

TOW LINE



PUBLISHED BY MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC.

DECEMBER, 1949

French Freighter Rescued

See pages 6-7



ON THE COVER

Due to mechanical (time) difficulties beyond anyone's control, we were unable to reproduce in artist Charles R. Patterson's own colors his cover painting of our *Barbara Moran* and the Statue of Liberty against a winter sunset sky. The original is doubly pleasing.

Mr. Patterson, an artist since 1907, with wide and varied experience at sea and in the creation of marine subjects, especially full-rigged sailing vessels, was born in Cumberland, Eng., where his father, James Patterson, was a shipbuilder. He went to sea at the age of 13, for the first five years under the British flag, later under the old Hawaiian colors, before the islands were annexed by the United States, and afterwards under the Stars and Stripes—almost always in sailing ships. He has made more than one voyage with Gloucester fishermen, when they were still sailors in the literal sense, and aboard steam whalers operating in the North Pacific.

Part of his artistic training was acquired at the Mark Hopkins Institute in San Francisco. Richard McKay, grandson of the most famous builder of clipper ships, a well known writer on such subjects, speaks of Mr. Patterson as a marine artist who portrays with the greatest authenticity varied conditions at sea, as well as gallant vessels of a type now gone forever.

He has two large murals in the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., and an over-mantle aboard President Truman's yacht, Williamsburgh, in the Chief Executive's own quarters. For 25 years he has executed the art used on calendars issued by some of our leading maritime firms.





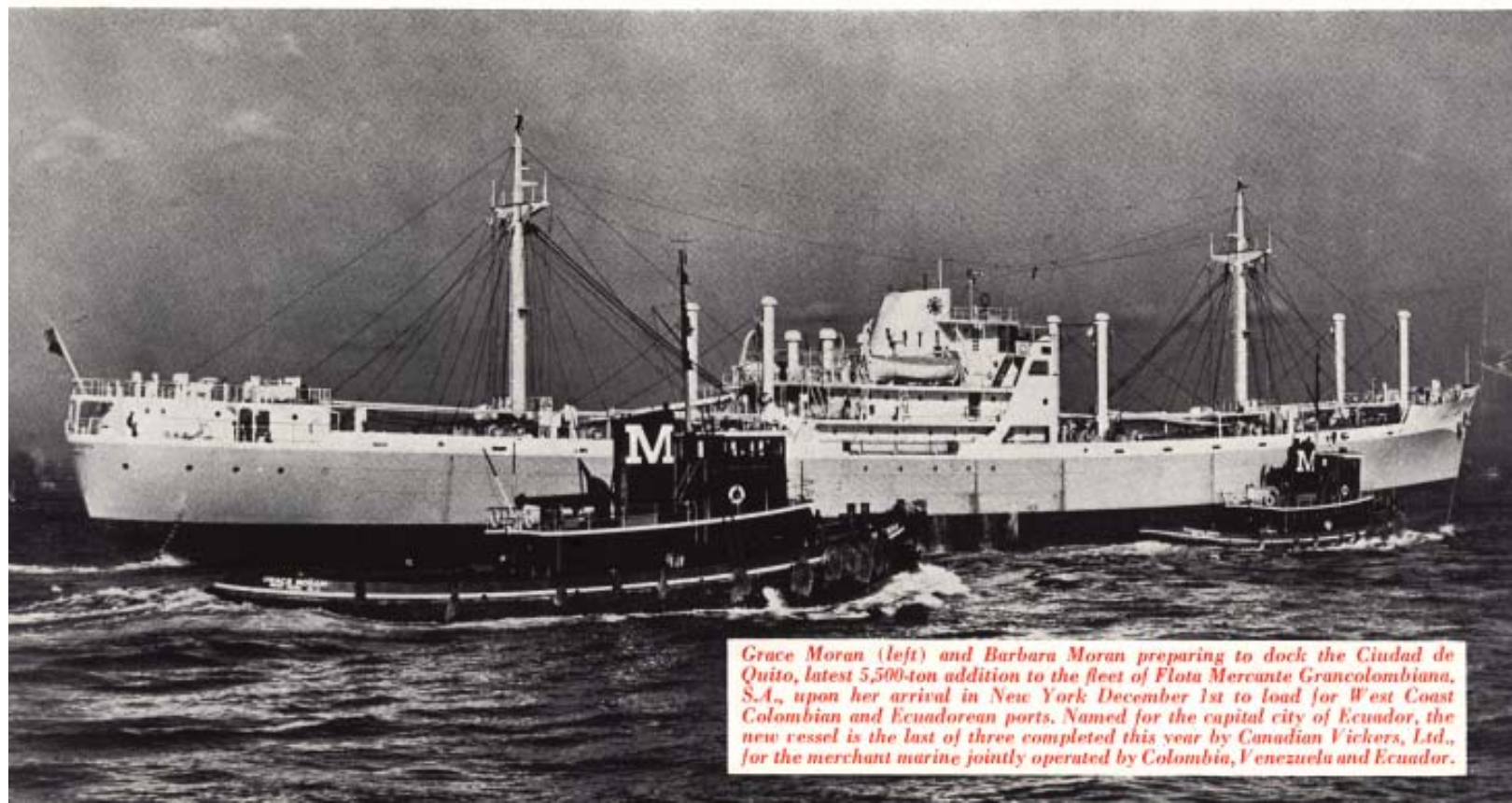
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R. M. MUNROE, *Editor*

LUCILLE CHRISTIAN, *Associate*

No. 5

**Christmas Greetings
and Best Wishes
for the New Year**



Grace Moran (left) and Barbara Moran preparing to dock the Ciudad de Quito, latest 5,500-ton addition to the fleet of Flota Mercante Grancolombiana, S.A., upon her arrival in New York December 1st to load for West Coast Colombian and Ecuadorean ports. Named for the capital city of Ecuador, the new vessel is the last of three completed this year by Canadian Vickers, Ltd., for the merchant marine jointly operated by Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador.

January "Diesel Progress" Feature Lauds Moran Equipment, Operations

By F. H. N. CARTER

(Editor's note: The following article entitled "The Marvellous Morans," with half a dozen photographic illustrations, is scheduled for publication in the January issue of DIESEL PROGRESS, one of the leading monthly magazines in its field. It is through the kindness of Mr. "Nick" Carter, the author, retiring managing editor of the magazine, that the TOW LINE is able to present the piece simultaneously to its own domestic and foreign readers.)



These unusual and excellent 35 mm. action photos are from the Argus C-3 camera of Donovan Burroughs, Fort Wayne, Ind., a deckhand aboard the tug M. Moran, in the course of an anything but smooth voyage with two oil barges (a small tug topside on one) from Maracaibo, Venezuela, to Tampa, Florida. This is what went on when the tow was just about in the middle of the Caribbean, he said . . . Steady, mates!

One stormy day last October the French steamer *Caen*, lurching heavily through enormous Atlantic swells about 150 miles ESE of the Ambrose lightship, struck some submerged object, heavily damaged her propeller, and became immediately helpless and at the mercy of the waves. A frantic S.O.S. brought the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter *Campbell* to the rescue. After great difficulties, a towing hawser was secured between the two vessels, but it broke almost immediately. Three more attempts were made to get another line aboard the *Caen*, but all of them were unsuccessful.

Meanwhile . . . a sturdy little vessel was ploughing through, sometimes seemingly under, the tremendous seas, heading towards the two other ships. It was the New York diesel-electric tug *Marion Moran*, one of the famous Moran fleet, under the command of Captain Rodney Jones. Specially equipped for ocean towing and with a veteran crew on board, she was coming to the rescue as fast as her powerful engines could be operated without endangering her in the heavy weather. The conditions were so bad that at 70 miles from the *Caen* and again at 50 miles, the skipper had to "heave-to." The wind speed was estimated at anything between 50 and 60 mph, which is near hurricane force.

Arriving on the scene, an unexpected difficulty complicated matters—nobody on the *Marion Moran* could speak French and there was no member of the *Caen's* crew who could speak or understand English. Fortunately, the Coast Guard Cutter had a linguist aboard and a unique three-ship relay was set up to enable instructions to be passed from the tug to the disabled steamer.

At about 9 o'clock in the morning a hawser was secured between them and the tow was started towards New York. With a speed of about $4\frac{1}{2}$ knots owing to the terrible conditions which were still prevailing, and in spite of destination instructions . . . which were

changed twice by radio, the job was completed by arriving at anchorage in Chester, Pa., at about 10:30 the following night. This tow was accomplished in spite of the adverse conditions through 180 miles of heavy seas, plus approximately another 75 miles of up-river towing.

This is only a sample of the tremendous tasks accomplished by the Moran fleet in addition to the multitude of berthing and towing operations carried out in and around New York harbor. It was not only a tribute to the superb seamanship of the captain and crew, but one more proof positive of the efficiency and reliability of diesel-electric drive.

The full story of rescues accomplished and difficult tasks carried out cannot be given here. Suffice it to say that their number is legion, from rescues at sea to towing floats to Europe for D-day operations, and the hauling of an enormous drydock 1,700 miles from New York to Mobile!

The guiding spirit of this adventurous yet hard-headed business concern, the Moran Towing & Transportation Company, is Rear Admiral Edmond J. Moran, USNR, whose iron hand in a velvet glove carries on the traditions and affairs of the Moran dynasty started by Michael Moran, who entered the picturesque and adventurous business of New York harbor towing about 1860 with one boat.

A humorous genius, he soon worked his way to the top of the heap and began acquiring more boats, christening each new tug with the name of one of his family, which tradition has been maintained throughout the long and colorful history of the company.

Organized with a precision that would be the envy of many a Navy operation, the Moran operations are carried on with the appurtenances of a major campaign. Radar, a comprehensive radio network, an up-to-the-second operations map all play their parts in the complex handling of Moran's harbor and sea-going bulldogs.

Now comprised of some 40-odd tugs, the fleet of necessity was first equipped with steam propulsion machinery, but, in modern times, to quote Admiral Moran, "... we became interested in diesel power because it was clear to us that there was an economy and efficiency in obtaining horsepower which could not otherwise be had."

Nowadays the bulk of the bustling fleet with the large white "M" on every stack is equipped with diesel-electric drives for propulsion and towing, and the steam driven boats are rapidly being either replaced by modern vessels or re-engined with diesels. Today there are twice as many diesel-electric tugs as steam driven and with the advent of *Grace Moran*, first of a new class of five tugs, the four others of which are named *Carol*, *Barbara*, *Doris* and *Moira*, by far the greater part of the Moran operations is handled by diesel horsepower, and eventually, of course, the whole fleet will depend on the reliable and efficient diesel engine.

As typical of the larger of these tugs, the main specifications of the *Grace Moran* class are given on these pages.

A more convincing proof of the reliability and efficiency of diesels would be hard to find. In difficult docking operations where delicate...maneuvering is a requisite, the diesel-electric propelled tug in the hands of skilled seamen has long since proved its worth. In handling such giants as the Cunard White Star *Queens* great flexibility and a finger-tip control is a *must*; enormous damage can be done in a few moments. Handling and berthing tankers with vast quantities of highly inflammable cargo aboard requires not only the essential "know-how" but skill must have reliable horsepower at

its disposal when the possibility of catastrophe is ever-present.

Last, but not least, when lives are in danger and rescue operations are being coolly and calmly carried out, the tug's deep-water skipper must have no apprehension of engine failure to haunt him.

The maritime world respects and likes that band of pioneers, veteran seamen, skilled engineers and modern businessmen, the Moran Towing & Transportation Company.

All of the diesel-electric tugs sailing under the Moran houseflag are equipped by the Cleveland Diesel Engine Division of General Motors Corporation.

Morantow: LSM (landing ship, medium), Charleston, S. C., to Atlantic City, N. J.—555 miles.

Skipper Given Cash For His Suggestion

Capt. C. M. Parslow, master of the *Sheila Moran*, has been voted a cash award of \$5.00 for his suggestion that the foremast on tugs like the *Sheila* be shortened to a height which will permit them to clear various bridges.

Virtually the same suggestion had been made orally by other Moran employes, but Captain Parslow had the foresight to reduce his to writing and drop in one of three boxes available for the purpose.

It has been decided that the Traffic Committee will pass on all suggestions submitted in this manner, instead of the Suggestion Committee as originally announced.

At a meeting November 23rd a few other suggestions were rejected as impracticable for various reasons.



A Ship Passes at Sea

Good glasses these, but I make out
no face,
Nor flags, nor whence she came, nor
destined port;
Of men about her decks I find no
trace;
Yet with the waves her churning
screws make sport;
Her wake runs milky green, her
thin grey plume
No parallels the wounded sea, her
wheel
Guides firm and true, she keeps a
decent room
Between our, heaving, throbbing
flanks of steel.
We have no fear of her, nor she
of us;
Our voyage prospers, and we wish
her well;
Our simple prayers have deep
roots, generous
Her own, we know with hearts that
surge and swell,
Careless of gathering mists that on
us crowd
And fold the stranger in a little
cloud.

JOHN ACKERSON
Chief Mate, SS. *African Pilgrim*

(Editor's note: This verse was awarded first prize in the 1949 Marine Poetry Contest conducted by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.)

Some of a group of 70-odd French midshipmen, guests of the Port of New York Authority, aboard the tug Grace Moran (Capt. Chester Evans) on a tour of New York harbor Friday, December 2nd. The boys are attached to the French Naval training ship Jeanne D'Arc, a 6,494-ton light cruiser, which was berthed at the U. S. Navy's Pier 26, North River, during her visit to the world's greatest port. According to the New York Times' colorful account of the tour, "it took (them) exactly forty-two minutes... to consume 200 cups of coffee and eighteen dozen les beignets (French crullers)."—Associated Press Photo.

Letter received by E. F. Moran, Sr., Chairman, Moran T. & T. Co., and a Commissioner of the Port of New York Authority:

Monsieur le Directeur,

Avant de quitter NEW-YORK je tiens à vous remercier personnellement de l'amabilité que vous avez eue de mettre à la disposition des Officiers-Elèves de la "JEANNE D'ARC," un remorqueur pour la visite du Port de NEW-YORK.

Soyez certain que cette visite les a vivement intéressés tant par l'activité qu'ils ont pu y apprécier, que par les commentaires forts instructifs qui accompagnaient cette visite.

A. BEAUSSANT

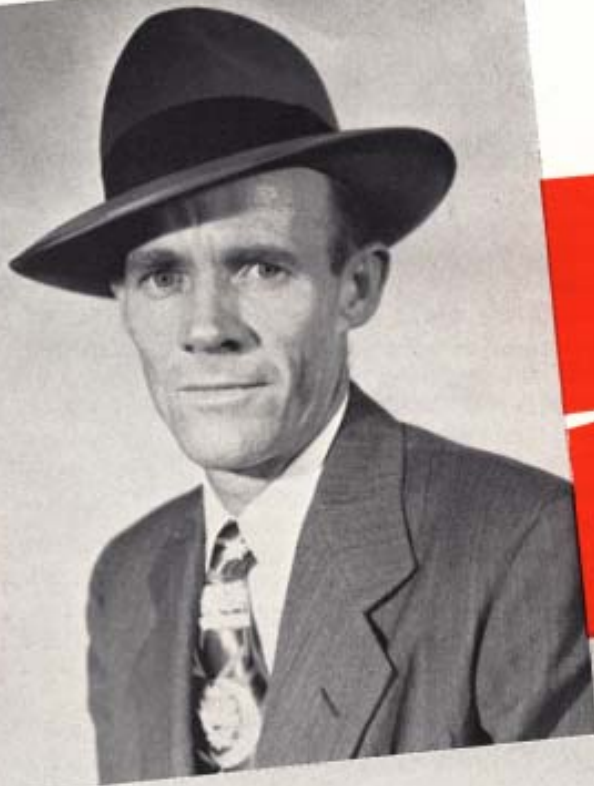
Commandant le Croiseur-Ecole
d'Application "JEANNE D'ARC"

1949

FRENCH

THE 7,176-gross-ton French freighter SS. Caen was in trouble—serious trouble.

She had sailed from Le Havre, France, October 1 for Hampton Roads, Va. The first vague story was to the effect that during the night of October



I FREIGHTER RESCUED

15-16 she had struck a submerged object, possibly a drifting derelict, and had lost one or more blades of her propeller. Worse and more of it, she was caught in a violent storm, but was proceeding slowly, presumably trying to run out of it. Later, a subsequent re-

port revealed, her engines had become totally disabled and she was wallowing helplessly in heavy seas. It did not add up to a very pretty picture.

Radio distress calls gave the position of the vessel, the former Liberty ship Andrew Pickens, as approximately 300 miles southeast of Ambrose lightship, or a little more than that east of Overfalls light at the entrance to Delaware Bay—definitely a desolate spot to be in acute distress.

As usual, the U. S. Coast Guard moved rapidly. The cutter Campbell (Capt. W. A. Burton, skipper) was returning to New York from a routine patrol and happened to be just under 100 miles south-southwest of the Caen. She established radio contact immediately. At 5:30 a.m. on the 16th the Frenchman asked for assistance. The cutter arrived on the scene at 10 p.m. the same day, and at 2 p.m. the following day took the Caen in tow, heading for the Delaware capes.

It was a good try, as they say, but after the Campbell's 11-inch hawser parted under terrific punishment it was taking, and three attempts to get another line aboard failed, plainly the rescue became a job for commercial specialists—not just any firm of such specialists, but Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc. The French Line, agents, ordered a heavy-duty sea-going tug. The Campbell would stand by pending its arrival, ready for any eventuality, even the worst.

The 143-foot, 1,900-horsepower Marion Moran was in New York harbor.

At the Moran yard, Port Richmond, S. I., she was hastily made ready for sea. Her regular skipper, Capt. Irv. F. George of Mobile, Ala., was on emergency leave because of a death in his family, so his equally competent uncle, Capt. Rodney Jones of Providence, R. I., commonly associated with the tug Pauline L. Moran, a fellow not without experience in doing the necessary at all times regardless of conditions, was flown in and hustled aboard. The Marion departed at 6 p.m. on the 17th. At 7:25 p.m. she passed the Ambrose sea buoy and headed into a force-6 east-southeast wind. Obviously, from then on the voyage had none of the characteristics of a pleasure cruise.

Upon his return to New York some days later Captain Jones reluctantly told your editor something about the bouncing around the Marion and her determined crew took out there. (It required even more persuasion, in fact something bordering on blackmail, to get him to pose for the usual head-and-shoulders news photo which is reproduced herewith.)

The storm periling the SS. Caen and all aboard did not show up in weather reports available when the Marion shoved off, the skipper said, although standard "storm warnings" were up as she stood out to sea. He hit what he felt certain must be the middle of the disturbance. At noon the next day about 60 miles from the continuously changing position of the Caen and the Campbell, with a force-8/9 wind from the northeast and the tug rolling 46.5 degrees (!), the Marion was obliged to heave to—and so was the cutter. During this uncomfortable interlude the crewmen had to subsist on sandwiches, plus a little not-too-satisfactory coffee brewed on an emergency oil stove. "Quite a clam-bake," Jones acknowledged with a wry down-easter smile.

(Continued on page 9)

This truly remarkable photo of the Marion Moran plowing through stormy seas with the disabled SS. Caen in tow was made by Lt. Comdr. W. K. Thompson, USCG, executive officer of the escorting Coast Guard cutter Campbell. Upper left: Captain Jones, emergency skipper of the Marion, who said he did not realize how "bumpy" it was out there until he saw the picture. Lower right: the Campbell, under obviously more comfortable conditions. (Prints from 3rd C.G. Dist. photolab, Pier 9, East River, N. Y.)





Ray Fox, executive vice president and treasurer of Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., resigned from the firm as of October 15th and, with sincere best wishes from all hands, departed with Mrs. Fox to take up residence in California.

Mr. Fox joined Moran in 1943, leaving a responsible position with General Motors Corp. to become more actively identified with the war effort. He was made executive vice president at that time, and in 1946 assumed additional duties as treasurer of the company. In this dual capacity he helped to guide financial and other policies of the firm, thus assisting materially in maintaining the Moran name at the peak in its industry.

It goes without saying that Ray's professional competence, patience, friendliness and unusually pleasing personality endeared him to business associates and personal friends alike, and that he will be sorely missed in New York.

"We wish Ray luck and the best in all things in his new home," Admiral Moran, president, said on the occasion of a farewell get-together in the office. "We look forward to his frequent return visits and, of course, helpful advice, since our association in that respect is being continued."

Schilling Named Treasurer-Director Of Moran Towing & Transportation Co.

Fred Schilling, a resident of Valley Stream, L. I., and comptroller of Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., for the past six years, was elected treasurer and a director of the firm in mid-October. He assumed his new duties immediately.

Mr. Schilling, a Moran employe since 1919 when he joined the company as an assistant bookkeeper, succeeds Ray Fox who resigned October 15th.

(Editor's note: A detailed "profile" of Mr. Schilling was published in the December, 1948, issue of the *Tow Line*.)



SAFETY RECORD

September-October figures released by the Traffic Department show continued improvement in the safety record of "M" tugs. The following captains and mates, with tugs listed alphabetically, had no claims charged against them as a result of operations during the two-month period:

Agnes A., W. Connor; *Anne*, P. Walling, F. Perry; *Barbara*, G. Mason, G. Larsson; *Carol*, G. Young, N. Larsen; *Catherine*, J. Todesky, J. Costello; *Chesapeake*, J. Jaques; *Christine*, P. Brittain, H. Anderson; *Doris*, F. Snyder P. Gaughran, Jr.; *Edmond J.*, W. Baldwin, F. Schweigel, R. Larkey; *Eugenia M.*, H. Dreijer, G. Norton, E. Ryan; *Grace*, C. Evans, J. Gully; *Harriet*, G. Bragg, J. Fagerstrom, T. Nielsen; *Helen B.*, H. Becker; *Kevin*, N. Proctor, B. Ballance, D. Willis; *M.*, J. Biddick, W. Macdonald; *Margot*, E. Allen, V. Chapman, J. Guinan; *Marion*, I. George,

G. Ashberry, E. Dexter; *Mary*, B. Baker, A. Anderson; *Moir*, J. Sahlberg, C. Sheridan, B. Sherer; *Nancy*, J. French, M. Grimes, R. Poissant; *Pauline L.*, T. Trent, M. Sullivan; *Peter*, C. Morch, D. Bodino; *Sheila*, A. Munson; *Thomas E.*, R. Hayes, L. Thorsen, W. Hayes; *William J.*, J. Cashin, L. Tucker; *Relief Crews*, K. Buck, J. Stenson, J. Jorgenson, J. Finneran.

Finland Steamship Co.'s new motorship *Sirius*, Capt. Sten Lille, master, moving down the North River on the return leg of her maiden voyage from Helsinki to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York last month. Completed this year by a Holland shipyard, the first deep-sea vessel built for Finnish interests since the end of the war, the *Sirius* has an overall length of 352 feet, a dead-weight of 3,950 tons, a draft of 19 feet fully loaded, and a speed of 14 knots. Other features are a bale capacity of 260,300 cubic feet, five hatches with 'tween-decks, five-ton ship derricks, and four modern double cabins to accommodate eight passengers. J. F. Whitney & Co., 8-10 Bridge St., are the owners' New York agents. Moran tugs docked the new vessel at and sailed her from Pier 32, North River.



Freighter Rescued

(Continued from page 7)

At 7:30 p.m. the tug hauled around and headed for the Caen again, arriving at 7 a.m. on the 19th—on a reliable radio beam transmitted by the Campbell for Captain Jones' guidance. But an uncalculated language barrier increased the difficulties in getting the Marion Moran's hawser aboard the wallowing Frenchman. Naturally, the skipper was using his radio-telephone for speedy operations purposes, including communication with the Campbell, but it developed that nobody aboard the Caen could speak or understand English. On the other hand, Captain Jones was similarly handicapped as to French—although his regular radio operator seems to be able to translate if he receives it in code, slowly. The Coast Guard was typically resourceful. Lt. Comdr. W. K. Thompson, executive officer aboard the Campbell, dug up somebody who could translate and relay messages back and forth—an adequate solution—and at 8:40 a.m. the Marion's steel cable was aboard the Caen and attached to her anchor chain.

Just ask Captain Jones sometime what he thinks of Commander Thompson and his all-around ability as a sea-going officer under pressure of such an emergency. "Best — Coast Guard officer I've ever worked with!"

At 9 o'clock, with the relentless wind north-northeast, force-7, the tug started pulling full ahead, with the Campbell escorting. Original orders specified Chester, Pa., as a destination. While the rescue vessels were hove to during the worst of the storm, that was changed to New York; but after the tow was already under way it was changed to Chester again—which was permitted to stand after the French Line left it up to the skippers of the two vessels to decide which was the safest port to try for under prevailing conditions. A collateral idea was that the Campbell would continue to escort. It was "pretty dusty" out there.

In fact, Captain Jones said in the course of a radio-telephone conversation with this office about 10:30 a.m. that the wind was still force-7, northeast, and he had reduced his engine speed to three-quarters on account of an alarming strain on the towing engine. At that time he was making a scant 4.5 knots—at which Moran op-

erations expressed no displeasure, under the circumstances.

(Incidentally, the telephone powwow was to complete arrangements for a radio interview with the Marion's skipper, a prospect which apparently raised body temperatures in the National Broadcasting Co.'s newsroom in Radio City. The contact was made on schedule; said interview went off to the obvious satisfaction of George Hicks, NBC engineer, who transcribed it and put it on his outfit's 50-station, coast-to-coast network at 1:30 p.m. while the tug was still laboring toward the Delaware capes. There was something said about a television hookup from Chester, or Philadelphia, upon arrival of the tow, but your editor has no information as to whether or not it came off. The French desk of the U. S. Department of State "Voice of America" radio in New York was continuously interested, and presumably broadcast a running account of the deal to listeners abroad. Domestic and foreign press associations did not spare the horses; the A.P. especially was on the ball, it developed.)

In Moran headquarters it was estimated that if the Marion managed to step up her knots as the storm abated or she moved out of the worst of it, she might make Overfalls light by 10 a.m. next day and Chester, 60-odd miles up Chesapeake Bay, by midnight. The tow arrived at Chester anchorage at 9:50 p.m. The Marion got under way again, light, at midnight. Here's the log entry for Saturday, October 21:

Position at noon, 39.43N, 74.04W; distance run, 61 miles; from time of departure, four hours, 24 minutes; average speed, 12.5 knots; r.p.m. at noon, 165; wind, northerly, force-3; sea, calm; 0525, pilot away; 0735, departure; 1200, proceeding New York; 1606, arrival Ambrose.

So that's that, except that CGC. Campbell's hawser was left aboard the Caen, Captain Jones took it off at Chester, and it was delivered to the Coast Guard in New York. Happy to do so, too, he said without the slightest hesitation. Nor was anybody mad when the following RCA radiogram in French was received by the Marion Moran via FPRL at 0430 GMT on October 21, from the SS. Caen:

"VOUS REMERCIONS BEAUCOUP DE VOTRE AIDE. BON RETOUR ET BONNE NUIT."

That's the towing business for you. At least that's how Moran does it.

50 YEARS AGO

(The following items of interest were painstakingly extracted from files of the New York Maritime Register by Capt. Earl C. Palmer of Moran HQ, curator of The Tug Line's historical section.)

OCTOBER 4, 1899—"Largest Ships Afloat," from *The Shipping World*, London, Eng.—The Oceanic is easily first in the list with a gross tonnage of 17,000, and her nearest rival is the German steamship *Deutschland*, 15,500, followed by the Kaiser *Wilhelm der Grosse*, 14,349 tons, and the *Patricia*, 13,000 tons, all flying the German flag.

Next comes the *Lucania* and the *Campania* of 12,952 and 12,950 tons respectively. The Germans again come in with the *Pennsylvania*, 12,891 tons; the *Graf Waldersee*, 12,830 tons, and the *Pretoria*, 12,800 tons register.

Our next largest boats are the *Cymric*, 12,552 tons, the *Medic*, 11,850, and the *Afric*, 11,816; whilst the Germans can place against them the *Grosser Kurfuerst*, 12,500 tons, the *Kaiser Friedrich*, 12,480, and the *Belgia*, 11,100 tons. Under the British flag there are only nine steamers of over 10,000 tons register, against 19 similar German steamers. The Americans own four steamers of over 10,000 tons (the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*, 11,629 tons each, the *Paris*, 10,669, and the *New York*, 10,674.)

OCTOBER 18, 1899—George L. Garlick was damaged by fire night of Oct. 16 while lying at Atlantic Basin, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OCTOBER 18, 1899—The demand for metal increases the value of old vessels. The Navy Department on Oct. 13 disposed of the single turret monitors *Ajax* and *Passaic*. The former was purchased by H. A. Hiter's Sons of Philadelphia for \$29,567 and the *Passaic* by Frank Samuel of the same city for \$19,786. The collier *Hector* was also sold for \$65,150. The appraised value of the three vessels was \$74,000 and they brought \$114,503.

NOVEMBER 15, 1899—(Meade, U. S. Transport)—Passed in Quarantine, New York, at 1 p.m. Nov. 7, returning from a trial trip, with Tug *Albert H. Ellis* acting as a rudder for her. She went out on the 6th, and was reported same night anchored outside the bar, with steering gear deranged.

DECEMBER 6, 1899—(Obituary)—Capt. Whitworth McKay, 65 years old, died from pneumonia after three weeks illness at No. 214 East 126th St. on Nov. 26. His father was Donald McKay, from whose shipyard in East Boston many famous clipper ships were turned out. Capt. McKay was a United States Steamboat Inspector from 1889 to 1892.

DECEMBER 6, 1899—Margaret A. Lenox (tug) was damaged to the extent of \$500 by colliding with the tug *Alfred W. Booth* off the Battery, N. Y., on Nov. 30. She was taken to Brooklyn for repairs. Damage to the Booth, if any, not reported.

DECEMBER 13, 1899—(Editorial Notes)—We congratulate Captain Kaempff of the *Augusta Victoria*, on the completion of 100th round trip across the Atlantic as master of a vessel of the Hamburg American Line. During his long service Captain Kaempff has also distinguished himself by several feats of seamanship and acts of personal bravery in rescuing passengers.

Ashore and Afloat



Who, that industrious gent sitting over there in the southwest corner by the two big windows overlooking the North River? Why, that's our Edwin J. (Eddie) Walsh, another of those fellows without an official title, but with plenty of responsibility, and if he gives you the impression of being only a little less inscrutable than the Sphinx, you're partly right—but think nothing of it.

Eddie is a man who deals in columns of figures, an occupation as mysterious to your reporter, for one, as any that might have to do with the translation of hieroglyphics. In fact, he is in charge of Moran's accounting department.

Born in Harlem March 4, 1908, he attended public schools there and in The Bronx, and had half a dozen miscellaneous jobs before joining this firm in November, 1928, as "assistant to the assistant, and so forth, of somebody in the bookkeeping department," he says. In 1935 when the company installed its first machine bookkeeping system, he was "it."

At any rate, he has been the good right arm for nigh onto 20 years of Fred Schilling, formerly comptroller, who was named treasurer and a director of Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., only a couple of months ago.



Eddie's own characterization of himself as being noted for his remarkable memory and poor taste in neckties may not be quite fair. He forgot to remember to provide the *Tow Line* with news details on the fifth annual Moran Open golf tournament played October 9 at the South Bay Golf Club, and the tie he was wearing at the time of this interview wouldn't be one bit out of place—in a display of shipping company houseflags. (It's only fair to add that he virtually originated said annual golfing event.)

Besides playing golf "after a fashion," to use his own words, he bowls, and has the normal American interest in baseball, basketball, and "eating."

There is this much more to be said of our Mr. Walsh—in all seriousness, too: If you want to know the details of a given job, say what tugs were assigned to docking a Cunarder at 1 p.m. last April 7th, how much working time was required, and possibly the Moran ticket number or something equally obscure, Eddie is your man.

A few years ago he married Mrs. Mae Williams, at the time employed in the billing department, and they reside now in Ozone Park, L. I. There is a boy, 18, and a girl, 14, by a previous marriage.

Model Tugs

Dear Mr. Bull:

The package of Tow Lines, photos, and the outline drawing of one of your tugs (looks like one of the new ones) is very much appreciated . . . I will make one of the tugs and if it is a real presentable job I'll send you one. I'm not an experienced tug modeller yet, but I enjoy making them more than steam trains now that steam is losing out to Diesel power . . . In the near future I hope to turn out one that you won't be ashamed of for a model of an "M" tug . . . May I have a 1950 calendar?

ROSS M. WELLING
(Johnstown, N. Y.)

Marie Hess (I.B.M. division) was married on October 15th to Austin J. Whitely, in the Grace Episcopal Church, Westwood, N. J. The couple honeymooned at Split Rock Lodge in Pennsylvania, and are making their home in Westwood.

"Ben Friday"

Dear Joe:

Apparently the famous "M" has now received just recognition, even by the comic strips. (*) Under the circumstances I suppose that only a purist would object to the color being red instead of white.

ADRIAN J. O'KANE
(27 William St., New York)

(*) Editor's note: The drawing referred to by Mr. O'Kane occurred in the November 6th issue of the colored comic strip entitled "Ben Friday," distributed by the New York Herald Tribune Syndicate.

Hal Madden, who had been doing a fine job at the Moran shipyard, Port Richmond, S. I., has been transferred back to the New York office—something like Napoleon's return from Elba, he intimates.

Morantow: Rescue operation, Liberty ship, 450 miles east of Bermuda to Norfolk, Va.—1,080 miles.

Delighted

Dear Admiral Moran:

The tour of New York Harbor will undoubtedly be the high spot of the visit of Mr. Knowles and Mr. Furby of Lloyd's. I know they have seen many interesting things during their short stay here, but participating in the docking of the *Nieuw Amsterdam*, under most difficult circumstances, surpasses anything they have done. Your staff is certainly to be congratulated for its efficiency, and we all feel particularly indebted to Captain Young and Joe Moore for their hospitality.

On behalf of the Maritime Association of the Port of New York and myself personally, I do wish to take this opportunity to thank you for making all this possible. Your spirit of cooperation in this instance has in no small way helped the Maritime Association further cement the excellent relationship which exists between our Association and Lloyd's.

WILLIAM F. GIESEN,
General Manager

Belated congratulations to Capt. Charles Sheridan of the tug *Moir* Moran and Mrs. Sheridan on the birth of a son, Paul, on September 28th.

Think Nothing of It

Dear Mr. Munroe:

Mr. Abbot and Mr. Lewis join me in expressing appreciation for your kindness and courtesy in allowing us to witness and photograph the docking of the Queen Mary . . . We are in full agreement that it is a wonderful sight, doubly so in consequence of having such an unusual viewpoint.

There is no question that the sight of a busy harbor thrills most of us. There is wonder, nostalgia and often envy in our hearts. We are trying to capture some of this emotional quality for our film, and to transmit it to television audiences and educational institutions all over the country . . .

The skill of your skippers is something to behold, and those new boats—I'm strictly a schooner man, but these behemoths get me!

If we neglected to thank anyone in the Moran organization who had the misfortune to meet us, please forgive. Everyone was kind, patient and considerate, and if the picture is good it will be due to the kindness of people who make up your organization . . .

Incidentally, if you have any handy data, statistics and historical stuff on the Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., as well as on New York harbor, I would certainly like to have it.

HOWARD CAGLE

Miss Joan Gorham, daughter of James L. Gorham, Sr., mate aboard the tug Harriet Moran, and Mrs. Gorham, on November 12th became the bride of Robert A. Brown of Troy, N. Y. It was a double ring affair at the First Presbyterian Church in Waterford, N. Y., where the Gorhams reside. . . "And did my knees rattle!" exclaims the bride's father, who, nevertheless, survived the ordeal in good condition.

Why, Sure!

Dear Sirs:

I have read with interest in The Shipping Record of your publication The Tow Line, the August number which carries illustrations of the French Line's Ile de France in the North River, also of Hitler's yacht Grille. I wondered if you could favor me with a copy of this magazine.

D. SEARS
(Nottingham, England)

Morantow: Mixing plant, Norfolk, Va., to New London, Conn.—503 miles.

Capt. Joseph H. Miller, Moran's chief dispatcher, and Mrs. Miller, 25 East Harriet Avenue, Palisades Park, N. J., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Patricia, to George J. Fredericks, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Fredericks, 765 Day Avenue, Ridgefield, N. J. No date for the wedding has been set.

Collector's Item

Dear Sirs:

As I am very interested with ships of your company and am a collector of ship photographs, I should like it very much to receive from you a couple of photographs or other pictures of your famous ships, because I should not miss them in my collection. Other booklets and a sailing-list of your company are very welcome too.

I hope you are able to help me, and I thank you very much anyway. Meanwhile I remain, yours faithfully,

A. RACKWITZ
(Rotterdam, Holland)

More belated good wishes to Will Hayes of the tug Doris Moran and Mrs. Hayes on the birth of their Michael, September 18th.

Morantow: Tanker, Maracaibo, Venezuela, to Mobile, Ala.—1,675 miles.

Museum Piece

Dear Mr. Munroe:

I want to thank you for the photographs you have sent to me. I will have a nice collection of Moran tugs, and I think they are the best looking tugs on the river. Have ordered a book just to put them in . . . I need them in my line of work as a model builder for the New York State Museum at Albany.

I won't forget what you have done for me, and thanks again. Sincerely yours,

FRED R. CRON
(Green Island, N. Y.)

Dick Doring, one of the best cooks in the "M" fleet, has enjoyed a colorful life, no doubt about it. He has been going to sea since he was 14 years old, and can spin many a yarn about the old days aboard square-riggers, having been "around the Horn" half a dozen times in vessels of that type. Dick joined Moran in the early 1920's on the old Alice Moran. He lives in New Jersey and looks forward to many more years of active service with the company.

Speaking of cooks, Charles Lundberg, who has rustled up meals for many dignitaries aboard Moran tugs, admits finally that he owes his success in the culinary department to his brother, Albert. Albert, it seems, served aboard many fancy private yachts, while Charlie came by more than one of his tasty recipes, a circumstance which has put him in solid with "M" crews and guests.

Capt. J. P. Biddick, recently of the tug M. Moran, who did such a wonderful emergency job for the Stanolind Co. in Galveston, Texas, during that vicious hurricane in October, headed southward the first week in December with every intention, he informed the *Tow Line*, of spending the holidays at his home in or near Wilmington, N. C.

Honored by U. S. Coast Guard

Dated October 3, 1949, and signed by Admiral J. F. Farley, Commandant, a Certificate of Appreciation has been awarded to Joseph H. Moran, II, vice president of Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., in recognition of his personal efforts in the successful campaign to raise \$450,000 to erect an Inter-Faith Memorial Chapel at the U. S. Coast Guard Academy, New London, Conn.

Moran tugs have taken on and completed successfully many unusual tows, but one of the least commonplace, according to our Miss Christian, was in connection with closing the old Battery Park aquarium. Tanks of fish which had been exhibited in the condemned structure were placed aboard the Sheila Moran, which proceeded to sea, where the finny tribe was released.

Appreciator, He

Gentlemen:

Your recent adv. in Time Magazine showed a number of your tugs docking one of the largest ocean liners in New York Harbor. The photograph was quite striking and . . . will you please send me a copy, as I would like to have one? GEO. R. COSLOW

Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army
Miami Beach, Fla.

Morantow: Two dump scows, Port Deposit, Md. to Conneaut, Ohio—788 miles.

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