

TOW LINE *Fall 1966*



ON THE COVER—

DEFTLY MANEUVERING his 3,500-horsepower tug, Captain Phil Gaughran approaches the stern of the sleek tanker *Venassa* in this new painting by Albert Brenet. Another 3,500-horsepower tug is taking up her position at the bow. It is a cool, foggy morning with light breezes, and the 664' 7" oil carrier is barely making headway. Her Red Duster, symbol of the British merchant navy, flies listlessly over the gold letters of her name and those of her home port — London.

Built six years ago, the 32,695-ton tanker is powered by two steam turbines geared to her great, single propeller shaft. She is 86' 11" wide and has a summer draft of 34' 10½". The yellow scallop-shell insignia on her red, conical smokestack identifies her as belonging to the world-famous Royal Dutch/Shell group, whose several fleets of fast, modern oil carriers make this concern one of the world's largest operators of ocean vessels. In addition to British and Dutch-flag tankers, Shell operates tonnage under the Argentine, German, French, and Venezuelan flags.

Copies of this cover painting will be available at Moran headquarters upon request.



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TOW LINE

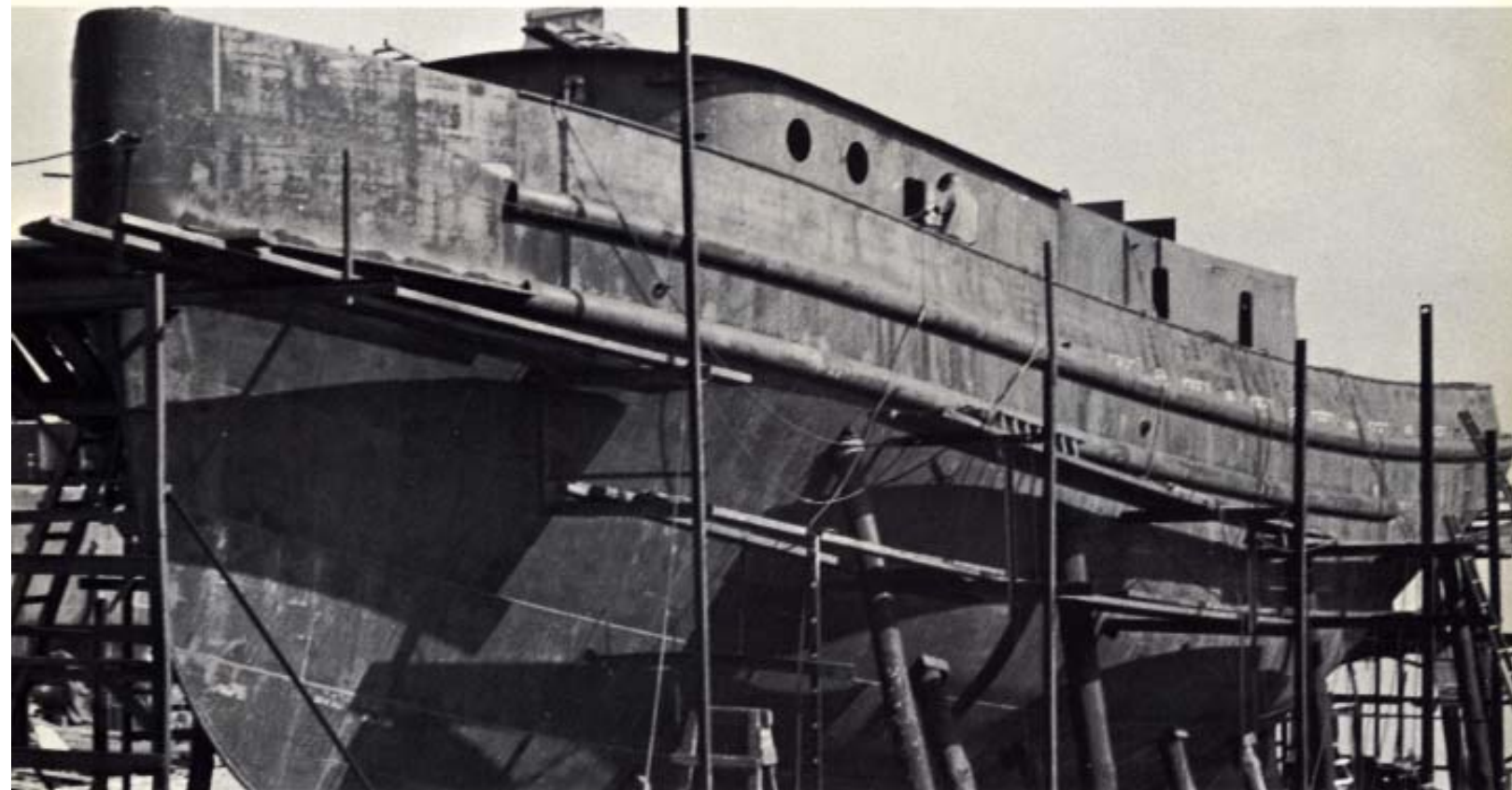
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MORAN ORDERS SIX NEW HARBOR TUGS



SIX NEW TUGS FOR NEW YORK HARBOR are building for Moran. They are due for completion in 1967. Four will be built in Texas and two are now under construction in Oyster Bay, L. I. The first of these is shown above, her hull and superstructure well along.

The four Texas tugs will each be of 4,290 brake horsepower, representing an improvement on the *Marion Moran* class of 3,500 horsepower tugs. They will be built by the Gulfport Shipbuilding Corporation, Port Arthur. Each will measure 110-feet

in length, with a beam of 28½-feet and a depth amidships of 17-feet. They will be twin screw, with twin rudders for rapid maneuverability.

The two Oyster Bay tugs, now building at the Jakobson Shipyard, will be 107-feet in length, with a 28-foot beam and a depth of 15-feet, 9 inches. They will be single screw, and their 3,160 brake horsepower will make them the port's most powerful single screw tugs.

All six tugs are powered by General Motors engines, the two Oyster Bay tugs each having a new design

turbocharged 16-cylinder plant. The four Texas tugs have twin 16-cylinder engines.

The six-tug program is the third major development made public by Moran within the past six months. In March, Moran launched the world's largest barge, named the *Caribbean*, which is capable of carrying twice the cargo of a Liberty ship. In April, the company put into service the world's most powerful ocean tug, the *Alice L. Moran*, of 9,600 horsepower. She is 211 feet long and has a cruising range of 17,000 miles.

SHIPS IN THE NEWS



FIREBOATS SHARE STAR BILLING — The maiden arrival fireboat salute has always been one of the port's most colorful ways of greeting new liners. Here are two such water displays. Above is the Grace Line's 13,702-deadweight-ton new *Santa Lucia*, one of the largest freight liners in the American merchant marine. Now in regular service between United States' North Atlantic ports and the Pacific Coast of South America, she can carry 11,287 tons of general and reefer cargo. She is the first of six new 560-foot-long vessels the Grace Line is putting into service. Below is the *Nebraska*, partly obscured by a colorful fireboat salute. She is the first of four new United Steamship Company, Ltd., (Scandinavian-American Line) express cargo liners. The company, represented here by Funch, Edye & Co., Inc., is celebrating its 100th anniversary this December 11. The *Nebraska's* three sisterships are the *Missouri*, *Michigan* and *Wisconsin*. They will serve between Copenhagen and New York, including a stop every two weeks at Grangemouth, Scotland.



Port's Engineless Hospital Ship Marks 100th Anniversary of St. John's Guild

NEW YORK'S FAMOUS floating hospital observed the 100th anniversary of the St. John's Guild, its sponsor, recently with a harbor tour for needy children and babies from New York tenements. Aboard with Dr. E. Hoyt Palmer, superintendent, was our president, John S. Bull.

The St. John's Guild was founded on October 16, 1866. Its original stated purpose was "to afford relief to the deserving poor, especially children . . . without regard to creed, color or nationality." Public spirited men and women serve on the Board of Directors without compensation. The Floating Hospital is recognized as a non-profit charitable cause and donations from interested individuals and organizations help keep it financially afloat so that it can continue its important service to the needy and handicapped children of New York.

The Floating Hospital gets co-operation from 375 social service agencies who recommend children who require the special treatments available on board. New York City provides \$30,000 toward the \$240,000 annual budget.

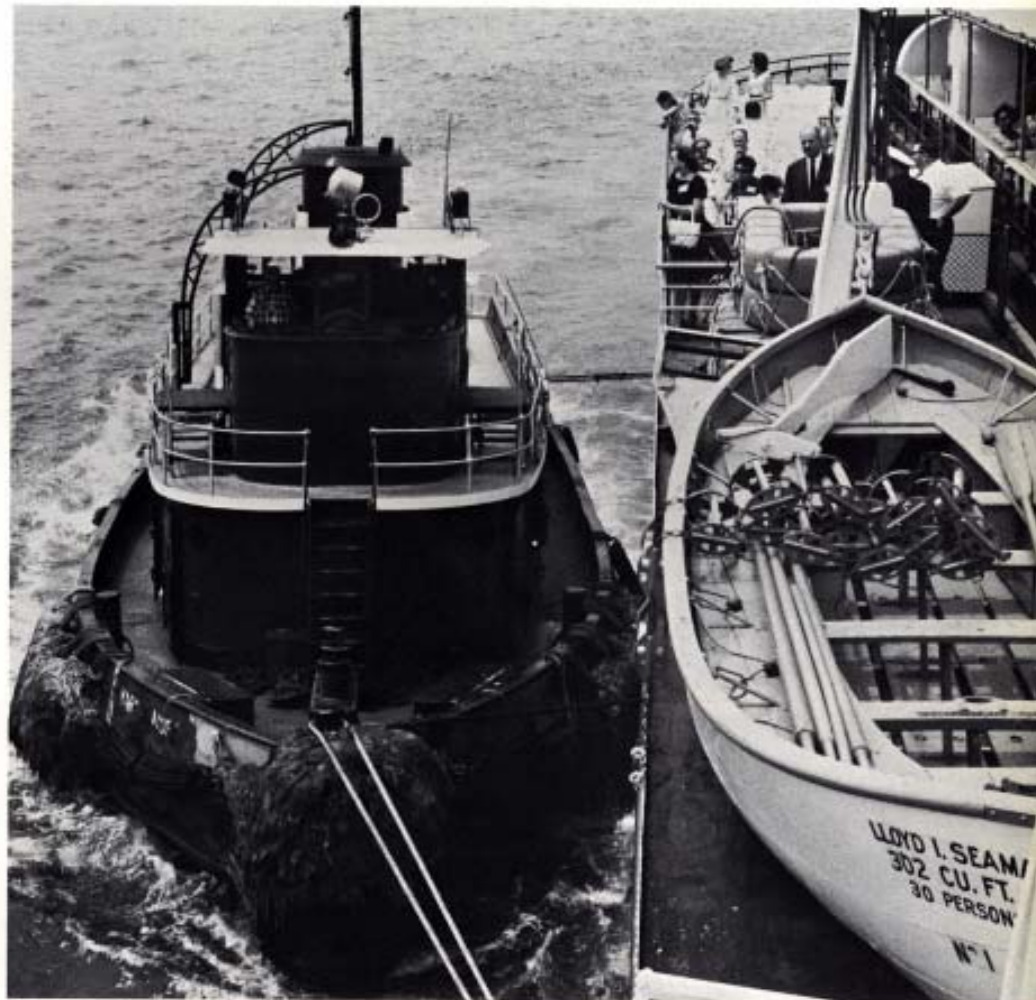
The first hospital ship was the rebuilt hull of a burned steamer, the *River Belle*, rechristened the *Emma Abbott*. She saw 27 years of service and carried nearly a million passengers before she was broken up.

She was replaced by the *Helen C. Juilliard*, built with funds supplied by the Juilliard family. A *Helen C. Juilliard II* was launched in 1916 and served until the present streamlined craft was built in 1935. The *Lloyd I. Seaman*, designed by George Sharp, Inc., can carry 1,550 passengers. A familiar sight around the harbor, it is our company's privilege to do the towing, in that sleek and powerful looking craft has no engines, despite he two fine smokestacks.

During the summer season of 1965, 47,622 passenger days of sailings were furnished by the *Lloyd I. Seaman*. Some 1,800 people visited the floating medical clinic, while nearly 2,500 used the dental clinic. About 1,150 children used the oral hygiene clinic and 982 participated in psychological sessions aboard. Nearly 5,000 passengers were transported from their homes to the Floating Hospital.

Those wishing to make financial contributions to this worthy cause may address their letters to Floating Hospital, 1 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017.

HAPPY WORK — The tug *Martha Moran* escorting the Floating Hospital, *Lloyd I. Seaman*, whose sponsor, the St. John's Guild, will be 100 years old October 16. Below, John 'S. Bull, president, Moran Towing & Transportation Company, and, left, Dr. E. Hoyt Palmer, superintendent of the Floating Hospital. Other Moran guests of J. Basset Place, president of the Guild were Robert M. Loftus, manager of harbor sales and Leonard G. Goodwin, vice president of operations. Note the red cross in the left background.

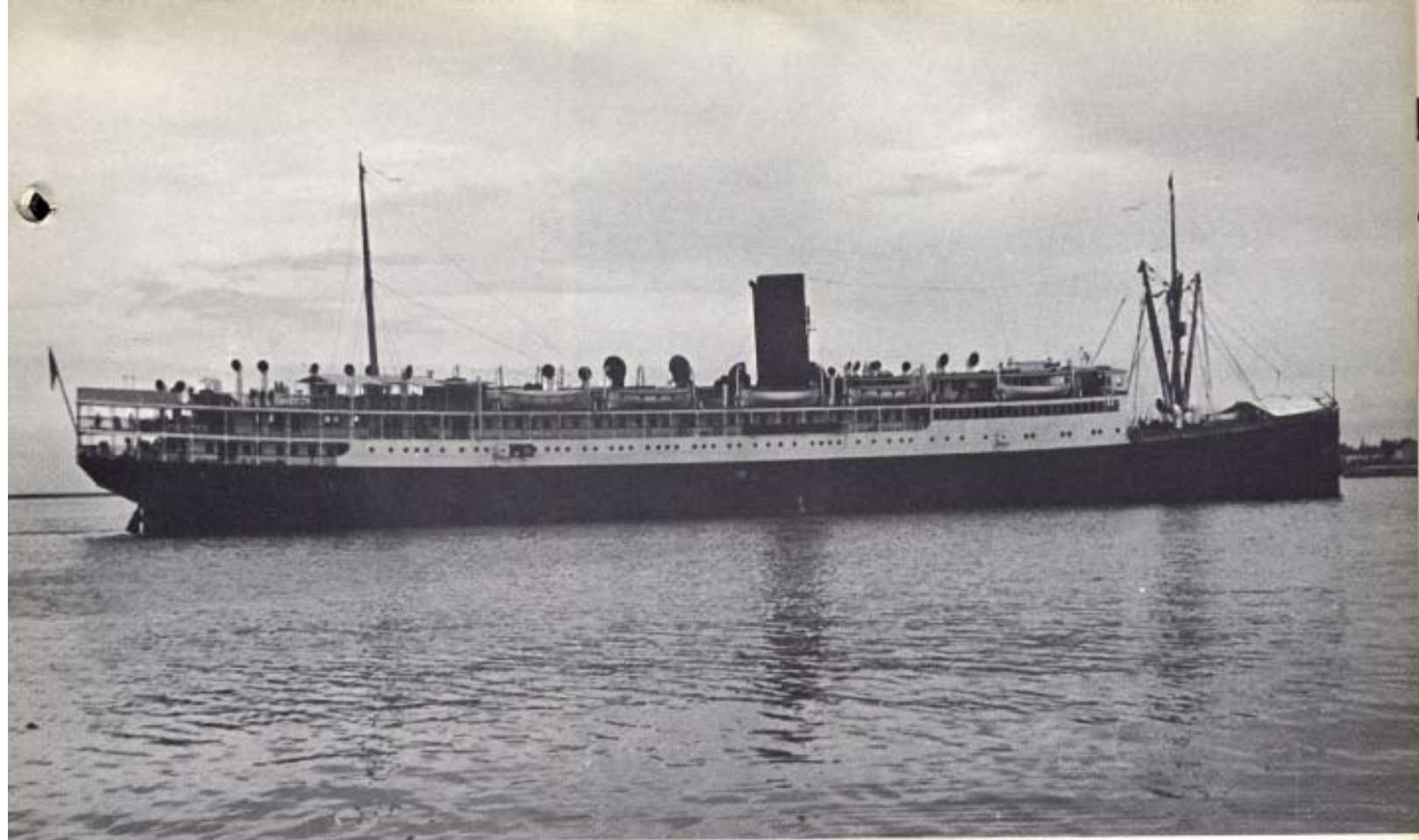


THE CARIBBEAN...

NEW LOOK IN BARGES

OUR TOWLINES are being given increasing responsibility these days, or, to put it another way they are towing larger and larger barges. The new *Caribbean*, whose launching was described in our Summer issue, is shown here far out in the Atlantic (left) and unloading sugar (below) at Yonkers. She has a capacity nearly twice that of the famed Liberty ships of World War II.





Great Liners of the Port of New York – No. 4

(Fourth of a Series)

SHE SERVED WELL — The 6,678 gross-ton *Yucatan*, famed American coastwise liner which served in both World Wars and was finally scrapped in Hong Kong in 1961. Built in 1907 by Cramp for the old Ward Line, she was long one of New York's best known liners. During the first great war she was the hospital ship *Comfort*. In the second war she served first the Army as the transport *Agwileon*, ending her war career as the *Shamrock*, a hospital ship. She seemed to lead a charmed life, surviving one serious grounding and two pier capsizings. Captain George R. Berens, who sent Tow Line this fine photograph of her while on the New York to Mexico run, served with her during the depression as quartermaster. Two other quartermasters had master's tickets, as did five men in the fo'c's'le. He was on her in 1935 when she ran up on Mantanilla Reef while she was still known as the *Havana*, then again on the Mexican service while she was the *Yucatan*, and finally was in her crew during the war. By coincidence he was in Hong Kong when it was reported in the local papers that the "aircraft carrier *Shamrock*" was due in port to be scrapped.

Mooremack Skipper Named Commodore

CAPTAIN PAUL B. SCOTT, master of the Moore-McCormack luxury liner *Argentina* has been named Commodore of his company's fleet by William T. Moore, chairman and president of the line.

Commodore Scott is the second Moore-McCormack officer to hold this rank in the fifty-three year history of the company. The only other one was Commodore Thomas N. Simmons, who held the post from 1958 to 1963.

Moore-McCormack operates 40 cargo liners and two passenger ships, the *Argentina* and the *Brasil*.

The Commodore's flag was presented to Captain Scott by Mrs. William T. Moore at recent ceremonies held aboard the *Argentina*, which now is the flagship of the fleet.

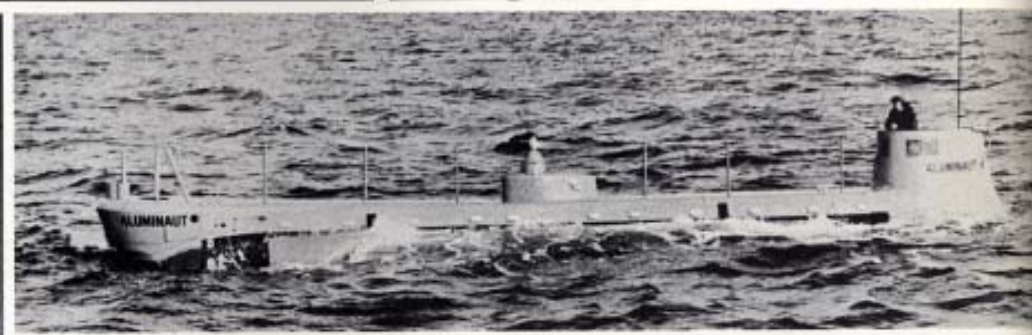
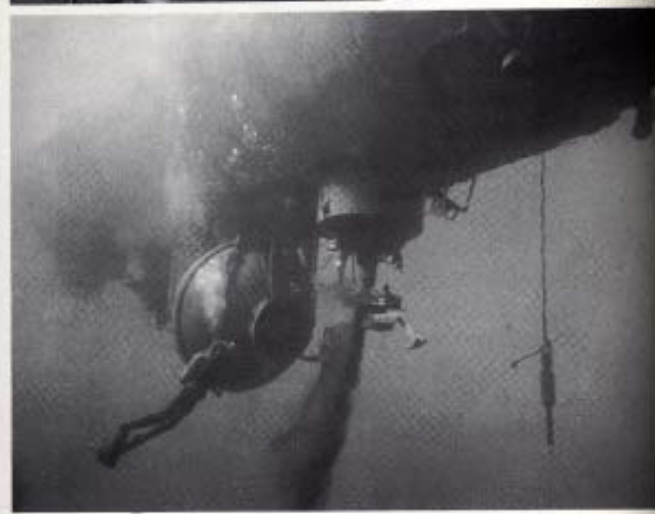
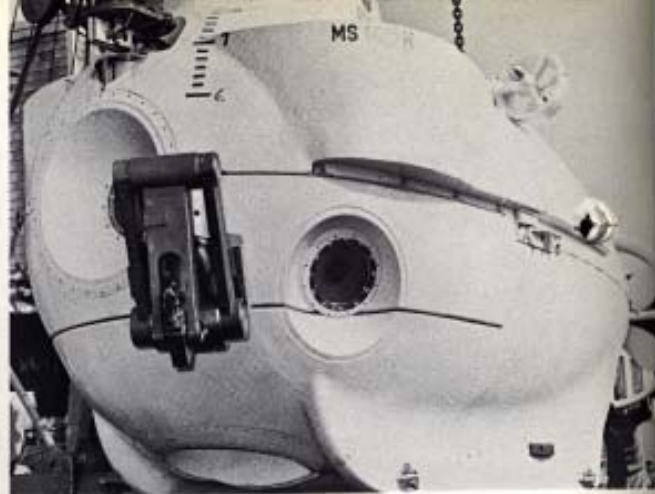
Captain Scott, with Moore-McCormack Lines since 1946, began his nautical career in 1940 at the Maritime School in California. His first assignment with Mooremack was as chief officer aboard the *Seton Hall Victory*.

In 1956 he was made master of the *Mormaclarck*. Four years later he

became staff captain of the *Brasil*. In 1962 he took command of the *Argentina*.

Born in Oregon, Captain Scott was raised in the South, living first in Georgia and then in Florida, where he now resides with his wife, three sons and two daughters.

Captain Harold Stebbins of the *Julia C. Moran* has a most unusual collection. It consists of ships' Bibles. One of his items is the ship's Bible from the former *Santa Paula*, ex Grace Line luxury liner, now the Mediterranean cruising ship *Acropolis*.



OCEAN BOTTOM — Two views of the bottom of the ocean and three smaller shots of the type of deep sea boats now in use. Nodules on the ocean-floor (upper left) some 18,000 feet deep near Bermuda. Squid spawning ground (bottom) 1,000 feet deep off California. The Navy's deep-sea research vehicle *Alvin* (top right), the famous bathyscaph *Trieste I* with scuba divers preparing for a dive (middle right), and the *Aluminaut*, designed to go 15,000 feet under the surface and made largely of aluminum. (All photos courtesy International Science and Technology magazine)

Lost Cities, Sunken Fleets, Vast Riches Await Undersea Explorers of the Future

OCEANOGRAPHY HAS BEEN CALLED the Cinderella of the sciences, but this is no longer true. New worlds of exploration are being found under the sea, and the enthusiasm being generated is on a par with that of our space effort.

Five major nations are pressing the study of what is below the ocean. They are the United States, USSR, United Kingdom, Japan and Canada. Countless colleges have added new departments for this research. Many new industrial concerns are being formed for specialized services in this area. At long last the world seems to be awakening to that long neglected 70% of the earth's surface, the bottom of the sea. To set the stage for a better understanding of this vast new area of exploration, these points can be cited:

First — 50% of the ocean life inhabits the space at the ocean's surface down to a depth of about 600 feet.

Second — the ocean's greatest known depth is the Marianas trench, 35,800 feet down.

Third — about half the ocean floor's area is at the 15,000-foot level.

Fourth — the pressure per square inch increases from 2.17 tons per square inch at 10,000 feet, to 4.34 tons at 20,000 feet to 6.36 tons at 30,000 feet.

Fifth — as an illustration of increasing government interest in undersea exploration, Federal subsidies for such research have risen from \$35,000,000 in 1958 to about \$150,000,000 this year and are expected to reach an annual expenditure of \$350,000,000 in 1972.

These five facets are keys to the new frame of reference within which underwater studies must be reviewed.

Both in the fields of fishing and mineral resources there is urgent need for expanded underwater study.

With offshore oil, for example, imagine the expanded areas of exploration were the present 300-foot limit to be doubled. When the entire 600-foot continental shelf area is available, hundreds of new oil and gas fields doubtless will be discovered.

Underwater acoustics in connection with military projects is another large stimulant to "oceaning," as the new field of marine engineering is often called.

There is even a vast new potential in underwater archeology — lost cities, forgotten continents, long-sunken fleets and ruins of all sorts lie buried under a preserving layer of silt, ready for the undersea historian.

'Salty Flavor'

Dear Mr. B:

When my office was on South Street I enjoyed watching "the Big White M's" hustling around the Battery. Alas, my present office has no windows, so I am doubly grateful for the salty flavor of TOW LINE . . .

JOHN C. HANSEN
New York, N. Y.

'Swapped Sea Stories'

Dear Mr. B:

I have just received your Spring issue . . . I was particularly pleased to read the letter from Captain K. L. Hansen of Hellerup, Denmark in which he stated that of his 50 years at sea, 40 had been in sailing ships and 30 as skipper of the training ship *Danmark*. I had the pleasure of sailing on *Danmark* as a Coast Guard Cadet under the able leadership of Captain Hansen in 1942 and 1943. During this time the ship was interned in the United States because of World War II and used by the Coast Guard for training prospective Coast Guard officers. Captain Hansen was truly an expert at handling such a vessel under sail. I can still recall entering the cut into Great Salt Pond, Block Island under full sail. That's a neat trick in any man's navy.

I had the added pleasure of meeting Captain Hansen again in Bermuda in 1962 when he visited Bermuda with *Danmark* . . . He very graciously invited me and my family to his cabin for coffee while we swapped sea stories. He had a few more than I did I'm afraid. I almost had the urge to climb the rigging again and take up where I left off some 20 years before.

J. H. DURFEE

Commander, USCG
Chief, Search and Rescue Branch
Third Coast Guard District

Little Known Statue

LITTLE KNOWN — But very familiar is the fine copy in miniature of our famous Statute of Liberty which is shown here in its Paris setting. There is another small version of this inspiring New York harbor monument which stands atop an old building on Manhattan Island. The real thing



came into the news recently with the opening of a fine museum in its base. One of our tugs took a party of TV newsmen out to the museum to film its contents. The Statue of Liberty is one of the world's greatest monuments and New York is indeed proud to be its location. It should never be taken for granted. (Photo by Jeff Blinn)

All Han

BY BARBARA RADER

New York—The men who go down to the harbor in tugboats eat heartily, and well they should. Their work is strenuous, almost always performed with the Hudson River's strong winds whistling in their ears as they dock and undock ocean liners, move barges and tow equipment in the harbor. And the food on their galley table is abundant, protein rich, calorie filled, yet plain.

Three meals a day—breakfast, dinner and supper—are cooked by each tugboat's chef for a crew of either six or eight men, including, in addition to the chef, the captain, mate, a deck hand or two, a chief engineer, an oiler or two. The chef is given, according to union contract, either \$12 or \$20 a day for food, dependent on size of crew.

Any cook with a family of six or eight can calculate this to be either \$84 or \$140 a week, which sounds like a lot of money for seven days' worth of food. However, the tugboat men have large appetites, in fact, man-sized, and the allowance, said the tugboat chefs interviewed recently on three Moran Towing and Transportation Co. tugboats in New York Harbor, just about covers the food.

Here are some typical menus: Breakfast of either bacon, ham or sausages and eggs, with toast or rolls, butter, marmalade or jelly and coffee; midday dinner of a roast such as beef, leg of lamb, pork, ham, corned beef, occasionally chicken or turkey, or in the case of one rather festive chef, roast duck, with all the trimmings including potatoes, vegetables, salad and dessert such as pie, pudding, gelatin, fruit cup and coffee; a supper of steak, chops, sometimes hash or spaghetti and meatballs, or meatloaf, with a salad, potatoes or a pasta, and dessert, again a pie or pudding and coffee.

"We buy food for two or three days at a time, because of the work schedules," explained Hui Ming, chef of the tugboat *E. F. Moran Jr.*, a six-man boat that was docking the ocean liner *Rotterdam* on a brisk morning. Generally, the crews are assigned for two or three days to a tugboat, living and working the entire time on the boats, with consecutive days off of either two or three days. During the time on board they may be a



Hui Ming

NEWSDAY FEATURE — We reproduce here an interesting Women's Page feature run by *Newsday*, popular Long Island newspaper.

Paging Women

File Under PIE

HUI MING'S LEMON MERINGUE PIE

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1 cup sugar | 3 eggs, separated |
| ¼ cup cornstarch | 1 lemon rind, grated |
| 1 cup boiling water | Baked 9-inch pie shell |
| 1 tablespoon butter | ¼ cup lemon juice |

Mix sugar and flour in top of double boiler, add boiling water slowly and bring to a boil over low heat, stirring constantly. When mixture is clear, add butter and lightly beaten egg yolks. Before adding egg yolks, beat a little of the hot mixture into them. Cook over boiling water until the mixture is very thick. Stir this constantly. Add lemon rind and juice. When cool, pour into pie shell. Use egg white for meringue. Beat them with ¾ teaspoon cream of tartar and 6 tablespoons sugar, adding little at a time. Beat until stiff and glossy and sugar is dissolved. Put meringue over pie filling, making sure it spreads right to the shell edge. Form peaks with end of spatula. Bake in 375-degree oven 8 to 10 minutes until light brown. For crisper meringue, bake at 300 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes.

Men Eat Well on Tugboat



stone's throw from shore, but are as remote from land as though they were far at sea.

Breakfast starts at 6 or 7 A.M., with the chef rising an hour earlier. Chef Thor Lief Wennerod of the *Marion Moran*, whose shore home is in Rocky Point in Suffolk County, plans his meals with a certain amount of regularity, much like a family cook: "I have corned beef and cabbage for Monday dinner, and make corned beef hash for Tuesday supper," he said. He never duplicates a meat at supper that he has served at the noon meal.

"Each day I plan a roast, although there are not always leftovers," he said. Tugboat meals are generally well-balanced, with salads and fresh vegetables and fruits served with each meal.

Dinner is generally served from 11:30 A.M. to about 1 P.M., depending on the tugboat's schedule. Chef Ming said he cooks foods that won't dry up if mealtime is delayed. "The work comes first, we eat later," he said. Supper is about 5:30 P.M.

Chef Pete Perrotti of the *Marie Moran* is considered by the crew of that boat to be one of the fleet's best cooks. "He gets fancy with chicken and duck," said chief engineer Arnold Miller of Riverhead. Chef Perrotti likes to vary his menus, because he feels, "even hungry men like to eat something different once in a while."



Pete Perrotti

File Under DUCK

PETE PERROTTI'S ROAST DUCKLING

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 ducklings, 4½ to 5½ pounds each | 2 medium onions, minced |
| 2 medium carrots, minced | 1 clove garlic, minced |
| 2 stalks celery, minced | 2 apples, quartered |
| | Salt and pepper |

Thaw ducklings, remove giblets and neck, sprinkle insides with salt and pepper and insert a quartered apple in each bird's cavity. Sew up on skewer. Place on rack in roaster. Scatter the vegetables on bottom of roaster and do not cover. Roast in preheated oven at 325 or 350 degrees for 1½ to 2 hours. Skin will be crisp and brown, leg will move freely. Drain the fat, and glaze in pan bottom can be made into gravy with addition of flour. This should be strained. Giblets and neck can be boiled, and this water added to gravy. Serves 8.

CHECKUP. Thor Lief Wennerod, chef of the *Marion Moran*, takes stock of supplies in refrigerator.

RECOMMENDED READING

THE TALL VOYAGERS, by Claire Rankin. Published by Ward Ritchie Press, Los Angeles, Cal., 1965. Price: \$6.95.

THIS IS A BOOK of the sea, a book to remember and a work of very special interest for tugmen. It tells the story, unvarnished and very true to life of a boy who just had to go to sea. Captain Barney Burnett is the hero, and Claire Rankin does the writing — with a clean, appealing and honest style. With what amounts to a photographic memory, Captain Burnett is able to repeat conversations and incidents of sixty years ago as if they were yesterday's events. We began to notice this facility as early as page 14 when we came upon this episode:

"The towboat arrived, a powerful sea-going tug belonging to the Moran Towing and Transportation Co., of New York, and after making fast to us the gang stood by fore and aft, waiting for the skipper. He finally arrived, brief case in one hand, a box of cigars in the other.

"Mr. Douglas, take in the gangway," he said matter-of-factly, as though going around the Horn were an every day affair, "and single up the lines."

"The captain of the tug shouted through his megaphone lustily. 'I'm ready when you are, captain!'

"All right, sir!" barked Captain Dunham. "Mr. Douglas, you can let her go for'n aft." Intoxicating words. They meant we were on our way."

Captain Burnett's grandfather was a famous pilot, Captain Henry Burnett, one of the founders of the Sandy Hook Pilot's Association in 1870. There are times when the "hero" of the book does not live up to the reputation of his noted grandfather, but the ups and downs of book's "hero" are given with a straightforwardness that makes the recital a human document of real pathos and zest.

The story is laid in the days before World War I when sail was dying, but when there were still a good number of fine sailing ships. The account is spiced with snatches of song, stories of brutality to seamen, humorous tidbits and an occasional poem. Here's a sample of the last-mentioned:

"The tugboat 'Mamie Ross' was headed for us under high pressure. Chug, chug, she went. There's a little song the towboat men sing as they pass vessels.

"Got a tug, got a tow
Chug-chug
Got a tow, making dough
Chug-chug —"

On one voyage of 26,000 miles, Burnett had as his shipmate a young lad named Harry Manning, now Admiral Manning famed as the master of the superliner *United States*.

On this trip his ship made one of the first commercial passages through the

Panama Canal. The details are fascinating, including the part about Burnett's unsuccessful effort to jump ship at the Miraflores lock.

Excitement there is in full measure, as when the great four master *Dirigo* is being towed between Japan and the Philippines. Burnett, who was an AB, and Manning, then an ordinary seaman, were in the chain locker with another seaman stowing the anchor chain. Each link weighed 40 pounds. Suddenly they heard the command "Aft, anchor away, sir!" and the chain started paying out.

"Stand clear for life!" I shouted to the boys with me. We hung on to the angle iron for all we were worth as bight after bight swung up through the chain pipes, leaving a trail of fiery sparks as it hit the leads. Then we felt the 'Dirigo' fetching upon her hawse, and we went to the main deck. We'd had a collision . . . Down in the chain locker we went again, the three of us drained of color and a bit wobbly in the knees."

After a perfectly extraordinary series of adventures in Australia, including several arrests and considerable time in jail and some unpleasant experiences as a fugitive, Burnett sails for England and is torpedoed. Rescued he was brought ashore to Ireland, an event that produced this wonderful human recollection:

"That night we were fed steak and Irish potatoes, tea and tarts, and God bless the Irish was uppermost in our minds. To be warm, to be fed, to be safe — who said you have to die before reaching heaven?"

The book is illustrated with 32 of the finest full-page, bleed photographs that this reviewer has ever seen. A forward by Karl Kortum, director, San Francisco Maritime Museum puts the seal of authority on its contents.

LOWER CLASS, by George Youell. Published by George Youell, Seattle, Washington, 1938. Price: \$2.50.

WE HAVE COME ACROSS a most entertaining book printed some 30 years ago, but still available, not for purchase, but as a gift. The supply is limited. Those interested in acquiring a copy may write to the author's son, John Youell. His address is P.O. Box 10185, Portland, Oregon 97210.

The book is the life story of George Youell. We believe you will enjoy it, for it is both well written and has some wonderfully interesting things to say. A goodly portion of the work describes the early years of George Youell, one of twelve children born to a hard-working couple who lived in a small village in East Anglia, England. The local color is fascinating, and the details flow out in a calm and quiet fashion.

Later young Youell ships as cook at the age of 13 on a fishing boat, and again his photographic memory for sounds, smells, and all the things that make for a fully-rounded account of real happenings gives the story a depth and reality that only the finest of novelists can achieve. Such a hard

life, such dangers and such memories — well worth writing down, and spiced with delightfully humorous situations.

The book's account of a voyage to America on the crack Guion Line greyhound *Alaska* is an episode that would make a Reader's Digest reprint of the first order. The poor passengers were fed on the foredeck and on one very rough day great pots of hash spilled over as the ship listed spreading all over the deck amid a mass of bearded and seasick immigrants — this story should not be read by those with weak stomachs.

The work is illustrated with 20 excellent paintings made especially for the book by Anton Otto Fischer, the famous Saturday Evening Post marine artist.

RESCUE AT SEA, by Captain John M. Waters, Jr. Published by D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc., Princeton, N.J. Price: \$5.95.

A FINE STORY, AND ONE WHOSE introduction by Admiral E. J. Roland, who was Commandant of the U. S. Coast Guard when he wrote it, tells its story better than any reviewer possibly could. Admiral Roland begins:

"This book on search and rescue has the authenticity which only a seasoned professional, such as Captain John M. Waters, Jr., USCG, can provide. As a combat officer, ship captain, and rescue aircraft commander, he has taken part in the events described. This first-hand experience, combined with his unusual ability as a writer, has resulted in an outstanding book on maritime rescue. The excitement, the triumphs, the humor, and the not-infrequent heartbreaks of a hazardous profession have been captured and woven into a story of high adventure."

A fine lot of photographs and a good index add to the value of this new work. Aside from its own literary merit, the book is excellent source material for the future.

MEN ALONG THE SHORE — The I.L.A. and its History, by Maud Russell. Published by Brussel and Brussel, Inc., New York, N. Y. Price: \$7.50.

AN EXTREMELY well-written book, this is the story of the International Longshoremen's Association by a talented writer and one who knows her subject well. Maud Russell is the wife of a New York detective, whose beat included the docks. Her story is not only an explanation from the I.L.A.'s standpoint of their current position, but a very well documented study of the history of the men who "work along the shore." It is interesting to recognize the origin of the term "longshoremen," as so well described here. They were first known as "alongshore men," the initial "a" finally being dropped.

The book is the first volume in a projected series by the publishers, Brussel & Brussel to be known as the "History of American Labor" series. As the dust jacket states: "It attacks people in high places. It will stir controversy. And it will shed light on a long-neglected area of American history."

'50 Years in Tugboats'

Dear Mr. FOB:

Can you inform me about the docks in Hudson River, year 1872. My Grandfather, Han Pedersen docked at Pier 46 NR, Captain of Bark *Ebenezer* 487 tons, of Norway. She sailed from Gothenburg, Sweden, June 5, 1872, docked at Pier 46 July 22, then sailed August 24, 1872 for Queenstown. The Bark was lost on this passage. I would like to know if Pier 46, now near West 10th Street, is the same location as it was in 1872. Where can I get this information . . . I shall retire July 1, 1966 after 50 years in tugboats, the last 8 years in Esso inland tankers. I shall see my old shipmate and friend, Captain Earl C. Palmer, in Long Branch, after July 1. Also is there any book on the Blizzard of 1888.

ARTHUR S. PETERSON

Esso Hudson

(Editor's Note: For the record, Pier 46 of 1872 was down off King Street, opposite the lower part of Pier 40 of today, according to a splendid old 1868 pier directory owned by the late Eugene F. Moran.)

The New York City Planning Commission has asked the Department of Marine and Aviation to preserve Pier 1 and Pier A, directly in front of Moran headquarters, as historic sites. Pier 1, built in 1876, is the only remaining stone arch pier in the port. Pier A, built in 1885, includes a 70-foot tower that has long been a landmark. The tower features a clock donated in 1919 as a memorial to the dead seamen of World War I. It strikes ships' time.

For the Blue Pencil

The oil tanker *Presidente Juscelino*, pictured on page 4 of our Spring issue, was named after the Brazilian ex-President Juscelino Kubitschek. She is owned by the well known Fronape company and flies the Brazilian flag. We incorrectly identified her as being Mexican. The *Presidente Juscelino* was built by the Verolme United Shipyards of Rotterdam together with her sisters *Presidente Dutra*, *Presidente Getulio* and *Presidente Washington Luis*.

THE ATLANTIC ENGINEER weighing anchor off the anchorage, S. I., bound up for Esso Bayway for Atlantic Refining late of an evening in June. That's the *Diana L. Moran* taking charge.

Motion Picture Ships Are Real



HAWAII — During the filming of the United Artists' cinema "Hawaii", these two fine old-looking sailing vessels were leading ladies. At the left is the *Grethe*, a brigantine now named *Romance*, and at the right is the *Wandia*. Both are Scandinavian sailing ships of relatively modern construction. As renamed by her owner, Captain Arthur Kimberly, the brigantine *Romance* is currently on a Pacific voyage, after which she will operate in the Caribbean carrying paying guests on island-hopping cruises. Captain Kimberly was formerly master of the brigantine *Yankee*. His charming wife Gloria, was a recent visitor at Moran headquarters, where she spent an afternoon perusing Operation Sail files.



Newspaper Columnist Reminded of Sound 'Flyers' While Sailing Scandinavian Waters

BY ALLAN KELLER

TUGBOAT MEN AND OTHERS familiar with New York in the days before the depression remember the many boats that plied the Hudson River and Long Island Sound and the coastal waters between Canada's maritime provinces and Florida.

On a summer afternoon you could stand at the Battery and see the Sound steamers on their way to Hartford, New London, Providence, Fall River, New Bedford and Boston. Other boats left frequently for Washington, Norfolk, Charleston and Florida ports and a few headed north for Yarmouth, St. Johns and Halifax. Day Line and Night Line boats steamed between the city and towns on the upper Hudson and other excursion steamers ran to north Jersey resorts.

Now the Sound steamers are gone, one Day Line boat is the sole survivor on the Hudson and there are mighty few others that are not doomed by fast bus and plane service, commuter rail lines and cars that can easily maintain 60 mph speeds on super-highways with few entrances and no traffic lights.

Because all this is true, it comes as a shock when a New Yorker travels in Scandinavia and finds small boats still linking scores of harbors in a web of services that is fast, safe and comfortable, and which affords some of the best sightseeing in all of northern Europe.

There is nothing backward about Scandinavian air lines and roads are good — even in the mountains and in Lapland — but the Viking strain is still strong in that part of the world. These sea-faring nations still love the open waters, the salt spray and the clear winds that whip across the Skagerrak, Kattegat, Baltic and the other waterways that carve northern Europe into strange shapes resembling segments of a jig-saw puzzle.

Daily service is available on huge, efficient, diesel-powered car ferries on many short routes. Longer trips are made on modern boats of six to ten thousand tons in thrice-weekly schedules. A visitor from the States is impressed most by the modern, sleek lines of these small vessels, which look for all the world like vest-pocket editions of Moore - McCormack's *Brasil* and *Argentina* or the Grace Line's *Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula*.

Many of these small coastal boats have sterns built to permit roll-on and roll-off handling of cars, with double hinged doors like those on an LST.

Travelers zoom up to the pier, drive across a ramp and on board within a matter of seconds. Bags are carried to staterooms and sight-seers forget their cars until it is time to debark.

Tourist authorities in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland stress the ease with which those countries can be visited in automobiles because of the existence of so many ship lines.

One of the busiest routes starts in London or Harwich, England, on the United Steamship Line's new 10,000 ton vessels which carry 440 passengers and 100 cars across the North Sea to Esbjerg, Denmark. After touring Denmark a family can board another United SS boat at Fredrikshavn for the overnight run to Oslo. When Norway and Sweden have been covered the family can steam from Stockholm to Helsinki or Turku in Finland and then return by another line across the Baltic to Lubeck or Travemunde in Germany.

I sailed on the maiden voyage of the *Akershus* from Denmark to Oslo and found it a gem of a small ship.

Cabins are small, with private baths, but the public rooms are spacious and well laid out. Food is excellent, with smorgasbord the favored course, and bars and lounges are beautifully appointed. For those who wish to cut corners there is a large lounge with reclining chairs positioned like those in a theater. Passengers can curl up in these very comfortable seats as coach riders do on American trains.

Later I traveled between Stockholm and Helsinki and returned from Turku on ships of the Bore Line, which operates vessels of about 7,500 tons. The route from Stockholm to Finland threads its way through the Swedish Archipelago, then past the Aland Islands and so to Helsinki among the thousands of islets off the southern coast of Finland.

Although the trip takes from early afternoon to morning of the next day the boats are seldom out of sight of land and the many islands present a constantly changing vista of rocky headlands, deep coves and hills clothed in evergreens. In my travels all over the globe I have seen many wondrous sunsets but few more awe-inspiring than those among the islands that guard the entrance to the Bay of Bothnia.

These intercoastal steamers are not the only craft on which to go a-voyaging in Scandinavia. There are ferries by the score criss-crossing the Oresund between Denmark and Sweden, joining the many Danish islands and linking cities along the coasts. Coastal steamers run from Stavanger and Bergen to the North Cape, putting in at scores of tiny outports and taking twelve days for the run, and

(Continued on page 15)

SLEEK NORTHERN BEAUTY — The *Akershus*, new Danish Baltic Sea queen. One of a large fleet of ultra modern passenger liners designed for service in the Scandinavian waters. The photograph is courtesy of the National Travel Association of Denmark.



SCANDINAVIA . . .

(Continued from page 14)

there are many boats serving the lake country of Finland.

Many an American has traveled from Goteborg across Sweden to Stockholm on the Gota Canal, steaming straight through verdant fields and pastures for 350 miles, stopping only to be lifted or lowered through its 65 locks. Fewer travelers know Finland's land of 10,000 lakes. I remember a day on one of the Silver Line's boats which wend their way through deeply wooded scenery that seemed like a visual version of Jan Sibelius' music.

Just before leaving Scandinavia on the Swedish-American liner *Grips-holm* I took a tour of Goteborg's harbor with officials of the Port Authority and other men interested in development in this busy port. I asked a tugboat dispatcher what he did on his vacations, expecting to be told that he flew to the continent or went mountain climbing in Norway.

"Not me," he said in perfect English. (All Scandinavians start learning English at the age of seven.) "I go sight-seeing by boat. The roads are getting crowded."

I shouldn't have been surprised. What other answer should one expect from a Viking and a tugboatman?

(Editor's Note: We are pleased to have as our special contributor the noted Scripps-Howard columnist Allan Keller, whose gifted pen often turns to maritime topics and who is no stranger to our tugs.)

Thanks to a suggestion by A. A. Carpovich, of Arlington, Va., we have added our own Zip Code number (10004) to our masthead address on page 3. In our last issue we asked our readers to send in their Zip Code numbers to facilitate mailing. A hearty thanks to all who did so.

Moore-McCormack Lines' twin luxury liners, *Argentina* and *Brasil* will both make cruises in 1967 which will include three-day visits at Montreal, home of the Canadian world's fair known as EXPO '67. The *Argentina* will sail from New York August 12, and the *Brasil* will leave September 1, each making 11-day cruise voyages.

AT A RECENT press conference aboard the superb *Queen Elizabeth*, Commodore Geoffrey T. Marr of the Cunard Line made a brief address during which he recited from memory the following philosophical poem:

I have come back, back to the sea again
Back to the winds, and the salt on my lips,
Back to the reel and the lift of a deck again,
Back to the disciplined order of ships.
Now all the cares that so long have beset me,
Swift fall astern with the thrust of the screw,
Lost in the tossing wake, gone and forgotten,
Long-ago memories living anew.

I have come back to the sea I remember,
Unchanging through the years, ever the same,
Time leaves no mark on it; only man ages,
Sails his brief voyage, and forfeits the game.
I have come back to the sea and the gulls again,
Strong-pinioned mariners, gallant and free,
All the wide skies of the earth for their choosing,
Still they come back, as I come, to the sea.

Back to the sea again, here would I linger,
Grudging each page of the logbook its turn,
Holding as treasure each westering hour,
Ravished meridians falling astern.
Soon must I leave it; the dim hazy landfall,
Clear to a coast-line; the dong of a bell;
Harbor lights beckon, the voyage be ended,
To the broad sea again:—Hail and farewell.

F. W. Southworth, D.D.S.

The poem had been written in 1955 by Dr. Southworth, who was then a passenger of the *Parthia*, which was at that time under the command of Captain Marr.

BLOCK 'M' — If this doesn't immediately suggest the familiar block 'M' design of our well-known "Big White 'M'" design to just about everyone who looks at it, your editor will eat his cap. It is a very fine photo of the Verrazano Bridge taken by Jim Hughes, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and printed by them some time ago. Under this graceful new span pass more great liners, not to mention a countless stream of tankers, cargo liners and vessels of all sorts, than enter any other port.



5,000 Candlepower, Remote Control Buoy Building To Replace Scotland Lightship

A MONSTER BUOY is under construction for the United States Coast Guard by the Convair Division of General Dynamics. To cost \$340,000, the buoy will be completed in the summer.

To be 40 feet in diameter and 33 feet high, the buoy will weigh 50 tons. It will contain a 5,000 candlepower light visible 10 miles in clear weather, and will have a fog horn audible for a distance of two miles and a radio beacon with a 15-mile range.

This navigation equipment will be powered by propane-fueled engine-generators and nickel-cadmium battery banks located in the hull of the buoy. The buoy is designed for unattended operation for one year.

Scotland Lightship was retired from her station in the summer of 1964. She has been temporarily replaced by a nine-foot buoy.

The new, unattended buoy, will contain control and monitoring systems that will permit operation and surveillance from a shore Coast Guard station.

MILESTONE AT SEA — The Hansa Line's heavy-lift vessel, *Wasserfels*, arriving recently to begin the 200th voyage between New York and the Persian Gulf since the German line inaugurated this service. The 12,623 dwt ship was built in 1963 and Bremen is her home port. Hansa Line is represented in New York by F. W. Hartman & Company.



MONSTER BUOY — An artist's conception of the new navigational sea buoy that will replace the retired Scotland Lightship off Sandy Hook in 1967.

Restless not Onrush
The first ship built in North America by the colonists was the *Virginia*, laid down in Pop-ham, Maine in 1607. Our paragraph about the ship built on Manhattan Island by Adrian Block, in the Summer issue of *TOW LINE*, should have specified that she was the first vessel built in the New York area. We are also informed by Ralph Gould, of South Portland, Maine, that she was known as the *Restless* not the *Onrush*.

'Circulating Around'

Dear Sir:

Just a line to let you know I still wish to be kept on your mailing list for *TOW LINE*. I have passed some copies to a skipper of one of our tug companies, and understand they are now circulating around with great interest.

Of course the tugs stationed on the Thames do not have long towing jobs like Moran. Very occasionally one may go to Rotterdam or Germany. Most of their work is done on the river to the London Docks, or to Thames Haven for tanker work.

I would be very grateful indeed if you could send a photo of your recent tug *Alice L. Moran*, to put in my album with the others of your fleet.

G. SIMPSON
Kent, England

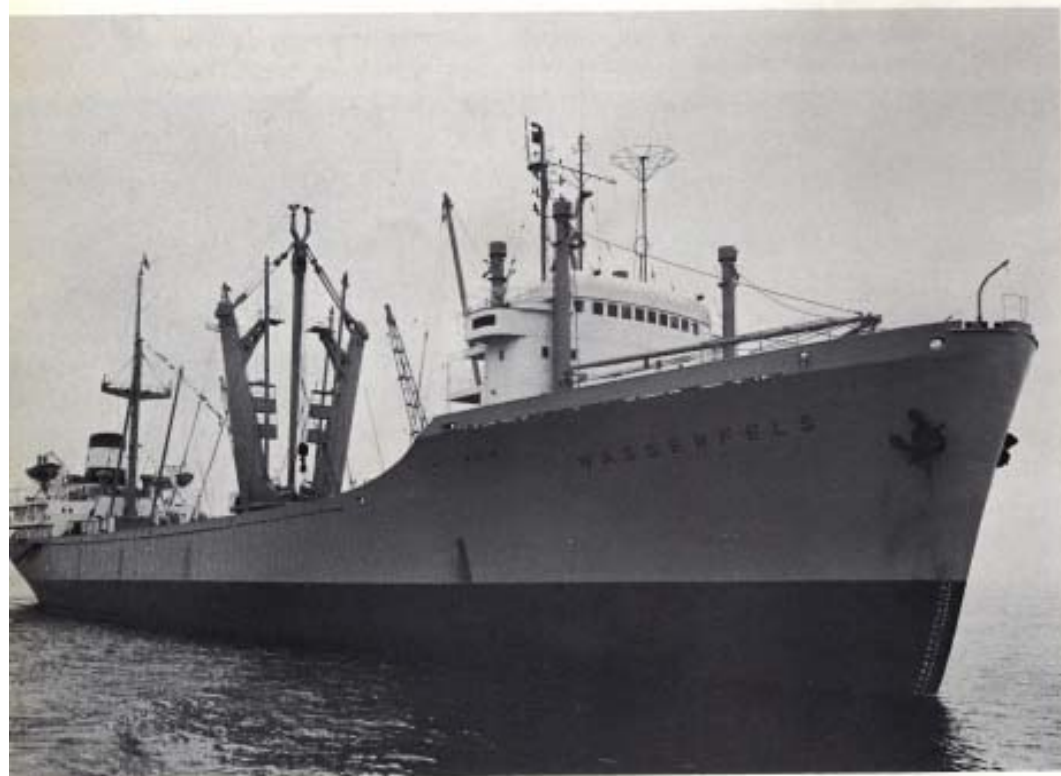
'Like Many Midwesterners'

Gentlemen:

I note in the summer issue of the *TOW LINE* that you have a few prints of your cover paintings by Albert Brenet left. Would you please be kind enough to send me two if there are still some left when you receive my letter? They are all beautiful and choice is difficult but my first choice would be *President Jackson*, second choice *Media* and third choice by an imperceptible margin *Gorredyk*. Thank you.

Like many midwesterners I have been fascinated by ships since childhood and have spent many hours beside the locks of the Welland Canal while we were located in Niagara Falls. Of course we regularly saw Moran tugs pass through with barges. I have become part of an informal "ship watchers" group. One of our group has *TOW LINE*. We all take turns reading it.

J. M. HIGHBEE
Wilmington, Del.



MORAN WAS SADDENED by the loss of two tugmen over the past few months — Captain Harold Sigmond and Chef Louis Malaquias. Captain Sigmond died June 12; Chef Malaquias died June 26. "They were a part of the finest bunch of boys you could ask for", recalled Captain Thomas Ball, a real old-timer and senior pilot at the time the famous old Meseck Towing Company joined Moran years ago. "They were Meseck men along with Grover Sanschagrin, Clayton Westervelt, Jim Monahan and others you knew would succeed", he said. Harold was captain of the *Moirra Moran* and Louis was chef on the *E. F. Moran Jr.* Their untimely deaths saddened many friends in and out of Moran; their popularity and good work will be remembered.

Capt. Earl C. Palmer

The passing of Captain Earl C. Palmer last June has meant a great loss to the entire Moran organization and to TOW LINE. In towing since 1909 and with Moran since 1932, Captain Palmer died at the age of 74 at Long Branch, New Jersey. He served during World War II in full charge of Moran's fleet of 52 ocean towing vessels operated for the War Shipping Administration. He later was towing officer on the staff of the Commander Eastern Sea Frontier, and served as special assistant for towing to Rear Admiral H. A. Flanigan, USN, Director of Naval Transportation. With Moran he was marine superintendent, as well as assistant vice president.

Captain Palmer was TOW LINE's columnist for many years, and his column, "Fifty Years Ago", had a wide readership. His collection of tug material is one of the largest in the world. He was twice president of the Steamship Historical Society of America and a member of its Board of Directors. He came from a family of noted seafarers, including Nat Palmer and is survived by his wife, Clarice.

MORAN'S 17th OFFICE OUTING

MORAN EMPLOYEES and guests gathered again at the Old Cider Mill Grove, Union, New Jersey, June 28. The annual day-away-from-the-office sparked by Art Gormley, Master of Ceremonies, was a howling success chock full of fun. Newcombers, old-timers, parents, children, husbands, wives or friends enjoyed good food, good conversation, good games, good prizes and yes, good sunshine.



Sally Naughton & Tom Walsh



John Pangis



Juliann Bodlovic



Patricia Lynch



Peggy Ruddy



Art Gormley



John Sproat



Murial Sproat



Gene O'Donovan & Ginny Sepe



Kevin Moran & Joe Dowd



Alice Neary & Mary Shriver



Fred Morgana

ASHORE



AND AFLOAT

HE HAD JUST ONE JOB all his working life. After graduating in 1937 from the New York State Maritime Academy he came to work for Moran. He died aboard the *Moira Moran* last December 26. He was her chief engineer — Carl J. O'Connor.

Carl's first job was as an oiler on the *Eugenia M. Moran* operating on the N. Y. State barge canal. He was the youngest chief engineer on the boats when he was elevated to this rank aboard the *Thomas E. Moran*, the first diesel-electric tug in the Moran fleet. Captain Earl Allen was the master; they had come on the job within two months of one another.

Next, Chief O'Connor moved to the famous *Nancy Moran*, ex-*Perth Amboy*. He was with her until she was sunk in World War II.

He then served as chief aboard first the *Edmond J. Moran* and next the *Margot Moran*. He took over the *Christine Moran* in 1943, remaining with her until she was sold in 1950.

Chief O'Connor, whose cheerful smile was familiar to all, is survived by his wife, Olive, nee Martinsen, who was secretary to our Howard C. Moore for several years, his daughter Janet, and his mother, Mrs. Virginia O'Connor.

FOR THOSE WHO MAY have wondered why a Port of New York Authority helicopter was seeming to "buzz" one of our tugs, here's the story. And we're most grateful to the Port Authority for their help in this matter.

Not so long ago the State Department assigned noted photographer, Dick Durrance, to do a photo study of tugs in New York. The purpose was a human interest picture story that could be beamed throughout the world, particularly behind the Iron Curtain. We are happy to say that Dick came to us and has been working with his camera on various Moran tugs for some time, coming up with some very fine pictures.

With the aid of the Port Authority

he was able to capture the spirit of the harbor from a helicopter. Our own Jack Richards, dispatcher, sat next to him in the yellow whirlybird, walkie-talkie in hand, one beautiful morning last summer. Chief actor in the morning assignment was the tug *Moira Moran*, Captain James Fagerstrom Jr. Responding to the requests of the photographer, as relayed by Jack, she came out of Pier 1, headed for the Statue of Liberty, made a large circle toward Governors Island and back to the Battery. We aren't sure whether we will ever see the final results, certainly we won't be able to read the captions for they will be in Russian, Polish, etc. One thing we are certain: the big "White M" will read the same in any language.

Chief Carl J. O'Connor

Photo by Bill Mark



FOR THOSE WHO HAVE ultra-high frequency TV sets, a half-hour show featuring our tugs and Captain Harry Hennessey was telecast August 29 over Channel 31, WNYC-TV. It was the Brooklyn College Show, directed by Fred Margulies, a talented college student with a love for tugs and the port.

Captain Hennessey opened the show as the guest being interviewed. There followed an eight-minute section on the history of tugs in New York, which, as Mr. Margulies put it "is the history of Moran." Many of the still pictures shown were from our files. Others were taken from the book "Tugboat" by Eugene F. Moran, Sr. The show continued with motion pictures taken by Mr. Margulies of the undocking of the Moore McCormack Lines' luxury liner *Argentina*. His platform was the *Barbara Moran*. Finally some more questions and answers and the show was concluded.

Nice work Harry.

Walter A. Breyfogle, Jr., has won the Eugene F. Moran Award for 1966 at the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, L. I.

'Pogey Boats'

Dear Sir:

As a subscriber . . . I would like to obtain one of the prints of the *M. Moran* passing Diamond Head. I have just the place to hang it and to admire this beautiful setting. Thirty-five hundred horsepower is a far stretch from the small high pressure "Pogey Boats" I knew in the past, struggling to pull a tow through Hell Gate. The only added horsepower you got was from hanging a bucket of sand on the Safety Valve and taking a chance to flirt with the angels . . .

As a reminder and recommendation maybe if you cared to take a few pictures of the remainder of the Piers, from the historical Starrin Line Pier 13 down to the Battery in the North River before they rip it all down, for the new Trade Center. There is a lot of history there for TOW LINE, as a before-and-after setting.

CAPTAIN GEORGE EISENHAUER
Union City, N. J.



CAPTAIN THOMAS L. BALL, with over half a century of harbor experience behind him, takes a day back at the wheel of the *Thomas Moran*. Now past seventy, Captain Tom is easing off on his chores, which ranged from handling the last ships of the era of sail to piloting the port's largest modern liners.

THE GUDVIN, as seen from the pilothouse of the *Thomas Moran* after Pilot-Captain Grover Sanschagrin re-boarded his tug off St. George, Staten Island. The *Gudvin* sailed from Port Newark. Note the new Alcoa insignia on her stack. 