

TOW LINE



OCTOBER, 1951

Recent New Arrivals . . .

Pages 6-7



ON THE COVER—

The new Holland-America "economy" liner Ryndam, 15,015 gross tons, a vessel especially constructed for tourist travel, arriving in New York on July 25th, on the westbound leg of her maiden voyage from Rotterdam, Le Havre and Southampton, under command of Capt. Folkert H. Dobbinga.

Obtained just too late to be featured on the cover or even inside the August issue of *Tow Line*, this extraordinary aerial photograph made for Moran by Thomas Airviews (as usual) has just about everything, we think—aside from two Grace Moran-class harbor tugs, which docked the ship at Fifth Street, Hoboken, N. J.

The official welcoming delegation included Rear Adm. Louis B. Olson, 3rd Coast Guard District and Eastern Area commander; Daniel J. von Balluseck, chief representative of The Netherlands to the United Nations; Dr. W. Cnoop Koopmans, consul general of The Netherlands; Edward J. Shaughnessy, district director, U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service; Dr. Henry A. Holle, regional medical director, U. S. Public Health Service; Frederick R. Wierdsma, general manager, Holland-America Line; and Alexis D. Wentholt and Albert A. van L. Maas, managers.

The foregoing delegation, together with a large contingent of working press, including newsreel and television people, and Moran representatives, got their first glimpse of the Ryndam off St. George, Staten Island, from the deck of the tug Doris Moran. The legendary New York Harbor welcome from other vessels of all kinds, including cascading city fireboats, awaited her in the upper bay and North River.

The new ship is 503 feet long, with a beam of 69 feet and a draft (loaded) of 28 feet, eight inches. Her 8,500 shaft-horsepower can develop a speed of 16.5 knots. Her passenger capacity is 854 tourist class, 39 first class; cargo capacity, general, 180,415 cubic feet; refrigerated, 15,250 cubic feet.



TOW LINE



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R. M. MUNROE, *Editor*
Vol. IV

LUCILLE CHRISTIAN, *Associate*

No. 5

Re: "SERVICE"

In industry, shipping being no exception, a lot is heard about "service," usually with the capital "S." Surely, it is no trade secret that a good bit of what you hear along this line is pious nonsense. Diversionary actions and smoke screens are not confined to war.

Service is or should be a common commodity, a mutually beneficial, unspecified consideration in fair trade practices—in all above-board commercial relations between gentlemen.

Service can be sold. It can be given away. In the long run it turns out to be as profitable when it is given away as when it is sold. (Auditors will find no figures in our books to support this belief. None the less, it is true.)

Moran Towing & Transportation Co. has always dealt extensively in service:


There is the familiar (but by no means commonplace!) fulfillment of contract, the without-which-not of successful business.

Then there is that extra something. Moran's superb equipment, thoroughly competent personnel, and virtually global experience makes available to customers, at no extra cost (actually less) per hour or per contract. That "extra something," more and more ship owners and agents are realizing, is the added diesel-electric power and maneuverability of our harbor and ocean tugs.

Last, not least, we have the will, the know-how, and the facilities to serve, not only our regular customers and friends, but anybody in need, whenever we can and wherever we are—and we are pretty nearly everywhere.

In particular, this is what we understand by "service," and it is what we mean when we speak of it.





ABOVE: As graphic and revealing a series of 35 mm. snapshots of a morantow under obviously less than favorable sea conditions, somewhere between Wilmington, N. C., and New York, as you are likely to

run across in the proverbial coon's age. This sequence, presented here as it was made, is from the camera of Martin Gross, of The Bronx, New York, a deckhand aboard the tug Eugene F. Moran (Capt.

Moran Tugs Complete Many Rescue Missions

Since the August issue of *Tow Line* went to press, so many noteworthy rescue items have accumulated that a round-up story seems indicated—space for individual detailed reports not being available.

As we get off to press this time, two or three such missions are still in progress, so it is impossible to report them fully. For one thing, the MOIRA MORAN (Capt. Ray Larkey) departed New York on Oct. 23 to assist the tanker Esso AUGUSTA, disabled with generator trouble, picked her up off Wimball Shoals, Va., Oct. 25, and headed for Chester, Pa. . . . Other recent rescues follow:

KEVIN MORAN (Capt. James Barrow)—SS. *Burco Trader*, 7,176 gross

tons, was picked up approximately 480 miles E. of New York and towed to Bethlehem Steel's shipyard at 27th Street, Brooklyn; August 17-22.

PETER MORAN (Capt. Mitchell Sullivan)—SS. *Rask*, 161 gross tons, Danish registry, was picked up off Southport, N. C., and towed to Charleston, S. C.; Aug. 23-24.

MOIRA MORAN (Capt. Preston Johnson)—SS. *Bylavl*, 3,289 gross tons, a single screw bulk carrier, was picked up off Pollock lightship, Mass., and towed to Oak Point, N. Y., Aug. 25-28.

EUGENIA M. MORAN (Capt. Ralph Thompson)—SS. *Aspasia Nomikos*, 4,855 gross tons, Greek registry, was picked up 1,800 miles E. of Charleston, S. C., towed to N. Y.; Sept. 17-Oct. 3.


G. W. COBRINGTON (Capt. Leonard Goodwin, Jr.)—SS. *Atlantic Dealer*, T-2 tanker, 10,296 gross tons, was picked up 500 miles E. of Cape Canaveral, Florida, and towed to Jacksonville; Sept. 18-23.

AGNES A. MORAN (Capt. Earl Costello)—*Barge B-8*, aground in Lake Ontario eight miles E. of Rochester, N. Y., was picked up and towed to Rochester; Oct. 8.

ANNE MORAN (Capt. Percy Walling)—*Barge Morania No. 140*, aground on breakwater near Oswego, N. Y., was pulled off; and *Barge Mimi*, under tow of *Tug Feeney*, assisted into port at Oswego; Sept. 19 and Oct. 6.

EDMOND J. MORAN (Capt. Frank Hughes substituting)—SS. *JEANNY*, T-2 tanker, 10,296 gross tons, disabled with main generator inoperative 195 miles SE. of Ambrose lightship, was picked up 150 miles E. by N. of Cape Henry, Va., and towed to Perth Amboy, N. J.; Oct. 18-21.

. . . From all of which it will be seen no grass has been growing under the keels of Moran Towing & Transportation Co.'s alert ocean, harbor and inland waterways fleet in recent weeks. Heartiest congratulations to the skippers and mates concerned, and more power to all hands!



Ever since she had been in New York, it seems, Martha Wright, the more than adequate star of "South Pacific," had cherished an ambition to go for a ride on one of those harbor tugs she found so intriguing. It seemed hopeless. The trouble was, she didn't know the right people—or the Wright people, it might be more to the point to say. Then a hometown friend, Ed Garrison of the Tacoma (Wash.) News Tribune, one of the winners in the 5th American newspaper contest conducted by the Propeller Club of the United States, came east to receive his award at the club's recent silver jubilee convention. Ed, too, craved an interlude aboard a Grace Moran-class tug. He enjoyed his day afloat so much he wanted to share another like it with Miss Wright and a mutual friend, Ann Shepard, also of Tacoma. So the steamed-up trio boarded our Barbara Moran one bright afternoon in mid-October and, among other things, helped to dock the Cunard freighter *Vardulia* at Pier 90, North River. Here is a Tow Line photographer's idea of what the decorative boat-deck shot should include—Martha Wright.

V. S. Chapman in this instance) in the course of a not-too-placid voyage with the 7,176-gross-ton SS. Frank Springer from the reserve fleet anchorage at Wilmington to Bethlehem Steel's shipyard

at 56th Street, Brooklyn. The date was between September 28th and October 2nd. . . This is a fine example of the sort of material the Tow Line gets a big lift out of receiving from men of the fleet!

7th Annual Golf Tourney Wettest

The 7th annual Moran Open golf tournament Sunday, October 7th, at South Bay Golf Club, Bayshore, L. I., actually was more of an aquashow than the links classic it might have been. In fact, a few among nearly 50 hardy souls on hand, who were familiar with hurricane weather in the Miami latitude, said they felt right at home.

Seaboard Shipping Corp. personnel were included in the get-together this time. Frank J. Belford, Jr., vice president and director of that company, long associated with Moran, acted as master of ceremonies. Among Moran officials present were the Eugene F. Morans, Sr. & Jr., Fred Schilling and John J. Metzner.

A few die-hards actually played golf, one or two as many as 13 holes, but for the most part those who did get out fell by the wayside no further along than the 9th. Prizes were awarded on such logical grounds as "most holes," "wettest pants," "longest in clubhouse," "being here at all," and (for Capt. Joe Miller, who else?) "horrible mention."

None the less, tap-room card games were lively, free-wheeling conversation abounded, and no complaints about the steak dinner were recorded. Assisted by an accordionist, various gifted gents contributed items of entertainment: an only slightly off-key trio consisting of Eddie Johnson, Joe Dowd and Miller; Ed Chilcott with a highland fling and Cockney stories; Ed Hennessey and Dowd in what they claimed were musical interpretations; even a yarn from Howard Moore.

Not bad—not bad at all.

Hospitality and Friendliness

Dear Mr. Moran:

We want to thank you and your organization for the many courtesies extended to us on our recent visit aboard the "Doris Moran." Mr. Aue, Mr. Gessley and myself have recently been transferred by the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. to the New York area from the Middle West. Being "land-lubbers," we were quite interested in the harbor activities. Your vessels of course play a big part . . . so we contacted Messrs. Jordan and Finnegan in your dispatchers' office. They were very helpful and put us in touch with Captain Stebbins and the crew of the "Doris Moran." The following hours on the water were very interesting, but above all we were particularly impressed by the genuine hospitality and friendliness of all personnel. We appreciate knowing the members of such a fine organization.

BLAINE HOOVER, JR.
(The Engineers' Club, N. Y.)

Westchester Radio Party

Gentlemen:

I would like to take this occasion to thank you for arranging for my party to go on the "Carol Moran" last Saturday afternoon. We enjoyed seeing your dispatching office and learning something about behind-the-scenes activities of tugboating. I hope sometime to take advantage of your kindness again. All in all, it was a very enjoyable experience. Many thanks.

RANDALL KALER
(WFAS, WFAS-FM,
White Plains, N. Y.)

Morantow: Derrick and scow, New York to Port Everglades, Fla.—962 miles.

Recommended Reading: "Once Around the Sun" by Brooks Atkinson, drama critic of the New York Times, for its colorful, competent descriptions of the Port of New York and its bustling traffic, including tug operations.

Vanished Convoy

(From the New York Herald Tribune's local and Paris editions, reprinted by permission of that newspaper and the author.)

—Gone, all gone, those schooners with names like singing—
Thetis, Lavolta, Georgietta, Rosella and Leonore—

Far from the sheltering port that bred them winging
Out, to return no more . . .

Gone, too, the drudging tug that down the river
Squired them sturdily, surely into the turquoise bay,

Watched them spread sails and vanish—
now, forever—
Out past the headland gray . . .

Yet sometimes on moonless nights when sea-mist, sweeping
Into the pine-fringed passage that leads to the rotting piers,

Blankets the town, a tugboat captain, sleeping,
Starts as he dreams he hears
Laughter and shouts of lads long turned to dust—

Eager, the voyage before them; enraptured at safe returning—
Rattle of rigging, creak of hawsers, and thrust
Of a tug's propeller churning . . .

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

"It may interest you to know that the situation described is at least founded on fact," Mr. Gleason writes from his home, Indian Point Farm, Ellsworth, Me. "Ellsworth was at one time quite a lumber port, though now there is no shipping here; the names of the schooners are those of real ships of 50 years ago, all from this or neighboring ports; and Ellsworth's towing down Union River to the bay was done by one tug, now gone, the Little Round Top."

Fleet Safety Record

No damage claims were charged against the following captains and mates for the months of July and August:

Agnes A., H. Bickle, V. Vermilyea; Anne, P. Walling; Barbara, C. Sheridan, H. Wee; Carol, W. Hayes; Catherine, V. Fontaine, J. Duffy; Claire A., J. McConnell, Jr.; Chesapeake, J. Jaques, M. DeAngeles; Christine, E. Allen, V. Chapman, F. Johnson; Doris, B. Sherer, P. Gaughran; E. F. Moran, Jr., O. Erickson, H. Pederson; Edmond J., W. Baldwin, W. Mason; Eugene F., R. Jones, J. Cray; Eugenia M., C. Hightower, W. Joseph, R. Thompson; Geo. N. Barrett, J. Todesky, L. Tucker; Grace, G. Sahlberg, K. Buck, M. Grimes; Harriet, M. Connor, E. Freeman, F. Perry; Kevin, J. Barrow, G. Ackerman, J. Day; M., J. Barlow, F. Dezendorf, P. Jessey; Margot, N. Proctor, E. Anderson; Marie S., A. Tucker, A. Duffy; Marion, L. George, B. Ballance, L. Erbe; Mary, M. Rodden; Michael, F. Knudsen, J. Finneran; Moira, N. Larsen; Nancy, R. Poissant; Pauline, T. Trent, J. Fagerstrom; Peter, W. Morch; Richard J. Barrett, J. Jorgensen, L. Larsen; Sheila, C. Parslow, D. Kjolner; Susan A., E. Carlson, C. Carlson; William C. Moore, B. Baker, A. Anderson; William J., A. Munson, R. Fiske, H. Hansen; Geo. W. Codrington, L. Goodwin, E. Dexter, F. Calabrese; Roustabout, J. Wilson.

Largest Diesel Fleet

Sirs:

As one who has worked on towboats as a marine engineer all my life, and interested in towing and salvage, I am at the present time collecting data on tugs of the principal companies on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. I understand the Moran Towing & Transportation Co. has the largest diesel fleet in the U. S. and would like information, such as a list of your fleet, type, dimensions, horsepower, etc. Of course, any photographs of tugs also would be welcome.

HARRY McDONALD
(Seattle 66, Wash.)

Morantow: EC-2 (Liberty ship), Bermuda to Charleston, S. C.—803 miles.

Congratulations: To Hugh Gallagher, vice president of Matson Navigation Co., upon being re-elected president of the Propeller Club of the United States, October 20, following a highly successful term marked by a new aggressive spirit in the organization and a vigorous effort to "sell" the merchant marine to all America.

WELCOMING RECENT NEW ARRIVALS



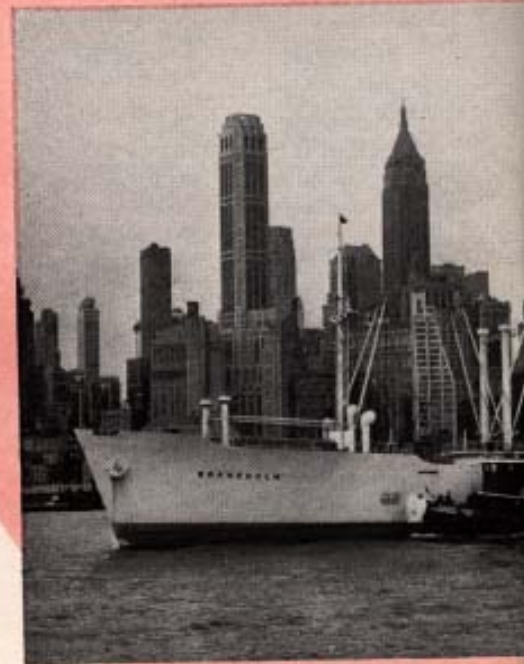
M/V NICOLINE MAERSK. Moller Steamship Co., Inc., agents. V. A. Vernun, captain. Length, 487 feet; gross tonnage, 6,740; horsepower, 11,500 (turbine); passengers, 12; cargo capacity, 638,690 cubic feet. Service: between Far East and east and west coasts of U. S.



S/S ASIA. Cunard Steam-Ship Co., Ltd., agents. Length, 487 feet; gross tonnage, 8,750; horsepower, 6,500 (turbine). Service: London-Liverpool and Port Alfred-Montreal.

MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC., is indeed happy to welcome these new vessels, photographed on the occasions of their maiden arrivals in the Port of New York. Naturally, our diesel-electric harbor tugs docked them.

We sincerely hope all five will sail in good fortune for many, many years to come, and that we will be privileged to continue serving them and their owners, here or wherever we can.

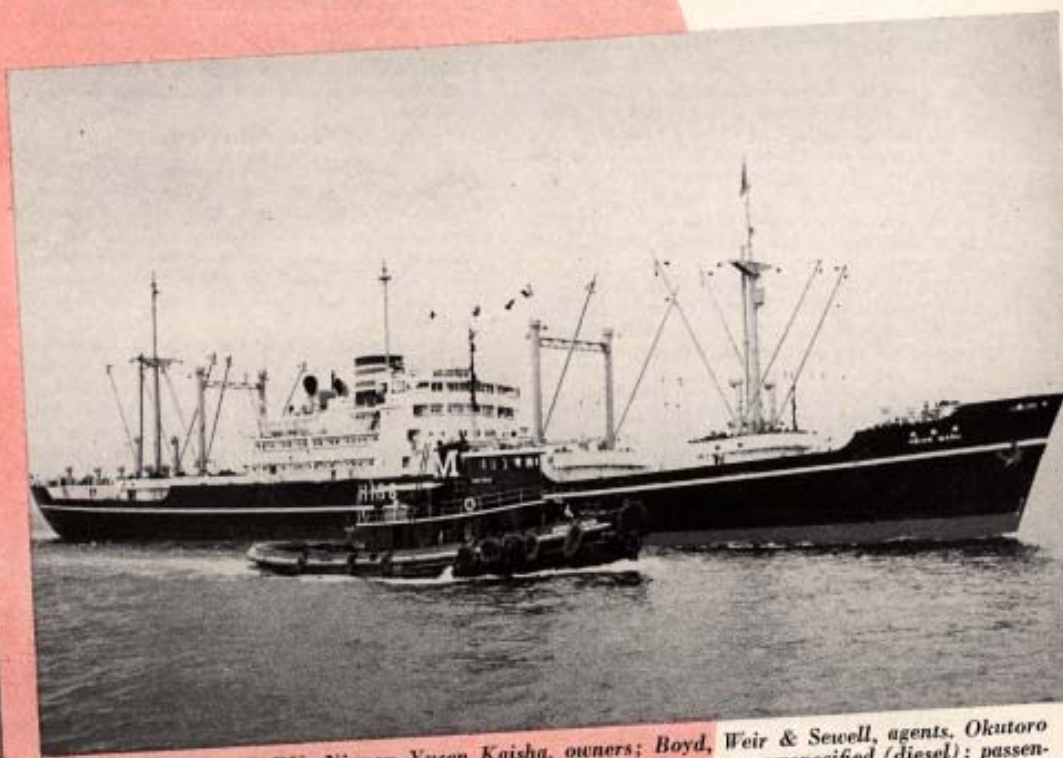


M/V BRAHEHOLM. Swedish American Line. Length, 487 feet; gross tonnage, 4,043; horsepower, 6,700 (turbine). Service: between Sweden-Finland and Norway.

ARRIVALS TO NEW YORK



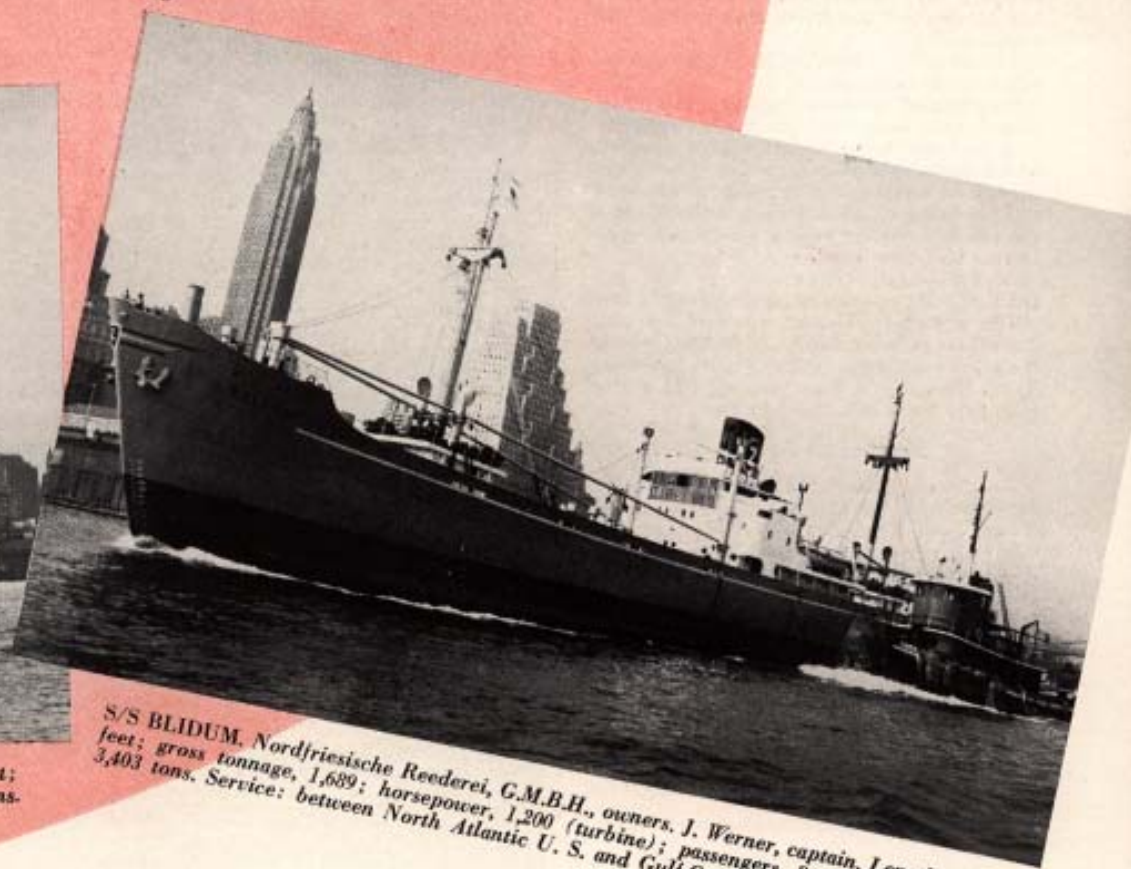
W. B. Tanner, captain. Length, 480 feet; gross tonnage, 11,000 tons. Service: between St. Johns (summer), St. Johns (winter).



M/V HEIAN MARU. Nippon Yusen Kaisha, owners; Boyd, Weir & Seicell, agents. Okutoro Tange, captain. Length, 438 feet; gross tonnage, 6,848; horsepower, unspecified (diesel); passengers, 12; cargo capacity, 515,000 cubic feet. Service: between Japan and N. Y.



S/S BLIDUM. Nordfriesische Reederei, G.M.B.H., owners. J. Werner, captain. Length, 329 feet; gross tonnage, 1,689; horsepower, 1,200 (turbine); passengers, 8; cargo capacity, 3,403 tons. Service: between North Atlantic U. S. and Gulf-Caribbean ports.



W. B. Tanner, captain. Length, 480 feet; gross tonnage, 11,000 tons. Service: between St. Johns (summer), St. Johns (winter).

M. Moran Pulls Ship Off Beach

(Dave Rosenbluth in *NEWSDAY*, Hempstead, L. I., Aug. 28)

Lido Beach—A tiny tug that looked no bigger than a peanut shell alongside her 7,176-ton charge pulled the stranded freighter Mother M.L. off the bar west of Jones Inlet yesterday afternoon, 11 hours after it went aground.

The doughty tug M. Moran towed the freighter off the sand, stern first, as the heavier vessel lay helpless about three-quarters of a mile offshore from the Hempstead Town Park and the village of Point Lookout.

Watching the whole ticklish operation was a reporter-photographer team from *Newsday*. The two newsmen were brought to the scene by Skipper John Powell of the Anne, a charter boat that sails from the Poop Deck Dock, Freeport.

The Mother went aground at about 5:30 AM yesterday, and it wasn't until next high water, almost 11 hours later, that she was pulled off the reef without injury to any of her 37 crew members.

Bound for Liverpool from Savannah, Ga., under Master Frank V. Westerlund of Elmhurst, the Mother had stopped at Norfolk, Va., and was steaming for New York when she went aground. She was carrying a "general cargo," mainly tobacco.

Ship High and Dry

At 2:30 PM when Powell brought the Anne alongside, the Mother was high and mostly dry, with about eight feet of her bottom under the waterline showing.

With her bow pointed directly shoreward, it looked as though the 442-foot freighter had been caught short on an attempt to ram Point Lookout.

"Now how did she ever get there?" mused Walter Meyers, who was acting as mate aboard the Anne. "Hey, Johnny," he yelled to the skipper, "let's hook a heavy rod with a number 54 line and see if we can't pull her off ourselves."

Powell grinned back at him, but no one got out the line and pole.

Standing off from the Mother was a Coast Guard crash boat from the Short Beach station and the Coast Guard Cutter *Gentian*, which had been sent from New York. Although the water was calm and there appeared to be no sign of trouble aboard the Mother, the two government vessels were standing by in case they were needed.

Also standing by was the salvage ship *Curl* from the Merritt-Chapman and Scott Corp.

The stranded freighter was aground well out of Jones Inlet. "Just about 500 yards to the other side," remarked the men aboard the Anne, "and they'd have to dredge us a new inlet here for sure."

M. Moran Arrives

As Powell circled the Anne waiting for developments, the tug, the M. Moran of the Moran Towing Co. appeared. The rugged but tiny craft seemed like a speck in the water as it approached the big ship it had come to pull free.

At 3:15 word from the M. Moran crackled over the radio telephone as her skipper, Thomas Trent of Bayonne, N. J., warned "We're going in to see what we can do." By that time it was almost high water.

Picking her way through the shoal water, the M. Moran approached near enough to toss a handline to the Mother. For a moment it looked as though the line had been caught by

one of the freighter's crew, but it tumbled back into the water. At the same time a man could be seen standing at the stern of the larger ship, gesturing to the tug.

The latest maneuver puzzled those aboard the Anne. "Why didn't they keep the line when they had it?" wondered John Hector, Powell's uncle, who had come along for the boat ride.

No Time to Waste

The question was soon answered by the M. Moran's skipper who radioed the Anne. "She won't take my line. Ahoy the Anne, will you go alongside the Mother and tell her to take my line... tell them orders from their main office in New York are to take my line—and we'll have to do it fast while the tide is still with us."

In compliance with the request from the M. Moran, Powell brought the Anne across the prow of the freighter and alongside her starboard bow until he could shout to the bridge: "Ahoy the Mother! Orders from the main office are to take a line from the tug and shut off your screws—high water in 10 minutes."

While the tug was backing off, the skipper of the Mother tried to get his grounded ship off the bar unaided. With her motors going astern, her screw kicked up a wake that whitened the water for yards around.

"No good—he isn't even raising sand," remarked George Beitterich of the Poop Deck Dock, who came along to work the Anne with Powell and Meyers.

On the bridge of the larger ship the skipper of the Mother motioned down to the Anne.

But the screws kept spinning and, sure enough, the Mother was moving—but she was swinging broadside to the bar faster than she was backing out.

"A few minutes more like that and her entire length will be caught on the bar—she'll never get out then," the men on the Anne agreed. "Two bits to a doughnut he gets fouled up worse than Hogan's goat," wagered Meyers.

Takes Heaving Line

After a few moments the Mother's skipper apparently came to the same conclusion, and her screws stopped. Then the M. Moran edged up and a light line was tossed to the freighter.

The line was hauled aboard the ship and then a heavier one. With that secure, the tug pushed its stubby bow into the side of the freighter and shoved her until the Mother's stern was pointed directly to sea.

Then the tug backed away and played out more line. Attached to the line was a cable

and next, a six-inch Manila hawser snaked from the M. Moran to the freighter.

The tug drew the heavy hawser taut and the ship could be seen drawing from its anchor chains. The tiny tug pulled the heavy vessel to deep water and safety.

Meanwhile, Powell was circling the two ships, his 42-foot charter boat bobbing like a cork as the *Newsday* photographer kept shooting the entire operation.

By 4:20 PM, almost 11 hours after she went aground, the Mother was again heading for New York.

When it became clear that the Mother was off the shoals, Powell turned the bow of the Anne toward Freeport, and her crew took out lines and began trolling on the way back home.

You May, Indeed

Gentlemen:

May I impose on your generosity to request a copy of the splendid booklet put out by General Motors to feature your large fleet of diesel-powered tugs? As a friend of Captain Palmer, through Commander Kendall of the U. S. Maritime Service Academy, Kings Point, and also through Prof. John Kemble, I have had the pleasure of spending some informative and pleasant hours aboard several of your tugs.

W. C. MOORE

(*General Adjustment Bureau, N. Y.*)

A Tropic Paradise

Dear Mr. Munroe:

This will acknowledge receipt of the latest Tow Line with my picture on the cover—it looked very nice—and will serve to notify you of my new address... The color slides I made at Staten Island of the Kevin all were very good, so I now have an excellent reference library of pictures of your tugs from every angle.

ROCKWELL BRANK

(*S. Vincente, Cape Verde Islands*)

P.S.—Incidentally, this place comes up to my every expectation and beyond. The surf is the best I've yet encountered and the place is a tropic paradise like Hawaii. Living is ridiculously cheap. I'm going to stay.



(N. Y. *News* aerial photo)

"And We Quote—"

Ebbe Aspegren, *Aftonbladet*, Stockholm, Sweden:

"I have had the favour of receiving the June issue of your company magazine, TOW LINE, and as a marine journalist I read it thoroughly. It was the first time I had seen the publication and I was especially struck by the interest it devotes to the personal matters of the employees. So I express my great appreciation, hoping to get an opportunity of renewing the acquaintance."

* * *

Capt. G. C. Carlstedt, USCG, Chief of Staff, 14th Coast Guard District, Honolulu, T. H.:

"Each month it has been an extreme pleasure to receive a copy of TOW LINE. The articles and pictures are extremely interesting, and I know of no publication which tells so much in so few pages. As you may have heard, I am no longer stationed in Boston, but have been assigned to duty in Hawaii. It would be appreciated if my mailing address were changed..."

* * *

G. D. R. Scott, W. H. J. Alexander, Ltd., 44/46 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3, England:

"Thank you very much indeed for sending along the copy of TOW LINE containing the story of the 'Sand Key' tow. If it is possible to get on the mailing list, I should certainly be very grateful."

Rounding Good Hope

(From the New York Times, Aug. 24th)

Fireflies of Capetown twinkle out astern; The Lion's Head still rears against their loom;

Four flashes every thirty seconds burn In Slang Kop's lamp; through vast and empty room

Beneath a miser's moon, the southwest swell

Throws over us a silver canopy, And as my steersman rings a triple bell The austral Cape breaks clear upon our lee,

Three stabs each half a minute; ports the helm,

"One hundred twenty-one" is now our course,

White seas and rising swells invade this realm,

The skies drop low, the wind picks up in force;

A salt spume frets like needlepoints, we reel

As waves in thunder wrench our laboring keel.

JOHN ACKERSON

(Mr. Ackerson is a mate aboard the Farrell Lines' SS. *African Lightning*, and has graciously given the Tow Line blanket permission to reprint the foregoing and any other appropriate verses of his, whenever and wherever they appear.—Editor)

Morantow: Tug (ATA-533), Charleston, S. C., to New York—632 miles.

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 Tow Line's historical section.)

SEPT. 4, 1901—The large tug boat C. W. Morse, Melvin, cleared New York August 28th for Dry Tortugas. She will take out in tow a large dredge and two scows for West Indian ports.

* * *

LAUNCHED—Messrs. Harland and Holingsworth launched at Wilmington, Del., the steamer Pathfinder, length 335 feet, beam 23 feet, draft loaded 19 feet, six inches. This is the first steamer of a type designed to carry a heavy cargo or a cargo of large cubical dimensions on a light draft. She is guaranteed by the builders to carry not less than 4,000 tons or 200,000 cubic feet on a draft of 19 feet, six inches. She cost about \$300,000. The managing owners are Harry T. Knowlton and Amos D. Carver of New York.

* * *

CASUALTIES—City of Trenton (steamer-boat) while on her way from Philadelphia to Trenton, N. J., on August 28th, her port boiler exploded, killing two persons and injuring a score of others. Four passengers reported missing.

* * *

SEPT. 11, 1901—The new steamship Celtic, of the White Star Line, now lying at Pier 40, North River, New York, will be thrown open for public inspection next Saturday. An admission fee of 25 cents will be collected from each person for the aid of seamen's charities.

* * *

Wesley Stone (tug) caught fire at Jersey City, N. J., on September 2nd and her house and part of her hull were damaged.

* * *

Steam tug Hudson, with tackle, etc., was sold by the U. S. Marshall at New York on September 6th for \$5,100. She was purchased by James A. Belford.

* * *

Schooner Tofa, 535 tons, of Baltimore, has been sold to Robert Palmer & Son of Noank, who will place her in the Southern lumber trade.

* * *

SEPT. 25, 1901—Mercury (tug) had mast carried away September 19th while towing the schooner George W. Wells to sea from Boston.

* * *

The new car ferry boat Scotia (Br.), which sailed from Tyne on August 28th for Port Mulgrave, Nova Scotia, was picked up 300 miles off Newfoundland by the steamer Furnessia (Br.), from Glasgow for New York, short of coal, and towed to St. Johns, N.F., arriving there on September 20th. The Scotia was built for transporting railway trains between Port Hawksbury and Port Mulgrave, N.S.

* * *

Sylvia (Br. SS.), from St. Johns, N.F., and Halifax, N.S., for New York, ran ashore a.m. of September 23rd during a thick fog on Throggs Neck. She was towed off the same morning by the tug James Roy.

* * *

Tug Ina E. Collins, built at Boothbay in 1897 and hailing from Rockland, was sold at New York on September 21st by Capt. Peter Kennedy to M. J. Dady of New York for \$10,000. She is to be fitted up for service in Cuban waters.

Morantow: LST and oil barge, Amuay Bay, Venezuela, to Puerto de Hiero, Trinidad—585 miles.

TITLE: "TUG TOOTS FOR TENNIS QUEEN"



NEW YORK: Triple crown winner at the Wimbledon Tennis Championships, Doris Hart, of Coral Gables, Fla., waves from the deck of the Queen Elizabeth as she arrives. . . . The tugboat carries a welcome sign for Doris, and officials from Florida to greet her.—Acme photo and caption.

Dear Mr. Moran:

Somewhat belatedly I would like to express appreciation for the City of Miami, the group of officials which welcomed tennis star Doris Hart last month in New York, and myself personally, for the kind favor of the Moran company in permitting our party to board one of your tugs and greet Miss Hart aboard the Queen Elizabeth, out in the harbor.

Your Mr. Robert M. Munroe proved to be a cordial and genial host and aided immeasurably in making the entire affair a real success. We all appreciate his contribution very much.

WILLIAM M. WOLFARTH
(Mayor of Miami, Florida)

Ashore and Afloat



Besides baseball dope and the chatter of adding machines, what Fred Morgana's neighbors in and adjacent to the Billing Department have been hearing a lot about recently is his daughter Rosemary, born August 14th at Jamaica Hospital. The Morganas' first-born weighed in at seven pounds, 14 ounces, and it appears they're going to try to raise her.

Fine Rhode Island Quintet



The Tow Line operative who provided this snapshot of the engaging Allen quintet of Lafayette, R. I., seemed to think their proud parents, Capt. and Mrs. Earl Allen—his skipper aboard the tug *Christine Moran*—might have had a basketball team in mind; but what about a double shift of deckhands? Anyway, here is the inevitable left-to-right of the matter: Gene, 1½; Bruce, 3½; Paul 7; Marsha, 8; and Glenn, 10—all hands on deck. Cap'n Earl has been with Moran since December, 1937, and is considered a coastwise specialist.

Charles N. Wellington, 216 Park Avenue, Orange, N. J., has joined Moran's shoreside staff as assistant personnel manager for unlicensed personnel.

Once Aboard the Barbara

Dear Mr. Moran:

Please accept my warmest thanks for the interesting and pleasant trip I had on your "Barbara Moran" on Monday. It was the first time that I got an idea of the interesting and varied work which the crew of a tug has to handle. I was also impressed by the splendid performance of the motor.

FREDERICK OEDERLIN
(50 Church St., New York)

On September 8, as predicted in the August issue of *Tow Line*, Tom Anglim, deckhand aboard the *Doris Moran*, was awarded his first-class pilot's license.

Our "Eugene F. Moran"

Dear (Mr. Bull) Sir:

Though belatedly, we wish to congratulate the Moran System for its latest acquisition of the new tug *Eugene F. Moran*, which, no doubt, will advance the interests of your many friends as efficiently as the other units.

KIMON A. DOUKAS
(*Nautilus Shipping Corp., N. Y.*)

Via HQ of that inveterate investigator Tom Bishop, in Oswego, N. Y., comes advice to the effect that Harold Hanson, mate aboard the canaler *William J. Moran*, and Mrs. Hanson are the proud parents of a five-pound, 13-ounce daughter, Donna Marie, who arrived in this vale of tears and federal withholding taxes August 17th.

A Tugboat Man Himself

Dear Mr. Munroe:

I have been a very grateful receiver of your *Tow Line*, for which I wish to thank you very sincerely. I wish to know if you can give me any information as to where I may secure some photos of Moran tugs. I want to frame and hang the photos in a room of our house which we are going to make into a den. Being a tugboat man myself, you will understand why I am so interested in securing photos of this type.

R. COOK
(71 Randolph Ave., Jersey City)

The *Tow Line's* best wishes to Capt. Joseph Cailloce of the French Line on his well-earned retirement from active duty. . . . And to Capt. Raymond Agnieray, French Line assistant port captain in New York, on being awarded the rank of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, September 14.

Fine Physio-Therapy

My dear Comdr. Munroe:

The country has become cerebral palsy conscious and various groups have realized the needs of children who have, for the most part, been islands unto themselves. However, no individual or group has shown a kindness, warmth and interest comparable to that shown by employees of the Moran Co.

Today a 16-year-old boy who has never thrown a ball, run a step, or cast a line was given the greatest thrill of a lonely life, when (aboard the *Susan Moran*) he helped dock the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Ile de France*. It was difficult for him to board the tug, but Captain Knudson and two members of his crew, Carl Olsen and Carl Albert, showed the greatest gentleness in helping him. I know they're fine seamen—but what wonderful physio-therapists they'd make!

Although I didn't meet Miss Christian or Captain Miller, their patience with my many phone calls regarding tides, fog, time of docking, etc., makes me know they're a fine crew, too. Thank you for a wonderful day.

EMILY JUDGE
(*Cerebral Palsy Society of N. Y. C.*)

"What We Have to Work With"



Amateur photographers in the wide-ranging "M" fleet grumble sometimes over not being able to enjoy the "cheese-cake" facilities of their professional counterparts in other fields, but often they don't make out too badly considering, as Arthur John Montgomery, chief engineer aboard the *Doris Moran* puts it, "what we have to work with." Left to right in this thoughtfully composed after-deck shot: Robert L. Lavache, assistant engineer, S. Ozone Park, N. Y.; Daniel Joseph Fusco, deckhand, Brooklyn; Jan L. Blom, wiper, Hoboken, N. J. (in life preserver); Torkil Melchior, deckhand, Brooklyn; and Chief Montgomery, Hicksville, L. I. Their service with Moran ranges back to 1942, and obviously they like it.

'Blue Tick' Covers Waterfront



The above specimen, well known to crews of Moran tugs operating on the Oscego River branch of the New York State Barge Canal, is no more an ordinary dog, please be advised, than was Holland-America Line's "Blackie" of Hoboken piers fame. Donald A. Potter, R.F.D. 3, Baldwinville, N. Y., currently a lock-tender at nearby Phoenix, writes to the Tow Line about him thus:

"Blue Tick started following his master, Mr. Foster, to work at Lock No. 1, Phoenix, and soon fell into the routine of meeting every boat that whistled. He seems to look forward especially to arrivals of Moran tugs and goes direct to the galleys for handouts of scraps the cooks have saved for him. Although his master has passed away, he still visits us frequently, spending a day or an evening or both, as he pleases, at the lock with the operator on duty. First to meet the boats, he jumps aboard, never failing to get ashore in time. He is a strong-built black and white pointer, and is very friendly to everyone."

Eugene Bronk Hannay, 19, son of Chief Engineer Bronk Hannay of the Grace Moran's crew, was married September 16 in St. John's Episcopal Church, High Falls, N. Y., to Mary Ella Countrymen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice F. Countrymen. Eugene is employed by the Hercules Powder Co., Kingston, N. Y., and the couple will make their home there.

Sympathy from all hands went out to Chief Hannay a month earlier when his wife, Elva, died despite blood donations by many of his fellow workers. Burial was in the family plot, Saugerties, N. Y., on August 14th.

Interesting, Exciting Experience

Dear Mr. Moran:

I wish to thank Moran Towing for the courtesy extended my wife and myself on August 27th at the request of Russ Lea. It was an interesting and exciting experience to be aboard the Grace Moran during docking operations of the Queen Elizabeth. Many thanks to Mr. Bowman for making the necessary arrangements, and to Captain Grimes for his courtesies while we were on board.

R. W. BALDWIN
(120 Broadway, New York)

Haldor Hague, 46, a Moran employee for the past 25 years, died at Staten Island Marine Hospital on Saturday, September 22, following a heart attack. He started with the company as a deckhand and progressed to mate, first aboard the old tug Julia C. Moran, then as a member of the roustabout crew. He lived in Brooklyn.

Congratulations From Aboard Gentlemen:

Some time ago we got your (announcement) regarding the delivery to your good selves of a new tug named "Eugene F. Moran" and beg to congratulate you on this acquisition . . .

A. B. LARS KROGIUS & Co. O.Y.
(Helsingfors, Finland)

An Unbeatable Combination

Dear Mr. Munroe:

Here is the Huseby negative. As I explained, it is from the cuts of the Liberte, an NBC-TV Newsreel story. You may keep it for your files. I am so pleased that you may possibly use it in the Tow Line. Mrs. (Isabel) Mason and I have had such marvelous days aboard your tugs, and all the Moran people we've met both on and off the boats are wonderful. It's an unbeatable combination — wonderful people and wonderful boats.

F. KERWIN
(538 East 89th St., New York)

Interested in Pictures

Dear Mr. Moran:

Many thanks for the beautiful set of pictures showing Moran tugs in action, which you sent to the schoolship for display in various parts of the ship. We also appreciate your thoughtfulness in having the pictures framed. (They) have created considerable interest, not only among our boys, but also among visitors such as Father Ansbro's Catholic Career Conference group that visited the schoolship last Sunday afternoon.

JOSEPH W. SCHELLINGS
(Metropolitan Vocational High)

A Day to Remember

Dear (Mr. Metzner) Sir:

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you and the Moran Company for the most delightful and interesting afternoon spent on board the tug Doris Moran last Saturday. It was most interesting to be able to witness the towing of the steamship Hawaiian from the deck of the tug. I also want to thank your Captain Scherer and Stebbins, also Engineer Doyle and the rest of the crew, for the way they treated us, making sure we were enjoying the trip and explaining the working routine of the tug. This is one day that will long be remembered by my wife, my son and myself.

EDWIN CONOVER
(280 Woodbine St., Brooklyn)

"Like a Bunch of Bees"

Dear Captain (Miller):

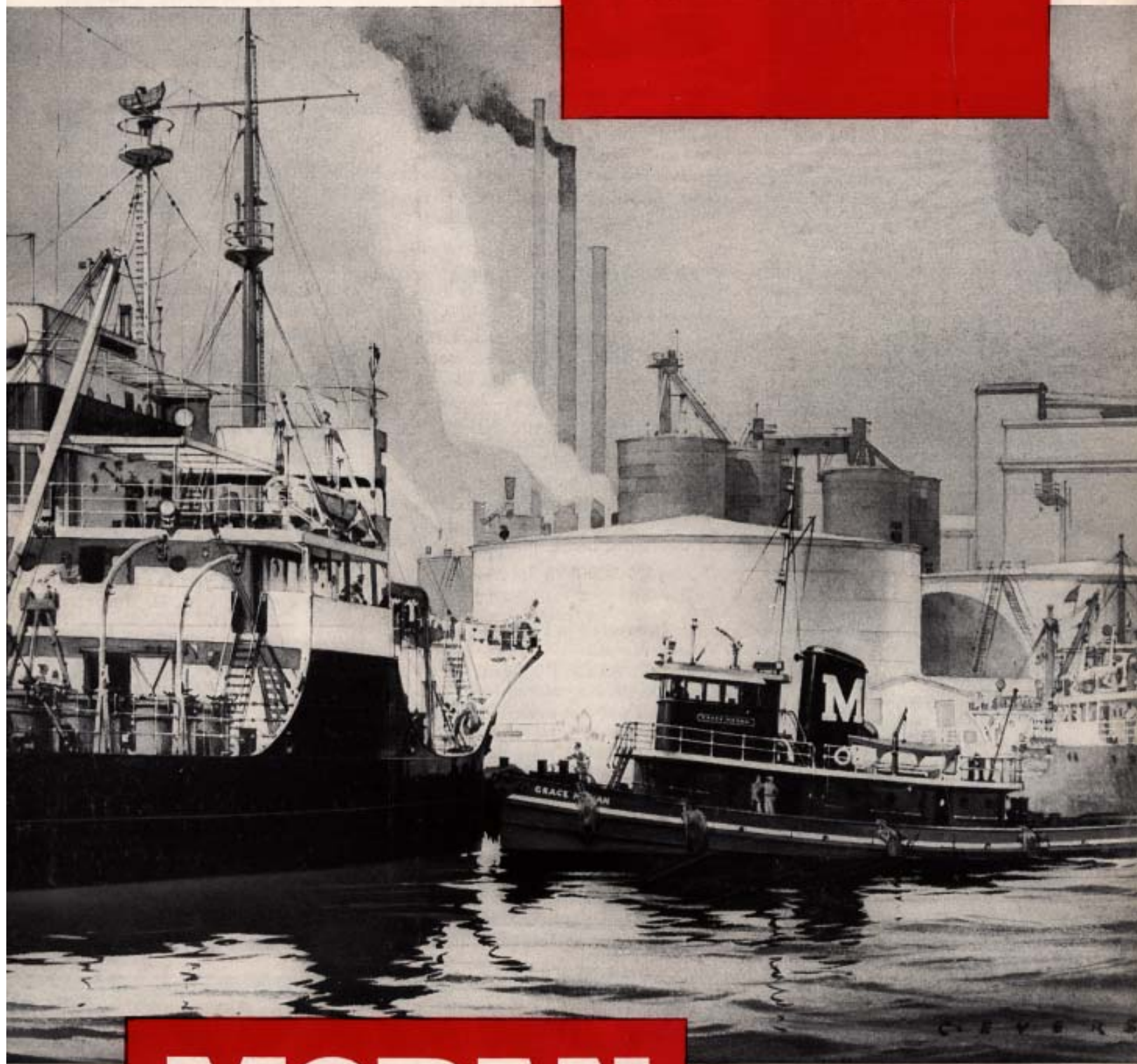
This is a belated thank-you note for your courtesy in arranging the Saturday afternoon cruise on the Barbara Moran. It turned out not to be the Barbara, but we sailed the "Queen," docked the Media and, in general, swarmed all over your boats like a bunch of bees. All in all, it was a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, with the nicest of treatment from everybody aboard, and I have a new appreciation of \$350,000 worth of harbor tug. We won't impose on you—but it was so pleasant and so interesting, we are quite likely to ask you for the same privilege again.

L. D. MILLIGAN

In mid-August when your editor was vacationing in his old hometown, Baldwinville, N. Y., the temptation to enjoy that proverbial busman's holiday by taking a quick ride aboard a Moran tug on the Seneca or Oscego Rivers was not to be denied. Accordingly, at Lock No. 1 at neighboring Phoenix on the Oscego Division, with three B-ville boys he boarded the Anne Moran, en route from Bucksport, Me., to Chicago with Time-Life's specially constructed barge N. L. Wallace, loaded with 2,000 tons of paper, and rode to Lock No. 3 at Fulton, 10 miles north. Here (left) you see that tug entering the Phoenix lock; and since the William J. Moran with Seaboard Shipping Corp.'s petroleum barge Panhandle, en route from Toronto, Can., to New York in ballast (right), locked through in the opposite direction while we were waiting for the Anne, a fine opportunity to Rollei-flex another Morantow was provided.



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