

TOW LINE



MARCH, 1959

ON THE COVER—



ASTONISHING, isn't it, how much you can see in a picture when you really put your mind to it? Try it on this cover photo before reading our version of what appears in it. Here is a start. You are looking approximately southwest from a 25th floor window in the Whitehall Bldg., 17 Battery Place, Manhattan, toward Staten Island.

It is a fall afternoon. The "big ones" have docked at piers along the North River, and other ships are being readied for departure later; while far below threatening cloud banks routine harbor traffic goes on, ducking in and out of sun spots and shadows. Most of the watery stage has been left to the industrious tugs.

From where we sit to the highlands of Staten Island yonder it is about five miles. In the center of that bright spot, left foreground, is a tug—could be one of Moran's—towing a petroleum barge alongside. To the left, about to break out into the sunshine, is another tug between a pair of railroad car floats. There is little need to call attention to the towering, hospitable lady of Liberty Island, right; but that is Robbins Reef Light almost directly above the oil barge tow.

Here the main ship channel, north and south, is about a mile wide and nearly 60 feet deep.

Just to the right of vertical center, five spots in the shade: two stake boats—anchored barges providing a tieup for waiting tows, Circle Line's Statue of Liberty Boat, etc. Directly above that group: the Bayonne Naval Installation and the northern entrance to the Kills.

That long dark line behind Miss Liberty? Caven Point. The other thin dark line seeming to extend from the base of the statue to the right margin: New Tank Port. Far beyond, extreme right, the arch of Bayonne Bridge, linking New Jersey and Staten Island.

In deep shadow at lower right is another tug with a loaded coal barge, heading toward the East River, possibly to one of the Con Edison plants.

It's a nice view—if you take time to look at it.



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17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.
Cable Address: MORANTOW
R. M. Munroe, Editor Jeff Blinn, Associate

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In Its 12th Year, Does Tow Line Show Its Age?

EVERY SO OFTEN we ask the indulgence of faithful readers while we get what could be described as a "house editorial" off our chest. Here is one. Please bear with us.

As will be noted in the masthead above, with this issue *Tow Line* enters its twelfth year of publication. Vol. XII, No. 1—amazing, is it not? It is here at least.

Vol. I, No. 1, was a 12-page affair of 750 copies. The present editor discovered it going to press just as he came aboard at 17 Battery Place early in 1948. Dated December, 1947, it was experimental.

Now a press run of 8,000 seems to be none too many. The distribution includes a foreign circulation of roughly twice as many copies as the sum total of the first issue; and the list continues to grow despite continuous weeding

and the exercise of a certain care in the matter of additions. After all, mass circulation is not *Tow Line's* principal object. It is not even regarded as important; we aim at a pin-point target, and the appropriate piece is not a scatter-gun.

The Moran management likes to believe its house magazine—material for which is assembled and edited with some pains, it may be noted—moves along a little off the beaten track, that it pleases those who encounter it, and that therefore it fulfills its purpose, its reason-for-being. The editorial staff hopes so.

However, a good many suggestions submitted by readers have been adopted in the past, and we would be hospitable to such advice even if it were unsolicited. We hope for continuing assistance from any and all on the outside looking in. Also, contributions

of merit will be welcome; variety is desirable.

With this issue *Tow Line* goes to 20 pages, four more than previously—temporarily at least. Could we have some reader expression on that score?

As long as a piece of this kind is in the mill, one or two other publication questions need ventilating. For example, considerable confusion resulted from our curtailed schedule after April, 1958. Only two more issues were published, August and December; so if you thought you missed two others, you did not.

This year we expect to publish, after this number, issues dated June, September and December (Christmas)—quarterly.

It is a privilege to give specially interested people something instructive that they patently enjoy. . . . Greetings to all hands!

Three More Important People in the Curtis Bay Towing Co. of Baltimore Operation



CAPT. F. J. HUGHES, Vice Pres.



MISS R. J. BROWN, Ass't Sec'y



G. K. HUNT, Treasurer

Curtis Bay Ice-breaking Tug Lauded for Quick Response to Ships' Distress Calls



NEW TUG Frees Three Tankers from Ice in Three Hours," was the two-column headline in the Baltimore News-Post of January 21 over a news feature by Donald Zyletia, the paper's marine editor.

Elsewhere there was an action photo by Frank A. Spinek, Baltimore. See it now, as a noted TV commentator says, above.

The ice-breaker in question was the tug *Carolyn*, owned and operated by the Curtis Bay Towing Co. of Baltimore; and thus Mr. Zyletia in his eyewitness story:

On her first expedition into Chesapeake Bay, the Maryland Port Authority's new ice-breaking tug *Carolyn* today brought help to three ice-locked tankers within as many hours.

The 1,000-horsepower tug, specially reinforced for her new duties under Capt. James Pledger, pushed her first ship out of the ice less than two hours after leaving the Curtis Bay Towing Co. pier.

The *A. H. Dowson* and *Seneca Sun*, both 200-foot tankers, were discovered battling pile-up ice four miles southeast of Sparrows Point in the Brewerton Channel.

Unable to maneuver in the ice pack, they were drifting toward Seven-Foot Knoll and in danger of going aground.

Both were pulled and pushed free and headed for the C. & D. Canal.

Within an hour another tanker, the *Mystic Sun*, bound for Baltimore, was found unable to move in thick ice off the No. 8 buoy. She was quickly freed, and the *Carolyn* headed for Tolchester.

There Pledger and his crew stood by briefly while workmen tried to save the excursion boat pier, its timbers forced 10 or 12 feet in the air by accumulating ice underneath.

Tolchester Light, standing on the pier, was canted at a 45-degree angle and was expected to topple when a changing tide pushed the ice even higher.

The *Carolyn* was expected to make contact with the Coast Guard's *Appalachee*, which was southbound after a night on the bay.

Two other Coast Guard ice-breakers, it was revealed by Capt. R. R. Smith, commander of the Baltimore district, were idle because of damages suffered while battling eight and ten-inch layers of ice.


The *Chinook* had propeller trouble, and the *Raritan*, borrowed from Norfolk, was forced to tie up in Chesapeake City with a broken water pump.

The Maryland Port Authority heard promptly from C. L. Boyle, manager of the Sun Oil Co.'s marine department, about the *Carolyn's* valuable services; and Capt. H. C. Jefferson, Curtis Bay president, just as promptly received a signal from J. L. Stanton, executive director of the authority.

Thus the pleased-as-Punch Mr. Boyle, writing from Marcus Hook, Pa.:

The Masters of our *MS Seneca Sun* and *MS Sunoco* have expressed loud praise for the efficient and very fine service rendered by your tug *Carolyn* in freeing them from the ice in Chesapeake Bay while they were proceeding to Baltimore to deliver heating

(Continued on Page 15)

MISE EN SCENE, EAST RIVER—The 1958 calendar issued by Trans World Airlines offered this as one of twelve photographs in color, reproduced in size 10" x 14½"—our 2,000-horsepower, Skinner Uniflow steam tug *Alice M. Moran*, moving downstream in the East River, about to pass under world-famous Brooklyn Bridge. Judging by those bristling towers at the lower tip of Manhattan Island, the mood would be early morning. T.W.A. distributed 325,000 copies of this beautiful calendar, we hear. 



New York, Where a Mighty River Runs to Sea

By ALLAN KELLER, Special writer for *Tow Line*

“WE FOUND A PLEASANT PLACE *below steep little hills, and from these hills, a mighty deep-mouthed river ran to the sea.*”

Those are the words Giovanni da Verrazano put down in his ship's log in 1524 when he discovered New York harbor.

Eighty-five years later Henry Hudson found himself at the same spot and followed the river upstream for 100 miles, hoping it was a navigable route to China and the Indies.

Their hopes and dreams came to nothing in their lifetime, but the door they opened to the civilized world has never been closed. Each hour, each day, each year the “pleasant place below steep hills” has expanded until it is a marvel of the ages.

World's Busiest Port

Every twenty minutes a ship steams into New York or makes her way out to sea after discharging and taking on passengers or cargo. It is a rare year when less than 140 million tons of freight are moved over the safe waters of the port area. When it is remembered that the Port of New York has 650 miles of usable waterfront and at least 200 piers that can handle 400 ocean-going vessels at one time, an uninitiated person might assume the world's commerce had everything it could desire in the busiest seaport on earth.

But shipping men know this is not so, and since shippers want good facilities for quick turn-around in port, the Port of New York Authority and the Department of Marine and Aviation of the City of New York have under way today the greatest face-lifting program in the history of sea-faring. Before the blue-prints are rolled up and put away the two agencies will spend \$600 million to modernize key spots along New York's fabulous waterfront.

Perhaps one of the most extensive parts of this program is the Port of New York Authority seven-year, \$85 million plan to rebuild and modernize two miles of the most valuable shoreline in all Brooklyn—the old piers of the New York Dock Co. Instead of the existing 25 piers, most of them outmoded and inefficient, there are under construction 10 wide steel and concrete piers.

Brooklyn Waterfront Face-lifting

Stretching from just south of Brooklyn Bridge to include Atlantic Basin, the new fire-resistant piers will give room for 23 ships, with wide aprons and 90,000 square feet of shedded space, together with the most efficient general cargo marine facilities to be found anywhere in the world. Behind the new piers, the old Civil War era warehouses have been demolished to provide another 250,000 square feet of loading space and truck parking area.

More than one-quarter of the Department of Marine and Aviation's \$200 million five-year waterfront rebuilding program has already been committed for such projects as a \$6 million marine shipping terminal at the foot of Atlantic Avenue for the Sottnek Terminal Corporation, the \$7.5 million pier at the foot of 23rd Street, Gowanus Creek, for Moore-McCormack Lines, Inc., and a \$3.6 mil-

lion rebuilding of the 35th Street pier for Farrell Lines, Inc.

Across the upper bay the Authority has reestablished Hoboken as one of the Port of New York's busier waterfront sections. This \$18 million program includes construction of two new piers and the rehabilitation of a third pier. It is now in full-scale operation.

Where only a few short years ago tidal marshes and ancient waterfront facilities fronted on Newark Bay just below the mouths of the Passaic and Hackensack Rivers, glistening new Port Newark today represents one of the heaviest concentrations of marine terminals in the world.

Before this area is completed more than \$275 million will have been invested in the combined Newark-Elizabeth sector.

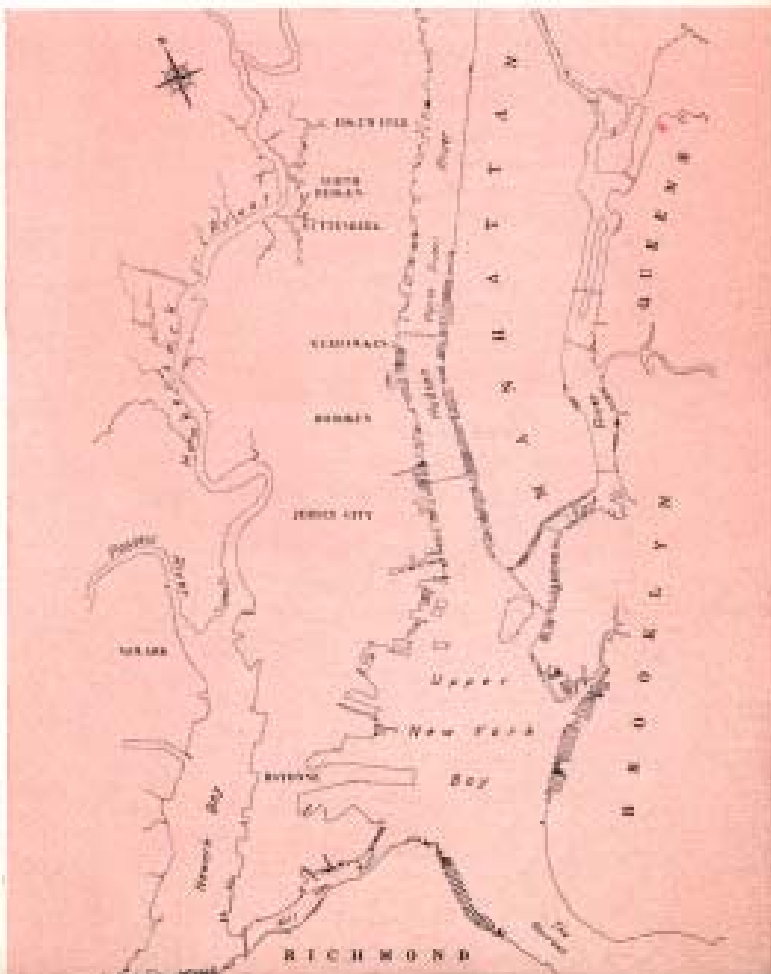
Newest of the enterprises upon which the Port Authority has embarked is the \$150 million Elizabeth marine terminal, adjacent to Port Newark, where another mile of up-to-date piers and berths will add to New York's marine facilities.

Physical Facilities Fantastic

A mere listing of some of the physical facilities used by water-borne commerce reveals why New York stands supreme as a seaport. There are berths for 331 vessels carrying general cargo, 30 for those with bulk cargo, and 48 for tankers. There are 144 dry storage and 20 cold storage warehouses, 160 transit sheds, 372 storage tanks—even three grain elevators each holding 4¼ million bushels of grain.

The earliest known ship's manifest of a vessel clearing the Port of New York bears the year 1626 stamped upon

(Continued on Page 37)



Another U-2 Report on Drifting Bottles; One Found in Florida, a Second in France

HERE IS AN INTERIM REPORT from TOW LINE's confidential operative in oceanography, U-2 by code designation. (He's a fellow who has to be watched closely. Why, even now he is working underground, trying to entice us into a research expedition to the Cape Sable-Shark River region of the lower Florida gulf coast to determine the effect of tidal river currents on the feeding habits of tarpon weighing 75 lbs. or more—a dastardly plot certainly.)

This seems to be more on the subject of drifting bottles. Capt. James W. Jenkins, master of our ocean tug *Joseph H. Moran, II*, gets into the picture again. At 1500 on May 5, 1958, he was in Crooked Passage, Bahamas, abeam of Bird Rock, 3.5 miles off, towing the disabled tanker *S. S. Athelmere*, en route from Cuba to New Orleans. This would be not too far from Columbus' island, San Salvador.

"Finder please forward to Moran Towing Co. for current report," Captain Jenkins typed, then corked the carrier bottle securely and tossed it overboard.

An accommodating fellow, Robert F. Chester, Box 212, Tavernier, Fla., otherwise unidentified, found the bottle beached on the ocean side of Plantation Key. He neglected to say when, but his envelope was postmarked 3 p.m., August 19, 1958, at Islamorada, Fla., which is (we forget) on either Upper or Lower Matecumbe Key. Assuming he found and forwarded the faded message promptly, it must have drifted approximately 375 miles in 105 days or thereabouts. . . . We thank him for his interest and trouble.

Another signal from U-2—and don't ask us how he comes by such information—concerns a New York youngster, Peter Iseman, 10, 21 East 87th Street, who seems to have got himself infected with that Jenkins-type curiosity. Anyway, on August 19 he heaved a bottle containing his name and other essential data into the high-tide surf on the southern shore of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.

Quite possibly Peter had forgotten the incident when, in mid-November, he received a letter postmarked Paris from Mrs. Dixon Stanton, wife of an American soldier stationed in France. She said that she and her husband, also New Yorkers, picked up the bottle on the ocean beach at Mont St. Michel in Normandy during a holiday week-end.

It is really disheartening to have to acknowledge that no Moran tug was involved in this matter. However, Dr. John Tee Van, a Bronx Park director and temporarily beached oceanographer, speculated that Peter's slow-boat-to-China message probably was carried by zany currents into the Gulf Stream—thence across the Atlantic 3,000-odd miles, before being propelled by other currents and by winds onto the French coast. Three months? That would be lots faster than those Bahamas currents.

Presumably, this is all you can expect to hear from U-2 until the next issue of TOW LINE, which will be dated June.

(That Florida trek does have a certain scientific appeal, though, doesn't it?)

Add Recommended Reading: The pictorial gravure section, Syracuse Post-Standard, Sunday, January 18, featuring "Clinton's Ditch," as the New York Erie Canal was contemptuously called by opponents. Besides a fine front cover picture and considerable text, there were seven rare photos of early canal traffic.

Bermuda-New York Tow

Dear Sir (J. S. Bull):

Hereby I would like to express my gratitude for the service rendered my ship by your good tug *Joseph H. Moran, II*, which assisted me from Bermuda to New York, December 19-22, 1958. The assistance was a success and went off smoothly to my satisfaction. I assure you, I have the highest esteem for the ability and skill showed by Captain Jenkins, as well as his officers and crew. They certainly know their business . . .

CAPT. NILS A. OLSSON
(M/S *Ivan Goethon*,
Helsingborg, Sweden)

Who said it? "Those far distant, storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world." (Page 19, Item 1)

MAIDEN ARRIVAL—On January 28 the largest vessel ever built in a Pacific Coast shipyard, the super-tanker *S. S. Sister Katingo*, 33,081 DWT, arrived in New York to discharge a full cargo of petroleum products for the Coast Petroleum Co. of California, charterers. Our *Margot Moran* assisted the 661-footer (beam, 91 feet) from Sequine Point, Staten Island, to the anchorage at Perth Amboy, N. J. She docked at Gulfport, S. I., early next day. The *Sister Katingo* was built by Bethlehem Steel's Pacific Coast Division, San Francisco, for Nautilus Petroleum Carriers Corp., 24 State Street, New York. The American-flag tanker is capable of a speed of 17.5 or 18 knots, according to C. D. Pateros, president of the owning-operating company. Under the command of Capt. A. Pierron, this was her maiden voyage from the west coast.—Photo by Flying Camera, Inc.





GOING UP!—No occupation for anyone with a faint heart or rheumatic joints, or susceptibility to weather provoked "miserles," is the job of boarding and unboarding, docking and sailing the big and little ships moving in and out of American ports. Here, one of Moran's senior pilots, Capt. Chester Evans, is boarding the Grace liner *Santa Victoria* prior to directing her docking on the south side of Pier 2, Brooklyn Army Base. It's a breezy winter day, and the boarding ladder is atop the pilothouse of the tug *Carol Moran*. Easy does it!

Canal Zone Reader

Dear Mr. Munroe:

I have enjoyed *TOW LINE* for quite some time through the courtesy of my good friend Mr. M. A. Moore of Central Wharf Tugboat Co., Portland, Maine, more affectionately known as "Mad" Moore. Your magazine keeps me abreast of towing activities and also gives me news of my friends.

ROBERT J. ROY
(Box 1837, Balboa, C.Z.)

Request from Tugboat Annie & Co.

(Via Western Union night letter)

LB635

1959 JAN 5 PM 11 24

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COMMANDER R M MUNROE - MORAN TOWING CO
17 BATTERY PL NYK -

DEAR BOB IF A ART PRINT IS A COPY O YER CHRISTMAS COVER ID SURE LIKE TO HAVE ONE. ITS THE BEST PITCHER I SEEN SINCE I WAS IN TWADDLIN CLOTHES. CHARLIE EVERS SURE IS THE CATS BANANAS WID A PAINT BRUSH AN ANY TIME HE WANTS TO KETCH IT ABOARD ME OLD NARCISSUS HES GOT A JOB. ME AN ME BOYS AN EVEN THAT SCUT BULLWINKLE AN HIS FLEA BIT SALAMANDER CREW SENDS HAPPY NEW YEARS TO ALL HANDS O THE MORAN COMPANY ASHORE AN AFLOAT AN GOD BLESS YE ALL. YOURS RESPECKFULLY -

TUGBOAT ANNIE -
(Per Norman Reilly Raine)

SPELLING PASSED PER COPY --.

British Pen Pal, Anyone?

Dear Sir:

As I work for a large shipping company in Newcastle who receive your magazine, I am wondering if it is possible for me to be put on your list. I am very interested in tugs of all nations. And I would be very grateful if you would ask your junior clerks or "clerkesses" if they would like to have a pen-pal from England. My age is nineteen.

ALFRED E. DOVER
(County Durham, England)

Add Foreign Circulation

Gentlemen:

In the Norwegian daily *APTEPOSTEN* I came across an interesting report on the activities of your company. . . . It was written by Nils M. Apeland and contained your address and a remark on your house organ *TOW LINE*, which publishes regularly a great number of outstanding photographs. These are the reason I want to ask you if you would be so kind as to let me have a selection of glossies intended for an illustrated magazine or a photo publication. You will get them back immediately after publication. A complimentary copy will be sent to you, too, and might be of use for your public relations.

EDMUND BICKEL
(Munchen, Bavaria, W. Germany)

Who said it? "(Oceanography is of) extreme importance so that we can learn to use the environment to our advantage rather than be done in by it." (Page 19, Item 2)

Three Long Tows to Wisconsin by Moran

R. L. Johnson, traffic manager for the Eddystone Division of the Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton Corp., has signaled from Philadelphia that he was "surprised and pleased" to find in our Christmas issue that photo of two turbine runners transported from Chester to Superior, Wis., on one of Sam Loveland's barges, by our *Agnes A. Moran*.

"For your information," Mr. Johnson said, "it was the third trip with loads like this that Moran tugs have towed for us to Superior. The two previous shipments were made for James Hughes in New York."

That we know, having taken editorial note of all three—one of the James Hughes, Inc., hauls having been pictured in a three-column strip across the bottom of Page 3 in our June 1955 issue. In that instance the tug *Martha Moran* was doing the towing, moving up-stream in the North River off the Battery when the photo was made.

The heavy stuff was destined for the Garrison hydroelectric plant on the Missouri River near Riverdale, N.D., which necessitated a railroad haul between Superior and the plant site.

Tip to All Movie-TV Casting Directors: This Man is Wasting His Time on a Tug!



HE WAS a pretty frightened young deer, but the fact is, he didn't realize when he was well off. He might just as well have wound up as a series of venison steaks, etc., in the deep-freeze of less scrupulous people than he encountered. As they say, Mr. Buck "never had it so good."

The Curtis Bay Towing Co. of Virginia tug *Cavalier* (Capt. Perrin Cudworth) pulled into Norfolk one afternoon earlier this winter with a passenger some juvenile might have mistaken for one of St. Nick's reindeer—lost, strayed or stolen in the Christmas confusion. Nothing like that; it was a lively four-point buck of a species of deer said to be common in Maryland. (*Odocoileus virginianus*, white-tailed deer, or another kind, deponent saith not.) Anyhow, he weighed about 225 lb., and he wasn't very happy about either of two voyages he had just completed.

The eight-man crew of the *Cavalier* found the shivering buck on a slab of ice about five feet square, floating in the upper Chesapeake Bay late the day before. The circumstances could not be described as jolly.

The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch featured a report of the incident written by a staff man, Jim Stiff; and one of the paper's photographers, Clinton Guthrie, provided corroborating evidence. (One of his shots herewith.)

"We picked him up at the head of the bay," Captain Cudworth said. "He

was standing on a piece of ice floating about four miles off-shore."

The tug had been to Philadelphia to deliver a burge of coal and was returning to Norfolk light. The skipper thought the buck might have been in his predicament for about two days.

"He was plumb worn out," Captain Cudworth said. "He sure looked like he was glad to see us."

Without experience as a cow hand, as far as the present writer knows—although many such skills can be picked up from the ubiquitous western TV epic nowadays, Cudworth fashioned a lasso out of a heaving line. Whoopee, ti yi yo, git along little dogies! But this buck was no longhorn from Texas: he didn't cotton to that.

"When we got about 12 feet from him I lassoed him," the captain said, "but that scared him. When the crew undertook to bring the critter aboard he started to kick, buck and turn over."

The best strategy under such circumstances is to advance with caution. A deer's antlers and hooves can be lethal weapons.

"We shifted the line to his antlers and finally hoisted him aboard," Captain Cudworth continued. "During the night we fed him apples, cabbage and collard greens. We covered him with canvas to keep him warm."

It may be permissible to doubt he was ever pampered like that in his native Maryland Free State.

The buck was tethered with a sort

of bowline-knot leash secured to the tug's after bitts. Early the next morning a couple of state game wardens, the Dave Robertsons, Sr. and Jr., met the *Cavalier* at the Roanoke docks. After a struggle they and the crew succeeded in lashing the buck so he couldn't injure himself and loaded him onto a truck. Whereupon he was taken to Dismal Swamp and freed.

We've never been especially fond of venison anyway.

Done!

Dear Sirs:

From time to time I have been able to pick up and read your excellent magazine, *Tow LINE*, aboard The Texas Company's tankers which frequent this port. As this occurs very irregularly, and I like to read the very good and interesting magazine so much, I would highly appreciate being added to your mailing list. . . . Also, if you should have any back issues available, thanks.

CAPT. WALTHER LUDVIGSEN
(*Trans Arabian Pipe Line Co.*,
Box 1348, Beirut, Lebanon)

EUGENE F. MORAN AWARD—Surely, a pair of 7 x 50 binoculars could be regarded as an appropriate award for a future officer of our merchant marine, especially one who has demonstrated outstanding efficiency in small boat handling. This is the prize offered annually by Moran Towing & Transportation Co. to the qualifying cadet (deck or engine) selected by the faculty of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, L. I.—in this case Richard F. Farman (eng.) of Fishing Creek, Md. Candidates must have attained an average of "C" or better to qualify. Here J. B. Moore, assistant vice president, sales, (left) representing Admiral Edmond J. Moran, president, is making the presentation at the school's 1958 graduation ceremonies.



YEARS 50 AGO

(Source: New York Maritime Register)

JAN. 27, 1909—Six-masted schooner *Navahoe* left Philadelphia Jan. 23 for London in tow of str. *Iroquois*, with record cargo consisting of 3,250,000 gal. of naphtha. . . The lightship flotilla arrived at San Francisco Jan. 25, 125 days out of New York. Three lightships and three lighthouse tenders made that voyage of more than 14,000 miles without mishap.

FEB. 3, 1909—New Department of Commerce and Labor regulations limiting length of hawsers between towing vessels and sea-going barges in tow, and length of such tows when in inland waters of U.S., went into effect Feb. 1. . . *Perry Setzer* (schr.), from Philadelphia for Boston with coal, ran into Scotland Lightship off Sandy Hook Jan. 30 and became entangled in anchor chain. The *Setzer* had her bowsprit broken off and was otherwise damaged. No damage to lightship. . . *Red Bank* (ferry), CRR of NJ, while making her slip at Liberty Street Jan. 28, struck dock and damaged forward part of boat. One of Burns Bros. trucks (coal laden) and horses and U.S. Express Co. truck with freight were thrown overboard. Also, five men were knocked overboard, but were saved.

FEB. 10, 1909—*Ocean View* (steamboat) was destroyed by fire at her pier, Norfolk, Va., Feb. 9. Three men were burned to death.

FEB. 17, 1909—(Norfolk) Schr. *Elvira Ball*, Stanton, Jacksonville for Boston with lumber, struck an obstruction, received damage to bow, and was abandoned Feb. 8. Crew taken off by schr. *Thelma*, from New York for Savannah, and brought here. The *Ball* is reported anchored 45 miles east of Cape Henry, waterlogged. Tug *John Scully* has gone out to tow her in. . . *Wicomico* (barge), in tow of tug *Albatross*, which also had barges Norfolk for Pocomoke in tow, was in collision in lower New York bay Feb. 7 with mud scow, and had to be taken to drydock for repairs. . . Barge *Norfolk*, when towing to sea Feb. 8, was in collision with str. *Franklyn* (Br.) and also had to be returned for repairs.

FEB. 24, 1909—Derelict destroyer *Seneca* reported by wireless Feb. 15 she had been unable to find abandoned schr. *Elvira Ball*. (Feb. 20, New York) Str. *Georgia* (Aust.), from Trieste, which arrived here today, reports having passed schr. *Elvira Ball* Feb. 18 in Lat. 38°24', Long. 68°45'. Scott wrecking str. *Tasco* sailed from New London 21st for schooner. Prize is estimated to be worth about \$100,000. . . *Urbanus Darr* (tug) caught fire off Romer Shoal Beacon, lower New York bay, Feb. 22, and was beached on Sandy Hook. Capsized later, but crew saved. Tug is probably total loss; not insured. Owned by Capt. Daniel Gully, Brooklyn, she was built in Brunswick, Ga., 1889. E.C.P.

Attack of Nostalgia

Dear Ed (Adm. Moran):

Your publication, *TOW LINE*, is always a source of interest and enjoyment to me. As an ex-canal-driver I particularly enjoyed the poem on Page 6 of the Christmas issue, entitled "Old Canal Tow Path." Perhaps it is because I was one of "the boys who used to trudge these banks, hour upon hour" that I enjoy trudging around golf courses, which, believe me, are no more beautiful than were the tow paths on the Erie Canal. Best Wishes to all my friends at Moran Towing for a happy and prosperous 1959.

WILLARD F. McCORMICK
(342 Madison Ave., New York)

NORWEGIAN MOTORSHIP—Owned by Wilh. Wilhelmsen of Oslo, Norway, and presently in the Barber Line and Barber-Wilhelmsen Line services, *M/S Tagaytoy* was built in Hamburg, Germany, and commissioned in April, 1958. The occasion for this photograph, showing our Alice M. Moran alongside, was the ship's maiden arrival in New York, November 6. She is 480 feet long, between perpendiculars, with a breadth of 65 feet, and a depth of 39 feet to the upper deck. Her deadweight capacity, open shelter-deck, is 8,943 tons on a draft of 25½ feet closed shelter-deck, 10,854 tons on a draft of 28 feet, three inches. The vessel has six cargo hatches with hinged steel covers, and all cargo spaces have forced-draft ventilation, according to Martinsen & Co., Inc., the owners' representative. She has accommodations for 12 passengers. The *Tagaytoy* is propelled by a Danish diesel engine developing 12,500 IHP at 115 rpm., giving her a service speed of 18 knots, loaded. General agents: Barber Steamship Lines, Inc.

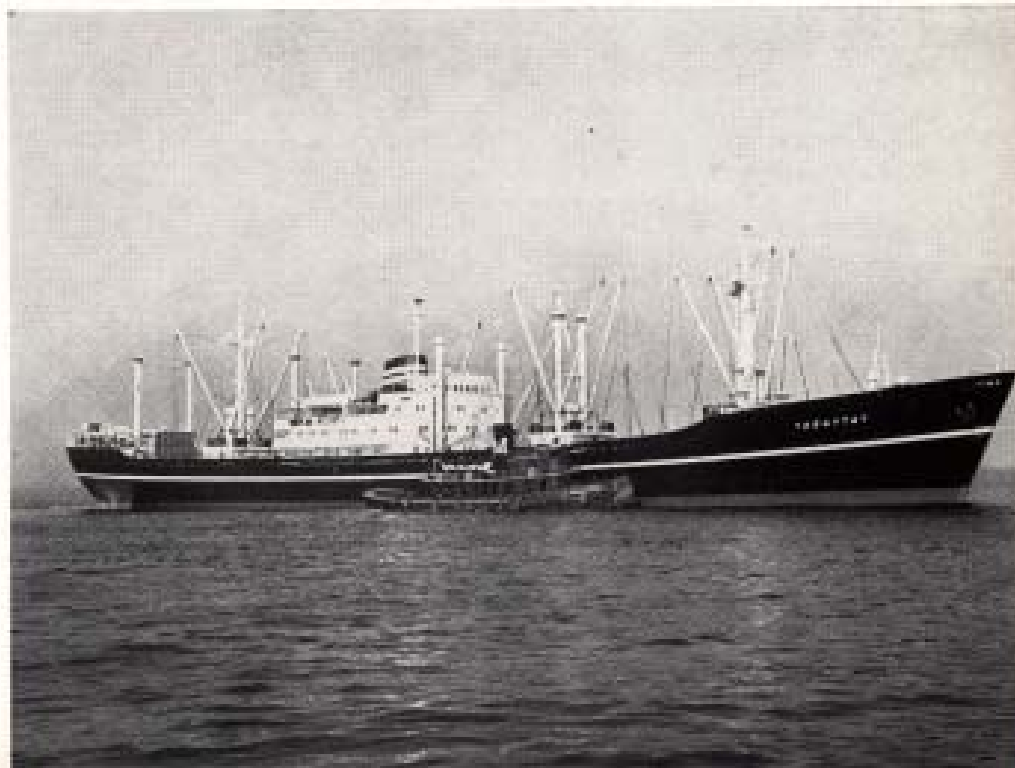
Good at Chess, Too



Lending a hand (and head) to Moran accounting department tasks, Francis H. Arnesen has been with the company since August, 1937. A year and a half ago Frank retired after 15 years of civilian service with the Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army; but add to that 17 years he was with Allied Chemical & Dye Corp. and the Barratt Co. On the quiet side is our Frank, but acknowledges playing a mean piano—not to make longhair-type music, however. The Arnesens (wife, Ida) reside at 317 East 55th Street, Brooklyn. Their children, all grown: Clifton, Robert and Camille, still partial to pop's piano. Oh, yes, it should be noted here that Mr. Arnesen rather enjoys being challenged to a game of chess from time to time.


Who said it? "Mister McAndrew, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?" (Page 19, Item 3)

Who said it? "Welcome, wild North-easter! / Shame it is to see / Odes to every zephyr / Ne'er a verse to thee." (Page 19, Item 4)





As of November 15 last, Edwin J. Walsh, Moran comptroller, had been with the company 30 (repeat, thirty) years; and what could be more appropriate or pleasanter for him than informal and warm congratulations (and thanks) from The Boss himself, Admiral Edmond J. Moran, president? Tow Line takes this opportunity to add its two cents' worth. Before being elevated to his present post, Eddie was chief accountant here. . . . Skoaf!

PANAMA BOUND—Here, the Panama liner *S. S. Cristobal* shaping up in the North River off Pier 64, about to shove off on another 14-day cruise to the Canal Zone. She also calls at Haiti. The *Cristobal* and her sister ship, *S. S. Ancón*, operated by the Panama Canal Co., were built in 1939 in Bethlehem Steel Co.'s Quincy (Mass.) shipyard. They are 494 feet long; each has two two-cycle steam turbines developing 9,166 SHP. Their passenger capacity is 216, all first class, but on special cruises this is limited.—Photo by Flying Camera, Inc. 

Requests for Prints of Christmas Cover Exceeded Estimates; Some Still Available

WHITE-BORDERED ART PRINTS of the wrap-around cover of our Christmas issue proved to be in such demand that if a first guess had been passed along as a printing order Tow LINE would have been very much embarrassed. Approximately 900 had been mailed as of late February, and apparently the end is not yet. The artist, C. G. Evers, should be gratified.

Requests from collectors who coveted the four-color ocean rescue scene arrived in impressive batches from practically every section of the United States, Canada and outlying precincts, as well as from many foreign countries, including Australia, New Guinea, Madagascar, Malta, Peru.

The Moran management is so pleased with this evidence of reader interest and marine art appreciation, we hasten to announce that some framing prints are still available here.

Herewith, a bouquet of the scores of flattering comments received and placed in our do-not-forget file:

C. J. Weiland, Vlissingen, The Netherlands: "My congratulations for the cover picture of the X-Moran (Dec. issue). It is superb! Indeed, Mr. Evers is a fine painter and I really do admire his works. . . . Not that I like to do without a calendar, for the 1958 one is still hanging on the wall (I've got pleasant memories of Curacao), but this smashing painting is worth possessing."

F. Alvozer, Chief Mate, S. S. Natalie O. Warren: "As you stated, it will make a very nice framing. If possible I would like to have two, one for the home office and one for myself."

Cmdr. Lane C. Kendall, U. S. Merchant Marine Academy: "This is really a beautiful rendition of a seagoing tug at work. I want to frame it to put in the classroom area where our cadets can see it. It upholds the high standard!"

Howard Cook, West Collingwood, N. J.: "I am delighted. The magnificent sweep of the sea is as I have often viewed it. Whoever chose this picture for the cover of Tow LINE displayed an appreciation equalling that expressed by the artistry of Mr. Evers."

Richard Martin, The Journal, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England: "Your December Tow LINE cover is just magnificent; your best for a very long time, I think."

Arthur H. Vickers, Menomonee Falls, Wis.: "It is really a beautiful picture—full of action and as real as can be. Only Mr. Evers could get so much feeling and color into a marine painting such as this!"

Lee C. Warner, Jr., Montpelier, Vt.: "The usual terrific job! . . . It will be added to the pine wall of my office to join Willemstad and Edmond J. Moran (the latter my favorite)."

A. A. Hart, Div. of Office Services, Maritime Administration: "I have admired the recent Moran Towing issuance of a beautiful scene and would appreciate it if I could acquire several copies of the picture. These will be framed and issued within the department."

Robert H. Burgess, The Mariners Museum, Newport News, Va.: "I think artist Evers creates the most realistic water and seas I have ever seen executed in oil or watercolors."

(Continued on Page 17)

Well Equipped, Expertly Handled

Gentlemen:

I take time to write this letter of thanks to Moran for its fine publication, Tow LINE, as this magazine has given me many hours of good reading and pleasure. A great percentage of my evenings are spent at Lock No. 6 in Waterford, and I take great pride in telling my fellow employee the following morning how fine and well equipped and expertly handled your tugs are. They are a great example and credit to the inland shipping industry. I wonder if it is possible for me to contribute something towards the mailing of this fine booklet of yours, as it is a treasured thing to me. . . . Or if I, living in Waterford, can be of any service, please call on me. Also, may I impose on your generosity for a calendar or any other information on tugs and their workings?

C. N. BOUDREAU

(14 Grace St., Waterford, N. Y.)



RECOMMENDED READING

THE ART OF NAVIGATION IN ENGLAND IN ELIZABETHAN AND EARLY STUART TIMES. By D. W. Waters, Lieutenant-Commander, Royal Navy. With a foreword by Admiral of the Fleet the Earl Mountbatten of Burma. Illustrated. 495 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. Printed in Great Britain. \$12.50.

THIS monumental work was almost too much for your reviewer, a dead reckoning or as-the-crow-flies navigator at best—which some former salt water fishing companions in the South Florida latitude have hinted is none too good. (Nonetheless, they always got home, dry.)

Most helpful in plowing through nearly 700 pages were 87 plates, 43 figures and diagrams, and an exhaustive bibliography.

A truly remarkable tome, it is said to have been conceived as an explanation of how the early colonists reached America and how they carried on their overseas trade. At first, apparently, the English mariner's art—if it can be dignified with that term—was confined to the pilot's skill, aided and abetted by hand-written records of traditional knowledge. The narrative continues through the initiation of the English, by Portuguese and Spanish sailors, in the "art of navigation." It concludes with the age of English maritime supremacy which led to the settlement of America.

(So it is claimed; but there might be some vigorous objections from even earlier navigators, who certainly were no slouches in their specialty, however hit-and-miss their landfalls.)

To get on with "The Art—etc." under consideration here, by the time of Capt. John Smith's death—O Virginia! O Pocahontas!—navigation was fundamentally scientific. Here is a complete, and we mean complete, record of its transformation from a largely empirical art—one depending on experience or observation alone, without the aid of either science or theory.

With the background of his long experience in the Royal Navy—and he was trained to the sea from the age of 13—Mr. Waters has given detailed treatment to such highly complex matters as developments in astronomy, mathematics—a field in which he or any such writer only needs to turn a sharp corner quickly to lose your reviewer—and hydrography. He goes on to describe practical changes in pilotage, channel marking and dredging. He covers the training of navigators, improvements in ship design, and the making of charts and instruments and their practical use.

This is a sailor-writer who obviously knows both his navigational stuff and his narrative onions. . . . Agreed, twelve and a half bucks is a lot for a book, even one on chronometers, in which some of us would be more at home; but if you are really interested in navigation and study it seriously either in a professional way or for pleasure, this is your dish of tea.

East River Gulls

(*The New York Herald Tribune, Nov. 2*)

This is the place where the seagulls sleep, here on the dark gold-splintered tide that flows to Hell Gate and will keep its small sound at Manhattan's side

while towers and the salt birds dream. This is the place where wild wings fold and white breasts rock upon the stream, riding the bridge lights' mirrored gold.

At the first ghost of eastern light the seagulls stir, and waters break with lifting wings that cry the night westward for morning's tender sake.

The quiet city wakes, too, and by the river old streets sigh and lift their heads from shadowy blue into the seagull-whirling sky.

FRANCES FROST

Who said it? "Yet the best pilots have needs of mariners, besides sails, anchor, and other tackle." (Page 19, Item 5)

Who said it? "Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing — absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats." (Page 19, Item 6)

High-priced Art Work


Dear Mr. Munroe:

Could you use this picture in one of your Tow LINE magazines? If you can could you pay me ten cents for it? I am very fond of tugs and other things like locomotives, diesels, trucks, cars and ships.

WILLIAM ABBOTT

(*Great Barrington, Mass.*)

Editor's note: The pencil drawing submitted by Master Abbott is indeed identifiable as a tug, presumably of the seagoing variety since she is equipped with a radio telegraph type antenna and similar offshore appurtenances. A check has been sent to cover his fee, without quibbling, and we are obliged to him for thinking of our editorial requirements.

NIGHT SHOT, BALTIMORE—Hans Marx, the justly esteemed marine specialist, turned in this striking photo of the A. F. Kloveness & Co. general cargo freighter *S. S. Woodville*, 13,094 DWT, being assisted in Baltimore harbor by Curtis Bay Towing Co.'s tug *C. Stewart Lee* (Capt. George Hinkelman). It was on the occasion of her maiden voyage in the Far East service, last spring. This 14-knot Norwegian is 502 feet long, with a draft of 29 feet, nine inches. As this March-dated issue of Tow Line was being put together, the latest report on the *Woodville* was that she sailed from Boston January 29 for Fernandina, Fla. 



Vintage of '91 Tug Justifies Her Keep

Down in Norfolk, according to Tow LINE's diligent string correspondent, S. F. Wood, the Curtis Bay Towing Co. of Virginia has a real old timer still operating with its fleet of modern tugs: the *J. Alvah Clark*.

It is a commonplace in this business that certain, er-r-r, what you might call "vintage" tugs are especially suited because of size or the horsepower they can deliver to do work less efficiently and/or economically performed by newer vessels.



Frank says the *Clark* was built in 1891—after all, only 68 years ago!—by the Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Corp. She was Hull No. 1.

Originally a steamer of course, she was converted to diesel in the early 1930's, and has the same engine now.

"This tug, I am sure, will be out of operation in the near future," Mr. Wood states, "and if possible I would like to see her in the yard of the Mariners Museum at Newport News—which all hands should see.

"There is a model of a Moran tug already in the museum."

The Same to You, Chief!

Dear Mr. Munroe:

I wish to convey my thanks for the inclusion of my name on your mail order for Tow LINE, which I received with each publication last year. The up-to-date maritime articles in the magazine I find interesting. Also, in passing on the magazine to a marine friend he, too, is grateful for receipt of same. Now on arrival at New York I have just received your calendar. In thanking you again I hope the Moran fleet will continue to flourish in 1959.

R. JOHNSTON
(Chief Eng., R.M.S. *Queen Mary*)

TIME MARCHES ON!—Shortly before his retirement December 31, Capt. Earl C. Palmer, assistant vice president, sales, was presented with a Longines-Whitnauer perpetual motion clock. "Best wishes from all your Moran associates," an engraved plaque attached to the front of the brass frame said. A glittering showcase with the golden mechanism in full view from all sides, the deluxe clock is 8½" wide, 9½" high, and 6½" deep. According to the manufacturer, it derives its energy "from the unflinching daily changes in the temperature of the atmosphere"—which seems just this side of incredible to an amateur collector of antique clocks, your editor, whose weekly exercise consists almost entirely of winding them by hand. That's the captain's former boss, John S. Bull, vice president, (left) handing over the loot.

DIED, Feb. 11, 1959: Frances Frost, 53, poet, novelist, and author of children's books—at her New York residence, 79 Heratlo Street, Manhattan.

A native of St. Albans, Vt., Miss Frost was primarily a lyric poet—and one of great distinction, we believe, in a time when too many poets are more prolific and obscure than competent and intelligible.

Tow Line has had the privilege and pleasure of publishing quite a few of Miss Frost's marine-flavored verses, among them "Mariner's Song," "Gulls Over the City," "Salty Boy," "Atlantic Fisherman." Another, "East River Gulls," appears on Page 11 of this issue—the last from her pen.

Her lucid lines will be missed in many other editorial offices.

BROOKLYN DOCKING—What a Flying Camera, Inc., photographer recorded here was *S. S. Pio Costa* in Buttermilk Channel between Governors Island and Brooklyn, assisted by our tugs *Alice M. Moran* (port bow) and *Maira Moran* (aft), preparing to dock on the east side of Pier 38, Brooklyn. This vessel, together with her sister ship *Maria Costa*, is owned by Giomaco Costa Fu Andrea, Genoa, Italy. They are operated in a general freight service between the Italian west coast and Hampton Roads, Va., and New York. Owners' representative, Overseas Consolidated Co., Ltd.; general agents, J. W. Winchester & Co. The *Pio Costa* is 550 feet long, with a beam of 70 feet, seven inches, and an extreme draft of 34 feet. Deadweight tons, 18,427; shaft horsepower, 11,935.



Man the Oars, Boys!

Dear Editor:

Since we believe you agree with us that lifeboat maneuvering is important, you will also agree that lifeboat racing is an important factor in training seamen to handle these boats in an emergency. . . . Why can't you, representing the interests of the seaman, urge him on to more active sport and tell your readers to get busy training for this year's lifeboat races, especially the one in New York on May 19?

HARRY NILSSON

(International Council on
Seamens Recreation, New York)

Who said it? "Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been to sea."
(Page 19, Item 7)



Ship-and-Tug Photo Finding Fans' Favor

As of February 10, nearly 300 written requests for 11" x 14" copy prints on matte paper of that now-famous *S. S. United States/Nancy Moran* photo by Jeff Blinn, featured in Moran T. & T. Co. magazine advertisements, had been received and processed. In addition, numerous verbal requests—some of them concerned almost "wholesale" lots—kept us on the jump.

The advertisements, prepared by the Wendell P. Colton Co. as usual, appeared in the December 1 issue of *Maritime Reporter* and the December-dated issues of *Marine Engineering/Log* and *Marine News*.

According to *TOW LINE* associate Blinn, who also was charged with producing and mailing the special photographic prints, this was the score on letter requests that had been filled when last month was 10 days old:

New York City	65
New York State outside N.Y.C.	30
New Jersey	17
Pennsylvania	16
Massachusetts	16
Florida	15
Ohio	13
Illinois	11
Connecticut	10
Virginia	10
California	10
Maryland	9
Michigan	9
District of Columbia	8
Washington	8
Texas	5
Missouri	4
Louisiana	3
Iowa	3
Wisconsin	3
Oregon	2
Tennessee	2
Idaho	1
Indiana	1
Arkansas	1
Maine	1
Georgia	1
Kentucky	1
Rhode Island	1
Canada	2
Venezuela	1
Philippine Islands	1
Total	280

What the number and the number of places prove, we would not undertake to say—except that there appears to be an astonishing number of lovers of superior marine pictures who do not hesitate to acknowledge it openly. And all of them are welcome.

Old Voyager

(From the *New York Times*)

His landlocked dreams were rainbows—
tides that ran:

Of Clippers cutting ebony and spume—
Through silver shatterings, a caravan
Of fractured waves. Always he saw the
bloom

Of hyacinth-weather turning ships to
sea.

He saw Orion and Arcturus burn
For mariners who steered toward
Napoli:

He watched their transports leave, and
then return.

He lived for one last voyaging—but
one—

When he would sail beyond the
Pleiades—

Past Sirius—to find eternities
Of Hope bright-garlanded around the
sun.

He dreamed of calm, of everlasting
blue:

The port was known—the reckoning was
true.

WALTER BLACKSTOCK.

MOORE-McCORMACK LINER—Too late, alas, to be included in the last issue of *Tow Line*, dated Christmas, this maiden arrival shot of the luxury cruise liner *S.S. Argentina* is an added decoration for this number. She was completing a four-day sea trial and delivery voyage from the Gulf of Mexico. The date was December 9. A broom attached to the top of her mainmast attested that the \$26,000,000 ship had passed all rigorous tests required of her. Capt. William D. Duboisson, in command for the Ingalls Shipbuilding Corp., Pascagoula, Miss., and Commo. Thomas Simmons of Mooremac, who took over as master, were quoted as saying they "couldn't ask for anything more." The Argentina sailed Dec. 11 on her first voyage to South America.

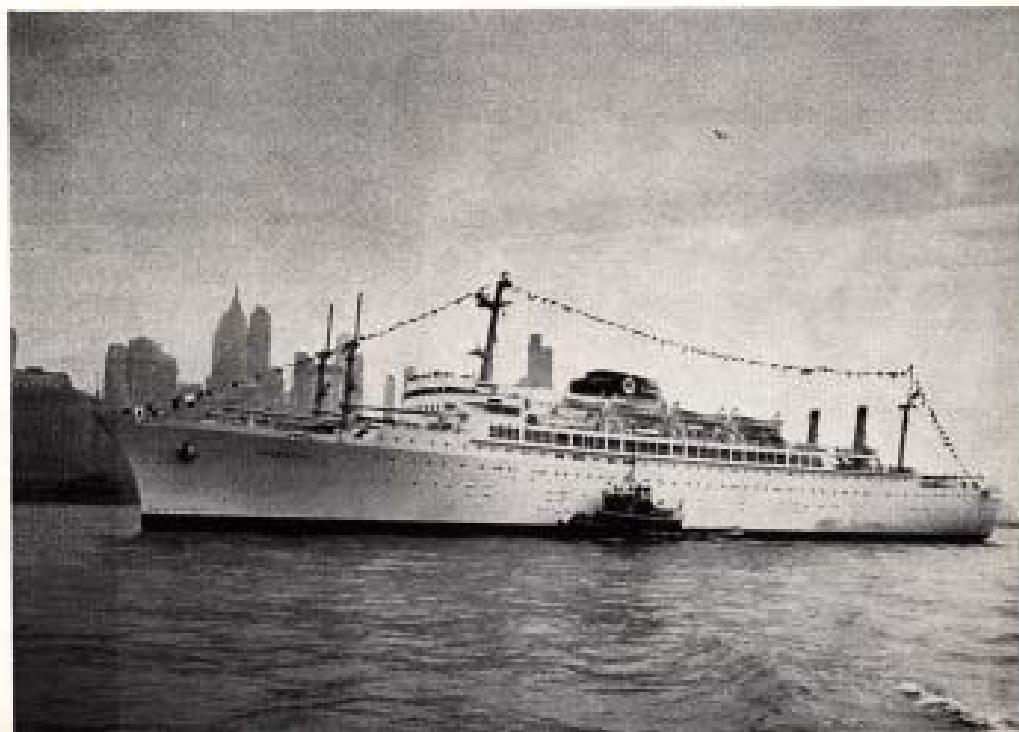
Solidly Grounded



This consistently amiable persuader, a comparatively recent addition to the Moran sales department, is Robert F. Reiser. A graduate of St. Peter's College, Jersey City, and Harvard Business School, Boston, Bob supplemented his scholastic training with a stint as deckhand aboard the tugs *Barbara*, *Maira* and *Harriet* (Moran); also with some orientation in our operations and budget departments ashore. At his home, 4 Yale Terrace, West Orange, N. J., dwell Mrs. R. (Mary) and sons Mark, 2½ years; John, 17 months; and Robert, Jr., seven weeks—as this is written. Born in Brooklyn only 28 years ago was Robert, Sr., a likable guy.

Who said it? (At the New York Custom House): "I have nothing to declare except my genius." (Page 19, Item 8)

Who said it? "There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles the Second. But the seamen were not gentlemen; and the gentlemen were not seamen." (Page 19, Item 9)





CHEERFUL POSTER BOY—If you knew the late Frank Reil, for more than eight years director of the American Merchant Marine Institute bureau of information, you should instantly recognize his son here: Jeffrey Reil, 1959 March of Dimes poster boy. His mother is now Mrs. Harry J. Savino, editor of the weekly Bulletin issued by the Institute. Beside Jeffrey's wheel chair is Henry C. Parke, president of the Propeller Club of the United States, who also is chairman of the American Legion's merchant marine committee . . . No one could ask anything better for the boy than to be as competent when he grows up and as well liked as his father.

Add Recommended Reading: "Bottoming Out," a bulletin issued periodically by the Canal Society of New York State, containing interesting notes collected by the members; 311 Montgomery St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

You're Back in the Fold

Dear Sir:

For the past five years I have been fortunate enough to receive *Tow Line* regularly. . . . Recently my copy has been conspicuously missing, since I moved and failed to notify you. The magazine is very interesting to us Portlanders, as we watch your tugs working in our harbor daily. . . . Every year your calendar has been hung in an advantageous spot where it was admired by thousands, the year around. If it is possible for me to become a member in good standing again on your mailing list, I would greatly appreciate it.

JOHN J. O'BRIEN
(27 Castine Ave., Portland, Me.)

Watch for Our Betty Moran and David E. Moran, Jack

Dear Sir:

I am fourteen years old and live along the Ohio River near Pittsburgh, Pa. I am interested in tugs, and I've heard a lot about the Moran fleet. I would like to have any information, including pictures, you could let me have on ocean and inland waterways tugs.

JACK LANG
(1233 Indiana Ave., Monaca, Pa.)

Century and a Quarter: On Friday, March 6 the Seamen's Church Institute of New York observed its 125th anniversary at a midday service in the chapel, 25 South Street, Manhattan. The Rt. Rev. Horace W. B. Donegan, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, and honorary president of the institute, addressed church, government, shipping officials, sailors and others.

Moran Bowling Five Display Fine Fettle

Seven weeks in the top spot of the twelve-team Steamship Bowling League—congenial, but never-say-die competitors all—was the enviable record of the Moran Towing & Transportation Co. five as of the first of this publication month.

Maintaining that team work is responsible for their record of forty wins against 26 losses, nonetheless our Moran-men show individual distinctions. For example, Eddie Johnson, scow department, held down third place among high games with 251; while another consistent roller, Mike Bodlovic, assistant to Neil Devine, manager of outside operations, had a third high individual average of 168-plus.

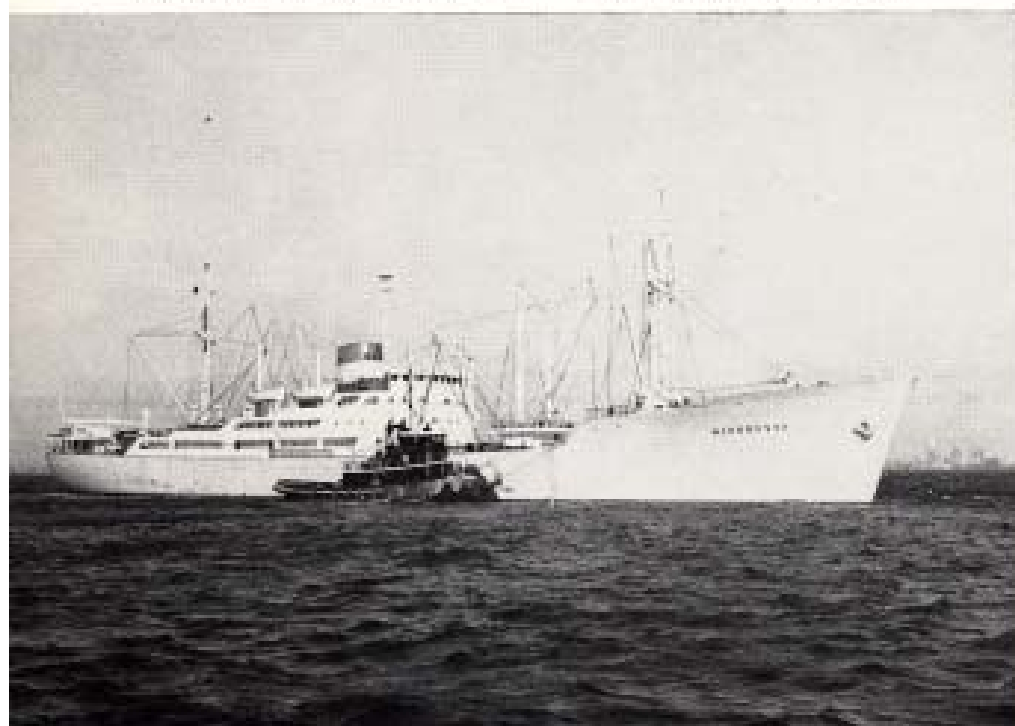
Team work came to the fore also in the high team series column with a second place 2,491.

These marks represent a lot of pins; and with the 1958-59 season about two-thirds spent, it's a very tight race when more than half of the league teams are less than six games out of the No. 1 slot.

Who said it? "Full fathom five thy father lies / His bones are coral made." (Page 19, Item 10)

Who said it? "The little ships, the forgotten Homeric catalogue of *Mary Jane and Peggy IV*, of *Falkstone Belle*, *Boy Billy*, and *Ethel Maud*, of *Lady Haig and Skylark* . . . the little ships of England that brought the Army home." (Page 19, Item 11)

SWEDISH MOTOR SHIP—A trim looking outfit, yes? She is Swedish Transatlantic Lines' *M/S Minnesota*, pictured just before a winter docking on the south side of Pier 4, Bush Terminals, Brooklyn, with our *Maira Moran* alongside to assist, and a company pilot, Capt. E. W. (Willie) Erickson, Bay Shore, L. I., on the ship's bridge to call signals. Built in 1949, the *Minnesota* has a grain capacity of 495,808 cubic feet, a bale capacity of 449,393 cubic feet, and accommodations for 12 passengers. She can maintain a speed of 19 knots, fully loaded, between United States and Swedish and Finnish ports on her regular North Atlantic run. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., 34 Whitehall Street, New York, are agents for the line in this country.





SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE TUGS—Tug fanciers are where you find them, and Tow Line's circulation turns them up in far places, as witness this pair, from whose collections of pictures the adjacent four have been derived.

Through the kindness of George R. Berens, 47-56 Forty-fifth Street, Woodside, N. Y., a veteran American sailor, we come by two offered by collector R. M. Scott of Cape Town, Union of South Africa. Top: Tug R. A. Leigh, 176 tons, 94' x 21.4' x 10', built in 1952; stationed at Walvis Bay, South West Africa, exactly on the Tropic of Capricorn. Next below: Tug T. H. Watermeyer, 620 tons, 146.7' x 33.1' x 16', built in 1939; stationed at Cape Town, Union of South Africa. . . . In all, Mr. Berens delivered in good order 27 of Mr. Scott's photos, postcard size, of old and new tugs of various types, with essential particulars, and we are obliged to both of them. Other stations specified were Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, and Mossel Bay, all in the U. of S. A.

From K. Lunney, 64 Parr Parade, Dee Why, N.S.W., Australia, we received the other two direct, together with a nickel's worth of dope on the tug situation Down Under. Third from top: M/T Wooree of the Sydney fleet, "which will be increased by three units this year," Mr. Lunney writes. Two of the new ones, Woerilla and Koonell, for the Waratch and Wallace tug companies, respectively, are sister ships of the Wooree, delivered this year. They are single-screw diesels with National engines, 1,000 horsepower, and are being built in a new shipyard at Port Adelaide in South Australia specializing in tugs. The third new one is the Sirius Cove, a fairly small diesel harbor tug, twin screw, "having the funnel uptake incorporated in the tripod mast and built on the hydroconic design" by Michlans, Gateshead on Tyne, for J. Fenwick & Co. . . . No particulars on M/T Warang (bottom). Mr. Lunney also contributed photos, not too good, of three other Sydney tugs: Lindfield, Woona, and Sydney Cove.

Thus Tow Line and its readers are distributed around this watery globe.

Our Loss Item: William Probst, official photographer in the United States for Cunard Line, retired on the last day of January after thirty-eight years with his company.

Who said it? "People who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like." (Page 19, Item 12)

Who said it? "I must go down to the sea again, for the call of the running tide / Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied." (Page 19, Item 13)

Veteran Associates of Moran Retired

See photo of
Captain Palmer
with
John S. Ball,
Page 12

Capt. Earl C. Palmer, actively associated with the towing business since 1909, is out of it at long last. Half a century is enough of it, he'll tell you. A Moran-man since 1932, he supervised operations of 50 V4-type W.S.A. ocean tugs for which Moran was general agent. Formerly marine supt., the captain was asst vice pres., sales, when he retired; also a commander, USNR. He lives in Long Branch, N.J.

Capt. Anton (Tony) Huseby, a main-stay of "M" operations, ultimately as senior pilot, since December has been enjoying well earned retirement in St. Petersburg, Florida. He joined Moran as a deckhand in 1907, having emigrated from his n.p., Larvik, Norway, about 1900. Tony's exploits afloat (also ashore, in a different sense) are legendary. He is tops!



One of Tow Line's favorite girls (as whose isn't she?), Lillian Harrison, 101 West 109th St., New York, retired Dec. 31, as chief operator on the company's always busy two-place telephone switchboard. If Lill had stayed on until Apr. 10, she would have completed 30 years with Moran. In this business she was almost as well known and liked as Miss Liberty herself.

Another year-end retirement: Thomas H. Williams. He was with Moran Towing Corp. almost 30 years. Born in Cornwall, Eng., in 1879 (!), Tom arrived in the U. S. in 1906. A mechanic and ship carpenter, in Aug. 1929 he started in our deck scow and dumper department, working on damage surveys and repairs. Residence, 151 79th Street, Brooklyn; wife, two daughters.



Ice-breaker...

(Continued from Page 4)

oil and gasoline to the Sun Oil terminal. It was only through the assistance of your tug and the fine seamanship displayed by the Master of that tug that the vessels were able to break out of the ice and arrive successfully at the terminal in Baltimore.

The Sun Oil Company wish you to know that we appreciate this fine service and admire the progressiveness of the Maryland Port Authority in having equipment of this nature for such emergencies. By making our deliveries of heating oil and gasoline to Baltimore during these trying times, you assisted us in contributing to the health and welfare of the numerous families and motorists who use our products. . . .

Busy Season . . .



Re-rigging one of the tug *Claire A. Moran's* fenders: Lester Tucker, Port Ewen, N. Y. This was in the Champlain Canal, while the *Claire A.* was en route to Burlington, Vt., with the Texas Co.'s barge No. 398. Lester has been working for Moran since November 1939—eight months under 20 years.

Starts Soon . . .



A canaler from away back yonder in the days of "hay-burners" is Henry G. Taft, 9 Clinton Avenue, Glens Falls, N. Y., looking sharp here as he does a trick in the pilothouse of the *Claire A. Moran*. A relatively new face in the Moran fleet at the time, Henry is well known on the canal and lakes.

For Canalers



Al Fallon, 455 Ridgewood Avenue, Eltonville, S. I., knows his tugboating backwards and forwards—or upside-down in this instance. The job: repainting the name on the stern of the *Claire A. Moran*, on which he was decking then. Sort of a specialist, it seems.—All three photos by F. C. Shipley.

Who said it? "I am not bound over to swear allegiance to any master; where the wind carries me, I put into port and make myself at home." (Page 19, Item 14)

Who said it? "Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all?" (Page 19, Item 15)

Who said it? "A willing foe and sea room." (Page 19, Item 16)

See Page 3 Explanation

Dear Sir:

When I arrived home after quite a lengthy absence, I was pleased to notice the August issue of *Tow Line* in my mail. However, I was not so fortunate in finding the June issue. Whether it was lost in the mail or one of the children made off with it I couldn't say, but I was somewhat distressed, as I have managed to save all the copies since I first began receiving it—besides a few given to me here and there. In any event, is there any extra copy of the June *Tow Line* about that I could trouble you for? Even one that somebody has finished with, if that ever happens.

JOHN D. HENDERSON
(406 E. 4th St., N. Vancouver, B. C.)

Change of Address Note: In mid-February the Department of Marine and Aviation, City of New York, occupied its new quarters in the Battery Maritime Bldg. located at South and Whitehall Streets, Manhattan.

◀ **CURTIS BAY OPERATION**—This would be the Danish general cargo freighter *Froya Torn*, 7,505 DWT, presently in Tonn Lines' South American service. She is 424 feet x 57 feet, six inches x 25 feet, six inches—built in 1953 at Helsingor, Denmark. And here you see the Curtis Bay Towing Co. tug *J. P. Pulliam* (Capt. Jasper Williams) alongside in Baltimore, ready to do the necessary. The latest information available as we write is, the *Froya Torn* arrived in Philadelphia February 18 from Buenos Aires, Argentina.—Hans Marx photo.



Mighty River...

(Continued from Page 5)

it. The cargo was valued at between \$25 thousand and \$50 thousand and consisted of oak and hickory lumber, 7,246 beaver skins and 1,000 assorted skins of other animals.

That ancient sailing vessel probably stood off shore while husky pioneers in small boats transferred cargo in blunt-nosed rowboats.

Floating Equipment

To handle the cargo that comes and goes in New York today it requires more than rowboats. More than 4,000 tugs, carfloats, lighters, barges and scows are in daily use shuttling between ship and shore and ship and ship. A hundred heavy-lift derricks with capacities up to 250 tons have taken over the chores a few strong-armed men performed when they unloaded the skins and timber from the little cockle-shell of a vessel in 1626.

Of these tugs, which represent the prime motive power for shifting cargo on the water, Moran Towing & Transportation Company has about 30 assigned to harbor duty—the most effi-

Relaxation at Sea



If you are in the latitude of Maracaibo, Venezuela, which is where this snapshot was made, getting a therapeutic dose of ultraviolet rays and bracing sea air is easy—in fact, unavoidable. Mario Yegerano, at that time radio operator aboard the ocean tug Marion Moran, brought along his camp stool and portable radio to make the treatment even easier. That piece of apparatus shrouded in canvas is a depth-sounding device on the boat deck, port side.

cient, modern towing fleet in the world.

If Giovanni da Verrazano could ride in and out of the eight bays, four rivers and four straits that make up New York harbor, watching the port's activity from the pilot house of a Moran tug, what would he think today of this "pleasant place below steep little hills"?

Inland Waterways Item: Born Jan. 26 in Harrison County Hospital to Capt. and Mrs. C. A. Hamilton, Rt. 1, Mauckport, Ind., John D. Hamilton, eight pounds, 11½ ounces, their fifth child and fourth son. Cap'n H. is on our towboat *David E. Moran*.

Going Off Duty



Ready for his time off after a tour of duty aboard the double-crew tug *Carol Moran*, deckhand Nils Bakke, 1830 Luring Avenue, The Bronx, snubs her alongside the bulkhead between Piers 1 and 2, North River, and scans the area for his relieving opposite number. Now in his 12th year with the company, Nils knows his job, and like most of our men afloat, he is a sharp dresser ashore, notch.

X'mas Cover...

(Continued from Page 10)

Richard K. Gould, U. S. Coast Guard, Long Beach, Calif.: "Of the many trade magazines which come my way *Tow Line* is tops; and what words are adequate to describe Mr. Evers' painting?"

Mildred Touchton, Baltimore, Md.: "Each of his (Mr. Evers) paintings shows superb craftsmanship, and after viewing one I hesitate to call myself an artist. However, I am inspired, through his ability, to keep trying."

G. A. Ashford, Hamilton, Bermuda: "The cover of the December issue is indeed worth keeping. I should appreciate receiving a print of it."

Trick of the Trade



One of our roving candid camera fiends caught Carl Carlson, 747 Fifty-third Street, Brooklyn, deckhand on the *Carol Moran*, fashioning an eye-aplice in one of the steamer lines aboard—"making the most of the meantime," you might say. That United Fruit Co. pier in the background indicates the *Carol* was bound upstream on some North River assignment. A warm weather shot, however, Carl will mark his 15th year with Moran this month.

Capt. W. R. Whilden, Santa Monica, Calif.: "Tremendously realistic... It's a situation I have experienced under just such weather on several occasions."

Phyllis L. Morgan, Ketchikan, Alaska: "It is just beautiful! Looking at this Evers painting makes one involuntarily catch his breath, literally."

David Ferguson, U. S. Steel Corp., Chicago: "The Christmas issue of *Tow Line* was, as usual, a knockout, and the cover was the best of all."

Harold C. Morris, Jr., Kansas City, Mo.: "His (Mr. Evers) scenes always make me feel as though I were at sea once again."

John W. Clarke, Norwich, Conn.: "To an old ship's officer it brings back memories of just such a scene in the Baltic many, many years ago."

Although it would be possible (and a pleasure) to go on and on through a bulging file of such letters, this report has to stop somewhere. Will all correspondents who took the trouble to comment on the subject please consider this a blanket acknowledgment? Our typist appears to be coming down with the vapors.

Who said it? "For yourself, my friend while your bark is on the sea, give all heed lest the breeze shift and turn your course back again. The gloomy hate the cheerful, the mirthful the gloomy." (Page 19, Item 17)



A three-bagger, that's what!... Andrew Lypen, an employee at Moran's dump board, East River at 37th Street, and Mrs. L. (Lorraine) on the next-to-last day of September, 1958, added triplets to their quintet of children—the first such set born in Brookhaven Memorial Hospital. This is the way they stacked up at birth: Donald, five pounds, 2½ ounces; Dennis, three pounds, 13 ounces; and Denise, three pounds, seven ounces. With a basketball team already on hand, all the Lypens need now to apply for a National League baseball franchise in New York is a catcher, and maybe a utility shortstop. The rest of the team: Eleanor, 13; Joyce, 10; Andrew, Jr., nine; Carol, eight; and Lou Ann, 4½. . . . We were always weak in mathematics. What d'ye do, take the usual congratulations and multiply by 3.1416?

Two of Three



When Mrs. Vincent J. Gallagher, 73-12 One Hundred and Fiftieth Street, Flushing, was Rosemary Ryan and her boss was the president of the company, Adm. Edmond J. Moran, the editor of *Tow Line* considered her a pleasant and efficient helper—when she was available for other than secretarial duties, which was not often. She stopped in to chit-chat one afternoon not long ago, and we succeeded in wheedling away from her this snapshot of her sons. See here Cornelius (Con), three, and Vincent, Jr., (Vinnie), two; and there is a daughter, Eileen, eight months—all attractive of course. Rosemary was here from September 1948 until June 1955.

Thomas Livsey, engineer aboard the *Pauline L. Moran*, and Mrs. L. knew what they wanted to do to celebrate their thirtieth wedding anniversary and as *TOW LINE* was getting ready to go to press they started doing it. On February 25 they sailed on the Holland-America liner *S.S. Maasdam* for a two-week cruise of the West Indies.

Carl A. Petterson, ex-cook on the *Susan A. Moran*, now living in well earned retirement in Sweden, acknowledged from Loshult II, Killeberg, that little item (with photo) about him in our Christmas issue. "I will save it as a treasured souvenir of my 12 years of work for a wonderful company," he wrote.

Add two in tidewater Virginia:

(1) Ralph G. Mendenhall, Jr., b. Dec. 30, 1958. Weight at birth, six pounds, seven ounces. Ralph, Sr., is another of Curtis Bay Towing Co.'s up and coming tugmen, presently mate aboard the *Dixie*. The Mendenhalls reside at 5445 Beckner St., Norfolk.

(2) Sheri Lynn Alexander, seven pounds, seven ounces, b. Nov. 30, 1958, to Mr. and Mrs. Jennis Alexander, 1305 W. Norcova Drive, Norfolk. Her pappy is chief engineer of the *Harold F. O'Brien*.

"The outlook for babies in 1959 looks good," our informant in that latitude reports—without special knowledge, we trust.

CONVERSATION PIECE — This photo of Capt. Herbert C. Sixten, 51 Powell Court, N. Babylon, L. I., at a pilothouse window of his tug, the *Sheila Moran*, was made by Western Electric Company for use in promoting its documentary-type movie, "Making Conversation." The film—for distribution to schools, service clubs, theaters, TV and the like—shows various uses of mobile radiotelephone equipment Western Electric manufactures for the Bell Telephone Co. Several of Moran's inland waterways tugs and one or two in New York harbor are equipped with this apparatus.

DIED, Dec. 23, 1958, in St. Albans Naval Hospital, Claus Clausen of Massapequa Park, L. I., who had been admitted there a week after his 90th birthday anniversary, Dec. 9. He worked for Moran for a good many years. Born in Denmark, Mr. Clausen came to the United States and in 1894 joined the U. S. Navy, where he served until 1925, retiring as a chief warrant officer. A veteran of three wars, he received the nation's highest honor, the Congressional Medal of Honor, during the Spanish-American conflict. Claus was credited with sinking the collier *U.S.S. Merrimack* across the harbor entrance at Santiago, Cuba, thus bottling up the Spanish fleet. He made his home with a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Louise Clausen, 205 Franklin St., Massapequa Park.

It's another daughter for first-string dispatcher Daniel J. Nelson, Jr., and Mrs. N., 247 Orchid Road, Levittown, L. I. Janet Anne arrived in mid-December at Glen Cove Community Hospital, weighing five pounds, 15 ounces. Her mother describes her eyes as "bluish, greenish gray," her hair as "peach fuzz"—if you understand what that means. As of now her weight is double. Naturally, brother Jeffrey, nine, and sister Sandra, four, are all agog.

DIED, Feb. 14, in a Norfolk hospital: Capt. Parker Allen Knowlton, who worked his way up the Curtis Bay Towing Co. ladder to become one of the company's best tug masters and docking pilots. A lifelong resident of Norfolk, he lived at 313 West 34th Street. He is survived by his wife, a sister, Miss Emeret Mae Knowlton, and several aunts. . . . He was well liked along the waterfront.



- Late intelligence from the company's Maureen Division:

(M-a) Maureen Doyle, switchboard operator and "the poor man's Bea Lillie," 36 Seventy-first Street, Brooklyn, on Washington's Birthday got herself engaged to James McDonnell, 1642 Brooklyn Avenue, same borough. He works for the Wall Street firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. No wedding date having been set, an escape hatch is still open, y'see.

(M-b) Maureen Allen, purchasing department secretary, 26 Hill Street, Brooklyn, got her diamond ring earlier, Christmas Day, from John P. Reidy, 2327 Andrews Avenue, The Bronx. He is doing a stint with the armed forces, but you can bet the wedding will be pretty durned soon after that is behind him.

General chairman of the annual Downtown Athletic Club's St. Patrick Day dinner-dance party, Saturday, March 7: Edward J. Hennessey, Moran T. & T. Co. assistant vice president, sales. He's French, of course.

TOW LINE's No. 2 staff photographer, Prof. Dr. Fred Shipley of Dobbs Ferry, will have a number of his excellent New York State Barge Canal pictures in an inland waterway transportation exhibit being assembled in connection with the Champlain Festival, which got off to a running start Sunday, January 11, with extensive



DIED, January 24, suddenly, of a heart attack: Herbert T. Cockerill, aged 61 years and two months, for the past five years Moran Towing & Transportation Co. chauffeur. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Veronica Cockerill, 37-60 Eighty-eighth Street, Jackson Heights, N. Y., and one son, Edward Cockerill. The funeral mass was in St. Joan of Arc Church, Jackson Heights, January 28.

Besides uncommon skill and great reliability in his job, one of Herbert's outstanding characteristics—unfailing good humor—made him personally welcome throughout Moran HQ and everywhere his company duties took him. He was a fast man with a quip, but his witty sallies were never barbed. More offices than this one will miss him.

The accompanying snapshot of Mr. Cockerill, the only one available for this lamentable item, is best explained by a paragraph from a general order (No. 25) issued by HQ 77th Infantry Division, APO 77, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif., August 29, 1944, awarding him and several other soldiers the coveted Bronze Star, Thus:

Staff Sergeant HERBERT T. COCKERILL (Army Serial Number 12061531), Service Company, 305th Infantry, United States Army. For heroic achievement in connection with military operations against the enemy on the Island of Guam, M.I. On 22 July 1944 at White Beach 2, Warrant Officer Junior Grade MICHAEL A. BRENNAN was pinned to the ground by fire from two enemy snipers. Sergeant COCKERILL, who was nearby, noted the situation and proceeded alone to a position in rear of the snipers . . . thus saving Warrant Officer Junior Grade BRENNAN and allowing normal supply activities to continue at that point . . .

TV-radio programs at Burlington, Vt., and Plattsburgh, N. Y. Jeff Blinn made the salon-type prints from Fred's 2¼ x 2¼ negatives. Moran was approached by Edward C. Hudowalski, assistant superintendent of operations and maintenance, canals, State of New York Department of Public Works, Albany, in behalf of Miss Eleanor Murray, curator of the Fort Ticonderoga Museum and chairman of the exhibition committee. We're happy to cooperate. . . . And congratulations to Br. Shipley.

Moran (organization and ocean towing) was the gist of a talk Jan. 21 by Capt. Leonard Goodwin, marine superintendent, at a meeting of the North Shore Kiwanis Club of Staten Island. The captain, a guest of P. Kiplock, superintendent for the Universal Terminal & Stevedoring Co., Pier 3, S. I., illustrated his subject at the Staaten Restaurant, Forest Avenue, by showing a movie in color of a spectacular and highly successful "morantow"—Texas Tower No. 4, Portland, Maine, to the vicinity of Ambrose L/V, in 1957. Aiding and abetting the speaker were Tyler Baldwin and Jeff Blinn of Moran's operations and public relations departments, respectively.

An Ocean Tug Can Be in the Right Latitude at the Right Time



No wintry New York harbor snapshots, these, but from balmy climes—left, Bahia de Anauy, Venezuela (11°N, 70°W); right, Windward Passage (20°N, 74°W). At the time, these boys were crewmen aboard our Joseph H. Moran II, which was towing a derrick and deck barge from New York to Venezuela. Left to right: John P. Butler, oiler, Staten Island; Penn C. Scott, A.B., Orococo Island, Va.; Maria Fantecchi, messman, The Bronx, N. Y.; and Albert C. Hagy, bowen, Vera Cruz, Mex., from whose camera we got these pix. . . . No evidence of chilling.

THEY SAID IT

(1) Alfred Thayer Mahan. (2) Rear Adm. Charles E. Weakley: New York Times, Dec. 7, 1958. (3) Rudyard Kipling: McAndrew's Hymn. (4) Charles Kingsley. (5) Ben Jonson. (6) Kenneth Grahame. (7) Samuel Johnson. (8) Oscar Wilde, quoted by Frank Harris. (9) Thomas Babington Macaulay: History of England. (10) Shakespeare: The Tempest. (11) Philip Guedalla: Mr. Churchill (Evacuation of Dunkirk). (12) Abraham Lincoln. (13) John Masefield: Sea Fever. (14) Horace: Epistles. (15) Walter Savage Landor: Gebir. (16) Naval toast, time of Nelson. (17) Horace: Epistles.

