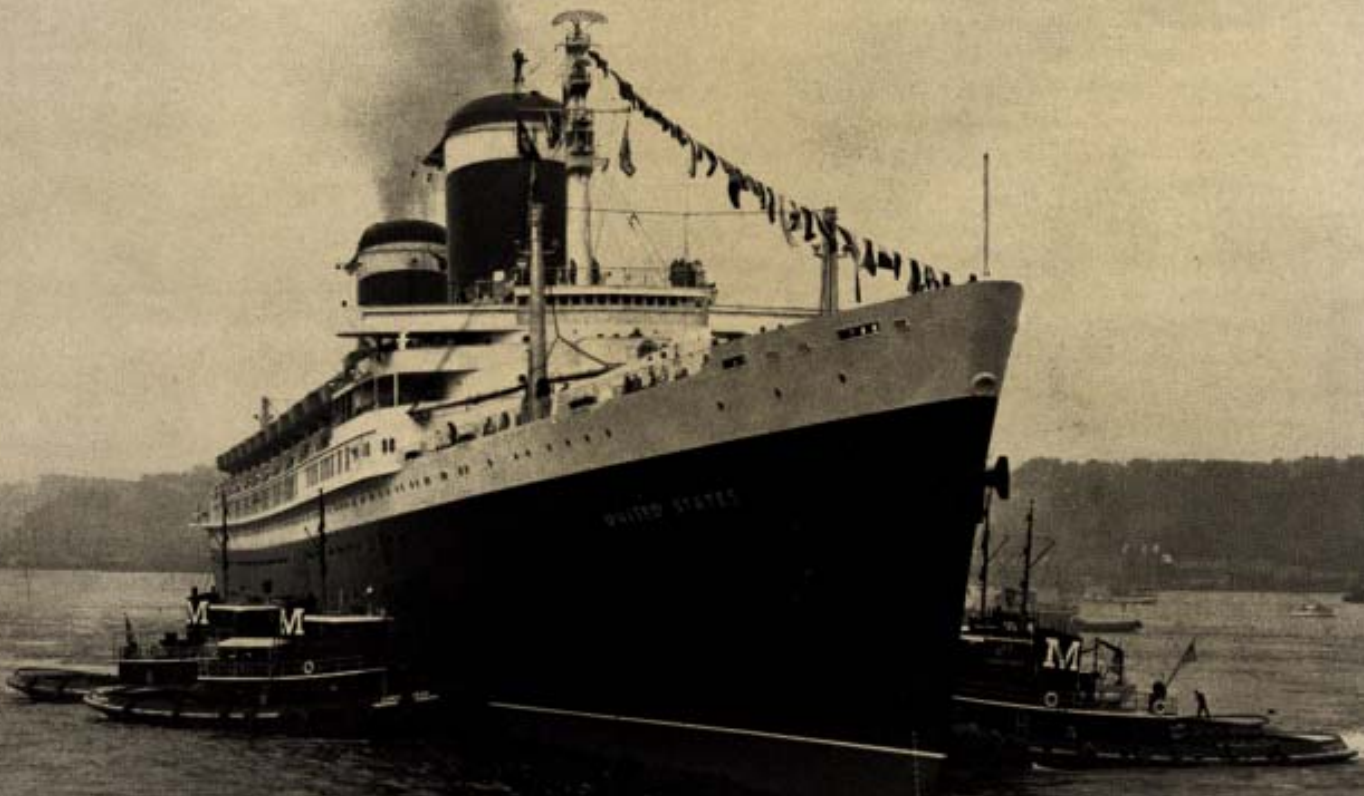


TOW LINE



JUNE, 1952

S. S. United States, New Flagship . . .

See Pages 3, 4 & 8-9



ON THE COVER—

One of several pictures of our brand new American Merchant Marine flagship, S.S. *United States*, made by Port of New York Authority photographers Monday, June 23, upon her first arrival in the world's busiest port from Newport News, Va. Here you see the vessel being "shaped up" in the North River off Pier 86 (West 46th Street) by Grace Moran-class tugs, which docked her speedily and expertly—in less than 25 minutes, in fact.

As Brooks Atkinson remarks in his moving word picture of this operation, beginning on Page 4, "three tugs on the port side and two on the starboard turned her easily into the slip parallel with the crowded pier. Then Captain (Chester) Evans 'ferry-boated her in' as though she were a familiar problem. . . . She never touched the pier until she floated in broadside and settled against the mules fastened to the piling, 30 feet at the waterline from the bulkhead and the street." It was indeed a beautiful job.

Besides those Port of New York Authority cameramen, an unusual measure of credit is due Moran's justly famous aerial photographer, W. W. Thomas, who, despite most unfavorable atmospheric conditions—it was raining when he made the actual docking pictures!—produced a set of 8" x 10" negatives which may be considered nothing less than marvels of professional competence. Hundreds of friends of this company received semi-matte prints of one of the best of these in the first mail on the following day. Two or three more may be seen in the layout on Pages 8-9 in this issue of *Tow Line*.



Moran's European Agents: ENGLAND: James A. McLaren & Co., 46 Bishopsgate, London, E. C. 2; SCOTLAND: Henry Abram, Ltd., 163 Hope Street, Glasgow, C. 2; NORWAY: Shipping Services A/S, Fridtjof Nansens plass 4, Oslo; Birger Gjestland A/S, Kong Oscars Gate 62, Bergen; DENMARK: Jorgen A. Rasmussen, 33 Amaliegade, Copenhagen K.; SWEDEN: A. B. Sandstrom, Stranne & Co., Packhusplatsen 3, Gothenburg; FINLAND: A. B. Lars Krogius & Co., O. Y., S. Magasinsgatan 4, Helsinki; BELGIUM: Wm. H. Muller & Co., S. A., 21 Rue de la Bourse, Antwerp; GERMANY: Ernst Glüsel, Altenwall 22, Bremen; SPAIN: Rafael Navajas, Lealtad 13, Entlo, Santander; ITALY: O.S.I.A.M., Via C. R. Ceccardi 4-26, Genoa; GREECE: The Saporta Agency Co., Ltd., P.O.B. 21, Piraeus.

TOW LINE



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LUCILLE CHRISTIAN, Associate
No. 3

Liner Means Many Things to Many People

As the *S.S. United States*, in every respect worthy to represent the prestige of this nation on the high seas, made her first arrival in New York on June 23, she meant (and will continue to mean) many things to many people.

To United States Lines and its forward-looking president, Gen. John M. Franklin, this new flagship is the fulfillment of a dream—a “must” for the company’s important transatlantic service.

To William Francis Gibbs of Gibbs & Cox, Inc., the *S.S. United States* is the ultimate embodiment of a naval architect’s vision, ambition, and technical proficiency.

To Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co., the vessel means, unquestionably, a great deal more than just another construction job.

To the Port and City of New York, she brings the lustre of added business and prestige.

To all concerned with the operation of the ship, either ashore or afloat, she means increased employment, additional income.

To ocean travelers the *S.S. United States* promises safe and speedy passages across the North Atlantic in modern, comfortable quarters.

To our armed forces, to Congress, to government officials, she is a potential transport second to none, since she could be transformed almost overnight into a troopship capable of speeding an entire division and its essential equipment to any trouble spot.

Thus, the *S.S. United States* holds different meanings for different people, depending on varying factors and circumstances; but—

To all Americans, gratified over this finished, ready-to-go product of native skill and ingenuity, she means this, first: a great ship, carrying the name and the flag of a great, free nation.

Fastest Liner Afloat

(World Telegram & Sun editorial, June 12)

In her first sustained speed trials, the new super-liner United States considerably exceeded 34 knots, nearly 40 miles an hour in landlubber terms. Her exact speed is an official secret.

When the trials concluded, Capt. Rex L. Hicks of the Maritime Administration observed, “It can be said that the *S.S. United States* has exceeded the known speed of any merchant ship or large naval craft by a substantial margin.”

Observers of the test were delighted with the ship’s performance. When she came back to port she had a large broom at her masthead, indicating she had swept the seas. If all goes well it should be replaced before long by the blue ribbon emblematic of speed supremacy in the North Atlantic...

FOURSOME—The spring exodus of American tourists to Europe reached peak proportions the last week in May, and four Cunard liners did their “bit” when, within a period of 29 hours, they departed from New York carrying a total of 4,740 passengers. As Moran tugs assisted *RMS. Queen Mary*, sailing from the north side of Pier 90, North River (West 50th Street), three other Cunarders were photographed in adjacent berths (below, from the bottom of the picture upward): *Media*, *Mauretania*, and *Georgic*. Other departures raised to 7,864 the total number of passengers sailing to Europe in Cunard vessels within a span of eight days.



New York Welcomes the S. S. United States

By BROOKS ATKINSON, Staff Member, New York Times; Author, "Once Around the Sun"

Everyone in the harbor was properly excited when the S.S. United States reached her home port on June 23. But she was not excited; she was poised, beautiful and grave. Like a thoroughbred, she went through her paces with coolness and ease. From the pilot house of the Julia C. Moran, with Capt. Mitchell Sullivan at the wheel, we caught our first glimpse of her off West Bank, steaming up the channel. Through the mist of an overcast morning, she was just visible in a flat atmosphere—a black hull, the wide, red forward funnel split amidships by her single mast. Some gray destroyers, long and low against the murky sky, were in formal attendance. She came towards us slowly over a dull, uneasy sea—tall and lean, silent and reserved, some vagrant wisps of smoke drifting into the dark sky on the east wind that was blowing across the Narrows.

New York, which has been receiving fine ships for more than a century, had come down to the Narrows in craft of many sizes and shapes. City and Coast Guard cutters, commercial tugs of Moran and other lines, and police launches had begun to assemble with their signal flags and "welcome" signs; and the white excursion steamer, Americana, was passing astern of the United States to come up on her starboard side, listing sharply to port when the passengers flocked to the port rails. Several small yachts came up the channel. Five white purse-seiners of the Smith fishing fleet joined the royal procession, their crews staring silently at the great ship. Police, Port Authority, and Coast Guard helicopters were whirling overhead.

Dominated the Harbor

As the United States came abreast of Fort Wadsworth, there was nothing theatrical about her—like the old Normandie, for example, which was conscious of her size and speed. The United States had stunning integrity. She dominated the harbor with the simplicity of a great lady who does not have to prove her quality. She looked as though she had risen to eminence without effort. At first she was received in silence. Perhaps everyone unconsciously stood in awe of her. Ten years of designing and planning, more than two years of building, innumerable skills and materials drawn from

all over the country had created a ship that looked honest and able. But there was no sign of all that labor and industry. She rode lightly. Those two enormous funnels—symbols of the power built into her engine rooms—did not look spectacular, she was so gracefully balanced. Nor did she look gigantic, for the design was compact, unpretentious and logical. As we looked at her from the pilot house windows, she represented the simple truth of a blue-water vessel. For she was a masterpiece of honest naval design and she came into the harbor without misgivings, because by planning and craftsmanship she was already mistress of the seas.

Flags Flying

On this ceremonial occasion she was wearing her carnival bunting. The American flag fluttered at the gaff of her functional mast; the Naval Reserve flag and the flag of the Secretary of Commerce flew at opposite tips of her yard—snapping directly across ship on the east wind that also bore away saffron colored smoke from the funnels. We could see the white caps of her navigating officers above the high wind dodgers on her snowy white bridge, and the passengers for her shake-down cruise were lining the top deck, leaning on the rails. So New York and the United States met each other with confidence and respect.

There had already been a lot of saluting at the foot of Ambrose channel before our flotilla of tugs had begun to assemble. But the city tug, Manhattan, broke the silence for us with three blasts on her whistle. After a measured interval the United States responded with three gravel-voiced growls from the whistles synchronized on her two funnels. Her voice was plain, deep and powerful. Then pandemonium broke out everywhere. By this time about 30 tugs and other craft had assembled, and a fireboat, spouting at every nozzle, appeared off Staten Island. The whistling from all sides was continuous and exhausting. For there is one day in every great liner's career when she responds to every greeting. Even a launch with a squeaky whistle can speak to a queen and feel confident of a respectful reply.

Her manners being as perfect as the lines of her hull and superstructure,

the United States began two hours of speaking to every ferry, tug, dredge, crane, fireboat, freighter and passenger ship in the bay and North River—a conversation that took a long time and a lot of steam. Just ahead of us there was a restless open sloop about 20 feet long, with three raffish looking passengers; and a woman, clinging to the boom, blew three well-timed blasts on the tin horn she held to her mouth. The sentinels on the bridge of the United States probably did not hear this hopeful salute by an enthusiastic lady, and her feeble offering to glory went unnoticed. But the new mistress of the Atlantic did not overlook anything else on her ceremonial entrance into the port that will be her home, we hope, for a great many years.

Arriving towards the end of a flood-tide and scheduled to pass the Battery at noon, she slowed down from four or five knots to a speed that hardly broke the water at her stem and provided nothing more than steerage way. But the photographers on two Moran tugs provided enough speed and maneuvers to supply the entire flotilla. Photographers for the afternoon newspapers were in the Michael Moran that had promised to deliver them to the Battery at noon in time for the late editions. Newspaper and newsreel photographers who were not pressed for time were in the Julia C. Moran, which was scheduled to go up river to the new U.S. Lines pier at 46th Street. Although every photographer is an individualist with his own pair of eyes and his own sense of perspective, Bob Munroe, public relations manager of the Moran fleet, and Bill McDonald of the Colton advertising agency, set up a system of checks, balances and signals that apparently satisfied every person with a camera and covered every photographic angle.

Photo Frenzy

This was not the sort of seamanship that Captain Sullivan had been trained for, but he put the tug every place he was asked to and confined his comment to an occasional look of astonishment and incredulity. We took up a position off the United States' port quarter for the first shots, crossed over to the starboard quarter, travelled over towards Brooklyn for a compre-

(Continued on Page 13)

Celebrated Shipmasters

Commo. Pieter H. G. Verhoog, master of the Holland-America Line flagship Nieuw Amsterdam, a veteran of more than 40 years at sea, rides his principal hobbies hard. Unusually voluble for a fellow of that stripe and kidney, he loses no time in briefing an interviewer on these consuming interests: (1) his profession and (2) literature, the latter subdivided, in his case, into (a) French and (b) Spanish. There is another category for the art of those countries.

Something more than a dilettante historian besides, Commodore Verhoog is well known for his theory—already proved to the satisfaction of several authorities, he says—that the island on which Columbus landed in 1492 was not Watlings (San Salvador), as is generally believed, but Caicos, 200-odd miles to the southeastward. He has published a book on this subject, and is the author of articles based on the most meticulous research, as well as actual observations in the West Indies during tours of duty in his company's North Pacific Coast service and on Gulf of Mexico and Mexico-Cuba routes. . . . It would require a separate interview even to scratch the surface of that plausible hypothesis!

The commodore has an impressive number of other published works to his credit, including novels, two plays, short stories, and numerous travel pieces. He has been Broadway drama critic for the Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant, one of Holland's largest newspapers.

Want to get a lot of authentic information about extensive areas of French literature? Ask the Nieuw Amsterdam's expansive skipper what he thinks about Marcel Proust, or the



poet Stephane Mallarme, or Pierre Loti, or Anatole France, or Andre Gide, or Maeterlinck—the latter a Belgian, of course. (He is an expert on James Joyce, an Irishman, too.)

Would you like to get filled in on some notable Spaniards, say while making a pleasant voyage to or from Europe with Commodore Verhoog? Just bait him with a few leading questions about Pio Baroja, Antonio Machado, Juan Ranon Jimenez, and Ortega y Gasset—or, for that matter, the artist Goya, or Cretan-Spanish El Greco.

The commodore began his seagoing career in 1910 as an apprentice aboard the first Nieuw Amsterdam. Advancing steadily, since then he has commanded many Holland-America Line freight and passenger vessels, including the Blommersdyk, Duivendyk, Andyk, Noordam, Westerdam, and (most recently) the Veendam. He took command of the Nieuw Amsterdam in January, 1952, replacing Commo. Cornelis N. Kleyn, who had reached retirement age.

New York harbor, Commodore Verhoog says, is "special." That is, to a docking pilot charged with the responsibility of berthing a vessel of the Nieuw Amsterdam's size (36,667 tons; 713.8 feet) North River piers and tides present "special" problems; but Moran's experts, Captains Young, Snyder, Evans and all, are more than equal to their jobs, and they enjoy the Dutch master's complete confidence—as well as his unprofessional liking.

"Everybody keeps wanting bigger and faster ships, but how many harbors and harbor operators, such as New York and the Moran Towing & Transportation Co., make adequate provisions for handling such vessels?" the commodore inquires pointedly. Powerful diesel-electric tugs of the Grace Moran class, which are "marvel-

ous" performers, are what arriving and departing shipmasters need, he says, and you know he means it.

The Nieuw Amsterdam and Commodore Verhoog—ah, there would be a ship and a man to make one or a dozen Atlantic crossings with!

Joseph L. Kochka, Friend of American Merchant Marine

Joseph L. Kochka, 59, widely and favorably known for his untiring efforts in behalf of the American Merchant Marine, died May 10 in Pittsburgh, Pa., of a heart attack.

Mr. Kochka's house trailer, with its eye-catching posters urging the general public to support American-flag vessels, was a familiar sight in many areas in which he had become known as a traveling "Ambassador Extraordinary" for United States shipping. His specialty was exhibiting marine films of the documentary type, with running commentaries of his own. All of his activities were paid for out of a pension income he received following 25 years of teaching in the public schools of Washington, D. C.

Mr. Kochka was a member of the Propeller Club Port of Washington; the Robert L. Hague Post, American Legion, New York; and the Disabled American Veterans. Burial was in Arlington National Cemetery.

V. S. P. Cameramen Enjoy Field Trip

Between 50 and 60 members of Volunteer Service Photographers, Inc., a non-profit charitable and fraternal organization, participated in a "field trip" around New York Harbor on May 24 aboard the tug Barbara Moran. Their contributions toward the outing are being used to purchase additional photographic equipment for disabled veterans, and to provide many other services for patients in government and civilian hospitals, including instruction.

Although the weather was somewhat unfavorable, this did not dampen the enthusiasm of the amateur cameramen. Well stocked with refreshments, the Barbara shoved off from Pier One, North River, at 4 p.m., and six hours later the party came ashore, having photographed other harbor craft and North and East River waterfronts from many angles.

The Barbara's itinerary took her up the Hudson to George Washington bridge, back down to a point below the Statue of Liberty, through Butter-milk channel south of Governors Island, up the East River as far as Whitestone bridge, and back to the Battery.



Kevin Moran (right) and Julia C. Moran, with the Republic in tow, making good time in the Gulf Stream off Miami, Fla.

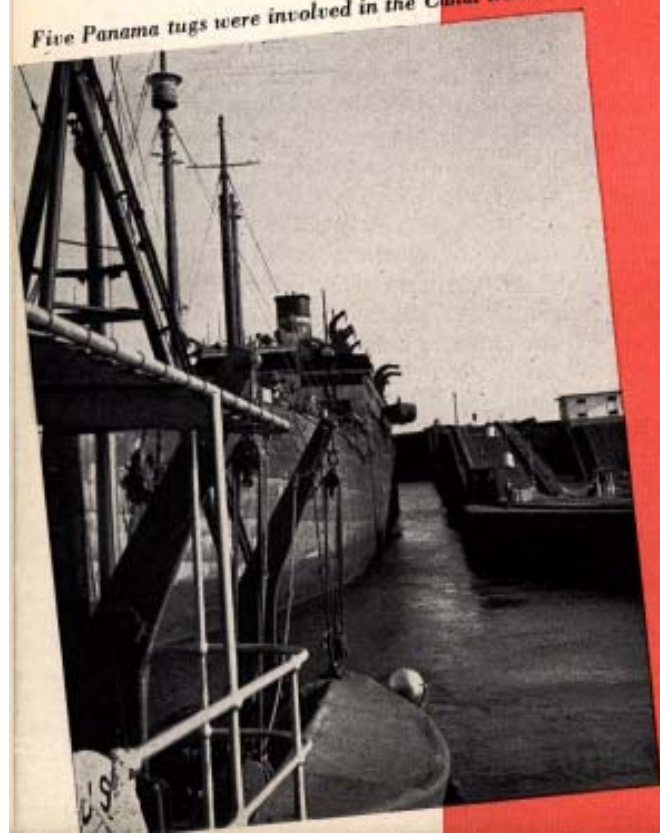


A starboard side close-up of the Republic, one Foss tug on the quarter

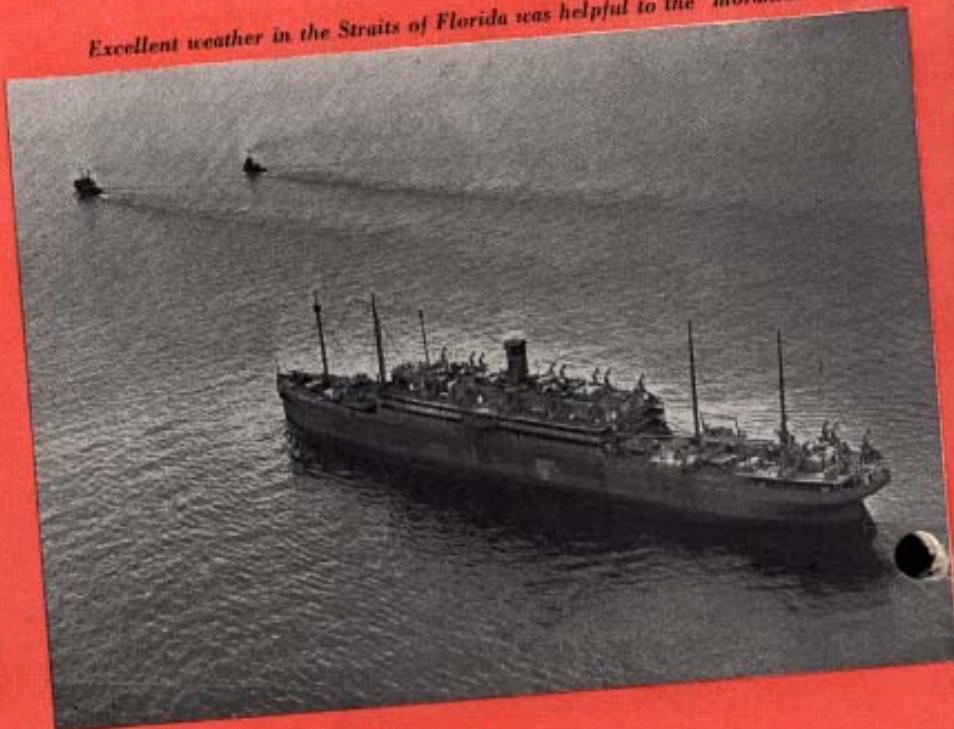


Foss tugs and the transport under Tacoma bridge, leaving Puget Sound

Five Panama tugs were involved in the Canal transit



Excellent weather in the Straits of Florida was helpful to the "morantou"



Ex-Army Transport Towed 6,200 Miles To Baltimore Yard

*Foss and Moran Ocean Tugs Bring
'Republic' from Olympia, Wash.*

The 17,910-ton former U. S. Army transport Republic arrived at Baltimore, Md., May 10 for dismantling, after a two-month, 6,200 mile trip from Olympia, Wash., at the end of a towline. It was a long haul.

The condemned vessel, launched in 1907 as the passenger liner President Grant, is being scrapped by the Patapsco Scrap Corp., which acquired her from the government. She left the laid-up fleet anchorage March 18.

From Puget Sound to Balboa, Canal Zone, the Republic was towed by the tugs Agnes Foss and Donna Foss, of the Foss Launch & Tug Co. fleet, based on Seattle, Wash. That leg of the voyage was uneventful except for several days of rough weather off the Oregon coast, it was reported.

Panama tugs took the vessel through the canal to Cristobal.

On the Atlantic side, the tugs Kevin Moran (Capt. James L. Barrow) and Julia C. Moran (Capt. Fred Dezen-dorf) took over the tow. Taking advantage of favorable currents, they brought her up the Atlantic coast in 14 days, equally uneventful.

In Chesapeake Bay the "M" tugs were met off Sandy Point by Curtis Bay Towing Co. tugs, and once in the Patapsco River, they dropped the Republic and hastened away.

R. W. German, manager of the Patapsco yard, who was on hand to greet his eight-man riding crew aboard the ex-transport, said the ship was the largest ever to be dismantled there.

Built in Belfast, Ireland, the vessel was captured from Germany in World War I and, after being renamed President Buchanan, was used as an Allied transport. Later she was operated by United States Lines—as the Republic, then second only to the Leviathan in that fleet.

A week west of Pearl Harbor, en route to the Philippines with a load of B-17's and their crews, when the Japs struck she was detoured to Brisbane, Australia, and served during the remainder of World War II as a Pacific transport.

Moran Towing & Transportation Co. contracted with Bethlehem Steel Company for the Pacific-Atlantic towing operation.

TOW LINE - JUNE '52

Prompt and Efficient Action

Gentlemen:

On Tuesday, 13 May, at about 1430 this office received a radio-telephone call from Captain Chapman of your Margot Moran, reporting the sighting of a red and yellow buoy resembling a submarine marker and rescue buoy. Fortunately, the buoy sighted by Captain Chapman was not one released by a disabled submarine, but was a drill mine (dummy) that is in many ways similar to the submarine buoy. The fact that the buoy sighted was a drill mine rather than a submarine buoy does not detract in any way from our appreciation of Captain Chapman's alertness, interest, and initiative in reporting the sighting to us. I would be grateful if you would extend to Captain Chapman my sincere appreciation of his prompt and efficient action, and I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on the alertness and efficiency of your ships.

CAPT. C. C. KIRKPATRICK, USN
(Comdr. Submarine Squadron Two)

Stranded Yacht Assisted

Dear Joe (Moran):

I would like to express to your company the sincere appreciation of all who were on board the yacht "Moosabec" (auxil. cutter) on a recent voyage from Lake Ontario to New York, for assistance received from the crew of your tug "Marie S. Moran." On June 1, 1952, at the Rome, N. Y., canal terminal, we were unable to proceed further because of a constantly overheating engine. The "Marie S. Moran," being moored nearby waiting for her tow, her crew volunteered their help. Your engineer worked for more than an hour on our engine, eliminated all other possibilities, and traced the trouble to a clogged water passage in the cylinder block. The tug's air pressure hose was then applied to this situation, and it at once cleared out the obstruction. Without this friendly help from your tug we would have been laid up indefinitely in Rome, as the nearest repair yard was more than twenty miles away. Many thanks to your company and to the "Marie S. Moran."

EDWIN C. HOYT, JR.
(1044 Madison Ave., New York)

Fleet Safety Record

There were no damage claims charged against the following captains and mates during the months of March, April and May:

Agnes A., E. Costello, F. Noel, H. Bickle; Anne, G. Hayes; Barbara, J. Sahlberg, H. Wee; Carol, R. Hayes, L. Thorsen, N. Larsen; Catherine, J. Costello, H. Vermilyea; Chesapeake, J. Jaques; Claire A., J. Driscoll, J. McConnell; Doris, B. Scherer, M. Grimes, P. Gaughran; Edmond J., W. Baldwin, W. Mason; Eugene F., G. Hoffman, D. Halpin; Eugenia M., L. Goodwin, E. Dexter, J. Howard; Geo. N. Barrett, J. Todesky, L. Tucker; Grace, K. Buck, C. Sheridan, C. Moreh, J. Cray; Harriet, M. Connor, F. Perry, J. Morin; Julia C., E. Foster, J. Suddarth; Kevin, P. Jessey, J. Barrow, J. Bailey; M., R. Ellis, D. Reed; Margot, V. Chapman, W. Young, L. Langfeldt; Marie S., F. Duffy, A. Duffy, A. Tucker; Marion, I. George, P. Pedersen, T. Greene; Mary, W. Karwoski; Michael, C. Valley, H. Jacobsen, J. Johnson; Moira, J. Fagerstrom; Nancy, A. Biagi, R. Poissant; Pauline L., R. Jones, C. White, K. Tonnesen; Peter, T. Trent, L. Peters, M. Sullivan; Sheila, C. Parslow, J. Chartrand; Richard J. Barrett, J. Jorgensen, L. Larsson; Susan A., C. Carlson, E. Carlson; William C. Moore, B. Baker, H. Pedersen; William J., E. Freeman; Roustabout, J. Wilson.

Liked Rough Weather Pix

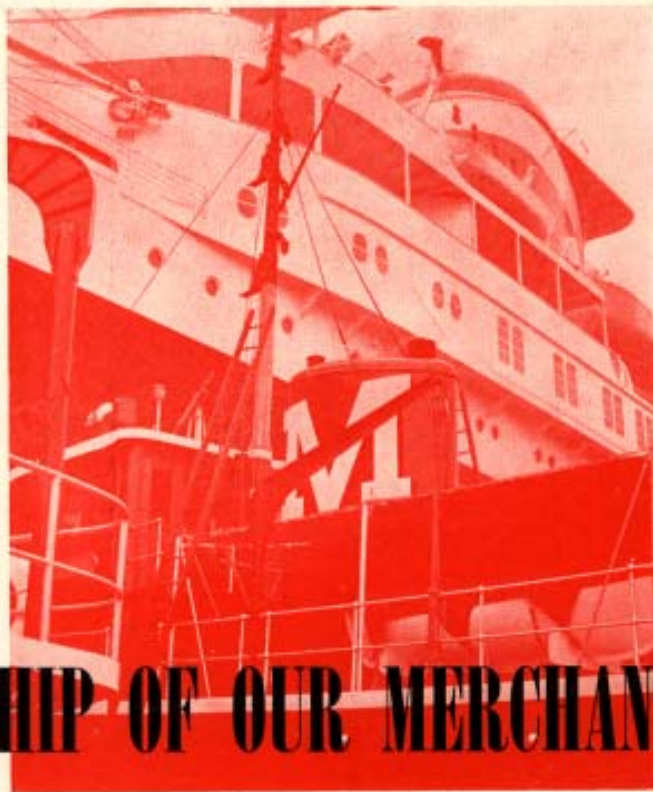
Dear Sirs:

We thank you for sending us copies of your Tow Line, which are very interesting, and we consider the pictures contained in your last issue, of your vessels in heavy weather, excellent.

G. MONTAGUE BROWN, Dir.
(W. H. Cockerline & Co., Ltd., London)

GREAT WHITE FLEET—Getting ready to sail SS. Talamanca, Grace Moran-class tugs maneuver into position at Pier 9, North River. One of 57 United Fruit Co. ships handled by "M" tugs, the Talamanca runs between New York, Havana, Cristobal, and Colombia. As 320 arrivals, 229 sailings, and 375 shifts around piers and drydocks in 1951 indicate, U.F. is one of Moran's busiest accounts. Arrivals and sailings in March of this year averaged almost one a day, with banana ships in the majority. U.F. piers are so close, our dispatchers get a bird's-eye view of all this.

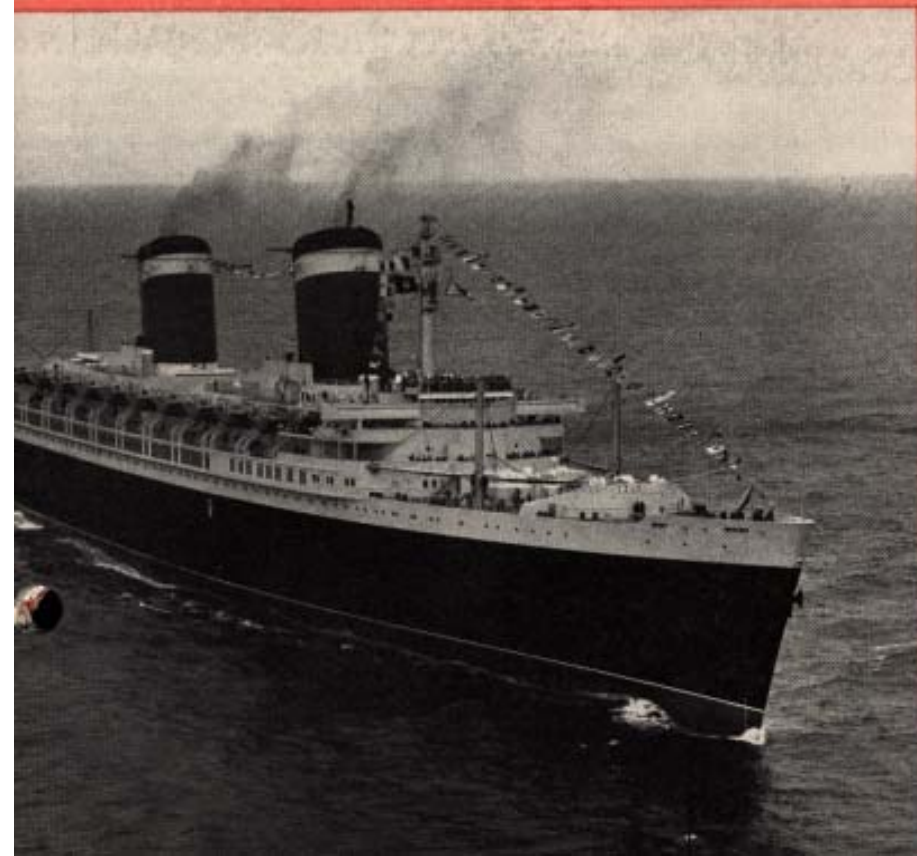




NEW FLAGSHIP OF OUR MERCHANT MARINE...

S.S. UNITED STATES





Maritime Philatelist Describes His Hobby

(By Harold P. Faust, Editor of "Paquebot," Covers Magazine)

As readers of *Tow Line* well know, there are thousands of land-lubbers who have great love for the sea, though they are denied the privilege of sailing on it. They gratify their love by devious methods. There are those who build ship models. Others collect prints and books relating to maritime subjects. A great many also collect picture postcards of ships.

We maritime philatelists, however, let the postman do our collecting for us, in the form of letters which have been "posted on the high seas." Actually, we do not collect the letters, but the envelopes which contained these letters. We call these envelopes "covers," and we collect them because of their unusual postmarks, all of which have a very salty flavor.

Fascinating Hobby

The writer is a member of the Steamship Historical Society of America (of which a Moran associate is now President), as well as the Maritime Postmark Society, and the Universal Ship Cancellation Society, to mention just a few of the organized groups of collectors who are interested in maritime mail subjects. This is offered as proof of the fascination of this type of nautical hobby.

Many years ago, the Universal Postal Union, with headquarters in Switzerland, organized the privilege granted to member nations for "paquebot" mail which originated on the high seas during a voyage. This privilege is accorded to steamship companies, so that their passengers and crews can post mail during a voyage. The word "paquebot," for the uninitiated, is French and means mail-boat; the French word was used because that is the official language of the U.P.U.

Regulations Explained

The regulation concerning this paquebot mail, boiled down to simple language, says that mail can be "posted on the high seas" on board a vessel of any member country, as long as the postage used is from the same country whose flag the ship flies. Thus, mail posted during a voyage of the S.S. America, for example, would have to have United States postage stamps on the cover. If the letters were posted on board one of the Cunard "Queens," they would properly carry British

Editor's note: A federal law governing the photographing of U. S. stamps provides that they may not be reproduced in color. Black and white is legal provided the stamp is either reduced three-quarters or enlarged one and a half times. Hence, but for typographical reasons of our own as well, we refrain from reproducing a fine "cover" the author of this article sent along as an illustration. The item was posted on the SS. President Monroe while she was on the high seas, Aug. 3, 1951. A 2c U. S. stamp attached was "Paquebot" post-marked in Hong Kong, China, Aug. 7. Thus Mr. Faust's envelope bears evidence of a sea voyage of many thousands of miles.

postage. All mail thus posted during a voyage, is kept together by the purser, or mail officer, and when the ship reaches its foreign terminal port this mail is delivered to the local postoffice, bearing a suitable notation (usually in the form of a rubber stamp which the ship carries) authenticating the fact that the mail was posted on the high seas, during the voyage. Regardless of the nationality of the postage stamps, it is to be forwarded with this country's regular despatch. The foreign postal official then applies his "paquebot" marking, and the mail is cancelled in the regular manner. If this mail were put ashore at the home terminal port, then the mail would only receive the regular shore postmark.

Covers From Far Places

With these facts before you it is easy to visualize that you can have covers, all of which have been franked with our ordinary U. S. 3c stamp, post-marked at such far away places as Capetown, South Africa; Boma, Belgian Congo, Yokohama, Japan, or Bombay, India! Isn't that enough sea romance for a 3c stamp? In these days ships of our great United States Merchant Marine visit practically every port in the world. With a little cooperation on the part of pursers, it is possible to secure covers from all of these ports, and hundreds of others, too numerous to mention here, all of which carry only a 3c United States stamp. The foreign city postmarks and the authentic paquebot marks, however, make these covers different from those we see every day. Each of them has been on a long sea voyage, sometimes thousands of miles, and I assure you it is a great thrill to receive

the return of a cover from the far off port of Karachi, Pakistan, after two months!

Want a Collection?

Just recently, the writer found a cover which had been posted in Antwerp, Belgium, on December 13th, 1951. It bore the high seas mailing endorsement of the S.S. Flying Enterprise! We all know what happened to that ship about three weeks later! Wouldn't you like to own such a souvenir? Better start your collection right now. If I can help, drop me a line at 1337 Durwood Drive, Charlotte 3, N. C.

Bon voyage and smooth seas!

Tow Line is especially pleased to note that one of its very good friends, John K. (Jack) Tennant, formerly with Mast magazine, has joined the staff of Marine News, another monthly, as editor.

Everybody Loves a Tug!



Our over-line is no caption writer's exaggeration. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—who is the fellow who doesn't have a soft spot in his heart for that floating power plant, the tugboat, especially those sleek diesel-electric jobs with the big white "M" on their black stacks? Here is John J. Schumann, Jr., of Montclair, N. J., president of General Motors Acceptance Corp. and a director of General Motors, at the wheel of one of our Grace Moran-class harbor tugs, obviously as intrigued as a teen-ager would be under similar circumstances. Keeping a watchful professional eye on the business is Capt. George Sahlberg, 58 Eleventh Street, Hoboken, N. J., who knows tides, channels and traffic hereabouts like a GM executive knows his specialty.—Photo courtesy of GMAC-GEIC-MIC "News & Views."

Morantow Reaches Tonawanda First



Another notable "first" in a long series credited to Moran equipment and crews operating on inland waterways occurred April 14—

just as the previous issue of *Tow Line* was being printed, alas—when the tug Sheila Moran pulled into Tonawanda, N. Y., only a few miles from the western terminus of the New York State Barge Canal at Buffalo, with the initial tow to reach that port in the 1952 canal season.

Capt. Charles M. Parslow, Watervliet, N. Y., master of the Sheila, who has been with Moran since 1938, picked up the Texas Company barge No. 396, loaded with 500,000 gallons of aviation gasoline, and departed Bayonne, N. J., at 10 a.m. April 9. He arrived at the Texas terminal, Tonawanda, early in the morning of the fifth day following—practically 24 hours sooner than had been anticipated, according to Tom Bishop of the company's operating staff, who went along to make an opening survey of high water and other conditions along the canal.

Besides Captain Parslow, Tabor W. Sweet of Rouses Point, N. Y., and Joseph Chartrand of Watervliet belong in the Sheila's pilothouse. Other members of the crew: Richard G. Decker, chief eng.; Fred A. Mantz and John J. Joyce, ass'ts; E. A. Rausch and L. Castro, oilers; R. V. LaBombard, H. P. Barmann and G. A. Rock, deckhands; and William G. Bender, cook.

The photograph below, made by a *Tow Line* staff cameraman (Mark Chapman) from the so-called State Bridge across the waterway nine miles west of Baldwinsville, about noon on a gray and cheerless April 12, shows the Sheila with her Texaco barge making time towards Weedsport, Lyons, Rochester, and points west.



Mediterranean Request

Dear Sir:

Will you please be so kind as to supply me with one copy of your house magazine, *Tow Line*, as I am interested in the Moran tugboats. I remember some of them back in 1922, when I was in the merchant service, and two tugs of the Moran line escorted us in New York Harbor in the evening. I read some of your epics in *Ships & Sailing* of this month, as I am a regular reader of American magazines; so I will be much obliged to you and to Admiral Moran if you will send to me the *Tow Line*.

DOMINIC TALLANA
(*Namrun, Malta, G.C.*)

Aside to Anthony van Kampen, editor of *De Blauwe Wimpel* (The Blue Pennant), leading nautical magazine of The Netherlands, published in Amsterdam: Those "Where the Going's Rough . . ." photos you requested for publication have already gone forward, and thanks for your interest.

"Outsiders" Interested

Dear Mr. Munroe:

Thanks a lot for the current and back copies of *Tow Line*. I am enjoying them hugely. Both as a newspaperman and as an amateur photographer, I scan a great many house organs, and I must say that *Tow Line* is one of the best. Not only is the photography outstanding, but you have succeeded in combining pictures and textual matter so that it is interesting, not only to your official personnel, but to "outsiders" as well. We have reversed the usual procedure. My wife is a New York girl who came to Ohio; but when we go to New York, the harbor is one of my main and longest stops . . .

BERT A. TEETERS, Managing Ed.
(*Springfield, O., Daily News & Sun*)

Get our Capt. Fred Dezendorf, sometime skipper aboard the tug Pauline L. Moran, to tell you a little about his unofficial observations while towing in the Orinoco River, Venezuela—including hot weather, strong-coffee colored water, Indian villages, sawmills, flashy macaws winging overhead, native pilots, and (unless you prefer not to hear about it) a certain 10-foot snake.

Menu Item: Dolphin Fillet



Sometimes armies "live off the land"; also, in favorable latitudes and seasons, crews of Moran ocean tugs do all right in the aquatic department. Here's a bull dolphin one enterprising angler aboard the Kevin Moran hooked and landed in the course of a tow between Cristobal, Canal Zone, and Baltimore, Md. Left: Carl Atwood, deckhand, 490 East 184th Street, New York, with his shipmate, George A. DeLong, wiper, Spring Valley, Wis. That's the stack of the tug Julia C. Moran just visible over DeLong's left shoulder. . . . Mighty choice eating, too, those broiled dolphin fillets!

"Make Mine More Moran"

Dear Sir:

Being a tug lover, I greatly enjoyed reading John T. Cunningham's "Moran Is Everywhere" in *Ships & Sailing*, April 1952 edition, lent to me by a friend. Bravo for Moran! It certainly is a grand company. I would like to read some more about your great organization. Would it be asking too much for a copy of *Tow Line*? I would be most grateful if you could forward one to me; but, like the young man from Holland, I am greatly embarrassed as to the method of payment. Unfortunately, to my knowledge nothing concerning tugs is published in France, or I could have sent you a French magazine in exchange. Hoping I am not giving you too much trouble, I'll conclude with four big M.'s, which could be the sense of my letter: Make Mine More Moran!

PIERRE N. GRIFFIN
(*Ste. Adresse, Seine Inf., France*)

Dr. Allen R. Tetlow, Treasurer, Steamship Historical Society of America, Taunton, Mass.:

"Just this short note to tell you how much I enjoy *TOW LINE*. Keep up the good work. It is a most interesting little magazine. Kindest regards to my good friend, Capt. Earl C. Palmer . . ."

Rear Adm. Lyndon Spencer, USCG (Ret.), Executive Vice President, Lake Carriers' Ass'n, Cleveland, Ohio:

"Thank you for sending me several issues of your magazine, *TOW LINE*. This appears to be an excellent way of furthering public relations. I have enjoyed looking over the magazines . . ."

European Writers See Local Harbor

Seventeen working newspapermen from North Atlantic Treaty Organization countries, here under the joint sponsorship of our Departments of State and Defense and the Mutual Security Agency, were guests of Moran Towing & Transportation Co. on an inspection tour of New York harbor, June 2, aboard the tug Barbara Moran.

Such groups of NATO-country journalists are brought to the United States for periods of 20 days, each, to view recent industrial, military, agricultural and general developments, and to participate in American cultural and social activities. Through news stories and magazine articles they will write for their publications after their return, it is believed European readers will acquire up-to-date and objective pictures of the United States, with particular emphasis on our contribution to the common defense effort.

Besides, it is hoped that a better understanding of the American people and of policies of the United States government will be built up abroad by this means.

In this instance the following writers, who seemed vastly impressed with installations and activities they observed here, especially in the East and the North Rivers, were:

Belgium, Erasme Gillard and Victor de Ruyter; *Denmark*, Elin Hansen and Alf Schicettz-Christensen; *France*, Paul Parpais, Philippe Halphen, Alfred Louis Edmond Delsart, Amsdee Georges Bugnicourt, and Gabriel Francois Leon Collinet; *Italy*, Franco Fucci, Giacinto Furian, and Giacomo Gagliano; *The Netherlands*, Melchir van de Meeberg; *Portugal*, Lt. Cmdr. Jose Soares Oliveira; and *United Kingdom*, John O. H. Fisher, Nicholas E. R. Carroll, and George L. Bruce.

CHALLENGER—Assigned to fly the British flag in two important international races this season, the Newport-Bermuda classic (past by the time this *Tow Line* reaches you) and another from Bermuda to Plymouth, England, the 60-foot yacht *Lutine* takes to the water in North River, New York, upon her arrival aboard the Cunard freighter *Alsatia*. According to Capt. F. A. (Sandy) Haworth, her skipper, *Lutine* is the first English yacht designed and built especially for the Newport-Bermuda race. Our tug *Helen B. Moran* towed her around to City Island, at the western tip of Long Island Sound, for outfitting and rigging.

Retired German Tug Skipper Delighted To Observe How It's Done in New York

An interested and interesting visitor at Moran HQ recently was Capt. Wilhelm Schacht, in his second year of comfortable retirement after half a century of practically continuous duty as a tugboatman in and around the port of Hamburg, Germany.

Hale and hearty as a man half his age, and eager as the veriest novice to observe docking, undocking and transporting operations in New York Harbor, Captain Schacht refused to permit a limited command of English to handicap him in the least in his investigation of how such work is handled by the world's largest and most modern fleet of tugs. Hans Jaeger, a friendly German-speaking engineer aboard the *Barbara Moran* was very helpful, he said.

Accustomed to steam tugs of scarcely one third the horsepower of our Grace Moran-class vessels—with nine-man crews working 24-hour shifts, it seems—Captain Schacht obviously was impressed with Moran's equipment, operating personnel, and working conditions.

"Very fine tugs! . . . So powerful, so easily handled, everything controlled from pilot house. . . . Clean, safe, all modern apparatus. . . . Good food and lots of it!" our visitor seemed only too happy to tell a *Tow Line* interviewer when he came ashore following a harbor trip that included lunch aboard.

It was plain that in his 50 years of tugboating in Hamburg he had never participated in or seen the likes of some of these New York operations.



Mostly, European tugs pull rather than push, he said. Moreover, when he was on active duty—including long years with the Lutgens & Reimers fleet over there, if his halting English is reported correctly—the convenience of radiotelephone communication ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore was available only to high seas tugs and police craft. A woeful lack, the captain was certain after listening to routine air traffic in the dispatching office at Moran HQ and aboard the *Barbara*.

Following a pleasant visit with his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm Schacht, 33 Carolyn Avenue, Ridgeway, White Plains, N. Y., the vastly enlightened and entertained retired skipper returned to Germany in mid-May aboard the United States Lines freighter SS. *American Shipper*.



New York Welcomes

(Continued from Page 4)

hensive shot, swung through the water curtain of one of the fireboats to photograph the new ship against the Statue of Liberty, and although the traffic was getting crowded by this time, we crossed again so the photographers could work against the fabulous skyline of the city, 17 Battery Place providing the first rampart. There were photographers on top of the pilot house; there were photographers on the ladders and deck. An obliging sailor served as a model standing under the flag and waving his hat for the benefit of photographers who never tire of the standard poses. By this time a light rain had begun to drift down from the east. But the photography went on...

For an hour the bedlam had been deafening. But as the United States came abreast of the Battery, the whole city seemed to let go with a bang. Everything afloat or ashore, that could make a noise sounded off with a roar that vibrated. Looking at the spectacle from the dispatching office of 25th floor Moran HQ in the Whitehall Building, Danny Grandone made an awed announcement over the staccato ship-shore telephone set: "It looks terrific, Bob," he said with some emotion. "Nobody has ever seen anything like it!" Despite the rain, thousands of people were waving from the street bulkheads and high offices; and the excitement became infectious.

Royal Company

Having dawdled through the upper Bay and passed the Battery, the United States rung up the engines to about 12 knots as she entered the North River. Now we knew we were in the company of royalty. For the tugs had to race to keep abreast of her, the water foaming furiously under their bows: the police launches were plunging and yawing as though they were in a steep seaway; and a Coast Guard picket boat began to soak her passengers with spray. When the Julia C. Moran changed course she heeled over and sent the water curving away from her propeller in soapy, hissing confusion. All up the river the flotilla was really stretching itself. But 12 knots did not disturb the detachment nor challenge the competence of the fastest passenger ship in the world. There was a dainty mill of white where her stem cut the water and a gentle ripple curving out a few yards

further along the hull. Nothing else: great ladies are never hurried or unseemly.

Amateurs Worry

As the flotilla approached the midtown piers, the most critical moment of this shakedown cruise began to come close. Moran's Capt. Chester Evans, a docking pilot of years of service, was on the bridge with one assistant to place 990 feet of heavy, floating metal alongside a 1,000-foot pier. To the amateur waterman watching from the flotilla, this looked like a perilous operation that might damage a brand new \$73,000,000 ship or the pier or both. But the amateurs are the ones who worry; the professionals know what they are doing. The first of the ebb was flowing when the United States slowed down and prepared to swing into her berth. Three tugs on the port side and two on the starboard turned her easily into the slip parallel with the crowded pier. Then Captain Evans "ferry-boated her in" as though she were a familiar problem. Nothing disturbed the poise of a great liner. She never touched the pier until she floated in broadside and settled against the mules fastened to the piling, 30 feet at the waterline from the bulkhead and the street. It took a little less than 25 minutes. Autos are seldom parked so sweetly.

There was a final, curt blast on the whistle. The safest, fastest and most efficient passenger ship in the world had been delivered to her home port and placed in service. Rising grandly above the pier shed, a haze of bluish-lavender smoke lazily rising out of the funnels, she submitted to the shore without surrendering any of her beauty or brilliance. Although human beings have created her, no human being can change her character now as long as she rides the seas. Once she is built, a great ship withdraws into a world of her own, and there is nothing more that human beings can do except serve her and admire her.

NEWEST, FASTEST—When M/V Panama Maru, speedy and luxurious cargo vessel of the Osaka Shosen Kaisha Line, arrived in New York on May 13, 24 days and two hours steaming time out of Yokohama (via Los Angeles and Panama), our tugs Barbara Moran, Doris Moran and Mexpet docked her at Greenpoint, Brooklyn, O.S.K., one of the largest of the Japanese shipping companies, is reestablishing its pre-war services over various world routes to and from the Far East, including schedules to Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific ports of the United States and the east coast of South America. This is a ship of 9,400 gross tons, with diesel-propelled twin screws (10,000 BHP) which can give her a speed of nearly 18 knots, loaded. Her cargo features include 1,100-ton oil tanks, 300-ton refrigerated spaces, and 400-ton silk rooms; and there are six outside staterooms to accommodate 12 passengers. American-Hawaiian Steamship Co. are the local agents.



Ashore and Afloat



Albert A. Tews, 61, 175 Thirty-fourth Street, Brooklyn, genial foreman of the rope fender department at Moran's maintenance and repair yard, Port Richmond, S. I., is one of the very few, perhaps the only, employee of the company who can boast of having weathered that horrendous nautical experience, "rounding the Horn" in a sailing vessel.

A veteran of 42 years on and around salt water, Al first saw the light of day in the City of Brotherly Love, April 19, 1891. His tussle with the Horn occurred shortly after his graduation from Pennsylvania Nautical Academy in 1910.

"We rounded the Cape in a full-rigged sailing vessel loaded with sugar, and it was a pretty rough trip," is the way Mr. Tews sums it up.

The Cape Horn venture was not our old sea dog's first nautical experience, however. He acquired his first "sea legs" aboard the U. S. S. Adams, an auxiliary bark, right after graduating from the academy. He continued to follow the sea for six more years, until he met a certain Miss Emma Bodock, whereupon ship bells were replaced by wedding bells.

After his marriage, Al continued his nautical career, but this time there was a difference. Mrs. T. was beside the wheel. They sailed together on coastwise barges for several years, forming a unique sea-going husband-and-wife team. According to Al, who should know, Mrs. Tews is better than a fair sailor, too. She can "splice rope with the best of them, and she swims like a fish," he said.

Al, who has been with Moran for 15 years, started out as a barge captain. When, as store keeper of marine supplies, he finally became a land-lubber, he made many friends among the chair-borne sailors at "17," Moran HQ. He is happy in his present job at the yard, since it enables him to be near the ships that he loves so well.

When not whipping tug fenders into shape, Al likes to fish. He also is

fond of weaving fancy pocket books, belts, and straps out of cord. Judging by samples of his work, he's pretty good at it too!

R. G.

Romance appears to be practically rampant among the crews of certain "M" tugs . . .

Nancy Moran: James Fagerstrom, deckhand, and Miss Joan Flynn, both of Baldwin, L. I., have announced their engagement. The wedding is tentatively scheduled for September. (If Jimmie's name sounds familiar, it could be because his dad is skipper aboard the Moira Moran.)

Barbara Moran: Since the April issue of *Tow Line* went to press Joseph J. Flannery, deckhand, formerly of the Nancy's crew, and Miss Margaret Shannon, both of Brooklyn, have been united in what the late Bert Leston Taylor, Chicago Tribune columnist, customarily referred to as "the h. b. of w."—holy bonds of wedlock. The couple resides at 130 Seventy-fifth Street, Brooklyn.

Congratulations to all hands!

Capt. "Pres" Johnson, 8736 256th Street, Floral Park, L. I., of the tug Eugene F. Moran as this item is being typed, is bragging about his fifth grandchild, Stephanie, born April 11 to Mr. and Mrs. Preston C. Johnson at Boulevard Hospital, Astoria, L. I. Stephanie is the couple's third child.

Nice to know that Fred Jonasson, Lodi, N. J., formerly a deckhand aboard the Barbara Moran, has taken over new duties in the Nancy Moran's pilothouse, as mate.

Here we go again! A nine-pound, three-ounce girl, Theresa Ann Dezen-dorf, arrived Sunday, June 1, in Mather Memorial Hospital, Port Jefferson, L. I., to gladden the hearts of Capt. and Mrs. Frederick Dezen-dorf. They have two other children, Paul, four, and Deborah, two.

More congratulations: To another "M" skipper, Edward Koski, and his wife, Helen, 108 Twelfth Street, Cress-hill, N. J., on their thirty-sixth wedding anniversary, May 11. Captain Koski has been employed with Moran since August, 1942.

Captain Koski is feeling mighty good about his son, Edward A., these days. Edward received his B.S. from the Juilliard School of Music, Manhattan, in 1936. After teaching for a couple of years, he entered Columbia University and received his master's degree there in 1949. Now he is teaching music in West Hartford, Conn., and has five schools under his departmental supervision. He and his wife are members of the Hartford Symphony Orchestra.

Gunnar Larsson, mate aboard the tug Richard J. Barrett, sailed May 10 on the SS. Gripsholm for a three-month visit in Sweden. His Moran service record goes all the way back to 1927, when he started with E. E. Barrett & Co., Inc.

VANTAGE POINT—This is a tug's-eye view of the starboard wing of an American Export Liner's navigating bridge, while the ship was being docked in New York by a Moran pilot, in this instance Capt. John A. Bassett, 1124 Banner Avenue, Brooklyn. The important advantage of this lofty perch is that a docking pilot directing his tugs can see both forward and aft, along the full length of the ship on the docking side, which enables him to make quickly the hairline judgments required to bring her into her berth. The hooded searchlight at Captain Bassett's right, and its twin mounted on the rail of the opposite wing, may be utilized for night dockings. A 23,719-ton ship of the SS. Independence class usually is a job for two or three Grace Moran-class tugs. Plenty of horsepower is essential.



Whitehall Bldg. (Arty Angle)



An important segment of what is often referred to as "Shipping Row" in downtown New York, 17 Battery Place, between Washington and West Streets—our dockside Whitehall Building. The white arrow points to that 25th floor nerve center of Moran Towing & Transportation Co. operations, the dispatching office, with westward and southward looking windows (and balconies) which afford a commanding and at times indispensable view of the world's busiest harbor. Needless to say, this functions 24 hours a day, and except during foggy intervals the panorama is inspiring. The pensive skipper, seen through an open hatch of an adjacent tug, is our Capt. John Sahlberg, 75 Stillman Avenue, Bergenfield, N. J., presently of the Barbara Moran, who has been with the company since 1930.... What he was thinking at the time deponent saith not, possibly about a favorite bottom-fishing spot on the reef off his native Fort Pierce, Fla.

Pvt. Edward Batcheller, formerly a deckhand aboard the Carol Moran, is doing his stint in Uncle Sam's army, presently at Camp Roberts, California. Eddie's letter to *Tow Line* indicated he was a little homesick for news of the Moran harbor fleet, so several back issues have been forwarded to him. (A fella has to impress his buddies, doesn't he?)

It was grandson No. 1 for Louis Egland, cook aboard the Grace Moran, when Louis Roy Anchor was born April 19 in Norwegian Hospital, Brooklyn.

Recommended to any number of amateur photographers and others who seem to be especially interested in the subject, if queries received by *Tow Line* are a reliable indication: "Pleasure Boating on the Barge Canal," a comprehensive feature story by Lucille Dee Rubin, published in the resorts section of the New York Times, Sunday, May 4, 1952.

Heartiest congratulations to Capt. Danny Bodino (Moira Moran) and Mrs. Bodino, who on April 23 celebrated their silver wedding anniversary.

On June 11—it was that day the Queen Mary, the Liberte, and the Independence sailed practically at the same time—Moran Towing & Transportation Co. was host to 21 cadet midshipmen from the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, L. I. Besides enjoying themselves hugely, the youngsters, just completing their first year of diesel engineering study, had a fine opportunity to observe in action the General Motors power plant aboard the tug Doris Moran. Lieut. A. C. Thieman was in charge of the contingent.

It was a seven-pound, three-ounce daughter who arrived May 26 at Sister Elizabeth Memorial Hospital, Brooklyn, for Capt. and Mrs. Lars O. Thorsen, 1065 Seventy-fourth Street, same borough. She was named Harriet. The Thorsens have three other girls, aged three and a half, five and 15 years, respectively. The captain has been with Moran since 1929.

Congratulations (again!), to Capt. Hewlett R. Bishop, Atlantic Coast Director, Federal Maritime Administration, New York, on receiving the American Legion Distinguished Service Medal, April 15, at the Robert L. Hague Merchant Marine Industries Post's spring party at the Downtown Athletic Club.

CITRUS LEAGUE—This delegation of enthusiastic Dodger fans, including a vacationing Moran dispatcher, was on hand to see their beloved "Bums" off in the opening game of the Grapefruit League schedule of exhibitions, March 8, at Miami, Fla. Left to right: Capt. Joe Dosed of Moran HQ, Michael J. Smith, John Lynch, Commissioner of Public Works; John Kelly, Inspector of Buildings; and "Chuck" Dressen, manager of the team—all of Brooklyn, of course. They just happened to meet down there, it seems. P.S.: The Dodgers lost.

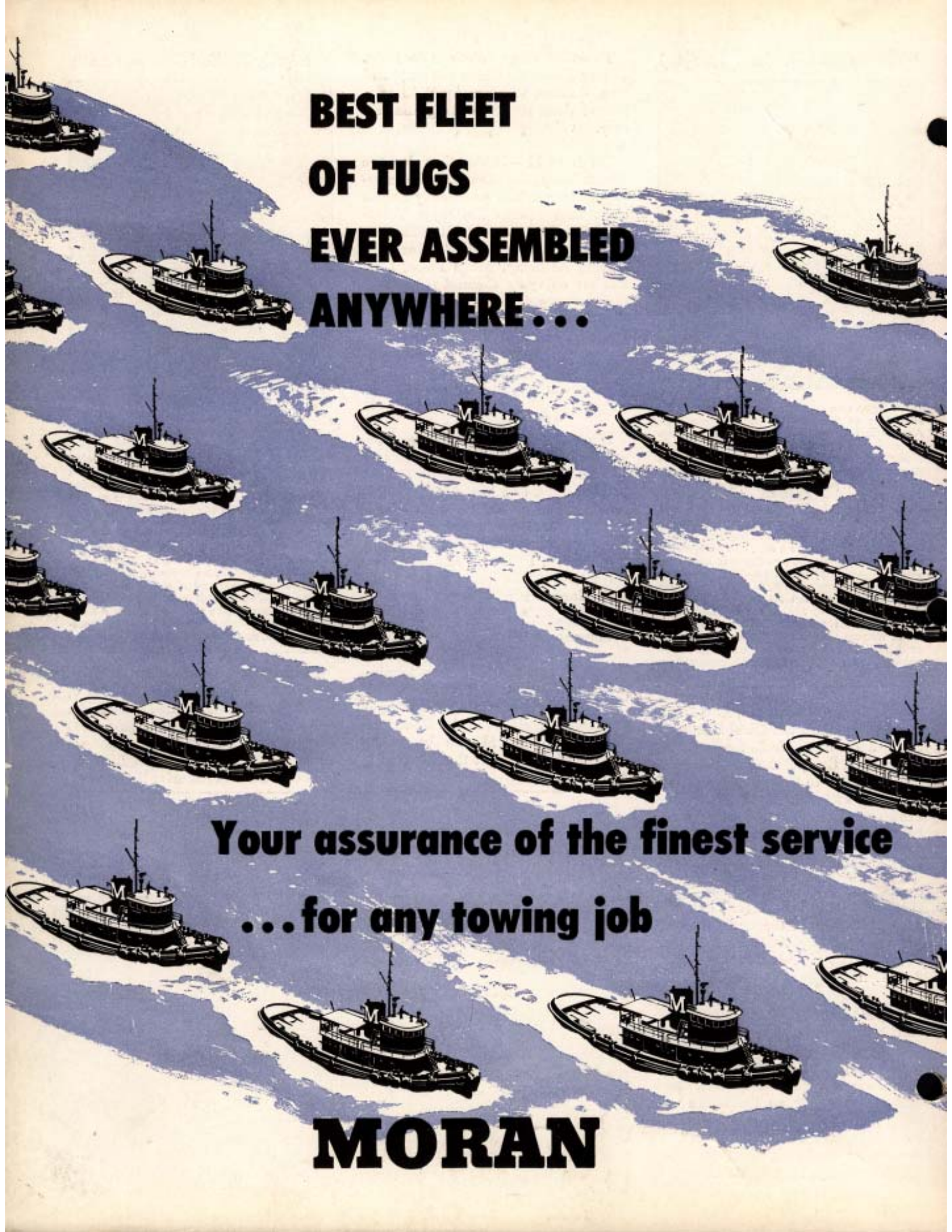


Highly Skilled Occupation



As many specialized jobs do, a deckhand's chores aboard a harbor tug look easy, wouldn't you say? Here is Houger C. Andersen, 360 Sheffield Avenue, West Brighton, Staten Island, with the reputation of being one of the best when he was employed on our Doris Moran. The tug has her headline on the bow of a United Fruiter she is preparing to dock, and Andersen is making it fast on the forward bitts. He must move swiftly and expertly; in fact, a man in such a job can afford to make very few mistakes, if any. He has to be good. Miscues can be expensive, not to say dangerous. Your deckhand must watch closely every movement of ship and tug, and handle his lines simultaneously, usually but not always under the watchful eye of a skipper whose stock-in-trade is unhurried competence and, naturally, safety first.

Lawrence and Margaret Langfeldt, 246 Locust Avenue, Staten Island 6, (he is a mate who joined the Moran organization the first of this year), became the parents of a seven-pound, six-ounce girl, Judith Linda, May 14, at Staten Island Memorial Hospital.



**BEST FLEET
OF TUGS
EVER ASSEMBLED
ANYWHERE...**

**Your assurance of the finest service
...for any towing job**

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