

TOW LINE



FEBRUARY, 1954

Dredging in the Jungle

(Pages 8-9)



ON THE COVER—



AMERICAN EXPORT LINES might well be pleased with the wash-drawing contribution of our cover artist—Mr. Charles G. Evers, as usual—to this somewhat restyled issue, Vol. VII, No. 1, of *Tow Line*. At any rate, he has done his usual competent job, we think; and, as usual, you can count on the scene depicted being authentic and accurate to the last interesting detail. Everything is in order.

The ship is unidentified, but it is one of A.E.L.'s Exporter-type vessels, that is certain. Gross tonnage, 7,000; displacement, 14,000. She is 473 feet long, and is capable of a speed of 16.5 knots. Pick a name, if you like: *Examiner*, *Exbrook*, *Excelsior*, *Exchange*, *Exchequer*, *Exermont*, *Exchester*, *Executor*, *Exemplar*, *Exford*, *Express*, *Exminster*, *Exilona*, *Exporter*, *Explorer*, *Excellency*, *Exhibitor*, *Expeditor*—take your choice.

That is one of our Grace Moran-class tugs you see on the starboard bow of the ship docking on the south side of Pier 84, North River—44th Street, if you can make out the small panel above the American Export Lines sign on the end of the pier. She might be coming in to load for Italian and Adriatic ports: Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Trieste, Venice, and probably Rijeka, Yugoslavia. Shoving off from New York, she could be voyaging for as long as five weeks.

American Export Lines owns and operates 30 modern express vessels, of which 28 are special "Export" designs; two, the "Victory" type.



Moran's European Agents: ENGLAND: James A. McLaren & Co., 65 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. Rosmussen, 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. Mueller & Co., S. A., 21 Rue de la Bourse, Antwerp; GERMANY: Ernst Glössel, Altenwall 22 Bremen; SPAIN: Rafael Navajas Aguirre 8, Bilbao; ITALY: O.S.I.A.M., Via C. R. Ceccardi 4-26 Genoa; GREECE: The Saporta Agency Co., Ltd., P.O.B. 21, Piraeus.



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R. M. MUNROE, *Editor* • LUCILLE CHRISTIAN, *Associate*

Inland Waterway Tug Reports 1953 Totals

During the 1953 New York State Barge Canal season, the tug Sheila Moran (Capt. Charles M. Parslow) made 72 trips totaling approximately 17,792 miles and involving passage through locks 1,466 times, a summary compiled for TOW LINE indicates.

As closely as Captain Parslow has been able to figure his cargoes, the tug transported 992,000 barrels of petroleum and petroleum products from April 7 to December 3—or an average 1,377-plus barrels per trip. (That total in barrels is the equivalent of 41,664,000 gallons of oil!)

Sixty-four trips were between Albany and Ft. Edward, Westport, Burlington, Plattsburgh, Whitehall, Whitehall and Montcalm, St. Albans, Schenectady, Amsterdam, Amsterdam and Fonda, Fonda, and Fonda and Little Falls, including six trips with barges loaded in New York and lightened in Albany.

Other 1953 trips by the Sheila Moran were: Newburgh to Poughkeepsie (2), Newburgh to Kingston, New York to Utica, Syracuse to Clayton and Ogdensburg, Syracuse to Ogdensburg, Syracuse to Rome, and Syracuse to Utica.

McCormack Optimistic

Emmet J. McCormack, chairman of the board of Moore-McCormack Lines, one of the most prominent figures in the maritime life of the Port of New York, upon receiving the second annual award of the New York Foreign Freight Forwarders and Brokers Association:

"I have lived through a good many so-called crises, but the port always came through, and I am confident it will again. We have God-given facilities here which cannot be destroyed, however stupid we may be, and I think the men engaged in transportation here are not stupid at all."

Remember Casablanca

Dear Sirs:

Being Chief of Movements of the Tugs Cie of Casablanca, Morocco (Ste Chérienne de Remorquage et d'assistance), I am very interested by your TOW LINE, which is very good. I am wondering how many tugs you have; and how many tugs in New York Harbor? Through masters of Export Line, Italia, Lykes, Fabre Line, French Line, etc., I know your so very important Cie. All those captains have been nice enough to lend me from time to time your magazine, and they have shown me your calendars and year book. I would be very pleased to receive, regularly if possible, your revue instead of getting it once in a while from my friends, the captains of *Excellency*, *Foria*, and so on. Thanking you in advance, please receive my best regards, and I wish you a happy New Year.

HENRY BRANDT
(Casablanca, Morocco)

End of the Run



That far-ranging, tug-conscious, competent amateur photographer, Fred Shipley of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., made this shot of Texaco Barge No. 397, propelled by our inland waterways tug Marie S. Moran, arriving at the Texas Company's terminal at Tonawanda, N. Y., only twelve and a half New York State Barge Canal miles from Buffalo, one day towards the end of the 1953 canal season. It was just about the end of that particular run for the Marie S.—five hundred long, watery miles out of Bayonne, N. J.

Barge Canal Traffic Up 9,400 Tons in '53

Nearly four and a half million tons of traffic moved on the New York State Barge Canal in 1953 represent a gain of just under 9,400 tons over the total for the previous year, according to a report by B. D. Tallamy, State Superintendent of Public Works.

This is in spite of a 23% loss over the same period for the Oswego division of the waterway. (A qualified observer in Moran Towing & Transportation Co.'s operating department feels there may not have been any such decrease in reality, but that the foregoing figure might well represent the difference between a normal year's traffic and the probably inflated tonnage of the previous year, when the Mohawk division was drained for a considerable period at the peak of the season while a lock was being repaired, causing an extraordinary amount of tonnage to be moved out of Syracuse via Oswego.)

Mr. Tallamy's report reveals nearly three-quarters of the canal traffic last year moved through the Erie division, which he said was 4% busier. The Champlain division increased its 1953 traffic by 5%, to 850,847 tons.

Petroleum interests were the biggest users of the New York waterway system—3,438,187 tons, according to the report. Wheat shipments totalled 165,572 tons; iron and corn totals, up.

Imposition? P-l-e-a-s-e!

Dear Sirs:

I have just received my copy of TOW LINE and would like to thank you for sending this excellent magazine. It is, by far, the most superior marine publication I have ever read. My congratulations. I hope I am not imposing, but I would like one of your '54 calendars.

D. W. JACOBS
(Finsbury Park, London)

The Turn-Around

From "The Lookout," issued
by the Seamen's Church In-
stitute of New York, 1953.

It's 7:30 a.m. and a series of thunderous booms roll heavily in over the waterfront, thudding dully against the taller buildings. Tug whistles shriek; ferryboats cough hoarsely and sharply, like wheezy old elephants. Cars pull to one side and people clamber out to stand at the river's edge. The *United States* is in. Her sharp, slender prow noses around the end of Pier 86. The Moran tugs nudge her gently as they perform the delicate business of warping her around the pier end. She slides silently forward into her berth, her immense bulk inking a quivering shadow on the water.

Some passengers cheer, some shout, some wave frantically at familiar pink blobs among the welcoming faces on the pier. Heavy lines are thrown and caught, gangways put up, escalator belts extended and a small army of pier-side men swings into action.

The first passengers dash down the ramps into the arms of the customs men, and almost as quickly, the first small pieces of baggage bump and bobble their way down the escalators. Within 10 minutes the push-button hatches are open and netted trunks are swung out and lowered swiftly to waiting hands on the dock. Within 15 minutes Esso fuel barges commence refueling operations on the port side of the ship. Painters, on special rigs overside, carefully retouch the white draught numbers and brighten some starboard patches dulled by wind and salt spray. Serious men, intent on their work, prowl the ship mending a bit of upholstery here, replacing a worn part there.

The Working Press

Reporters shoot questions at a politician, trailing him about on deck and repeating their queries plaintively as he prepares to leave. Photographers crowd around and flash bulbs explode, blue bursts in the dazzling yellow sunlight. Some reporters give up and sulk in the commandeered cabin that serves as a pressroom, patiently waiting for the bottled beer in the sink to cool. It isn't much after eight.

On the promenade deck, winch machinery creaks and the first auto rises out of the deep hold forward. A yellow

Cadillac convertible teeters on a sling fashioned of cables and steel rods that cup the wheels. The longshoremen of the "winch gang" guide the winch operator at the hatch by hand signals, and the auto rides like a toy over the rail and descends to the lower level of the pier. A service gang connects the batteries which had been disconnected aboard ship because of fire hazards. They pump three gratis gallons of gas into each car and the lucky owners, passed by customs, simply drive off.

Holiday Atmosphere

On the pier's upper level, flags and bunting wave merrily from the rafters, sharing overhead space with huge square signs emblazoned with letters of the alphabet. Some are pale blue, some royal, some red, according to a coded color system representing the three passenger "classes." Groups of brightly-clad passengers cluster obediently beneath the letter-signs which hang at irregular intervals. Space is allotted according to passenger lists forwarded prior to the ship's arrival. The S's usually garner a large bit of pier.

Members of the longshoremen's pier gang stand in pairs at the bottom of each baggage escalator. They catch and load the bags on wheeled racks that are trundled to and fro. The color of the label and the first letter of the owner's name

← *S.S. UNITED STATES ARRIVING—Warrant Photographer James E. Watson, USCG, commanding officer of the Third Coast Guard District photo lab, 80 Lafayette Street, New York, utilized a service helicopter to make this fine photo of the superliner being docked at Pier 86, N. R.*

S.S. UNITED STATES DEPARTING—Don't ask us how he achieved this uncommon telephoto effect, but Stanley Rosenfeld, the well known marine specialist, obviously took dead aim to record for Moran the start of this sailing of the speed queen of the seas, with "M" tugs assisting. →

decides under which sign the bags must go.

Men and women dodge hand trucks and skip over suitcases to shriek excited greetings to the welcomers, who must stay beyond a picket fence partition. A determined woman with a reluctant child searches tirelessly for the ship's photographer, challenging every innocent bystander with a camera. She *must* have a picture and she suspects the scoundrel is deliberately avoiding her.

Baggage had been unloading during the rush from ten different locations at once, linking her to the pier by a maze of gangways, escalators, cables and nets. She averages 7,000 to 9,000 pieces totaling approximately 25 tons. The automobiles shipped aboard her are owned by the passengers and fall into the baggage category, accounting for an additional 80 tons. The *United States* carries no cargo; her storage space is divided between baggage, mail and food. Her record unloading time is 2½ hours.

Customs on the Job

Customs men's severe black uniforms jump starkly out of the bright, sunlit background. They work in three groups, one for each passenger class, constantly besieged by women clutching at their coat sleeves and small boys pulling at their trouser legs. Recent cuts in the customs budget have sharply reduced their staff, and to expedite clearance of baggage they now only examine approximately one piece in every eight. Even at that, some passengers regard the inspection as a personal insult and clutch at string-bound cartons and lumpy carpet bags in righteous, defiant indignation. By 11:00, though, the panic is pretty much over and passengers, friends and suitcases have all joined company and headed home. But the job of fitting the *United States* for her sailing in four days goes feverishly forward.

Much of the detail of her unloading system, described as the most efficient in the Port of New York, is a trade secret. It was conceived by Baggage Master Johnny Franke, who, together with his office staff of four, commands a total of

(Continued on Page 10)



Engineer on Anne Moran Discovered to Be Top Notch Fictioneer in the Bill McFee Tradition



Mr. Lacy


All sorts of special skills, including the fabrication of doughnuts of superior quality and of fiction good enough to land in the glossy pages of a sophisticated men's magazine of vast circulation,

seem to abound in the Moran fleet.

The latest employee afloat to come up with something noteworthy along extra-curricular lines is Volney E. Lacy, 48 Ward Lane, Fairport, a New York State Barge Canal town near Rochester, first assistant engineer aboard the tug *Anne Moran*, who has been with the company since May, 1948. He bids fair to become another William McFee; indeed, he is already trying on that seagoing story-teller's literary shoes for size, it appears.

A Lacy yarn, "Draw One for Salty"—"the highest mark I've made, though I don't consider it my best story," the author says—appeared some months ago in *Esquire*. An illustration in color on the title page and the adjoining right-hand page, by Hy Rubin, was in the high tradition of violence-in-the-fo'c's'le art inspired (in your editor's salad days at least) by dat ol' debbil Eugene O'Neill, the famous playwright.

The magazine itself, in its "Backstage with *Esquire*" department in the same issue, published the following biographical note—flanked by photographs of John Edgar Hoover and James A. Michener, but it may be assumed these were not symbolic:

QUEEN OF SWEDISH LLOYD—Built at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, in 1951, sleek, 416-foot S.S. *Patricia*, which arrived in New York December 17 for the first time, is regarded by her owners as a fine combination of the best technical know-how and decorative skill of two of the world's outstanding maritime nations. Her power plant, developing 8,650 horsepower, insures the ship a speed of 19 knots. She is equipped with the most advanced electronic navigational devices. Although designed to carry more than 400 passengers on the North Sea run, her cruise capacity is limited to 230. Following an official harbor welcome and five days of receptions, dinners, luncheons and similar functions aboard the ship at her Pier 18, North River, berth (foot of Murray Street), the *Patricia* sailed from New York three days before Christmas on the first of seven West Indies cruises. 

The story on page 108, *Draw One for Salty*, has a rare quality of authenticity. It seems to have been written with a real fondness for accuracy of description that is found in a man who likes what he is writing about. VOLNEY LACY began going to sea at the outbreak of the war. He started as a messboy, worked his way up to wiper and oiler, and finally became an engineer. He spent two good years on tankers like the *Cartagena*, on which the action of his story takes place. Later, he shifted to freighters in order to get more time in port. In 1948, Mr. Lacy quit the deep sea and signed on as an engineer on one of the Diesel-electric tugs of a commercial fleet. In the summer months, he does towing on the Barge Canal and the Great Lakes. In the winter, he works in New York Harbor and Long Island Sound. Now age thirty-three, Mr. Lacy is a veteran writer, having started this phase of his career at the ripe age of fourteen. He was first published at the age of sixteen and, since that time, his contributions to a wide variety of magazines have been regular and satisfying.

TOW LINE salutes Engineer Lacy and his productive typewriter. We wonder how is he on straight news reporting and feature writing . . .

"Including the Scandinavian"

Dear Sirs:

We thank you for the excellent photo of the Swedish American liner *Kungsholm* entering New York harbour on her first trip across. At the same time we take the opportunity of thanking you for your TOW LINE, which gives us such interesting reading. Wishing you all the best, with health and prosperity for 1954 . . .

GOTHENBURG TOWAGE &
SALVAGE CO., LTD.
(Gothenburg, Sweden)

Fleet Safety Record

The following captains and mates had no damage claims charged against them for the months of November and December, 1953:

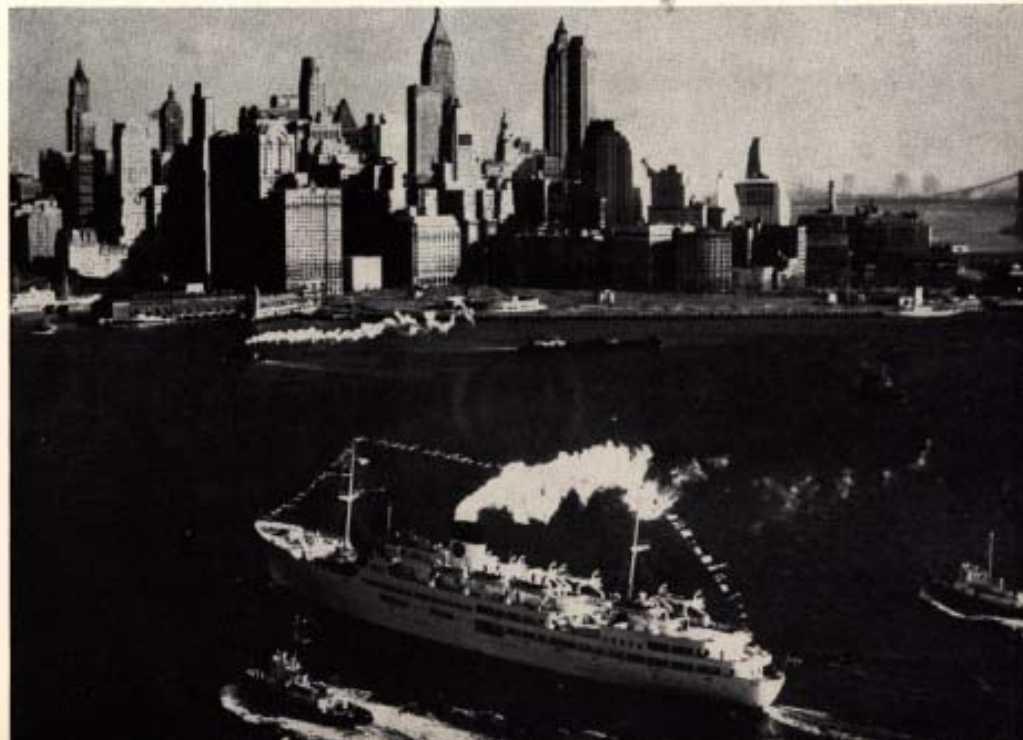
Agnes A., E. Costello, H. Bickle, J. Peterson; *Anne*, R. Buckley, J. Guinan, G. Hayes; *Barbara*, J. Sahlberg, R. Poissant, G. Sahlberg, H. Wee, C. Hyde; *Carol*, R. Hayes, A. Biagi, W. Hayes, L. Thorsen; *Catherine*, J. McConnell, W. Karwoski; *Claire A.*, J. Small, J. Burlingham; *Doris*, C. Valley, B. Scherer, M. Grimes, O. Erickson, P. Gaughran; *Edmond J.*, W. Baldwin, W. Mason, F. Schweigel; *Eugene F.*, E. Allen, W. Anderson; *Geo. N. Barrett*, J. Todesky, L. Larsson; *Grace*, K. Buck, J. Cray, C. Morch, C. Sheridan; *Harriet*, M. Connor, J. Morin; *Helen B.*, J. Jaques, E. Koski; *Joseph H. Moran, II*, L. Goodwin, M. Scott, J. Duprez; *Julia C.*, R. Jones, J. Bartlow; *Margot*, V. Chapman, S. Abrams; *Marion*, E. Dexter, A. Leake; *Mary*, M. Rodden, L. Tucker; *Michael*, H. Jacobsen, J. Joranson; *Moir*, B. Baker, H. Pederson, J. Jorgensen; *Nancy*, M. Sullivan; *Peter*, D. Bodino, J. Fagerstrom, L. Langfeldt; *Richard J. Barrett*, E. Carlson, C. Carlson; *Sheila*, C. Parslow, T. Sweet, J. Chartrand; *William J.*, A. Munson, H. Hanson, E. Freeman; *Bartow*, M. Anderson, H. Becker, G. Halvorsen.

Fixture Lists

Editor, Tow Line:

"Fixture lists," referred to in the October feature article about your agent in England, are the football lineups each week-end during the match season. I spent nineteen months in Yorkshire . . .

FRANK J. DOMINICK
(Jamaica, N. Y.)



Suez Canal Brochure Abstracted for Ready Reference

Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez

FROM THE
REPRESENTATIVE TO THE UNITED STATES
OF THE
SUEZ CANAL COMPANY

Inquiries to this office reflect understandable but widespread misconceptions about the Suez Canal, including considerable confusion of the "Canal Zone" with the Canal itself.

It is hoped that the enclosed Fact Sheet, with its condensed summary of essential facts and figures, will prove useful for ready reference in your files.

C. E. BOILLOT

(Room 3701, 30 Broad St., N. Y.)

(December, 1953)

THE aforesaid fact sheet should indeed be interesting, if not specifically and directly useful, to hundreds of Americans—foreigners, too for that matter—either employed in or affiliated with the maritime industry. Assuming this to be true, TOW LINE devotes space to an editorial abstract of the four-page description, which (with maps, charts, and a questions-and-answers section) certainly is worth reading in its entirety. The Suez Canal Company's own sub-headings are utilized, as follows.

Physical Description:

The Suez Canal, a lockless sea-level passage cut through Isthmus of Suez sand and rock, demarcates Africa and Asia, running a north-south course from Port Said on the Mediterranean to Suez on the Red Sea. It is 100 miles long, 500 feet wide. An average of 33 ships ply the canal daily—largest to date, 46,524 tons; longest, 888 feet; widest, 177 feet. (The present authorized draft of 34 feet will be increased to 36 feet by the end of this year.)

Suez and U. S. Shippers:

Via the canal, manganese shipping points on the Red Sea are 6,700 miles nearer New York; the oil ports of Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, 3,500 miles nearer; Karachi, 3,500 miles nearer. (A laden Liberty-class ship bound from Boston to Karachi saves 14 days of sailing time, which would cost approximately \$28,000.)

Administration of the Canal:

An internationally-owned private stock corporation, The Universal Company of the Suez Maritime Canal, operates the waterway. It was formed in 1858 by Count Ferdinand Marie de

Lesseps, who devoted almost 20 years to producing the international agreements and charters, personally directing the engineering feats that made the canal possible. The company operates the canal under a concession (running until 1968) from the Egyptian government. Thirty-two directors are French, British, Egyptian, Dutch, and American. The main office is in Paris.

Principal Users:

In 1952, 86 million tons of traffic were accommodated by the canal—Great Britain, Norway, France, Panama, the United States, Italy, and The Netherlands being the heaviest shippers. (Reckoning vessels registered under Panamanian, Liberian and Honduran flags, but controlled by American interests, this country ranks as the canal's third largest customer.)

U. S. Cargo Via Suez:

Tonnage of American exports and imports through the canal has increased 10 times in the past 15 years—to 10 million tons in 1952.

Early History:

The first successful Suez waterway was completed sometime between 1800 and 1200 B.C., a passage connecting the Nile with the Red Sea, large enough to accommodate the Pharaohs' vessels of war and small trading ships. As it was obliterated by shifting desert sands, ambitious rulers—Egyptian, Persian, Roman, Arab, and Turk—had it rebuilt. De Lesseps saw few vestiges in 1854.

Modern History:

La Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez came into formal being in 1858, the completed canal 11 arduous years later. Concessionary rights were fixed at 99 years from the date of opening the modern canal to navigation, November 17, 1869. The old New York Herald proclaimed it "the marvel of the century."

Guarantee of Freedom of Navigation:

A policy of freedom of navigation to all nations acquired international legal status in the Constantinople Convention of 1888, with Great Britain, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Spain, France, Italy, The Netherlands, Russia, and Turkey as signatories. Great Britain, as military protector of Egypt, and the

largest user of the canal, was made the guaranteeing power.

Improvements and Upkeep:

Three times as much sand and rock has been taken from the canal in improving it as was removed during its construction. Some of the improvements: in width, 200 to 500 feet; in depth, 26 to 45 feet; and (in 1951) a 7-mile bypass which, like Great Bitter Lake, permits two opposite lanes of shipping to move simultaneously. Cost of maintenance and improvement: in 1950, \$11,000,000; in 1951, \$14,750,000; in 1952, \$16,000,000.

Transit Time:

The average transit time through the Suez Canal has been reduced from 48 hours in 1870 to 15 hours in 1953.

Canal Tolls:

Although a charge up to \$2.05 per ton is authorized, the current charge for laden ships transiting the canal is \$1.04 per ton; for ships in ballast, 48¢ per ton. Ships of less than 300 gross tons transit free of charge; and there is no head toll on passengers. (Tolls charges now are lower than at any time since the opening of the canal, despite the fact that all other shipping costs have trebled since the pre-World War II period.)

(Continued on Page 12)

The Quays of 'Gedi', Near Mombasa

(From the New York Times, Dec. 10, 1953)

In Mida Creek the docks are hid, their
stone
Lies under rippling grass; the mangrove
rules
A spacious port so oddly found unknown
To charts of long ago. As kings and fools
Went down, swift ruin came, yet who they
were
Who perished here we cannot say, nor
when;
No tongue may truly name their sepulchre;
In vain we test the scholar's ample pen.
Yet hark to him who led us through the
bush,
Quaint speech resounding where old
silence broods,
Of peering ghosts; trees burst in flame
and flush
Gray coral walls, the wayward paths have
moods;
And voices answer as lush greenery
Fills with the murmur of the Indian Sea.

JOHN ACKERSON.

(Sometime mate aboard Farrell Lines ships)

Jersey City Youth Started All This, But Who's Going to Stop It? British Paper Carrying Ball

Seventeen-year-old Robert Russell of Jersey City, that eagle-eyed reader who, to our editorial chagrin, proved himself no mean authority on naval architecture, created more of a whoop-de-do with his letter in the October issue of *TOW LINE* than probably he or anyone else thought at the time. Recently the repercussions have become international.

The original question will be remembered. In the August issue we published a fine photo by David Atherton of Brooklyn, showing one of Moran's ace docking pilots, Capt. Chester Evans, half way up a boarding ladder from the main deck of an "M" tug to an open hatch in the side of a big incoming liner, which we identified as the *S.S. United States*. Young Mr. Russell begged to differ, and proved his point forthwith by submitting a photograph of his own, supported by unimpeachable argument. He said the ship was *R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth*, as indeed it was, and Commo. Harry Manning, former master of the United States Line vessel, clinched the argument in a subsequent note to the editor.

Comes now Guy Sewell of James A. McLaren & Co., Ltd., London, long-time Moran agent in England, with an undated clipping from that great British newspaper, the London Daily Express, which has a circulation gimmick called the "Satchel Club"—and please don't inquire here as to what that means. The Daily Express, the clipping says, "launches today a page with a mystery for every boy and girl who loves the sea." The headline buildup continues, "Now you can be the ship's detective. Here's an exciting riddle of the sea that you'll enjoy trying to solve—and perhaps your parents too. So now test your skill and find out how observant you can be."

A four-column layout of photographs and text includes pictures of three

Cunard liners, *Queen Elizabeth*, *Queen Mary* and *Mauretania*, and the *United States*, topped by a cropped section of *TOW LINE*'s original photo captioned, "The 'mystery ship'—can you name her?" The adjacent promotional story, by one Montague Lacey, is reproduced here verbatim and in toto:

Have you ever wanted to be a detective? Well, here is your big chance.

The "mystery ship" in the top left hand picture is a view of one of the ships you see in the four pictures below it.

The problem is: which one? The *Queen Mary*, *Queen Elizabeth*, *United States*, or *Mauretania*.

You can find out simply by studying the "mystery ship" and comparing what you see with the other four.

There are enough clues in the pictures to give you the answer—if you are a really good detective. One boy, a 17-year-old American named Robert Russell, has already found the answer. This is how it happened.

An American magazine published the view we are reprinting in our top lefthand corner—and gave it as the wrong ship.

Robert promptly wrote off, pointed out the error, and said which ship it really was.

How did he know? Well, that is for you to find out, now.

And please, DON'T look at the solution at the foot of this column until you have really tried.

Give up, kiddies? . . .

Anyway, thanks to the London Daily Express for the anonymous advertisement, from "an American magazine."

Gould, Former Mate, In Great Sea Rescue



Captain Gould

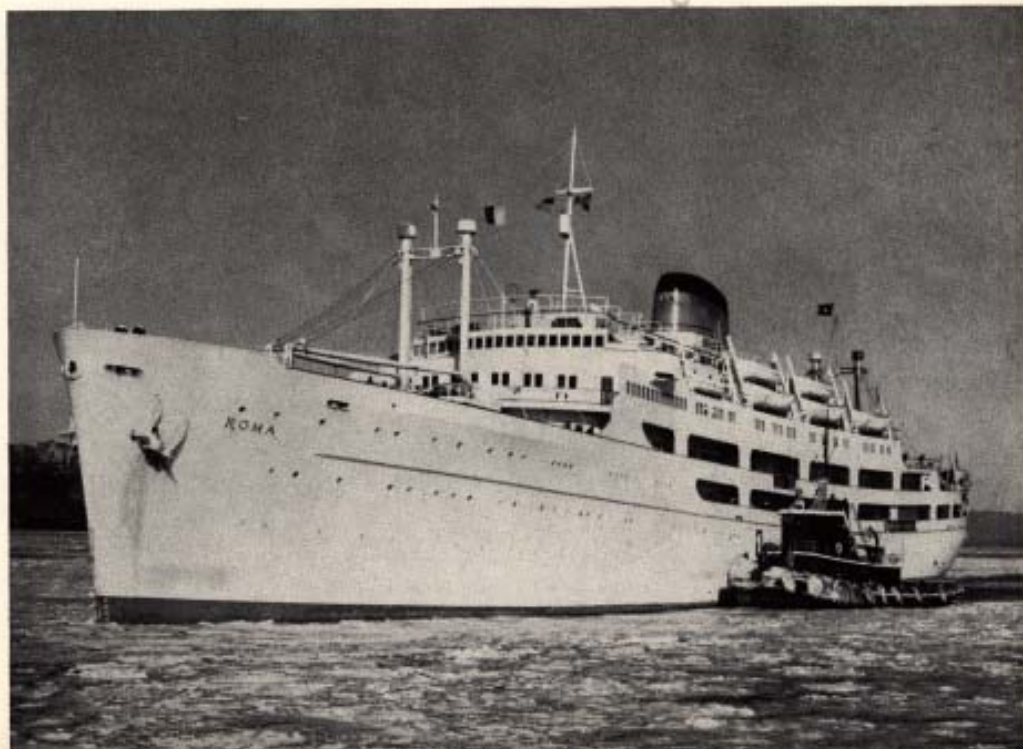
A special dispatch to the New York Times, date-lined Hamilton, Bermuda, January 15, quoted Prof.-Dr. Maurice Ewing of Columbia University as crediting Capt. Donald G. Gould, skipper of the

research vessel *Vema*, and Fred McMurray, her sailing master, with having saved his life when he was swept overboard two days previously in a violent Atlantic storm.

The captain in question is the same Don Gould, of New Brunswick, N. J., who sailed with Capt. James L. Barrow as second mate aboard the ocean tug *Kevin Moran* on a three-month scientific expedition in North and South Atlantic waters, sponsored by Columbia, the Office of Naval Research, Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, and the Navy's Bureau of Ships, in the summer of 1952. (A feature story about Gould and his bright red hair, including spectacular beard and mustache, by Ed Wallace of the New York World-Telegram & Sun, was reprinted in the Christmas, 1952, issue of *TOW LINE*.)

Professor Ewing praised the expert seamanship of Gould and McMurray for his rescue after he had clung to an oil drum for twenty-five minutes in mountainous seas. Two seamen also were saved, but another was lost.

NOT MEDITERRANEAN—When the *S.S. Roma* was in the Port of New York last trip, she ran into conditions slightly on the c-h-i-l-l-y side. Owned by Achille Lauro of Naples, Italy, this 14,687-gross-ton ship is 468.5 feet long, with a beam of 69.5 feet and a depth of 29.5 feet. She was built in 1943. Pictured here in an ice-filled North River, on a January day, the Italian ship was being docked by our tugs *Barbara Moran* and *Moirra Moran*. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York, are her local agents. —Photo by Harold Scheffs.



DREDGING



Moran Towing & Transportation Co.'s 1,900-horsepower, diesel-electric ocean tug JOSEPH H. MORAN, II, on her arrival at Puerto Ordaz, Ven., with the CARIBBEAN.



A sister tug of the Joseph H., the EUGENIA M. MORAN, alongside an ex-Navy YF loaded with miscellaneous dredging equipment, and another loaded barge, No. 707.

JANUARY 9TH, 1954, at a spot just about 10 degrees above the Equator, the life-long dream of a good neighbor nation came true—and that is something that does not happen too often either to nations or to individuals, it might be noted.

The nation in this instance is the United States of Venezuela, and the dream concerned the opening of the huge, sprawling waterway of the Orinoco River to seagoing ships.

On that second Saturday of the new year the *Tosca*, first of a fleet of deep-draft ore carriers, was loaded with Venezuelan iron ore at a newly constructed terminal in Puerto Ordaz, an inland city 177 miles upriver from the ocean. The *Tosca* sailed with her precious cargo for a destination 2,100 miles away, the Fairless works of United States Steel Company at Morrisville, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Thus Venezuela's fabulous deposits of rich ore have been made available, from the transportation standpoint, for the common defense of the Americas, North and South.

The gigantic task of opening up these South American rivers to provide a 26-



Aerial photo of Gahagan dredge working in typical Orinoco River delta country.



Work clothes were no problem for native hands laboring on pipe lines in that hot jungle!



A YF barge fitted up as a machine shop and adequate living quarters was part of the flotilla.

IN THE VENEZUELAN JUNGLE

channel for ocean vessels was undertaken by two United States dredging companies: Gahagan Overseas Construction Co. of New York and McWilliams Dredging Overseas Corp. of New Orleans, in a joint venture.

More than nine million dollars' worth of equipment, including two large hydraulic dredges, had to be transported from United States ports to remote sections of the Venezuelan jungle—and the word "jungle" is used here in its familiar dictionary sense. Moran Towing & Transportation Co. was called upon to move this heavy equipment on the long haul south, as noted in some detail in more than one previous issue of *TOWERS*, notably in the April, 1952, number, Page 4. (This particular feature included gratifying letters from A. Ribet, president of the McWilliams Corporation, and Walter H. Gahagan, president of the Gahagan company, expressing their mutual satisfaction with the efficiency and dispatch of Moran's operations.)

The work of dredging such an adequate waterway through previously untraveled natural—and frequently shifting channels presented many difficult problems not ordinarily encountered

in connection with a dredging project. In the process more than thirty-three million cubic yards of material consisting of mud, sand, clay and rock had to be sucked from the river beds and spewed into small tributaries or out into the adjacent jungle.

The pair of big dredges—Gahagan's *Peru*, a 4,000-horsepower plant with a 30-inch discharge, and McWilliams' *Caribbean*, 5,000 horsepower, 28 inches discharge, together with their attendant plant, moved downriver looking not unlike a bizarre floating village. Other equipment consisted of an LST and a YF barge, both converted to shop and living quarters, and some 20 pieces of floating plant—tugs, speedboats, launches, barges, derricks, pontoons, houseboats, and "what have you," as they say. The supply line stretched from near the Equator to northern United States. Every nut, bolt and nail had to be sent by ship, rail, air, truck and launch. Not child's play . . .

The problem alone of feeding 350 men presented difficulties and compounds of difficulties. Canned goods came principally from the United States—2,100 miles, as aforesaid—and fresh meat, fruit, vegetables were purchased locally. Entertaining crews was another problem, since for months on end the men would be far from civilization, living in houseboats, as well as on the dredges. For their entertainment—and who is ill-advised enough to try to minimize the importance of good morale under such circumstances, trying at best?—up-to-date movies were flown in, an adequate library was set up, and various competitive sports were organized. You might say that in some respects the Gahagan-McWilliams project in Venezuela had all the disadvantages of a naval campaign in some remote area of the South Pacific . . .

In spite of which, and all obstacles as they were met, the contract was finished six months ahead of schedule.



Small tugs have often handled this indispensable converted LST of Gahagan's, the *AMERICAS*.



Above: The McWilliams dredge *CARIBBEAN* hard at work in one of the Orinoco River channels.



Right: Gahagan dredge *PERU* with dredging ladder elevated, showing formidable cutter-head.

The Turn Around . . .

(Continued from Page 4)

140 years of experience in handling baggage. Their duties are varied and involved, not the least of which is processing unaccompanied baggage and tracing strayed pieces that didn't make the ship.

In the next two working days the rattling of hand trucks, the creaking of winches and the shouts of men at hard, physical labor never cease, as the unglamorous but vital job of servicing the big ship goes on. Garbage is unloaded, linens replenished and a multitude of minor repairs and replacements made. Food stores arrive on the pier according to strict schedules worked out by Bert Glendinning, pier superintendent. This speeds loading and insures proper stowage. Perishables, including meat, ice cream and fresh vegetables, are last to go aboard. On the day before sailing, all of the automobiles and most of the baggage is loaded. Men work deep in the holds with the sure skill of experience, securing cargo against shifting at sea.

Sailing Day Frenzy

On sailing day, a grey drizzle mists the air and the monotonous warnings of foghorns drone from the milky river. But the weather does little to dampen the high spirits or slow the fever of activity on Pier 86. There are no restrictions today and the passengers and joyous well-wishers crowd aboard the *United States* ohing and ahing, getting cheerfully lost, or conducting impromptu tours. All the baggage escalators are up and the last suitcases carried by the embarking passengers bump their way on board. Dark-suited messenger boys troop up the gangways bearing bon voyage gifts. Mr. Franke's system here processes approximately 1700 gifts in 2½ hours.

Men in slickers batten down the hatches and lower the booms. Canvas covers are hauled out and the booms are lashed as well as locked in place. There may be a bit of weather ahead.

The ship bellows its intention to leave and the women on the top deck hold their ears and squeal. Only twenty minutes left. People crowd in off the decks reluctantly and start the slow trek downward. Most prefer to use the stairways and run breathlessly out onto each level "to see what's there." Most of the reporters have hurriedly jotted down interviews and rushed off to make their deadlines. The photogs spiritedly discuss the merits of their "cheese cake" photos as they join the movement off the ship.

The gangway entrances are choked with people, some cheery, some weepy, all putting off the moment of parting. There's much hearty laughter, backslapping and moist, sentimental kissing. One group teeters and gravely discusses a serious problem. There's a disagreement as to who is seeing off whom. Another warning blast blots out all other sound and the visitors, brandishing half-filled glasses and trailing colored streamers, pour off the gangways.

Last Minute Flurry

Only one minute to go. There's a mad flurry as some race up the gangway and others race down. The gangways are then rolled off and the *United States* pulls away from her dock. Her railings are a forest of waving arms. Last minute shouted instructions are lost. . . .

The Moran tugs steam about importantly, assisting the big ship out into midstream. She rides the water regally and her court of riverboats shriek, wail and toot in proper homage to the queen.


MAE STOKE

AWARD FOR VALOR

Paragraph from a letter to the membership of United Marine Division, Local 333, International Longshoremen's Association (Independent), 107 Washington Street, New York:

"At the last meeting of the Executive Board it was unanimously voted that the Third Annual Award of the New York Marine Towing & Transportation Industry should go to the crew of the Tug Julia C. Moran for their valor in going to the assistance of the disabled fireboat George B. McClellan off Staten Island, towing her to Pier 6, Staten Island, and summoning an ambulance for the injured."

The communication, dated December 29, 1953, was signed by Joseph O'Hare, treasurer and general manager, and Louis Ziegler, secretary and assistant manager.

EAST RIVER COLLISION—In mid-January, early on a foggy morning, a 768-ton fully loaded coastwise tanker sank in 25 feet of water alongside the Manhattan seawall of the East River. She had been pushed against the abutment following a midstream collision with an empty steel cargo ship. Our tug Peter Moran (Capt. Daniel Bodino) held the sunken tanker in position while 10,000 barrels of fuel oil were pumped into barges. Dick De Marsico, New York World-Telegram & Sun staff photographer, made this excellent shot of the incident. 



The World's Busiest Port Embraces Forty-Nine Channels, Harbors; Year Tonnage: 179 Million

NEW YORK HARBOR—the Port of Greater New York, that is to say—embraces forty-nine channels and harbors. The Army Corps of Engineers divides the vast water-borne commerce of the port into foreign, coastwise, internal, intraport, local, and through traffic. Preliminary estimates of the freight movement in 1952 indicate 35.86 million tons of foreign commerce and 51.48 million tons of coastwise shipping. Internal, intraport, and local traffic collectively comprise the inland waterway commerce of the harbor, and in 1952 this totalled 91.58 million tons.

The following just under half a hundred channels and harbors are included in the world's busiest seaport:

NEW YORK

Port Chester Harbor
Milton Harbor
Mamaronek Harbor
Echo Bay Harbor
New Rochelle Harbor
Long Island Sound at City Island
East Chester Creek
Westchester Creek
Bronx River
Manhasset Bay
Little Neck Bay
Flushing Bay
Harlem River
Hudson River, Lower Section
Hudson River Channel
East River
Newtown Creek
Wallabout Channel
Buttermilk Channel
Bay Ridge-Red Hook Channels
Gowanus Creek Channel
Gravesend Bay
Coney Island Creek
Coney Island Channel
Sheepshead Bay
Jamaica Bay
East Rockaway Inlet (Debs Inlet)
Lemon Creek, Staten Island
Lower Bay, Midland Beach, S. I.
Long Island Sound, Rye Beach
Great Kills, S. I.
Upper Bay, New York Harbor
Channel between Staten Island and Hoffman-Swinburne Islands
New York Channel

NEW JERSEY

Shoal Harbor-Compton Creek
Waycane Creek
Keyport Harbor
Matawan Creek
Cheesequake Creek
Raritan River
Washington Canal-South River
Woodbridge Creek
Elizabeth River
Rahway River
Sandy Hook Bay
Newark Bay
Hackensack River
Passaic River
New Jersey Channel
Raritan River to Arthur Kill
Cutoff Channel

"Very Important Activities"

Dear Sirs:

This is to thank you for the calendar and a very attractive reproduction of the art work on the calendar, which we received in good condition. We are greatly indebted to your firm for this and other favors, including the bi-monthly publication *Tow Line*. You are doing a wonderful job in keeping people informed of the very important activities of your company in the transportation field. Our best wishes to you for . . . the New Year.

A. RANGER TYLER, Dir.

(State of New York, Department of Commerce, Bureau of Business Publicity)

OFF FOR ITALY—Countless camera enthusiasts, both amateur and professional, continue to draw inspiration from New York's waterfronts. Apparently quite adept with marine subjects is Ward Allan Howe, 310 Riverside Drive, Manhattan, a member of the editorial staff of the New York Times, which he forthrightly acknowledges to be his principal provider. This bulkhead shot of American Export Lines' S.S. Independence sailing from her North River berth with the able assistance of two Grace Moran-class tugs is not only well composed, but seasonal. Wouldn't that white stuff in the wintry Hudson be more of a novelty in Mediterranean ports the ship regularly visits? Or as that British cutup, Oscar Wilde, is supposed to have remarked upon viewing Niagara Falls, "Remarkable! But it would be even more so if the water ran the other way."

It's an Oversight

Dear Rob't:

Trasmediterraneo's ships pass here every evening at 10:15 without benefit of Moran's towboats. How come? . . . Your Christmas cover is pretty on the walls of the casita. Got a print of it to spare?

ROBERT FAHERTY

(Paguera, Majorca, Spain)

Our Eugene F. Moran, Senior, Firm Chairman, Is Author of Juvenile Volume on Harbors



Mr. Moran

"Famous Harbors of the World," by Eugene F. Moran, Sr., Chairman of the Board, Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., and a Commissioner of the Port of New York Author-

ity, has been published by Random House, New York, as an addition to its "Gateway Books" series. Illustrated in two colors by Elton C. Fax, the 108-page volume contains 12 pages of photographs, and is described on its dust jacket as "ideal reading for boys and girls aged 9 to 12."

Acknowledging that he is "deeply indebted to Lilian Moore for her invaluable assistance in the writing of this book," Mr. Moran describes the principal activities in such ports as Liverpool, Hong Kong, Sydney, Hamburg, and New York, and explains why each, for different reasons, has developed as one of the world's most important harbors. An opening explanatory chapter is entitled, "About Harbors and Men."

Each of the books in Random House series sells for \$1.75.



New Suez Fact Sheet...

(Continued from Page 6)

Suez and Panama:

In 1938-39 the two great canals carried about the same amount of traffic; now Suez carries approximately three times as much as Panama. Suez is 100 miles long; Panama is 50 miles long. Tolls per ton-mile for laden ships average one cent for Suez; for Panama, slightly under two cents. For ships in ballast, the tolls are just under one-half cent per ton mile for Suez; just over 1½¢ for Panama.

Egypt and Suez: (and we quote)

"When the Canal was built, the Khedive of Egypt was given outright 177,000 shares of stock. In addition, fifteen per cent of the Company's net profits was paid annually to the Egyptian Government. Subsequently, the Khedive sold his stock to the British Government; and the Egyptian Government sold its profit-sharing claim to a French banking house. . . . In recent decades the Company has reinstated Egypt, from which it derives its charter, as a direct participant in the Canal's profits. First, an outright annual royalty was paid to the government. In 1949, payments were revised to insure Egypt seven per cent of the Company's gross profits. In 1951, this payment, plus taxes and other emoluments accruing to Egypt from the Canal operation, totaled \$12,300,000. In addition to these direct benefits, there has been built a thriving Egyptian province which supports a population of almost half a million, has the highest average living standard in Egypt, and boasts four cities, one of which—Port Said—is among the busiest in the world. Maritime traffic almost double that handled in the Port of New York is cleared through Port Said."

Oceanographer

(From the New York Times, Dec. 16, 1953)

He plumbs the secret depths of ocean
Past canyon walls and jagged peaks,
His fancy is intrigued by motion
Of tides and currents, while he seeks
The final answers to defeating
Sea-mysteries resolved by none.
He hears the heart of sea-life beating
Fathoms below his hydrophone.
Yet he can never hope to plunder
The sea as men have robbed the land,
For always she will make him wonder
But never let him understand.

LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY.



American, British and Dutch Magazine Editors Impressed By 'If Winter Comes' Layout

One American marine magazine, the Jacksonville Seafarer, issued monthly in Jacksonville, Fla., and two foreign magazines of the same stripe and kidney, The Syren & Shipping (British) and De Blauwe Winpel (Dutch), have cast editorially covetous eyes on that "If Winter Comes—" layout of extraordinary rough weather photographs of our ocean tug *Edmond J. Moran* in the grip of a North Atlantic storm, in the October issue of TOW LINE.

David A. Howard, editor of the Florida journal, made a layout out of them himself — a full page except for one worthy companion piece, that aerial shot of our *Pauline L. Moran* with the rescued Liberty ship *Catherine* in tow, in dirty weather off Mayport, Fla., used in our Christmas issue. Thus Mr. Howard:

"Seldom does a photographer catch the sea in all its glory and fury. The unavoidable mist tends to smooth the troubled waters (photographically). This series taken by a crewman on a powerless freighter caught the wintry sea as it really is. The pictures and the title to this page were graciously supplied by . . . Moran Towing's excellent house magazine, TOW LINE. We liked the pictures and trust you will, too . . ."

The editors of both the British and the Dutch magazines—the name of the latter translates into "The Blue Pennant" (or "Ensign") — were making arrangements to publish the same set of prints in early issues, the last we heard. There have been other requests.

ANOTHER SHIPLEY SHOT—
An especially attractive (it seems to us) silhouette-type view of Grand Island Bridge, Niagara River, as seen from the deck of a petroleum barge being eased under the span by one of Moran Towing & Transportation Co.'s indefatigable inland waterways tugs. This is the sort of late September sunset scene you are constantly running into on the New York State Barge Canal, which, if you happen to be one of those "dedicated" photographers, oftener than not adds just that much more to your seasonal bill for Kodak Plus-X film. . . . Or what have you?

Signal from Company "E", 180th Reg., 45th Div.

Dear Sir:

Recently a friend passed on to me a copy of TOW LINE. Needless to say, it made enjoyable reading. One of the very few pleasures we have here in Korea is reading. I am from New York, and it was always a thrill for me to watch a few Moran tugs lay a huge ocean liner into her berth. I would greatly appreciate an occasional copy of TOW LINE from you if you should have some extras.

PFC. THOMAS MCAULIFFE
(APO 86, c/o PM, San Francisco)

1954 Calendar Appreciated

Gentlemen:

Please accept my grateful appreciation for the art print entitled, "A Scene in New York," which arrived today. It is the most magnificent print I have ever seen and must rate as an outstanding masterpiece of even so distinguished an artist as Charles G. Evers. Mr. Evers' accomplishment in creating such a typical New York Harbor scene is a worthy parallel of Moran's internationally famed achievements in the field of harbor and ocean towing. The State Pilots of the country join me in highest esteem and best wishes for a successful and fruitful New Year.

JOHN S. DELANO
(Amer. Pilots' Ass'n, Washington)

J. S. Bull Honored at Chemical Bank Lunch

John S. Bull, vice president in charge of sales, Moran Towing & Transportation Co., was guest of honor December 17 at an informal luncheon at the 30 Broad Street branch of the Chemical Bank & Trust Co., the occasion being his election as a director of this firm. The luncheon, arranged by Alexander B. Lyon, Jr., of the bank's staff, was attended by Mr. Bull's associates and personal friends in the shipping industry in New York. Arthur Knapp of Carlisle & Jacquelin, the noted yachtsman, related some of his experiences afloat and exhibited a motion picture on racing. Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran, president of this company, also spoke. Others present were:

Geoffrey V. Azoy, Howard W. McCall, Jr., David L. Mitchell, and Huntington M. Turner, Chemical Bank and Trust Co.; Peter Burbank, A. L. Burbank & Co., Ltd.; C. M. Carver and John Carver, Baker, Carver & Morrell, Inc.; Poul A. Christensen, Burmeister & Wain American Corp.; Arthur E. Ferris, Triton Shipping Corp.; Philip Franklin and Cletus Keating, Jr., United States Lines; T. Iwamoto, N Y K Line; S. A. Long, Jr., S. A. Long, Inc.; Robert M. Lynch, A. Johnson & Co., Inc.; Joseph H. Moran, II, Moran Towing & Transportation Co.; Roger Norwood, Van Ommeren & Norwood, Inc.; Edward Oelsner, United States Navigation Co.; E. Grey Persons, Maryland Drydock Co.; Johannes Solleveld, Phs. Van Ammeren Shipping (U.S.A.) Inc.; William I. Stoddard, Association of American Shipowners; H. J. Teig, Shipowners Agency, Inc.; Robert Trainer, Bethlehem Steel Co.; and David Wright, Lake Tankers Corp.

Old Skipper and Ship Model

(From the New York Herald Tribune, Dec. 14, 1953)

From jib to spar he draws the last fine cord,
His race with slowly dimming eyesight won.
He lifts her till the rigging webs the sun,
Ship-wise approval fondling shroud and yard,
Each cunning block, the dainty deck detail.
He runs a tender palm along the sheer,
And there is sound of water in his ear
And smell of wind abaft the venturing sail.
Child of a sublimated love, this bark,
Salt on a keel that never knew the sea:
Her three small masts, full-rigged of memory,
Have pricked the tropic noon, the polar dark . . .
So now, they dream together of gone days;
Sunup, tomorrow, they'll go down the ways.

MARY J. J. WRINN.

NEW YORK BOUND—The last Moran tug through the New York State Barge Canal as the 1953 season ran out, first week in December, was the Agnes A. Moran (Capt. Earl F. Costello, Cohoes, N. Y.). She was bound from Buffalo to Port Socony, Staten Island, with Socony-Vacuum Oil Co.'s Barge No. 125. She just made it, too, you might say, since the canal closed December 3, the day after our Cadillac-equipped staff photographer, Mark H. Chapman—he says "it's only money and gasoline"—made this gray day shot only a hop, skip and jump down river from Lock 24, Baldwinsville. . . . That's mighty pretty country in summer, but when last your editor viewed the spot pictured here, New Year's week-end, morning temperatures were climbing something less than spectacularly from five and ten degrees above zero. The scenic Sceneca was frozen over earlier and the ice was thicker than at anytime within the memory of the most effete 'teen-ager, who gets to school nowadays, not on skates or snowshoes or skis, but in a heated bus which transports him from door to door. (Presently, the Agnes A. Moran is assigned to chores in New York harbor.)

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 headquarters.)

JAN. 13, 1904—Str. Aransas, 679 tons, of New Orleans has been sold to the Joy Steamship Co. and will be employed on the New York and Boston route. . . . Erie (tug) sunk in Buttermilk Channel p.m. of Jan. 9. . . . Ice has caused considerable damage to small craft in harbors of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

JAN. 20, 1904—(New London) Eastern Shipbuilding Co. has announced the launching of str. Dakota for the Great Northern Railway's Pacific trade will take place Saturday, Feb. 6, at 1 p.m.

JAN. 27, 1904—Atlantic City (steamboat), New York for Charleston, broke her rudderstock and unshipped her rudder night of Jan. 22, 10 miles N. of Fenwick Island. She was towed to Delaware Breakwater 24th by str. City of Philadelphia. . . . Florence (tug) and tug DuBois were in collision Jan. 21 in North River, N. Y. The Florence was badly damaged. . . . Francis Schubert (schr.), from New York for Portland, and schr. Ella Pressey, from Rockland for New London, collided off Wellfleet, Mass., night of Jan. 24. The Pressey was sunk and the Schubert so badly damaged that Capt. Starkey set fire to her and then abandoned her. Two of the Pressey's crew were lost; the balance of the crew and crew of the Schubert were rescued by the tug George W. Winslow and landed at Boston 26th.

FEB. 3, 1904—George M. Winslow (tug), towing barge Eckley from Perth Amboy for Portsmouth, N. H., went ashore Jan. 29 on Sow and Pigs. Cuttyhunk lifesavers rescued captain and crew. Barge was safely anchored. Tug was submerged to her decks 30th, and probably would be a total loss. She was not insured. . . . Nacoochee (ss), outward bound for Savannah, on Jan. 28 collided in North River with ferryboat Princeton. The ferryboat's wheel box was crushed, paddle wheel smashed, and a large hole stove in her above water line.

FEB. 10, 1904—Montauk (ferryboat) collided with tug R. J. Moran off Hamilton Ave. ferry slip 7:10 a.m. Feb. 8. The Moran's stern was carried away. . . . Tremont (steamboat) of Joy Steamship Line caught fire a.m. Feb. 8 at Pier 35, East River, and was scuttled to put fire out.

FEB. 15, 1904—Steamship City of Columbus, latest addition to the Savannah Line, was launched Feb. 11 at the yards of Delaware River Iron Shipbuilding & Engine Works at Chester, Pa. The new steamer is about 5,600 gross tons and measures 396 feet in length, with a 49-foot beam. . . . (New London, Feb. 9) Carried past New Haven Breakwater in field ice four times in the past 14 days, schr. Mary E. Lynch, Tuttle, Black Island, Me., for New York, made this port today. Her captain and crew of two men were nearly famished and suffering from the effects of the cold.



As this piece of probably something less than imperishable prose is being put together, February 2, 1954, Edward John Johnson of Moran's scow department has been an employee of the company for 25 years. That, as persevering people who have reached his pinnacle are fond of pointing out, not without reason, is a quarter of a century.

Eddie (b. October 22, 1912, on Manhattan Avenue in the often maligned Greenpoint section of Brooklyn) attended public schools here and in Philadelphia, and was eight months on the downy-cheeked side of seventeen when he came to work for Moran Brothers Contracting Co. — later merged with Moran Towing Corp.—as an office boy.

For various reasons which need not be examined here, the scow end of Moran's operations was considerably more extensive, not to say feverish, then than now. In fact, 150 deck scows and 15 to 18 dumpers were pretty continuously employed, and even more could have been utilized. The late Joseph H. Moran, secretary-treasurer of the firm, was in charge of contracting. When John Day left, young Mr. Johnson was tapped for the job of dispatching a fleet without its own propulsion. He's still at it, plainly enjoying himself.

Moran dumpers and deck scows have done their share in connection with such upper-case projects hereabouts as the Queens Midtown and the Brooklyn-Battery tunnels, Consolidated Edison and Brooklyn Union Gas services, and the construction of East River Drive and numerous sea walls and bulkheads. Dur-

ing the war, the firm supplied and disposed of countless thousands of tons of ballast—including on many occasions salt, possibly from those notorious Russian mines, which the City of New York utilized for de-icing otherwise dangerous thoroughfares.

Our Edward J. Johnson will tell you now, in no uncertain terms, that although the Moran scow operation is much smaller these days it is very much in the running. (E. F. Moran, Jr., is the boss man of that department today.) Eddie's fleet is engaged in receiving and/or disposing of materials of any kind that can be dumped at sea; or you can charter from Moran a deck scow to transport any kind of material, either bulk or case goods, that can be loaded on a scow of that type. In one instance late in 1953 this sort of thing included hauling cases of bottled and canned beer, condemned for reasons best known to the brewer, to the dumping grounds at sea; but an anecdote to the effect that commercial fishermen subsequently arrived at the Fulton market with catches showing evidences of alcoholism when hauled aboard could be apocryphal.

To get back to colleague Johnson, you might say one of his outstanding characteristics is vigor of approach, and adequate physical equipment therefor. He is a bowler of sorts, although he describes his prowess on the Downtown Athletic Club alleys and elsewhere as only "fair." He is a golfer, too, a little more on the lukewarm side, he says. But swimming and diving, at his age—just imagine!

The Johnsons reside at 227-16 One Hundred and Fourteenth Avenue, Cambria Heights, Long Island, which is in Queens County. There are three chillun: Harold, 14; Edward John, Jr., 12; and Margaret Mary, eight.

There, in brief, you have the Johnson story.

Rockwell Brank, whose TOW LINE covers and other marine pictures must be pleasantly familiar to regular readers, was a late January arrival in New York from the Cape Verde Islands, about 500 miles off Dakar, Africa, where he went to take an artist's advantage of what he considers ideal conditions of sea and surf and sun. He brought with him an impressive roll of canvases—seascapes, excellent ones, too, at least to these old and possibly not too critical eyes—which he proposes to exhibit (for sale) in a leading local gallery. No man to quibble about transportation facilities, even if it would do any good, which it wouldn't at the Portuguese (16 37 N 25 2 W) end of the line, Mr. Brank "hooked a ride" into Baltimore on a Liberty ship, he said. For the present he is residing at 452 Fifth Street, Brooklyn, and expects to be around here for perhaps as long as five or six months. In his spare time he is making some decorative sketches for these refurbished columns.

One item there was no room to develop in our last issue is still noteworthy—the bad storm back in November that caused so much havoc on local waterfronts. As a result of abnormally high tides whipped up by winds of near hurricane force, the sub-cellar of our Whitehall Building was flooded and electric dynamos were knocked out. Three Joes on Moran's dispatching staff (Dowd, Finnegan and Miller), as well as Bill Bowman and Nick Bodlovic, were victims of inoperative elevators, and had to walk either up or down (or both) twenty-five floors. Lights and radiotelephone equipment also were out of commission for about 10 hours. Finally one circuit in an outer office was discovered to be alive, so extension wires were run to the dispatching desk and the telephone switchboard, which was ably manned by "Lill" Harrison. Orders to tugs were relayed via Bruno Lukosus and his VHF radiophone at Moran's maintenance and repair base, Port Richmond, Staten Island. A distressing "grub" problem confronted the hand-capped crew, also. There was power again at about 1800 that day.... A good emergency job by all hands.

THOMAS D. BRAZEIL, former chief engineer aboard the tug Carol Moran, died Friday, January 29. He is survived by his wife, Margaret, who resides at 194-39 One Hundred and Twelfth Road, St. Albans, N. Y. Mr. Brazzil had been employed by Moran since May, 1934.





"Tops" in New York

Dear Mr. Munroe:

Mrs. Bell and I wish to extend to you and your company most hearty thanks for the enjoyable afternoon spent watching Moran operations. Captain Sheridan of the *Grace Moran* was most cordial and hospitable, sparing no effort to make our short visit aboard his vessel most exciting. That afternoon heads our list of things that were "tops" on our visit to New York. . . . And a prosperous New Year for you and Moran Towing.

JOHN J. BELL
(Booneville, Missouri)

Belgian Circulation

Dear Mr. Editor:

If any left, I would be very happy to receive an extra copy of the Charles G. Evers cover, as I would be proud to display this print, framed, in my office. I take this opportunity to thank you sincerely for sending me regularly the *Tow LINE*. This magazine is most appreciated, and is handed around to numerous friends I have in Antwerp.

F. J. C. BOKS
(Antwerp, Belgium)

ONE-WOMAN PROJECT—Miss Lillian Harrison, senior Moran switchboard operator (as of April 20, twenty-five years with the company), collected a slew of toys, games, etc., part of which are shown here, as a special Christmas project for the under-privileged children of St. Rita's Mission and St. Joseph's Convent Settlement House, New Smyrna Beach, Fla. Employees of Moran and of Seaboard Shipping Corp., one floor above at 17 Battery Place, showered "Lill" with considerably more in this line than she bargained for, actually. The Barricini and Loft candy shops contributed generously from their stocks, and United Fruit Co. took over all transportation responsibilities in connection with the project. Our Miss Harrison says she received word promptly from Sister M. Regina in Florida that none of the beneficiaries appeared the least bit annoyed over their surprise gifts.

WALTER B. CHAPMAN, 63, chief lock tender, New York State Barge Canal Lock 24, died suddenly January 7 at his home, 21 Seneca Street, Baldwinsville, N. Y., of a heart attack. A native of the Township of Van Buren, he had been employed in the same capacity for 30 years, and was a veteran of World War I.

Surviving him are a son and daughter, three sisters, and two brothers, including Mark H. Chapman, a Niagara-Mohawk Power Co. maintenance manager and staff photographer for this magazine in the Syracuse-Baldwinsville-Three Rivers-Brewerton-Phoenix-Fulton-Oswego area.

Aye, Aye, Sir!

Dear Mr. Munroe:

The Moran calendar and art print were received in good condition. Thank you very much for your thoughtfulness. . . . And best wishes for the New Year.

MERLIN O'NEILL, Vice Adm.
(Commandant, U.S. Coast Guard)

Entente Cordiale

An illustrated feature, "The Moran Story," describing Moran Towing & Transportation Co. and its operations, appeared recently in a special "U.S.A.-Norway" trade supplement published by the daily newspaper, *The Norwegian Journal of Commerce and Shipping*, of Oslo, Norway. An accompanying photograph, by the well known American marine specialist Stanley Rosenfeld, was captioned, "The Moran towboat *Christine Moran* assisting the *Wilhelmsen* cargoliner *Trafalgar* in New York harbour." *Tow LINE* is indebted to Shipping Services A/S, this company's agent in Norway, for a carefully preserved clipping of the very thorough article.

CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY—Unfortunately for him, your reporter was away off the reservation at the time, participating in some family nuptial rites in South Florida; but relayed accounts of a series of informal business meetings and an all-out dinner party for Moran Towing & Transportation Co. people at the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, Sunday evening, December 20, ranged from "good" to "sensational." No disenters.

All captains, mates, engineers and pilots were invited, as well as some of the supervisory personnel at the company maintenance and repair base, Port Richmond, Staten Island, and those from Moran HQ who might be concerned with pertinent business matters on the slate for discussion. The pilots met at 1630, and a half hour later the captains and mates (including the pilots) got together. At the same time there was a separate meeting of chief and assistant engineers.

Then the really important business of the evening got under way—goodfellowship around the groaning board; and here is the festive scene as recorded by Knickerbocker Pictures, Brooklyn.



