony-Vacuum

Right Pier, Wrong River

(From the N. Y. Herald Tribune, July 31)

Joseph Schilling and his daughter, Barbara Ann, eighteen, of Cheltenham, Pa., drove along the East River yesterday in search of Pier 97. By the time they realized their mistake and got to Pier 97 in the Hudson River at 57th St., the Home liner *Italia*, on which they were to sail, was moving into mid-stream.

Sympathetic Home Line officials asked the *Italia's* captain by radio to take it slowly going down the river. The Schillings were sped downtown to the Battery, where a Moran tug took them out to the liner and they were taken aboard.

Oil Co., Inc., Southern Pacific Lines, Sperry Gyroscope Co., and Sun Oil Co.

(Prediction: Fictional “Tugboat Annies,” modeling sundry items of feminine accouterment, from glamorized sou'westers to dainty hurricane-proof tobacco pipes.)

Echo, from an announcement issued by the Port of New York Tugboat Races Committee, dated June 29, 1954: “. . . It has been decided to suspend, for 1954 at least, the tugboat racing regatta held annually on the Hudson River.”

Story and Pix Were Okay

Dear Mr. Munroe:

Thank you for your cooperation in helping us to secure pictures for our story on tow ships. I hope you enjoy the story on Page 36 of our current issue.

BOB CURRAN

(Associate Ed., *Cavalier Magazine*)

Editor's note: The feature referred to above was published in the August, 1954, issue of *Cavalier*, a Fawcett Publications, Inc., monthly, under the by-line of Francis and Katherine Drake. “Disaster Is Their Business” was the only slightly exaggerated title; but a subhead, also superimposed on a Rosenfeld shot of our tug *Eugene F. Moran* in heavy weather outside, laid it on thicker: “The S O S is their work whistle, the ruthless sea their shop, and Death their competitor, yet the men of the seagoing tugs usually get their ships . . .”

Ans: Charles, No; Kevin, Yes

Gentlemen:

Could you please inform me as to whether or not you have two tugboats named *Charles Moran* and *Kevin Moran*. If you do have, would it be possible for me to obtain a snapshot or picture of any type? No doubt you are wondering why you should receive such a request. The truth of the matter is that my sons have been joked about just such named tugboats, and we've wondered about the truth of the jokes. Thank you very kindly for your consideration and cooperation.

CHARLES MORAN

(829 St. Dunstons Rd., Baltimore)

Great Day for the Boys

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

The students, the faculty, and I were delighted that you were able to be aboard the Schoolship for the life boat races . . .

We wish also to express our appreciation for the use of one of your tugs (*Carol Moran*) for the press and TV cameramen. I think you will be interested to know that Captain Schellings reported the tug was a major attraction. When she made fast to the end of Pier 73 about two-thirds of the Schoolship's student body was making its way down the dock, hoping to get aboard the tug.

To the faculty it was a good indication that their real love is ships, and that they were consistent enough not to be won over by helicopters.

Again, many thanks to you and all members of the Moran Towing & Transportation Co. for making this an outstanding, long-to-be-remembered day for our maritime boys . . .

F. J. KELLER, Prin.

(Metropolitan Vocational H. S.)





LET this much be thoroughly understood right here at the start. First-string Moran dispatcher Daniel Anthony Grandone (*b. January 23, 1925*) is not—repeat not—an “apprentice,” as the customarily accurate Joe Ryan of the New York Times ship news staff reported recently. Considering he has been associated with that department since July, 1943, off and on, who could blame him for raising his eyebrows at that one?

For that matter, he may elevate them again when he reads here what another swivel chair sailor (female) at Moran HQ, a connoisseur of sartorial good taste (male), said about him after she debarked from a Whitehall Building elevator he was boarding on our 25th floor the other day: “Ah-h-h, that Danny boy—he’s a sharp dresser all right. Mmm-mmmf!” After all, young Mr. Grandone is a modest, unassuming guy. If his well tailored symphonics in brown—or what have you, Messrs. Brooks Brothers?—create a flutter here and there on the distaff side, it must be purely coincidental. He is not taking dead aim at anybody, he told this reporter emphatically.

The fact is, girls, if your researches haven’t already verified it, Dan regards himself as a confirmed bachelor—almost a congenital one. He likes the sound of such words and phrases as “independence,” “no reporting at home,” “foot-loose.” But another reason for this attitude could be that he



D. Grandone, Esq. (No apprentice, he.)

is very comfortable and otherwise well satisfied living with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grandone, formerly of Manhattan’s east side, presently of The Bronx, tomorrow—who knows? One thing’s for sure: you don’t find your mom’s cooking in every neighborhood delicatessen . . .

Anyway, not too long after Danny was graduated from Benjamin Franklin High School, New York, he started with Moran as a dispatchers’ clerk. That was in the summer of ’43, as aforesaid; but in a year or so he was off to do his stint for Uncle Sam—as who wasn’t? With the Army Engineers and Medical Corps at Ft. Belvoir, Va., and Washington, D. C., he incurred no greater service disability than the rank of corporal, and in the fall of 1946 he was a civilian again.

Three days after his discharge he was aboard the tug *Elizabeth Moran* (Capt. Earl Allen)—since sold to the Suez Canal Co.; and Captain Allen now is master of the *Eugene F. Moran*—accumulating valuable experience in coastwise towing and harbor work. He worked on other harbor tugs, also.

In the spring of 1948, he thinks it was, Danny took over a dispatcher’s desk at Moran HQ. Midnight to 8 a.m. was his regular stint then. Later, for a year or so, he worked from 3 p.m. to midnight. For the past four years he has been on the day side altogether; and if you want to see a young fellow applying himself with quiet competence to the business of directing operations of a fleet of tugs in the world’s busiest port, tip-toe into that southeast corner aerie overlooking a vast expanse of harbor some day and ask an irrelevant question.

Our Mr. Grandone, it seems, “doesn’t mean maybe.” On his summer vacations he spends two or three weeks aboard the company’s harbor and coastwise tugs—first one, then another; he plays no favorites—keeping up with new equipment and other developments. Just as a rider; no work worthy of the name. That isn’t all. Since the first of this year he has been attending night courses in business administration and ocean traffic and management at New York University. Another year and a half of that . . .

Danny must be getting old and brittle, none the less. Three years ago a broken knee, followed by a desperate bout with pleurisy, wound up his career as an enthusiastic amateur baseball player. Now he is just a fan—of the Yankee persuasion. He creeps around a tennis court occasionally, and seems to be conditioning himself for a conventional old age by learning the rudiments of golf.

“Nothing doing in the romance department!” handsome, brown-eyed Danny repeats without hesitation; but the consensus is that he’ll have to keep his guard up to make it stick.

Miss Marion Thomson of our sales department secretarial staff—see *June TOW LINE*, Page 15—returned from her vacation August 9 looking fit and very happy, following some jaunts around Long Island and an interesting trip to Washington, D. C. Obviously, a lovely diamond ring on the significant finger of her left hand could have something to do with that happy look. It seems she became engaged to George McNulty, also of Brooklyn, on her twentieth birthday, August 4. The wedding will be “sometime next summer.”

A welcomed visitor at Moran HQ recently was Mrs. Robert Balsdon (*nee Rose Knittel*), her husband and two children, Robert, Jr., seven, and Jeanette, five. Rose was secretary to Capt. Earl C. Palmer during the war years. The Balsdons are on their way from Little Rock, Ark., to Buffalo, N. Y., where Bob has accepted a position with radio station WGR.

Morantow: C-3, Galveston, Texas, to Pascagoula, Miss.—420 miles,



Young Ray

On June 21, for the third time in his something less than long and checkered career, Raymond T. Collins, 17, a senior-elect at St. Francis Xavier High School, Manhattan, is spending his summer vacation profitably as one of a brace of office boys at Moran HQ. He lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Collins, at 2010 Newkirk Avenue, Brooklyn, and appears to be thinking of the marine business as his particular pursuit in life.

Three-of-a-kind note, from Capt. C. M. Parslow of the tug *Sheila Moran*: Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ervan Rausch, R. F. D. No. 1, Kingston, N. Y., July 17, a son, David John. Mr. Rausch has been a Moran employee since March 28, 1949, when he started as an oiler aboard the *Anne Moran*, but presently is serving in that capacity as a member of the *Sheila's* crew. Young Dave is the Rausches third boy.

Roy Connett paid the Moran dispatchers a farewell visit, before departing for Decatur, Arkansas. Mr. Connett has retired after 33 years of service as an observer for Western Union at the Quarantine station, Rosebank, Staten Island. His parting request was to be placed on the TOW LINE mailing list, to "keep in touch with goings on in New York harbor". We are happy to comply, and wish him many happy years of leisure.

Miss Patricia G. Dowd, daughter of Capt. Joseph Dowd (Dispatching), received her R. N. degree from the N. Y. U. School of Nursing, Bellevue Division, this past June. Patricia has had one year of duty at Bellevue. Presently she is employed in the child clinic at the hospital.

Fred C. Handelman, who takes care of matters having to do with insurance and claims for Moran, became a grandfather again March 13. Granddaughter Gail made her debut weighing more than nine pounds. The Ray Handelmans' other child is a boy, Craig, aged five.

Crew of 'M' Ocean Tug On Recent Long Hauls

Twice in as many stories dealing with long-haul exploits of the tug *Pauline L. Moran* space requirements have not permitted mention of her competent and durable crew as individuals. Hence, TOW LINE takes pleasure in publishing the following listings: On the voyage from Portsmouth, N. H., to Buffalo, N. Y., with the ex-Nazi submarine *U-505*:

Captain, Rodney M. Jones; mates, Robert B. Fisk and Albert F. Shaw; engineers, Salem Seren (chief), Olav Lunde and Roland Pierce (assistants); wipers, Alton Stroud and James C. Perry; deckhands, Steinar Olsen, Frank Trent, Joseph A. Resetco, and Martin R. Byrne; cook, Stephen Gallagher.

On the voyage from New York to various east coast Atlantic, Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico ports (see full-page feature story on Page 4):

Substitute E. A. Johnston, mate, for Shaw; Franklin T. Bowman, assistant engineer, for Lunde; J. A. Close, William P. Sassmann, and Olov Littheim, deckhands, for Trent, Resetco and Byrne; and Woodrow Moore, cook, for Gallagher.

And congratulations to all hands!

What's Cookin', Mates?



Having taken editorial note of dogs elsewhere in this issue, we can't in good conscience slight the felines. Here, on a New York State Barge Canal bulkhead at North Tonawanda, N. Y., one Thomas, Jr., considers signing on as ship's cat aboard the *Marie S. Moran*, temporarily moored there. Seems he has heard the chow is exceptionally good on that inland waterways tug.—Photo by Shipley.

Transport . . .

(Continued from Page 4)

When he heard about the *Omar Babun*, Canipe drove 200 miles to the scene to have a look. After flying over the stricken freighter in a chartered plane and inspecting her from close range, Canipe disagreed with the experts. He flew to New York City, bought the hull for \$3,500 and signed an agreement with the insurance companies: he would get 30% of the value of any cargo that he might manage to recover. Then he hurried back to the *Babun*, got to work. With an assault team of five men from his shop and a crew of 25 skeptical natives, he started bulldozing a sand roadway down to the ship, right through the breakers.

Kibitzing Outer Bankers decided that Canipe was pixilated (their advice to him: go home), and for a while it seemed as if they were right. Six times the tide came in and washed away Canipe's causeway. But on the seventh try the sandy road held fast, and soon the two dozers and an escort of trucks were moving down to the "Baboon" and hauling away the cargo. To get the heaviest parts of the cargo ashore, Canipe buried huge steel plates deep in the beach, hooked cables to them and easily slid the unwieldy factory parts ashore, above the high-water mark. A 23-ton steel press, worth \$45,000 alone, was the biggest problem. As it was being winched over the side of the *Babun*, the cable broke, and the press landed in the middle of Canipe's causeway. The bulldozers managed to pull it to dry land in three hours, just ahead of the tide.

Anchors Aweigh. Last fortnight, with the cargo safely ashore, Salvager Canipe and his crew pumped the remaining water out of the *Babun*, did some work on her machinery and prepared to refloat her. While the natives scoffed, Canipe got two enormous, aged anchors from a Norfolk junk yard, fastened cable lines to them and dropped them a quarter-mile out at sea. The other ends of the cable were fastened to the *Babun's* freshly oiled winches. One morning the *Babun's* twin diesel motors began to purr, her winches started to wind, and the big pull was on. The next morning the *Babun* was floating free and riding out a vicious northeaster. It was the most successful salvage operation in the history of Cape Hatteras.

By last week the "Baboon" was safe in port in Norfolk, with Canipe, his 18-year-old son, Mack, and his father, a retired grocer, aboard. Until the damage is appraised, Canipe will not know how much he will realize from his prize. But he has a reasonable expectation of making at least \$100,000 above the money (upwards of \$40,000) that it cost him to salvage the *Babun*.



