

TOW LINE



OCTOBER, 1952

'M' . . . in Deep Freeze

See Pages 2 & 8-9



ON THE COVER—

THE globally important story from which our current cover photograph stems undoubtedly requires more telling than *Tow Line's* available space permits. Nonetheless, we propose to have a go at it, here and in connection with an extraordinary layout of pictures submitted for inspection on Pages 8-9 in this issue.

On the cover, then, you see (in the foreground) our tugs Kevin Moran (Capt. James L. Barrow), Marion Moran (Capt. Ira George), and M. Moran (Capt. John Barlow) hove to in pack ice in Melville Bay off the coast of west-central Greenland. This was in June, 1951. At the time, all three tugs with their tows were awaiting an open "lead" in order to be able to proceed to their destination, Operation Bluejay, at Thule, Greenland.

As this picture and those in our center spread make only too evident, Moran Towing & Transportation Co.'s assignment in connection with the establishment of that tremendously significant United States-Danish defense base is not to be dismissed as child's play, in either contractual responsibility or the ultimate performance. This was a job for specialists—of the capital "S" variety.

Continuing with our cover photo, the Kevin has a 60-ton floating crane she picked up at Fort Eustis, Va. The Marion has a wharf barge, the DeLong No. 1, taken in tow at Galveston, Tex., and loaded with additional gear at Tampa, Fla. The M. has DeLong's No. 2 barge, which also originated at the Texas port. (The barges were 250 feet long and 50 feet wide, and were heavily loaded in these and other instances.)

Another Moran-operated ocean tug towed DeLong's Nos. 3 and 4 from Texas to Greenland, via Tampa, with notable efficiency.

Other vessels operating under the "M" houseflag under our contract with DeLong Engineering & Construction Co. and North Atlantic Constructors, an aggregation of such firms, were the Edmond J. Moran (Capt. Dan Halpin), and four equally competent ocean-type tugs, adequately crewed. All these towed two-barge units (ex-LST's cut down to flat-barge levels) from Baltimore, Md., to Thule between June 14 and 19, 1951.

Due to unusually severe ice conditions, all Moran-operated tugs except one proceeded in groups, more or less, for mutual security reasons. All the manifold problems of arctic navigation had to be met and solved by the skippers aboard, aided and abetted by a staff of experts at Moran HQ. Towing through heavy ice is not the equivalent of hauling "dumpers" to sea or docking vessels in the Port of New York, and it is to the lasting credit of all hands concerned that no damage occurred—and no personnel problems arose.

It may be added without exaggeration that the success of this entire operation, the principal purpose of which was the speedy and otherwise efficient discharge of cargo from deep-loaded supply ships dispatched to the strategic arctic base, depended on the know-how of Moran's planners and crews and the continuing efficiency of this company's equipment.

That's the story—and we're proud!



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TOW LINE



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Wise Maritime Policies Will Be Continued

After one of the outstanding achievements in maritime history, Vice Adm. E. L. Cochrane has retired to the serenity of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology campus, with the sincere appreciation and good wishes of the entire American merchant marine.

In 1950 he was handed one of the most difficult jobs in Washington, when the President persuaded him to become Chairman of the Federal Maritime Board and Maritime Administrator. These agencies were all but foundering; the staff was discouraged, if not demoralized—while the Korean emergency was making demands on our merchant shipping which required quick and dynamic action.

In a remarkably short time Admiral Cochrane had the agencies under full steam, the staff transformed into an efficient force full of resolution and pride. The N.S.A. was organized and ably did the job of providing the military with the required tonnage. Inside of six months there was launched a badly needed program which will add to our merchant marine 35 Mariner-class ships—largest, fastest freighters afloat.

That these and other accomplishments will have lasting effect was assured by the appointment of Albert W. Gatov as the Admiral's successor, since he has been an able member of the Board and will carry on such successful policies. He is well equipped. The nation's maritime affairs undoubtedly will be safe in his hands . . .

Well done, Admiral Cochrane! Welcome aboard, Mr. Gatov!

ANOTHER ECONOMY LINER—Under command of Capt. John B. van Gaart, this new Holland-America Line ship, S.S. Maasdam, 15,024 gross tons, arrived in New York August 27th from Rotterdam, The Netherlands, via Montreal. She is a sister ship to S.S. Ryndam (Capt. Folkert H. Dobbinga), which received a similar hearty welcome on her maiden arrival here July 25th, 1951.

Moran Towing & Transportation Co. tugs docked her at Fifth Street, Hoboken, N. J., where a party of officials (of the line and of the Wilton-Fyenoord Co., builders) and 260 passengers who had boarded the ship at Montreal were welcomed ashore.

Of the Maasdam's 881 berths, only 39—an exclusive little island of luxury accommodations on the boat deck—are reserved for first-class passengers. The remainder, in one, two and three-berth cabins on the main and "A" and "B" decks, are for tourist-class passengers, as is the entire promenade deck. Hence the "economy" designation.

The fifth new vessel built for Holland-America Line since World War II, and the thirty-third unit of a fleet which now aggregates 334,880 gross tons, the Maasdam is 503 feet long, has a speed of 16.5 knots, and carries a crew of 306. She is air-conditioned throughout.



Left: Pauline L. Moran crossing finish line (first!) in the "B" race for tugs of 850 to 1,250 horsepower; and commemorative plaque presented by the Harbor Carriers of the Port of N. Y.



Right: Doris Moran was the official boat for the race committee and judges, including those of the honorary variety, plus Moran officials and some working press.



Below: Representatives of companies whose tugs placed in one or more races (standing, left to right), Robert Alkman, Jr., Tice Towing Line, Inc.; F. S. Aldrich, Esso Standard Oil Co.; Edward Walters Reading Co.; J. I. Mingay, Texas Co.; and William E. Cleary, Race Committee Chairman; (seated, l to r.) Joseph H. Moran, II, Moran Towing & Transp. Co.; S. D. Parsell, Socony-Vacuum Oil Co.; and Chester H. Sanders, Red Star Towing & Trans. Co.—at the presentation ceremonies, Sept. 10.

Above: Barbara Moran placing second in the "A" race for tugs of 1,250 horsepower and upward; and the plaque presented by Plymouth Cordage Co., of North Plymouth, Mass.



Above (left to right): Joseph W. Poucell, donor of the cup won by a Norwegian crew in the lifeboat race; Harry Nilsson, Norwegian Welfare Office, Brooklyn; Harold Rotler, coxswain of winning crew; and Vice Adm. Walter DeLany, Comdr. Eastern Sea Frontier.



Left: The American lifeboat crew (left to right), J. May, M. Pirone, R. Short, W. F. Davis, J. Pinyati, R. Lenz, W. Bunting, T. Cunningham.



'M' Tugs Win First, Second Prizes In North River Event

Norwegian Oarsmen Take American Seaman's Friend Society Race

The story of the Aug. 27th revival of the International Maritime Races—i.e., the pre-war International Lifeboat Race, plus the new Port of New York Tugboat Races—almost tells itself in a picture layout on our adjoining left-hand page. However . . .

Moran Towing & Transportation Co. tugs placed first and second in two races: Pauline L. Moran (1st) in an event for 850 to 1,250 h.p. tugs; Barbara Moran (2nd) in a race for tugs of 1,250 h.p. and upwards. (In another contest for tugs with less than 850 h.p., won by Texas Company's Latin American, our Claire A. Moran had to be withdrawn for pressing operational reasons.)

Capt. Anton Huseby, Moran's senior docking pilot, handled the Pauline L.; while Capt. George Sahlberg was nothing less than at home at the wheel of Grace Moran-class Barbara.

In the lifeboat race, which followed, a smoothly stroking Norwegian team turned back a bold United States challenge midway of the two-mile course (125th Street to the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, 89th Street) to win handily. The U. S. oarsmen lasted for a second-place finish, followed by Great Britain, The Netherlands, and Israel, in that order.

Two other "M" tugs, Doris Moran and Carol Moran, loaded to the gunnels with race officials and committeemen, company personnel, "visiting firemen," working press people, and others, occupied positions near the finish line throughout the afternoon.

Prizes were awarded at ceremonies Sept. 10 in the New York Tow Boat Exchange offices, 17 Battery Place.

VENEZUELA BOUND—Here is Moran Towing & Transportation Co.'s ocean tug Marion Moran leaving New Orleans with the pile-driver barge N. C-4, one of the largest in the world, built and outfitted by Avondale Marine Ways, Inc., for Creole Petroleum Corp., en route to the Bolivar coastal oil field extending 50 miles along the northeastern shore of Lake Maracaibo, Ven. The barge, which has one square end and one raked, is of all-welded steel construction, and is 210 feet long, 70 feet wide, and 16.5 feet deep. Here the 175-foot boom, which has a spread of 28 feet at its base, together with the pile driver and miscellaneous gear, is lashed to the deck and otherwise secured for the long sea voyage. The mast of the derrick is 120 feet high. The machinery platform supports a three-drum steam hoist rated at 40,000 pounds single-line pull, and the derrick is swung by two steam engines with a 30-foot bull gear welded to the deck of the barge.

Much Power, Good Maneuverability

Dear Sirs:

Herewith I want to express my heartfelt thanks for the Tow Lines you did send to me. (It) is a very attractive paper for all lovers of powerful tugs, especially for me, as I am a shipowner. It's sure you are making good advertisement by means of those publications, and I wanted they did it here too, in Holland. The types of your real American tow-boats are giving the impression of much power and good maneuverability. I am glad to know more of your tugs now, thanks to your publication.

P. MEYER
(Boven-Hardinxveld, Holland)

New A.M.M.I. Committee

Twelve experts in the operation of merchant vessels have been appointed by the American Merchant Marine Institute to function as a committee to consider "all problems of an operational nature peculiar to the industry as a whole," it was announced in mid-September by Walter E. Maloney, president. The group is headed by Capt. George T. Sullivan, marine superintendent for Farrell Lines; and Capt. Chester C. Williams, manager of eastern operations for Keystone Shipping Co., is vice-chairman.

Canal Zone Welcomes News

Dear Sir:

Many thanks for placing my name on the mailing list for your Tow Line magazine, and also for back issues. Having worked in New York Harbor for many years previous to coming to the Panama Canal, your magazine holds much information of interest to me, and it is a pleasure to have news about old-time friends. When I have read Tow Line I pass it on to others who are interested. Whenever a big "M" arrives at either end of the Canal a visit aboard is a "must" for some of our pilots—just to say hello and to see who knows who, and why . . .

WILLIAM C. HEARON, Pilot
(Balboa, Canal Zone)



Scrambled Geography

Dear Sir:

Once again my office has been brightened by the arrival of the current "Tow Line." But, sad to say, once again must I take you to task.

Anthony Linck's picture (on P. 13) of your Barbara Moran shifting the Anglo Saxon tanker Labiosa is, as you rightly suggest, a beauty; but, please—not "Curacao, Ven." Her Netherlands Majesty's Government would take a dim view if they knew!

WM. R. NEADHAM, Mgr.
(Springwell Shpg. Co., Ltd., London)

Editor's note: We take this means of acknowledging letters from several such eagle-eyed readers, including Capt. J. Blauhoer, Lindenhurst, L. I., American correspondent for De Blauwe Wimpel, leading maritime publication of The Netherlands. It's true, alas, that in our August issue we did momentarily misplace the oil port of Curacao, which is indeed in the Dutch West Indies. If "even Homer sometimes nods," as they say, by golly he had better not do it in print!

New Ambrose L/V on Station; Some History

Late last month a lightship that was authoritatively termed the most modern in the country put in at the U. S. Coast Guard Base, St. George, Staten Island. Early this month she proceeded seaward to a point roughly eight miles east of Sandy Hook, maneuvered carefully, and deposited a 7,000-pound mushroom anchor in 13 fathoms—at Lat. 40°-27.1 N, Long. 73°-49.4 W.

Thus the Coast Guard quietly replaced a veteran Ambrose lightship that had guided maritime traffic to and from the Port of New York for more than a quarter of a century. It did not mean, though, the conclusion of her service. Shortly she will report to the 1st Coast Guard District, for a new assignment, likely off the coast of Maine, possibly off Portland.

The newcomer, built at the Coast Guard Yard, Curtis Bay, Md., and commissioned there last August, becomes the sixth lightship on that station since it was designated in 1823.

Visually, the new Ambrose seemed much like the old, but at 128 feet, she was 4.2 feet shorter. Also, she was nearly a third lighter, displacing 540 tons against the older vessel's 780.

Where the new vessel establishes superiority is in her capabilities and equipment. She is more powerful, with 610 h.p. diesels; and, while speed is not a lightship concern, if necessity should arise they can drive her at 10.7 knots, whereas the old Ambrose, with 450 h.p., could do eight at best.

The fog-signal apparatus, radio-

beacon and radio with which the new vessel perennially seeks the safety of a steady flow of ocean-going traffic are considered to be the best. And it is reliably reported that the high-intensity light now generating a standard 15,000-candlepower three white flashes each eight seconds (the Ambrose characteristic) in the spring 1953 will be augmented by an optical system expected to render its candlepower output measureable in millions!

(Pity the writer to the New York Times who lamented, when the departed Ambrose was new, "... technology is stripping the oldtime romantic flavor... human vigilance and courage are no longer essential to the guidance of the mariner.")

Lightships, as we know them, are not much more than two centuries in use, though a prototype existed in the ancient world. During the last few centuries B.C., Roman coast guard galleys carried at their mastheads open framework baskets in which fire sometimes was built to serve as a signal light. Manned by an armed crew, such vessels patrolled the Roman coasts to guide and protect incoming vessels that had managed to escape pirates who "would otherwise have gone into the harbors themselves!"

The first modern lightship was a British one, the Nore, established in 1732 at Nore Sands in the Thames estuary. Resembling a small fishing sloop, she carried at the extremities of a yard two small lanterns wherein flat

wicks burned in oil. If accounts of almost futile struggles to keep the lanterns lit during any appreciable strength of wind may be credited, the wonder is that later attempts to utilize such vessels were not dropped.

But at least six lightships were off English coasts before the first United States contract was let in 1819 to John Pool of Hampton, Va., for a vessel "... of 70 tons burthen, copper-fastened... a cabin with four berths, at least... spars, a capstan, belfry, yawl and davits." That ship was delivered in the summer of 1820, and was initially stationed off Willoughby Spit. She took such a beating that she was moved inside, near Craney Island.

Three more lightships were provided for in that year, for southern waters. In 1822, an appropriation was granted for the first one off New York harbor, at Sandy Hook. It cost \$17,702, and was placed on station the following year. This was the forerunner of Ambrose.

In 1823, too, was authorized the sum of \$25,000 for a lightship to be stationed off Cape Hatteras, to warn mariners of that greatest killer of of American shoals, Diamond.

Observing nations began to follow. The French marked Talais Bank with a lightship in 1845; the Belgians their Daedemarkt Bank three years later. In 1868, 14 years after the visit of Commodore Perry, Japan put out a lightship featuring a red catoptric light in a lantern sliding along the mast. This marked the channel in Yokohama Bay.

One hundred and thirty-six lightships were in use throughout the world by 1860. Half a century later there were exactly 800.

In United States waters today are 36 of these vital sea markers that long since have become to mariners landmarks as trusted as Gibraltar.

Together with some 40,000 light-houses, light-tenders, buoys and beacons (including electronic), lightships are part of the Aids to Navigation Division of the U. S. Coast Guard — to which the old Lighthouse Service was transferred in 1939.

Under that aegis have come changes. Say you are aboard the new Ambrose, for instance, looking for a certain guy off watch. He's not in the laundry, library, hobby-shop? ... Then probably he's watching television!

New Ambrose (WAL-613) at St. George, S. I., Coast Guard base before taking up her new station



Mate on Margot Moran Risks His Neck To Secure Hawser Aboard Doomed Ship



Another stirring chapter in the annals of man against the sea was written early in September when Marvin S. Scott, second mate aboard the Margot Moran, risked his life in a gallant attempt to save the abandoned and foundering vessel Foundation Star off the storm-lashed coast of North Carolina.

The story began in the early hours of Sunday, Sept. 6th, when an S.O.S. was received by the Coast Guard from the Panamanian tanker, bound from Mexico to Philadelphia with a cargo of molasses. The 5,505-ton ship radioed from a point approximately 32 miles SE of Cape Lookout, N. C., that she was caught in a violent fringe storm in the wake of hurricane "Baker," which had churned its way along the coast a few hours earlier. She was in danger of breaking up.

At 3 a.m. the Foundation Star's back was broken by towering seas, and her crew hastily abandoned ship. Held together only by twisted plating of the main deck, the bow and stern sections of the crippled vessel rose into the air, giving her the weird shape of a huge, open "V."

Operation Rescue

Immediately, Navy and Coast Guard rescue craft, several cargo vessels, and two "M" tugs, the Margot Moran and M. Moran, converged on the area of the disaster, where surviving crew members of the Star were picked up by the Norwegian freighter Emu.

At 10 p.m. the Margot Moran (Capt. Frederick K. Dezendorf) arrived on the scene, followed an hour later by the M. Moran (Capt. John A. Barlow). The storm that had smashed the Foundation Star was still raging, and high

seas crashed against the buckled hull of the abandoned tanker. No line could be put aboard the wreck in such weather, so the two tugs were forced to stand by until morning.

No Easy Problem

At dawn the storm had abated somewhat, but the sea was still very rough. To bring a tug alongside the tanker in such a sea was to invite disaster. This is where Marvin Sheldon Scott entered the picture.

A husky, 27-year-old native of the Cayman Islands, B.W.I., but now an American citizen, Scott, like many Cayman Islanders, has a well-deserved reputation as an expert, courageous swimmer. As Captains Barlow and Dezendorf surveyed the difficult situation, Scott asked to be allowed to swim over to the hulk and secure a line. The captains looked at him, then at the sea. Both knew he was a very strong swimmer, but gauging those 30-foot waves, they doubted if even he could make it. There was a hurried conference. Chance was weighted against chance, danger against danger, and in the end Scott was given the green light. If anyone could make it, he could, they agreed.

A gap of 70 feet separated the Margot from the wallowing tanker. Scott donned a pair of swimming trunks, took a deep breath, and dove into the sea. Let him tell it:

Scott Makes It

"The water was cold and the tide was against me, but I managed to make good headway. When I reached the side of the ship I grabbed a ladder, still hanging there, that the crew had used to abandon ship. It was badly smashed. I had a pretty hard time climbing up to the deck. Everything was sticky and slippery from molasses leaking from the holds. I could hear the deck plates straining and

grinding beneath me every time a big wave hit . . ."

Alone on the deserted ship, Scott caught a heaving line tossed from the M. Moran. Then, with the aid of a messenger line, and by skillful use of bitts and a winch, a hawser finally was gotten aboard the stricken ship and secured. Scott then jumped overboard and swam back to the Margot.

As the shivering, dripping mate climbed aboard, he was congratulated by Captains Barlow and Dezendorf. Pride was in their voices as they gave Scott the laconic accolade of the seafarer, "Good job, Scotty!"

Ship Goes Down

Marvin Scott's heroic efforts to help salvage the Foundation Star were in vain, however. During the night, as the storm suddenly increased in fury, the hawser secured at so great a risk parted, casting the wreck adrift once more. Soon after, as though weary of the struggle, the two ends of the battered ship parted and sank slowly into the depths. Once more, over the most valiant efforts of man, the implacable sea had triumphed . . .

Mate Scott, who is unmarried, and resides at 8304 Mulberry Street, Tampa, Fla., when ashore, joined the Moran organization in 1949.

Legion Auxiliary Trip

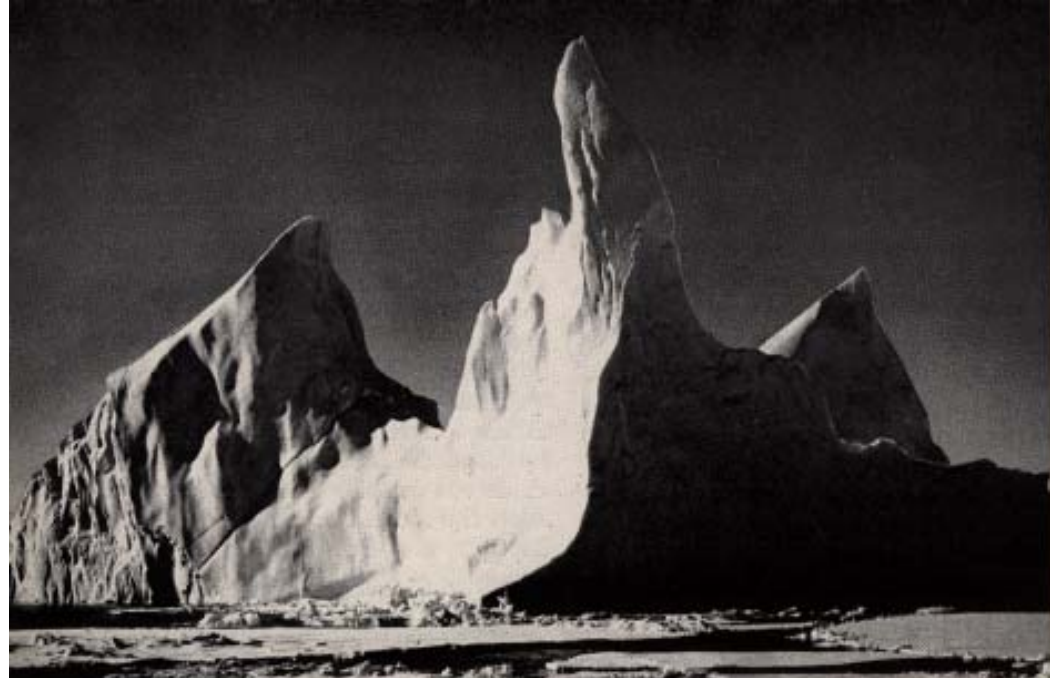
Dear Mr. Moran:

Belated, but none the less sincere, is this letter of thanks for your kindness to our party of visitors. Perhaps you know the entire party was from the mid-lands of Indiana, and while some had been to New York before, none had ever had the opportunity to tour the harbor. The captain and crew of the Doris Moran did everything possible to make your guests and ours comfortable, and to see that they missed none of the wonders that only New York Harbor holds. Conventions come and conventions go, but to them the high spot of their visit . . . was that close-up of the harbor, made possible through your kindness. Again, many thanks from us all.

ELIZABETH A. BURDETT
(A.L.A. Convention Chairman)

(Photos by Glendon E. Hoffman, Mate, Tug M. Moran)





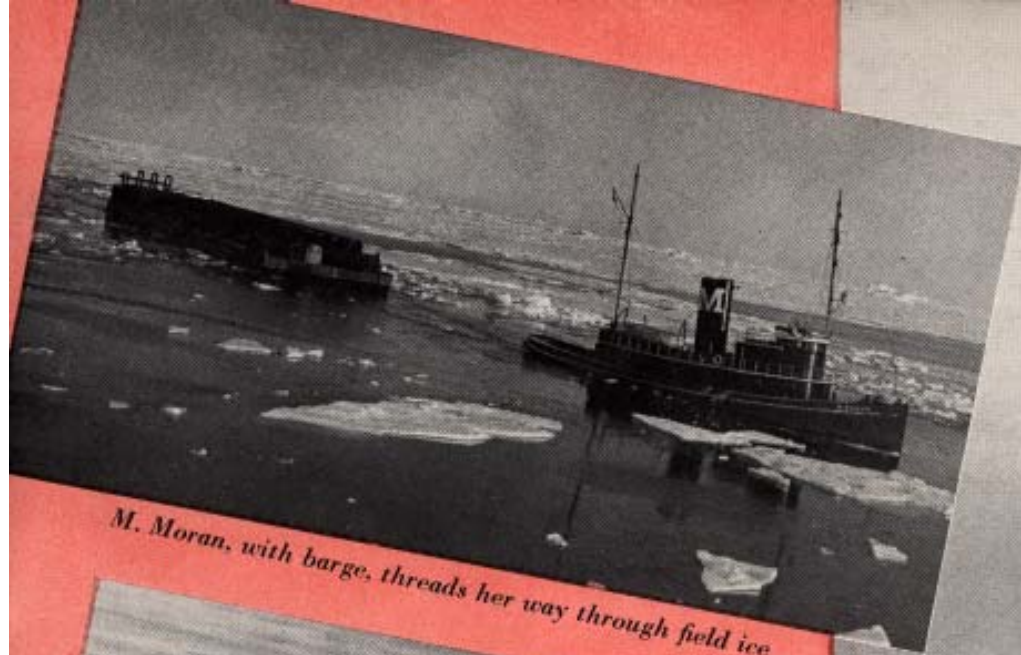
★ There could be no more dramatic exposition of operational difficulties besetting U. S. Coast Guard icebreakers, Moran Towing & Transportation Co. tugs, and other craft (including helicopters), in connection with setting up Operation Bluejay on the bleak western coast of Greenland, than the accompanying Coast Guard pictures, only recently released.

Left: An iceberg sighted by CGC. Eastwind in reaching a point only 442 miles from the Pole, besting her own furthest-north record (1950).

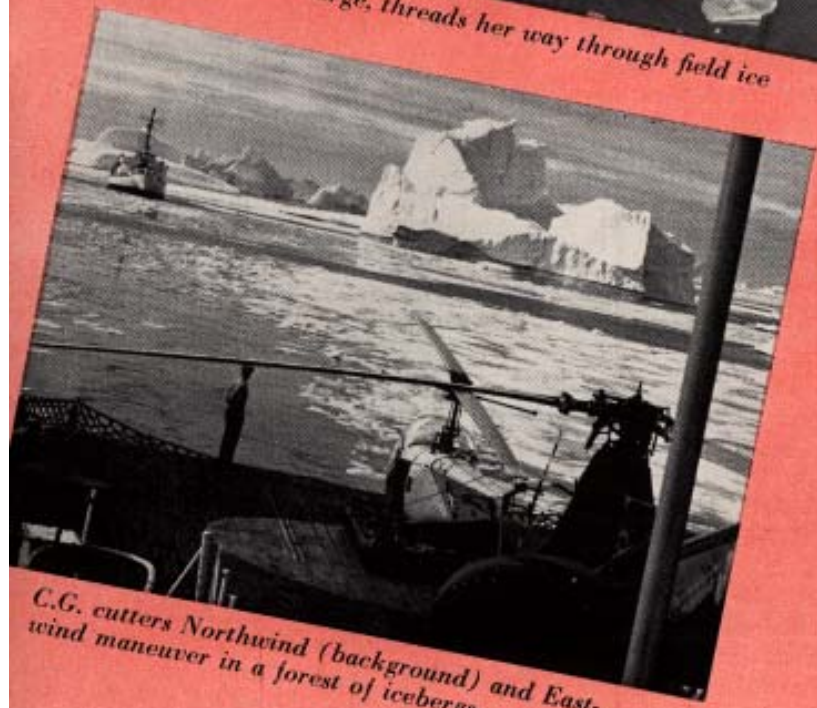
'M' ... IN DEEP FREEZE

CGC. Eastwind, followed closely by Kevin Moran and her tow, cautiously follows a lead





M. Moran, with barge, threads her way through field ice



C.G. cutters Northwind (background) and Eastwind maneuver in a forest of icebergs.



M. Moran and DeLong's No. 2 barge, frozen in pack ice



Marion Moran, maneuvering with DeLong's No. 1 barge, found things much easier in Texas

Celebrated Shipmasters

Capt. John W. Anderson, master of America's largest and the world's fastest liner, S.S. United States, is well equipped by training, experience and character to handle the unbelievably complex mechanism, administration and operation of a floating community with a population of 3,000—a small town with big-city atmosphere and facilities, you might say.

Captain Anderson, who at 53 has reached the top post in our merchant marine, is one of the new school of shipmasters. He didn't "come up through the hawse pipe," in the old meaning of the phrase, although to use another sea-going expression, "he has squeezed more salt water out of his mittens than some skippers have sailed over." He received his training for the sea at the New York State Maritime College, then known as the New York State Nautical School, and first put to sea in 1913 on its school-ship Newport, as a cadet. He has been a ship master since 1921, when he was 22 years old.

A quiet-spoken man with a warm and friendly manner, he is characterized by reserve and modesty about his accomplishments, by the obvious liking and high regard of both officers and men, and by the great respect he commands aboard ship. He has made a host of friends among the traveling public during his many years at sea.

Although it is difficult to get him to talk about himself, the captain has had more than the normal quota of excitement. He served on transports in both world wars. During World War II he commanded the M.S. John Ericsson (ex-Kungsholm) and trans-



ported 200,000 troops through 300,000 miles of enemy-infested waters without a major mishap. Under heavy fire from enemy planes many times, he and his ship came through unscathed, once when other ships were sunk behind, ahead and alongside him. He says with characteristic understatement that he was "just lucky."

In December, 1947, Captain Anderson became master of the liner S.S. Washington. In May, 1949, he was promoted to the S.S. America, then flagship of the U. S. Lines fleet.

In April, 1948, when he was master of the Washington, Captain Anderson effected the rescue of five Navy fliers who were down at sea 40 miles west of Nantucket lightship. For this "splendid action," Admiral T. C. Kincaid, commander of the Eastern Sea Frontier, commended him for "invaluable service and for the understanding, prompt action and efficient rescue, as well as the consideration and courtesies extended the survivors."

If you call on him in his big, comfortable sitting room aboard the United States you will very likely find some of his many friends there, but you will be sure to find his very best friend, a golden cocker spaniel named Chotapeg, who has never been separated from him since the war years on the John Ericsson, where "Chota" (then a puppy) and Eric, a sturdy airedale, shared the fortunes of war with him. When the war was over and the skipper went back to passenger ships, big Eric had to "swallow the anchor"; but the rule against pets on board was relaxed for little Chotapeg, as a reward for long and faithful service as a real "sea dog."

Like all seagoing men, Captain Anderson undoubtedly has hobbies, but the only references he is likely to make to life ashore concern his attractive wife, Mary, and his lively 5½-year-old son, Charles, who likes to put

(Continued on page 13)

Senor Llovera Takes Wheel



Jose Rafael Llovera Paez, president of Flota Mercante Grancolombiana, S.A., takes the wheel of our tug Doris Moran in the course of a New York Harbor tour he made recently with a party of company officials and other friends. Grancolombiana operates an extensive fleet of ships for Colombia, Ecuador and Venezuela, jointly, between those South American countries and United States and European ports, including some combination passenger and cargo vessels. But as you see, such a powerful modern tug "gets" 'em all.

Cunard Commodore Cove Succeeded by Grattidge

George E. Cove, C.B.E., Commodore of the Cunard Line fleet, retired October 1st after 38 years of service with the company. Capt. Harry Grattidge, O.B.E., presently in command of RMS. Queen Mary, was named to succeed him immediately.

Commodore Cove, first in our series of "Celebrated Shipmasters" (January, 1952, issue), does not regret a day of his noteworthy seagoing career, and upon retiring said he was "very glad to have had the privilege of being afloat during these years of progress from sailing ships to the gigantic liners and splendid cargo ships of today."

Commodore Grattidge's career is strikingly similar to that of his predecessor. He also went to sea as an apprentice aboard a sailing ship, in 1906, completed that trial period in one four-year voyage (which took him all over the world), secured his master's certificate in 1913, and joined Cunard the following year. He has commanded both of the Queens, as well as RMS. Caronia, but since 1950 has served continuously in the Queen Mary.

Harbor Pollution Army Problem Now

The Army Corps of Engineers now has the task of preventing pollution of New York harbor waters, as well as clearing them of debris and encumbrances. The engineers took over their new assignment from the Navy on Sept. 19, when Capt. J. M. Isaac, USN, relinquished his duties as harbor supervisor to Col. Benjamin B. Talley, head of the engineers' North Atlantic Division, at ceremonies on Pier 26, Hudson River and Beach Street. Col. Talley, in turn, assigned them to Col. Alfred Davidson, Jr., New York district engineer.

The transfer included seven steam and motor boats that patrol New York harbor to spot violators of laws prohibiting dumping oil and other refuse. The Army also took over the 17 Battery Place offices of the harbor supervisor, which will continue to accept requests for permits for dumping in specified areas. The transfer was made under legislation recently adopted by Congress to eliminate overlapping that occurred when the Army Corps of Engineers was responsible for cleaning up inland waters, while the Navy patrolled the same waters to prevent illegal dumping.

Another Collector

Gentlemen:

I thank you very much for your letter and the picture books which I have received. As you know, I collect pictures of seaships, so that these books are a very good gain for my collection. Once more, I thank you very much.

H. C. KROR
(Amsterdam, The Netherlands)

Tugboat

*O plodding, prime mover of the heavy laden,
Squat, straining powerhouse of strength,
Guider of sea giants to a harbor's haven,
Prosaic workhorse, wide of beam, short of length . . .*

*O you of battered fender and dented bow,
Tough-muscled veteran of many tows,
Docker of liner, herder of the scow,
Scarred, grizzled bearer of many blows . . .*

*O knower of no holiday, keeper of late hours,
Pusher, shover, burdened hauler without rest,
Mover of steel, lumber, gravel for a city's towers,
Savior of the foundered, the sorely distressed . . .*

*O communer with winter's storm-lashed seas,
Harassed by fog and gale and raging tide,
Not for you the comfort of sheltered leas,
But a churning realm where angry Tritons bide.*

*O unsung, undistinguished craft of heavy labor,
What majesty is in your very brawn the sailor knows—
For you are the hauler, the pusher, and the saver;
By your strained throbbing the world's commerce flows!*

RALPH GEORCALIS

City College Course

A course on the Port of New York is being offered again this fall by the Evening and Extension Division, City College School of Business, Tuesday evenings at 17 Lexington Avenue, with Prof. John I. Griffin in charge. Designed primarily for persons engaged in the shipping business, foreign trade or government service, the course will examine physical and economic aspects of the port, as a supplement to work in economic geography and international relations.

The summer issue of Atlantik-Post, published in Hamburg, Germany, featured on its front cover an excellent reproduction of that outstanding watercolor Charles Evers made for Moran's 1952 calendar.

South Africa Calling

To the Secretary:

I would indeed appreciate photographs of your tugs to add to my collection of tug fleets. As vice-chairman of The Ship Society of South Africa, I have been able to enlarge my collection greatly, and would very much like to have pictures of your well known fleet, as well.

REGINALD KRUMM
(Cape Town, South Africa)

CANAL ZONE TO QUEBEC—Our ocean tug *M. Moran*, with Capt. C. P. Hightower and Capt. John A. Barlow in command at different times, towed this 146 ft. x 55 ft. x 13.6 ft. dredge, H. P. Guion No. 10, from Cristobal, C. Z., to Sorel, Que., Canada, for H. P. Guion of New York, who sold it to Marine Industries, Ltd., of Montreal. The tow was under way between July 3rd and August 5th, and this photograph shows it in the East River, New York, against a midtown Manhattan skyline, with our tug *Catherine Moran* assisting the *M.* through especially tricky channels and currents.



Annual Marine Library Drives Collect Books, Cash Used for Services Afloat

Sixty-six thousand volumes, including 41,795 hard-covered books, 10,600 pocket-size books, and 13,600 magazines, were contributed by residents of the New York area alone in the American Merchant Marine Library Association's eighth annual (1952) book drive, designed to augment the organization's stocks for the use of American merchant seamen, principally during idle hours afloat.

As usual, the drive—described by officials of the association as an outstanding success—included installation of a fully equipped lifeboat, in this instance in front of the Esso Building, 22 East 52nd Street, Manhattan, as a colorful receptacle for donated books. During an opening day ceremony attended by many notables, including Ben Grauer of NBC, Maggi McNellis of radio-TV fame, Rear Adm. Charles F. Behrens of the Navy, and M. G. Gamble, president of Esso Shipping Co., Readers Digest contributed 40,000 copies of its condensed book series. Ten thousand paper-bound volumes were given by Pocket Books.

This is the thirty-first consecutive year the "Public Library of the High Seas" has provided American seamen with library services not available to them through conventional libraries. Various isolated government operations, such as lighthouses, light vessels and weather station ships, also are beneficiaries of this unique service.

Since the outbreak of hostilities in

Korea, because of an enormous increase in shipping, facilities of the A.M.M.L.A. have been put to even greater use than formerly—not only on the Pacific coast, but throughout the entire organization. Because of this critical situation with its unprecedented demands for more and more books afloat, continued wholehearted support of the association's program is essential to successful maintenance of its important educational and cultural services to "our fourth arm of defense," officials of the organization point out emphatically.

Various tugs of the Moran Towing & Transportation Co. ocean fleet operating out of New York, Norfolk and New Orleans have made frequent use of these floating libraries; and it may be noted that Eugene F. Moran, Sr., chairman of the board of directors, is a member of the board of trustees of A.M.M.L.A., national headquarters of which is maintained at 45 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.

Officers of the association are: Mrs. George Emlen Roosevelt, chairman of the board; Capt. Granville Conway, president; Clark H. Hebner and John McAuliffe, vice presidents; William P. Bollman, III, secretary; and Cornelius J. Murray, treasurer.

Donations of books may be sent to the nearest of these port offices: Municipal Recreation Pier, Baltimore, Md.; 408 Atlantic Avenue, Boston 10, Mass.; Charleston Public Library,

Charleston, S. C.; Toulouse Street Wharf, New Orleans, La.; 406 East Plume Street, Norfolk, Va.; Pier 4, South, Philadelphia 6, Pa.; 105 Embarcadero, San Francisco 11, Calif.; 820 South Beacon Street, San Pedro, Calif.; Old Weather Bureau Bldg., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; and 3415 East Marginal Way, Seattle 4, Wash.

Cash contributions should be sent to national headquarters, and such gifts are deductible for federal income tax purposes, according to the association. It's a good point, too.

Fleet Safety Record

There were no damage claims against the following Captains and Mates for the months of June, July and August:

Agnes A., E. Costello, F. Noel, H. Biekle; *Anne*, P. Walling, G. Hayes; *Barbara*, G. Sahlberg, J. Sahlberg, R. Poissant; *Carol*, W. Hayes, R. Hayes, N. Larsen; *Catherine*, J. Costello, L. Hansen; *Chesapeake*, B. De-Angeles; *Claire A.*, J. Driscoll; *Doris*, B. Scherer, M. Grimes, H. Stebbins, P. Gaughran; *E. F., Jr.*, O. Erickson; *Edmond J.*, W. Baldwin, W. Mason, F. Schweigel; *Eugene F.*, E. Allen, M. Sullivan, V. Chapman; *Eugenia M.*, L. Goodwin, E. Dexter, J. Howard; *Geo. N. Barrett*, L. Tucker; *Grace*, K. Buck, C. Sheridan, J. Cray; *Harriet*, M. Connor, F. Perry, J. Morin; *Julia C.*, J. Barlow, J. Sudarth; *Kevin*, J. Barrow, D. Gould, C. Vantrier; *M.*, C. Hightower, R. Ellis, D. Reed; *Margot*, F. Dezendorf, M. Scott, C. Leonard; *Marion*, I. George, T. Greene, F. Bradley; *Mary*, M. Rodden; *Michael*, J. Johnson, C. Valley; *Moir*, E. Koski; *Nancy*, J. French, A. Biagi, F. Jonassen; *Pauline L.*, R. Jones, C. White, K. Tannesen; *Peter*, T. Trent, L. Peters; *Sheila*, C. Parslow; *Richard J. Barrett*, J. Jorgensen, J. Blaha; *Susan A.*, C. Carlson; *William C. Moore*, B. Baker, T. Anglim; *William J.*, A. Munson, E. Freeman, H. Hansen; *Relief crew*, H. Olsen.

Below, l. to r.: Mrs. Genevieve Beck, Reader's Digest publicity director; Rear Adm. Louis B. Olson, 3rd Coast Guard District & Eastern Area commander; Capt. Francis Hillman, Esso Shipping Corp.

Below: Typical library units put aboard ships by the A.M.M.L.A.—left, one of 25 years ago; right, the current setup. Standard formula: 26 fiction, 14 non-fiction, a proportion based on long studies.



50 YEARS AGO

(The following items of interest were selected from files of the old New York Maritime Register by Capt. Earl C. Palmer of Moran Tug, president of the Steamship Historical Society of America, Inc.)

SEPT. 3, 1902—Ebenezer Haggitt (schm) for New York on Aug. 28 was ashore on Brown's Point, Hell Gate, N. Y. Tugs Bowker and Gold Age hauled her off same day. . . . Liguria (SS. Ital.) with over 1,100 people aboard was run down in the Narrows, N. Y. Harbor, p.m. of Aug. 27 by Str. Peconic (Br.). The Peconic was so damaged that she returned to N. Y. for repairs and was placed in Morse's drydock, Brooklyn. The Liguria was taken to the Erie Basin drydock on the 29th for repairs.

* * *

SEPT. 10, 1902—Steamer Oscar II of the Scandinavia-American Line, which arrived at N. Y. on Sept. 7 from Copenhagen and Christiania, has established a record between the Norwegian peninsula and New York by making the run in nine days, five hours.

* * *

SEPT. 17, 1902—The Pacific Navigation Co.'s line of steamers connecting Valparaiso with San Francisco has been discontinued.

* * *

SEPT. 17, 1902—Highlander (barge), bound from Norfolk for Providence with 2,000 tons of coal in tow of tug Navigator, foundered off Fire Island on Sept. 9. Crew landed at Providence by Navigator. . . . No. 58 (barge) of Standard Oil Co. arrived at Philadelphia on Sept. 14 with large hole stove in her side as the result of a collision Sept. 5 with an unknown schooner. The accident happened outside Sandy Hook, about three miles off Navesink light. The barge was bound for New York from Baltimore with 16,000 bbls. of oil, 1,000 of which were lost.

* * *

OCT. 1, 1902—The American-Hawaiian S.S. Co. of N. Y. has purchased harbor frontage on the southeastern side of the harbor at St. Thomas, D.W.I., for the establishment of a depot for oil and fuel. The company expects shortly to commence building a wharf and deepening a channel, preparatory to having their steamers call there instead of at the island of St. Lucia. . . . A new line of freight steamers will be placed on the San Francisco and New York route by the Luckenbachs of New York. (They) will give their whole attention to the freight business which has been found profitable by the American-Hawaiian S.S. Co.'s big steamships. They have done so well, in fact, since going on the route, that sailing ships have abandoned the business of carrying freight regularly between the chief ports on the Atlantic and Pacific. The first steamer to be dispatched will be the J. L. Luckenbach, now on berth at New York.

* * *

OCT. 1, 1902—Beard (tug) ran into ferryboat New York, of the 39th Street ferry, when leaving her slip on Sept. 27 and stove in her guard rail and cabin. . . . Excelsior (tug) sank at the foot of 12th Street, Hoboken, at 5 a.m. on Sept. 27. Crew safe.

* * *

OCT. 15, 1902—Tugboat Alfred W. Booth, 117 gross tons, was sold by M. Moran of New York on Oct. 7 to the United States Government. The tug sailed from New York on Oct. 9 under the command of Capt. David Taylor, for New Orleans, where she will be stationed.

* * *

OCT. 29, 1902—Portland, Me., Oct. 23—Tugs C. W. Morse, Ice King, Triton and Knickerbocker have been sold to the Hudson River Ice Co.



↑ STOCKHOLM SAILS—"Our photographer was snapping pictures of the M/S Stockholm when she sailed August 28th," writes Alfred S. Johnson of Swedish American Line. "Among the shots he took was the enclosed, showing your Grace Moran pushing the vessel away from her dock. We thought the attitudes and details of both the liner and the tug were quite interesting, and (that) you might be able to use the picture to advantage in Tow Line." We thought so, too, Mr. Johnson, and here it is. Thanks!

"Horrendous"

(From "The Syren & Shipping," London, Eng.)

In the June issue of Moran Towing & Transportation Company's staff magazine *Tow Line*, recently to hand, there is a sketch of the career of Albert Tews, foreman of the rope fender department at Moran's maintenance and repair yard, and "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." Pinkerton, who found "hebdomadal" a bully word and put it by, feeling it would come in useful sometime, would certainly have added "horrendous" to his collection.

Threesome Thrilled

Gentlemen:

This is to express sincere appreciation for your kindness and hospitality when we, three band members, weary from marching in the Legion parade that day, arrived in your offices. . . . We would like to thank especially Danny (Grandone) and Gloria (Engel), who were in the office at that time and showed us all the views of the harbor, then arranged a ride for us on the Carol Moran. Thanks also to Knute, the deckhand, who acted as guide and told us many things about the harbor, and to the rest of the Carol's crew. We'll never forget docking the freighter Steel Director at night. Also, thanks to the crew of the Doris Moran for taking us back to the Battery. Gratefully,

HESSE, CULPEPPER & DALTON
(Seaside Heights, N. J.)

Captain Anderson..

(Continued from page 10)

on his powerfully built, six-foot-four father's cap, sit at the desk in the captain's office, and play skipper of the United States.

On a cold December midnight in 1935, when Captain Anderson was master of the cargo-passenger vessel American Importer, three passengers slipped aboard quietly. They were Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindberg and their baby son, Jon. The press-shy couple and the quiet, friendly skipper became friends on that winter voyage. In recent years he has been host to many notables, many of whom have crossed with him several times.

Captain Anderson has nothing but praise for the efficient way Moran tugs have handled the ticklish job of docking and undocking the 990-foot United States, and for the competence of this company's docking pilots.

Ashore and Afloat



*For me, my craft is sailing on,
Through mists today, clear seas anon.
Whate'er the final harbor be
'Tis good to sail upon the sea!*

—John Kendrick Bangs

Exactly 20 days after his graduation from high school in Hempstead, Long Island, in 1932, Frederick K. Dezen-dorf went to sea as a cadet aboard the United States Lines freighter American Importer. Since then a lot of water has flowed under the keels of deep-water vessels on whose crew lists the Dezen-dorf name was neither last nor least.

Now master of the ocean tug Pauline L. Moran, Captain Fred still is not one to wait for adventure to come to him. Not in these notably veracious columns will it be so much as hinted that two decades of seafaring have made nautical derring-do seem any less attractive to a certain 1914 addition to the population of Brooklyn.

Schooled in East Williston before Hempstead, after his first employment the young'n, at 19, shifted to Grace Line and shoved off for Valparaiso, Chile, as a cadet aboard the S.S. Santa Rita. He stayed put for twelve and a half years—three as a cadet, then step by step up the promotional ladder to third, second and chief mate.



By April, 1943, it was *Captain Dezen-dorf*, if you please. The Liberty ship Thomas Nelson Page was his first command, and his first voyage aboard her turned out to be a six-month trip to the Mediterranean. It was seldom dull, you gather, shuttling Allied troops from Africa to Italy and bringing back German prisoners of war. For a time he served as a convoy commodore for the British Navy.

Severing his connection with Grace Line in January, 1945, Cap'n Fred went to the Panama Canal as a pilot, transiting ships from Cristobal to Balboa, docking them in the former port, where he lived.

When business went slack in 1946, he became a civilian firefighter for the United States Navy—you heard the man—but later that same year he joined the Panama Railroad Co., signing on as second mate aboard the S.S. Panama.

(Let us draw the veil over a short venture of Captain Dezen-dorf's as a working partner in a Peruvian steamship company operating between Callao, Peru, and Buenos Aires, Argentina. Sailing through the Straits of Magellan, as bad as it always is, was pingpong in the rumpus room compared to the firm's dollar troubles.)

So, back to the Canal Zone came Fred, first as a mate aboard United States Army tugs, then Panama Canal tugs, but the fall of 1947 found him enjoying his old berth as a pilot.

In October, 1950, if you had looked sharp you might have taken judicial note of an exuberant and unusually competent deckhand aboard the Pauline L. Moran and the Nancy Moran. That would have been this Dezen-dorf fellow—you know, the one always going places and doing things. The next thing anybody knew, he had all the required pilot's licenses for New York Harbor; and if there is a belittler in the house who fancies that is merely a noon-hour or perhaps a week-end chore, let him go and (try to) do likewise.

Only since September 19, when Life magazine, New York newspapers, and presumably other publications, broke a story *Tow Line* had been sitting on dutifully for months, has it been possible to say the M. Moran (one of nine Moran owned or operated tugs employed in the project) successfully completed an important voyage to Thule, Greenland, in connection with a new American-Danish defense installation—with the irrepressible subject of this profile aboard as second mate, naturally!

Last January it was Captain Dezen-dorf again in truth—master of the Pauline L. Moran, of this company's far-ranging ocean fleet. As aforesaid, it can't be too far-ranging to suit one skipper. His latest hair-raising assignment was a valiantly attempted rescue, in conjunction with the M. Moran, of the ill-fated Panamanian tanker Foundation Star, broken in two by hurricane seas off the North Carolina coast in September. (See Page 7.)

The captain married Mrs. Dezen-dorf, a Manhattan girl, in August, 1941, and the family now resides in St. James, L. I. The score: Paul, aged four; Deborah, two and a half; and Theresa, three months.

Pater familias has "been around," you might say. "Thirty-two, 'fifty-two . . . why, the chances are he considers this only a good start on the Road to Adventure.

Capt. Hans Jacobsen of the Michael Moran became a grandfather for the first time when his daughter, Mrs. Violet Kirk, gave birth to a nine-pound son, Russell Charles, in Methodist Hospital, Brooklyn, back in July.

Might be a mass movement. . . Comes news, also, the ranks of grandpops were augmented on August 17th by the arrival of Deborah Lynn Bell, six pounds, four ounces, at Jacksonville Naval Hospital, Jacksonville, Fla., said grandpop being Bronk Hannay, chief engineer aboard the Julia C. Moran. Deborah's mammy is Mrs. Donald G. Bell, Bronk's daughter.

Capt. Daniel Bodino's daughter, Julia, and Thomas Bishop, both of Jersey City, N. J., were married over there Saturday, September 27th, in Our Lady of Victory Church, according to the proud skipper of our Moira Moran.

Twenty-five-Pounder



Capt. Joseph P. Todesky, skipper aboard the Moran harbor tug *George W. Barrett*, with 28 years of service to his credit, proudly exhibits a 25-pound striped bass he caught (back in June) on a trip off Sandy Hook aboard the motorboat *Heddy Maxie*, with Walter Crawley and family. Two other specimens taken on the same expedition scaled 22 and 25 pounds, respectively. Pretty good fishing!

"Moran's Mighty Mites"

In the July issue of United Fruit Company's bi-monthly magazine, *U. F. Report* (Tim Horan, Editor), a profusely illustrated three-page feature entitled "Moran's Mighty Mites" gives this company's harbor fleet and its operations in connection with UF vessels in the world's busiest port the full editorial treatment. Seven excellent photographs help to tell the story, which, as usual, is presented in both English and Spanish. Sub-headlines proclaim that "the world's finest tug fleet serves UF ships in New York," and that "Moran precision and skill make a tough job look easy" . . . Muchas gracias, senores!



A *Tow Line* assistant since shortly before his graduation June 27 from City College with a degree in Social Science, our young Mr. Ralph Georgalis, 159 West 100th Street, Manhattan, contributes to this issue his poetic conception of the principal tool of our profession—"Tugboat," as he titled the verse you will find neatly boxed elsewhere. He took a course in journalism, and has hopes that urgent military considerations will not foul up his practice.

Capt. Leonard Goodwin, master of the ocean tug *Eugenia M. Moran*, and Mrs. Goodwin, who make their home in Norfolk, Va., on August 25th adopted a 22-month-old boy, who has been named Leonard George. After 50-odd days at sea, Captain Goodwin left his tug at New Orleans to make a quick trip to Norfolk to sign the essential legal papers.

* * *

Kenneth Johnson, displaced deckhand on the *Carol Moran*, now a private, first class, in his Uncle Sam's military establishment, departed with his outfit for Germany in mid-July. He is the son of Capt. John S. Johnson (Michael Moran), who has been with the company for 10 years. Ken expects to return to the "M" fold when his hitch is over, his dad says.

* * *

Good-natured, obliging Edward Balicky (Payroll Dept.) was a veritable mine of spot news as *Tow Line* was scuttling off to press this time. Item: Eddie's sister, Mrs. Ethel Targonski, 25-77 Forty-fifth Street, Astoria, L. I., gave birth to a six-pound, 13-ounce daughter, Nancy Ann, September 19th, in Flushing Hospital, Queens. Our boy is the godfather. Item: Following a year's engagement, Eddie and Miss Mary Bellere (159 and 217 India Street, Greenpoint, Brooklyn, respectively) were to be married Sunday, October 12th, Columbus Day, in Sts. Cyril and Methodius Church of that borough. A honeymoon of one week in the Pocanos was in prospect.

Congratulations to all hands!

Guys Galley Gabbing



Miss Penelope (Penny) Spur of United Fruit Co.'s photographic department, sharp-shooting aboard the tug *Grace Moran* with her trusty Leica, caught this slightly guilty looking pair conferring in the galley. Leif Egeland, 944 Fifty-fourth Street, Brooklyn, the regular steward aboard, has a perfect right to be "cooking up something," you might say; but what about that Harold L. Sloat, 619 Avenue "H," same borough, the deckhand? . . . Steak for Sunday dinner, like as not.

Office Birthday Party



Mrs. Margaret Craig, 252 Twelfth Street, Brooklyn, with 10 years of employment with Moran to her credit, operates at a desk in the Billing Dept. within inkwell throwing distance of your *Tow Line* editor's cubicle. And we have an uneasy feeling that is just about what may happen when she sees this surreptitious snapshot made in the course of an impromptu birthday observance August 2nd here in the office. (At least we're not saying which birthday!)

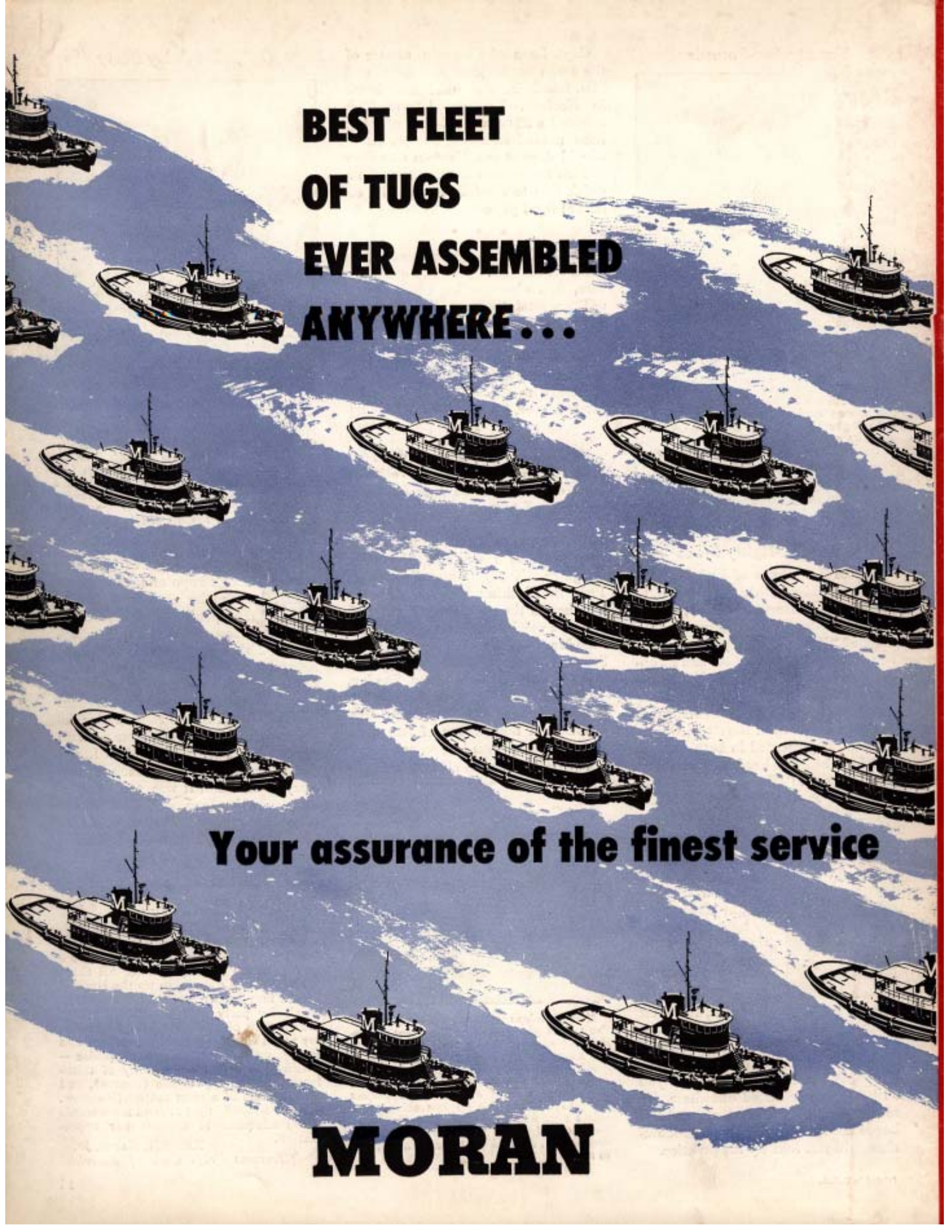
"Give Warren Pfeiffer of Mariners Harbor enough rope and, more than likely, he'll make a tugboat fender with it," the opening paragraph of an illustrated feature story in the September 20th issue of the *Staten Island Advance* stated. The piece under the by-line of Erwin Endress, running to 27 column-inches, went on to explain Pfeiffer's work in the rope fender department of Moran's maintenance and repair base, Port Richmond, S. I., under Albert A. Tews. An unusually good story of its kind, it was, too. Warren and his wife, Jean, and their seven-year-old daughter, Susan, reside at 2686 Richmond Terrace, S. I. He has been with the company for the past two years.

"A Terrific Time"

Dear Bob:

I am still feeling far too rhapsodic about (our) boat trip to be able to write you a very coherent thank-you note. All those present on the expedition up the Hudson agreed that the event was the finest extra-curricular party ever scheduled, within the memory of most members. I blush to say that I came in for an unexpected and totally undeserved shower of praise—which I take this opportunity of transferring intact to you, Joe (Moore), and all members of a most cooperative crew. We had a terrific time . . . and mere words are inadequate to express our appreciation.

RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.
(Overseas Press Club of America)

An aerial photograph of a large fleet of Moran tugboats. The boats are arranged in a grid-like pattern across a body of water, each leaving a white wake behind it. The boats are dark-colored with a prominent white 'M' on their funnels. The overall scene is captured from a high angle, showing the layout of the fleet.

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

Your assurance of the finest service

MORAN