

TOW LINE



APRIL, 1955

Annual Get-together ...
(Pages 8-9)



ON THE COVER—



ORMACGULF, one of Moore-McCormack Lines' C3-type freighters, presumably just in from Scandinavian ports, is the docking assignment Mr. Evers—masterful and tireless (we hope) with marine subjects—has given our tug *Eugene F. Moran* in this instance. So here we are back in the North River, Port of New York, about to fill that vacant berth you see on the south side of Pier 32, just below Canal Street. (That would be one of the Good Neighbor ships, possibly *S.S. Brazil*, in the north side berth.)

Please do not imagine that such a waterfront background is a mere figment of an artist's lively imagination. That massive pile partly obscured by the *Mormacgulf's* starboard bow and forward rigging is the ventilator housing at the Manhattan end of the Holland Tunnel. The two tallest skyscrapers visible are the Empire State Building (*left*) and the Chrysler Building; to the right—but this is simply an editorial horseback guess—the Metropolitan Life tower, for one, and (*partly out of the picture*) National Biscuit Company HQ, West Fourteenth Street.

Anyway, to this characteristically trim and efficient unit of the Moore-McCormack Lines fleet, and to her master, Capt. B. J. Fennick: Welcome home from Oslo, Copenhagen, Helsingfors—or wherever!



Moran's European Agents: ENGLAND: James A. McLaren & Co., 65 Bishopgate, London, E. C. 2; SCOTLAND: Henry Abram, Ltd., 163 Hope Street, Glasgow, C. 2; NORWAY: Shipping Services A/S, Fridtjof Nansens plass 4, Oslo; Birger Gjestland A/S, Kong Oscars Gate 62, Bergen; DENMARK: Jorgen A. Rasmussen, 33 Amaliegade, Copenhagen K.; SWEDEN: A. B. Sandstrom, Stranne & Co., Postgatan 2, P.O.B. 93, 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 21, 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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MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC.
17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.
R. M. Munroe, Editor Lucille Christian, Associate

Firm Acquires Dauntless Towing Line Equipment

(News release dated March 29, 1955)

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Moran Towing Corporation announced today purchase of all floating equipment previously operated by Dauntless Towing Line, also of New York, a firm in which Chris Nielson and Charles Miller have been the principal partners.

The equipment involved consists of three modern diesel tugs especially designed for operation on the New York State Barge Canal and the Great Lakes; one diesel tug which operates in the inland waterway between Delair, N. J., and Plymouth, N. C., exclusively; and two powerful coastwise tugs—all of which will augment Moran's ultra-modern ocean, harbor and inland waterways fleet, already the largest in the world.

In addition, Moran acquires in the deal two barges which have been operating coastwise, in the Atlantic coast section of the Intracoastal Waterway, and in the New York State Barge Canal and the Great Lakes in season. The company has provided tugs for such service, but has not operated barges, and a spokesman said it is very anxious to get into this phase of the business. It has agreed to purchase the Dauntless line's Interstate Commerce Commission transportation and general towage rights, subject to commission approval.

All personnel employed aboard Dauntless tugs will be retained, Joseph H. Moran, II, vice president, said.

Moran is forming a New York corporation to continue operations previously conducted by Dauntless. Mr. Miller will be president. The principal operating officials of the old partnership, including Robert Nielson, Irving

Miller and Fred Carlson, will join the new company, also to be based at 17 Battery Place, Manhattan.

Dauntless Towing Line was founded in 1921. Chris Nielson, who was captain of a Moran tug, wanted to go into business for himself, so he formed a partnership with his brothers-in-law, Charles and Harry Miller, and his brother, Carl—who spells the family name Nelson. The Moran company helped the Nielson-Miller firm to get started, and the two have worked together closely ever since.

Chris Nielson wanted to retire from business completely. The partners approached Moran to buy their equipment and their I.C.C. operating rights, which resulted in the deal consummated today.

The "M" fleet now numbers fifty active tugs.

Below: Our ocean tug *Dauntless 15*, built by Jakobson at Oyster Bay, 1943. Dimensions: 107.4 ft. x 25 ft. x 12.5 ft. Her eight-cylinder diesel engine develops 1,600 B.H.P.

Sophisticated Weekly Narrowly Escaped Fate Worse Than Death

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Probably very few of our readers know that The New Yorker narrowly missed being The Marine Gazette, a sheet devoted to news of shipping in New York Harbor. When H. W. Ross decided, in the early twenties, to start a periodical, he had two ideas in mind. One was a weekly magazine of cartoons and stories, the other was a paper in which the arrival and departure of ships would be chronicled, along with related waterfront matters. He had the name for this latter paper all picked out—The Marine Gazette. It was to be modelled after a paper that he knew about in San Francisco. Both projects engaged his fancy, but the Gazette began to pale as the vision of the arts grew brighter. We often dream about how simple life would be for all of us if the Gazette had won out, and we could arise in the morning with no heavier burden than to discover whether the *Queen Mary* was docking on time.



How Our Tug Crews 'Detected' Underwater Menace to British Ships at Pier 42, N.R.

From the head of a well known import-export firm, Robert N. Robson Company, Inc., 60 Ninth Avenue, Manhattan, TOW LINE has come into possession of a rather unusual story illustrating one of the many singular, but noteworthy, roles played by Moran Towing & Transportation Co. in that absorbing drama entitled "Port of New York."

Back in 1921, and through 1928, the prominent London firm of ship-owners, the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, used Pier 42, North River, as a terminal for its transatlantic fleet operating between Hamburg, Southampton, Cherbourg, and New York—the so-called "O" steamers.

The ships were drydocked as required in Hamburg. One spring morning in 1925 came hurried word from company headquarters in London that port side underwater plates of *S.S. Orbita*, in drydock at the moment, showed mysterious deep gouges over practically the entire length of the vessel. Investigate and report soonest.

The New York marine superintendent—Bob Robson, formerly a purser—employed two Moran tugs to sweep the slip. This task was not as simple as it might have seemed at first glance, since diagonally across the river just below Pier 42 ran the Hudson and Manhattan Tube. However, in a relatively short time the Moran personnel assigned as "dock bottom detectives"—the phrase was Robson's—came up with the answer. They had located an obstruction that turned out to be what had been causing the damage to ship hulls, a length of steel railroad rail embedded upright in the silt alongside the dock.

Subsequent investigation revealed the pier had been used during the World War I year of 1917 for loading ships carrying Army materiel to Europe. Evidently, the rail had been lost from a sling. It had come to light after eight years, only by accident.

Later in his business career, Mr. Robson was in the employ of a well established New York firm that victualled the Moran fleet. In fact, as he points out, it seems impossible for him

to get away from those black stacks bearing the big block "M," since our tugs dock and sail ships carrying the Robson's goods "from Greenland's icy mountains (to) India's coral strand."

His hobby is breeding prize bulldogs. He owns some of the best in the United States, and is fond of comparing them with those ubiquitous tugs—"quietly aggressive, purposeful, determined, and all-powerful when the occasion demands."

Silhouette

The sun descended in the place
That was made for it
(from where I stood).

Between the bridge and the old
warehouse
On the jetty's side,

And spread its fire slowly across
the water
Until it reached the anchored ship
Pulling gently against
The ebbing tide,

Paused for a moment to clothe her
In majestic robes and jewels,
Then passed her shadow to approach me
In lighter hues.

I stood in wonder (as I watched
The spectrum change in a
moment's hush)

At the pigments which could only
Be stroked by the Master's brush.

L. O. C.

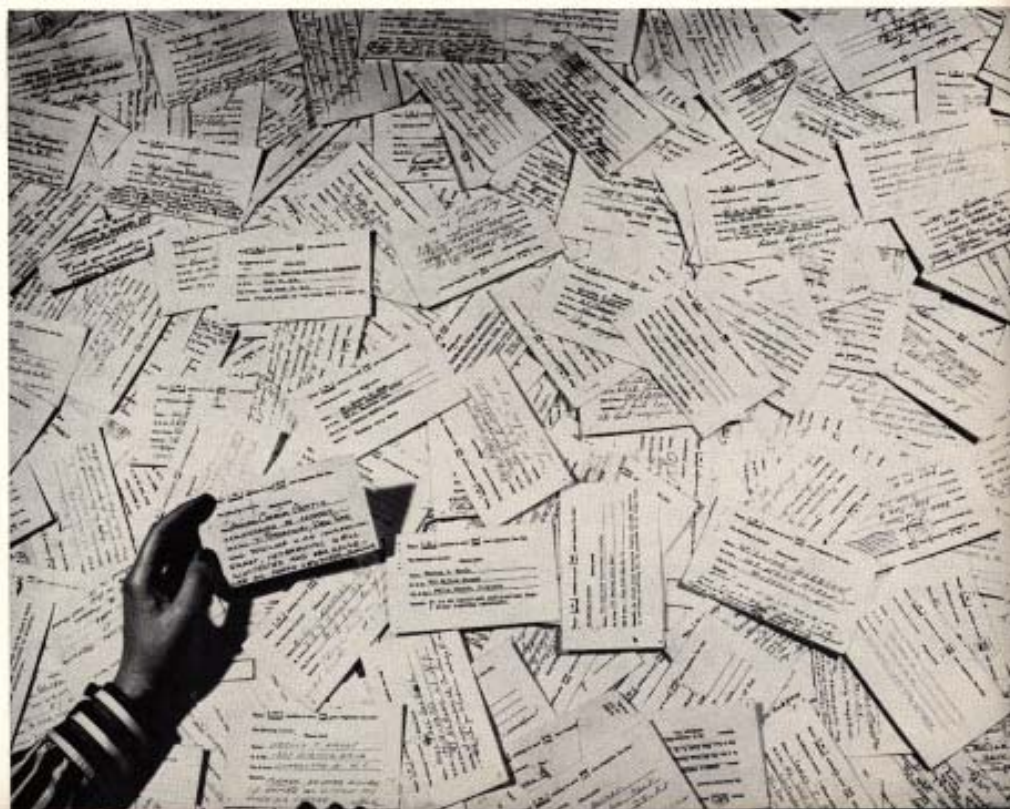
"Sea Breezes" Magazine

Dear Sirs:

We have recently had the pleasure of perusing, through the courtesy of a friend, a copy of your publication TOW LINE, and we wonder if you could possibly arrange for us to receive future issues. "Sea Breezes," as you will know, endeavors to reflect all aspects of ships and the sea, and we therefore like to read all publications such as yours. Needless to say, any paragraphs we might at any time reproduce would be credited to TOW LINE....

KENNETH BROWN, *Ass't Ed.*
(17 James St., Liverpool 2, Eng.)

"DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?"—Ye editor narrowly escaped being smothered under a veritable avalanche of flattering comments that resulted from the slight indiscretion of providing even a minimum of space for "remarks" on a return postcard form sent to all readers as a means of checking Tow Line's extensive mailing list. If he had been, what more gratifying finish could the Fates come up with for a journalistic career? Out of literally hundreds of typed and handwritten annotations, less than half a dozen could be regarded as even mildly critical. (A noted woman photographer inquired, tongue in cheek, if most of Charles G. Evers' cover paintings and drawings might not be what professional art critics call "photographic," as indeed they are. "So what?" is a question we carefully refrained from asking in reply.) Anyway, here is a representative, unsorted litter of such cards on an editorial desk of standard size; and we take this plainly left-handed and slipshod means of thanking ever so sincerely a hoard of thoughtful commentators, individually and collectively. Tow Line is proud!



Nature Devises a Hurricane Test for Nylon Rope

(From Du Pont Magazine, February-March, 1955. Reprinted by permission.)

By HOWARD S. KARNES

HURRICANE CAROL roared in on the Massachusetts coast at midmorning last Aug. 31. The scene at a South Dartmouth boat yard was frenzied as owners sought to make their craft secure for the big blow.

One 47-foot schooner was made fast to the pier by no fewer than 14 lines—two ¾-inch diameter nylon bow lines, 10 alongside lines of 1½-inch natural fiber and two ¾-inch nylon lines at the stern, one secured to the pier, the other to a floating buoy anchored by a chain.

All went well until Carol's 100-m.p.h. winds blew down a shed on the pier. Its wreckage cut through the two nylon bow lines. Almost immediately the alongside lines began to give way. They snapped in succession from fore to aft, leaving only the two nylon lines at the stern to hold the boat.

Hold it they did for the next half hour. Then a combination of chafing by debris and excessive strain parted the nylon line to the pier. The 18-ton schooner was blown out from the pier in a wide arc, and rode out the remaining hour and a half of the storm on the single nylon stern line to the buoy. A chock through which the line passed was torn from the deck, wood screws and all, but the nylon line held fast.

Inch Nylon Line Holds

While the schooner was fighting for its life, a 30-ton motor cruiser farther down the pier found itself in trouble, too. The cruiser's two stern lines, a 1½-inch natural fiber and a 1-inch nylon, were secured to the pier, while two alongside lines led to a float. As the storm's fury increased, five feet of water swept over the main pier. The stern natural fiber line was first to go, parting cleanly. The two alongside natural fiber lines gave way, too, as the float was torn away by the waves. While other boats were swept to disaster, the 45-foot cruiser rode out the remainder of the storm on the 1-inch nylon stern line.

No sooner had Carol blown itself out than the owners of the schooner

and the cruiser ordered enough nylon mooring line to weather any future blows.

Experiences like this all along the stricken coast—insurance adjusters heard many favorable reports of nylon from yachtsmen—drove home the lesson that lines made of Du Pont nylon more than make up for their greater initial cost when the chips are down. They have about twice the strength of any comparable size natural fiber rope and have a longer life because they resist mildew and rot.

Hurricane Carol also put a nylon towing hawser through a stiff test. An excursion boat had broken from her pier moorings and was being swept by 90-mile-an-hour gusts across Boston harbor. Two tugs chuffed to the rescue, but each broke an 8-inch (circumference measurements are used on larger ropes) natural fiber hawser attempting to tow the wallowing cruise ship. Finally a third tug managed to get a 6½-inch nylon line to the excursion boat and pulled her to safety.

Offshore Tug Hawsers

Actually, nylon towing hawsers had already won the approval of leading towing concerns before Carol blew in. One of these is the Moran Towing & Transportation Co., owners of the largest fleet of modern diesel-electric tugs in the world.

Capt. F. J. Hughes, Moran's general manager, says nylon hawsers are ideally suited for offshore towing where "a lot of elasticity is needed in a line to soak up peak loads."

Ordinary towing hawsers may snap when subjected to sudden shock. Nylon, on the other hand, stretches under

a severe load, recovering to nearly its original length when the load is released. The ability to spring relieves a nylon towing hawser of the peak impact of a shock, providing an extra margin of safety. This shock absorbency also permits smoother tows, even in rough seas.

Moran finds that an 8-inch nylon hawser has a breaking strength ade-

(Continued on Page 10)

MARCH 28TH ARRIVAL—Forty-eight people and a giraffe arrived in New York March 28 aboard the beautiful new Hamburg-American line *M/S Hannover*, which docked at Pier 1, Continental Piers, Brooklyn, with the assistance of our tugs *Maira Moran*, *Carol Moran* and *Barbara Moran*, with Capt. Frederick Snyder as pilot. (The 10-foot giraffe, a young female en route to a Seattle, Wash., zoo, was a "wonderful" passenger on the vessel's exceptionally rough maiden crossing, according to Capt. Walter Pabst, who added that animals sometimes behave better than people under such circumstances.) With a cargo capacity of up to 8,500 tons and accommodations for 85 passengers, the *Hannover* was the first German-built ship of her kind to put in here since the early days of World War II. Off Cape Race, Newfoundland, she encountered fog, thunder storms, hail and snow flurries, and during the worst of the rough weather it became necessary to slow down to three knots to avoid damage, so that she made port 24 hours late. A 530-footer, the ship is reported to have cost nearly \$4,000,000. U. S. Navigation Co. are her general agents in New York. She will make one more trip here, in June, and then will enter the line's far east service between Hamburg and Yokohama, a seven-week run each way.—Photo by Jeff Blinn.



Congratulations!



Elwood J. Lewis (above, left) and Edwin J. Walsh were named comptroller and chief accountant, respectively, of Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., in a formal announcement issued March 18 by Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran, president. Mr. Lewis, a resident of Scarsdale, N. Y., and a graduate of Virginia Polytechnic Institute, joined the firm in 1945 as assistant comptroller. Mr. Walsh has been with Moran for 27 years. He resides in Mineola, L. I. . . . Herewith, very best wishes to both in connection with their well-merited promotions.

"Merchant Ships" Monthly

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have long enjoyed the issues of TOW LINE which you have been good enough to send me for some time, and I wish also to thank you most warmly for the splendid calendar. Your magazine continues to be of great general interest to those of us who are fond of ships.

At last I am in a position to return some of your kindness. I propose to send you regularly copies of my small monthly magazine, starting with Vol. II, No. 1. At the moment I am enclosing a copy of the last number. You may have known of my large annual publication of the same name which was supplied to most of the allied forces, but which it is impossible to produce now, owing to huge costs.

This small magazine has been running a year, and it is its object to fill the gap left by the absence of the big book. It does not yet cover costs, but I am confident that if I can hold on until it becomes known, it will become established. I have a very large number of U. S. subscribers.

ERIC C. TALBOT-BOOTH, Ed.
(Nackington, Canterbury, Kent, Eng.)

Five Company Tugs Fight Newark Fire

Experienced crews of five Moran Towing & Transportation Co. tugs joined other wind hampered firefighters at Port Newark, N. J., in mid-afternoon April 8, when a four-alarm blaze on a 1,000-foot pier raged out of control for an hour and a half.

The fire sank three barges, destroyed a fire truck, and caused irreparable damage to the pier. Fanned by a 35-mile-an-hour wind, it threatened twice to develop into a major waterfront disaster.

Massed Pumping Equipment

This company's tugs *Agnes A.*, *Catherine*, *Christine*, and *Nancy (Moran)* and *Dauntless No. 2* assisted crews manning 28 fire trucks ashore, two fireboats also operated by the Newark fire department, and three U. S. Coast Guard vessels. A Coast Guard helicopter provided a command post for the combined operation. Two firemen felled by dense smoke were treated at the scene.

Endangered were the Marine Transport Lines ship, *S.S. Marine Chemist*, and the Liberian-flag *S.S. Cambridge*. The latter, a 423-foot, 7,151-gross-ton vessel, with two derrick scows and a barge loaded with scrap iron tied alongside, had to be set adrift. She drifted across the approach channel and out into Newark Bay, where she went aground.

Port Captain Takes Charge

The *Agnes A. Moran*, hurriedly dispatched from the company's maintenance and repair base at Port Richmond, S. I., with Capt. Frederick Dezenendorf, Moran's port captain, aboard as master, stood by the *Cambridge* while others continued to pump water onto the blazing pier. It was assumed additional equipment would be required to handle the ship later, but when the tide started to flood as the tug was turning one of the derricks, she began to move.

Leaving Ollie B. Woodcock, 17 Lynherst Avenue, Rosebank, S. I., veteran Moran deckhand, to handle the tug, Captain Dezenendorf boarded the *Cambridge*, directed turning her around, then piloted her into the first unoccupied port side berth he found in Port Newark.

Couple of Good Scouts



In connection with New York's third annual Community Leadership Day, and according to custom, on February 10 Moran T. & T. Co. had aboard for the day another "Eagle" Boy Scout, one of a hundred chosen to acquire on-the-job acquaintance with the business and professional world around them. Our young man was Wilbur George Diehm, Jr., 17, of 157-26 Ninety-sixth Street, Howard Beach, N. Y., an outstanding member of Raymond E. Mundy Troop 237, BSA, and a senior at Metropolitan Vocational High School. Don't think he failed to "case the joint," either—from the babel of our dispatching department to the late Capt. Ben Baker's pilothouse aboard the *Maira Moran*, from which vantage points he observed tugs of the most modern harbor fleet, in action. Wilbur would like to attend one of the New York City colleges and major in electrical or civil engineering, he says. Here he is, wearing what he calls his "glory sash," listening attentively to some technical explanation by Capt. Walter Jordan, veteran Moran dispatcher. —Tow Line photo.

"Keepers of the Lights"

My dear Mr. Munroe:

Having concluded the lighthouse opus I began in 1953, I write this note of appreciation for the help you gave me during the research period. Thanks to your TOW LINE, I got a fine story out of Mr. Canipe and his *Omar "Baboon"*. I am happy to say that the book has been well received by those whose opinion matters most, namely, the Coast Guardsmen. It will be published on March 30, and, if a copy should come your way, I certainly hope you will take time out to let me know how you like it.

HANS CHRISTIAN ADAMSON
(Saratoga, Calif.)

Editor's note: Mr. Adamson's saga of our lighthouses, lightships, and the Coast Guardsmen who guide the mariners who sail the seas, is a "Corwin Book" published by Greenberg, New York City.

High Seas Library Report; Drive Open

Although American merchant marine operations decreased during the past year—curtailment of the National Shipping Authority program and transfer of United States ships to foreign registry having been important factors—the American Merchant Marine Library Ass'n provided only two less floating libraries than it did during the previous 12 months.

Reporting consolidations and increased efficiency in its own activities, the A.M.M.L.A. said in its annual report March 21 it had sent 6,351 library units to 1,241 ships in 1954. A total of 444,570 books and 635,100 magazines were circulated.

In a personal message included in the 1954 report of "The Public Library of the High Seas," Louis Rothschild, then Maritime Administrator and Chairman of the Federal Maritime Board, said:

"The American Merchant Marine Library Association was founded to provide a library service, not available through land libraries, to the men who go to sea. During the past 34 years, the association's activities have expanded to include shore library facilities where technical collections are maintained for those interested in studying for up-grading examinations conducted by the Coast Guard.

"Recently, the development of a comprehensive nautical collection at the association headquarters has opened up a vault of nautical knowledge for the benefit of all interested in maritime subjects. The continuance of the association's endeavors can be assured only through whole-hearted support. . . ."

Firms or individuals interested in

perpetuating the A.M.M.L.A. program may communicate with its headquarters, 45 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.

The 34th annual drive to collect books to replenish libraries of the merchant marine, as well as U. S. Coast Guard lightships, lighthouses and isolated shore stations, opened April 11.

Engineer Favorably Impressed

Dear Admiral Moran:

As President of the Propeller Club of Georgetown University, I wish to thank you for the trip aboard your tug *Carol Moran*. The day was interesting and educational. From comments of fellow members it was apparent this was the high point of our entire week-end. The technical proficiency of Captain Thorsen seemed particularly impressive. As a licensed chief engineer, I took particular note of the spotless condition of the engine room. I can say quite frankly that even in my Navy time I never saw so well kept a plant. Since any unit of an organization can reflect only the managerial and technical abilities of the organization, I am impressed by the apparent efficiency of the company. Your dispatchers' office was kind enough to explain the shoreside workings of the operation. This, combined with the harbor side, gave our tour party an excellent picture of the day's work of your tugs. Your kindness in this matter is greatly appreciated.

RICHARD A. K. RUSSELL

(Washington, D. C.)

ECHO, from the Maritime Reporter, issue of March 15: "Dr. Henry M. Friedman, senior surgeon of the U. S. Public Health Service, has been named 'Waterfront Man of the Year 1954' by The Barnacles, an association of shipping men and public officials engaged in maritime work. . . . (He) succeeds Eugene F. Moran, Sr., chairman of the Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc., selected (for) 1953."



BOUND FOR THE ORIENT—Our *Doris Moran* (Capt. John Cray, Sayville, N. Y.) and *Elizabeth Moran*, ex-*Thomas A. Meseck* (Capt. Thomas L. Ball, Jersey City, N. J.) assisted this American-Hawaiian Steamship Co. freighter out of her Bayonne berth as she shoved off on a recent voyage to far places in the Pacific. Here Captain Cray, handling his tug with the after controls, puts a strain on a stern line from the 10,687-gross-ton vessel. Bound for Keelung, Formosa, the *S.S. American* subsequently was reported as sailing from Hampton Roads, Va., March 15, and from Tampa, Fla., March 22.

Dropping the Pilot



In this slightly daffy business of getting out a bi-monthly publication, hopefully in the month of date, seasonal considerations are inclined to get a little out of hand sometimes. Thus, stewing about getting off to press not too late in April, you dredge up from close to the bottom of the editorial barrel a January 31 action photo such as this one, by our never-far-off Jeff Blinn. Here, then, is Capt. Mark (Buster) Grimes—who may not be impressed with this spot, having made the *National Geographic* magazine, "dressed as if for Wall Street," yet!—on the point of descending a boarding ladder from the 14,440-gross-ton Norwegian tanker *Fensal*, which his tug, *Doris Moran*, has just sailed from Todd's Hoboken shipyard on the Jersey side.

Add Landlocked Sailors (Illinois Chapter)

Dear Sir:

TOW LINE gives me a great deal of pleasure. It is one of the finest magazines of its type. It is especially interesting to one who lives in the central part of the country and from time to time has tried to obtain work aboard ships, since leaving the Navy, but upon reaching the coast has found the field to be crowded. *TOW LINE* keeps me well informed on latest in shipping news, so keep up the good work and keep the magazine coming, please.

W. C. ZACHARY, JR.

(New Berlin, Ill.)

ECHO, from an address by Capt. Walter C. Ford, USN, Deputy Maritime Administrator, U. S. Department of Commerce, before the Traffic Club of New Orleans, April 11: "Within a year, we will have at sea a ship newly equipped with ultra-modern gear being tested and appraised for its efficiency in improving the turn-around time of seagoing merchant ships."





Part of the crowd when all hands assembled in the Governor Room for "policy" talks by company officials

ANNUAL Get



Top officials (l. to r.): E. F. Moran, Jr., vice pres.; Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran, pres.; E. F. Moran, chairman; Joseph H. Moran, II, vice pres.

VERY PLEASANT socially, as well as beneficial from a business standpoint to all hands both ashore and afloat, seemed to be the consensus following Moran's annual get-together Sunday, April 3, at the Governor Clinton Hotel, 7th Avenue and 31st Street, New York, for all male personnel of the company.

Getting under way at 1445 with a meeting of canal tug captains and mates in the third floor Gramercy Room, a well attended series of conclaves extended through 1715, when everyone assembled in the main floor Governor Room for brief talks on company policy by Joseph H. Moran, II, and John S. Bull, vice presidents, both of whom invited straight-from-the-shoulder comments and a general discussion of re-

lated matters. In the course of this session R. M. Munroe, public relations manager, undertook to make the most of his annual opportunity to speak to a "captive audience" by asking for the fullest possible cooperation from tug crews and everyone employed at headquarters and the firm's maintenance and repair base, Port Richmond, Staten Island, in assembling interesting material for this bi-monthly magazine.

Other open-for-discussion meetings were one for all pilots, in the Herald Room at 1500; another for all engineers and assistant engineers, in the Chelsea Room at 1600; and still another for all captains and mates, in the Governor Room at 1615. Each gathering was sparked by the head of the department



Operating Dept. group (l. to r.): Capt. Frederick Dezendorf, C. M. Devine, J. J. Metzner, vice pres.; Capt. F. J. Hughes, gen. mgr.; Thomas Bishop



Sales Dept. group (l. to r.): Capt. Earl C. Palmer, John S. Bull, vice pres.; Joseph B. Moore, Edward J. Hennessey, Joseph F. Meseck, Jr.



Construction & Repair Div. D. Walling, H. L. Mesnard



General Room meeting of Moran pilots. Discussion followed talks by J. H. Moran, II, and J. S. Bull



Neil Devine, John Metzner, Capt. Frank Hughes (l. to r.) conduct meeting of canal captains, mates



Engineers & ass't engineers pay rapt attention to H. C. Moore, gen. mgr. construction-repair div.

-together

involved, aided and abetted by key assistants, who in some instances supplemented their remarks with "chalk talks" of the mathematics class or football locker-room type. Informal discussion was vigorous, but patently good-natured.

The business meetings were followed at 1800 by a social hour in the Coral Room, where goodfellowship reigned. At 1900 all hands—more than half the male employees of Moran Towing & Transportation Co.; and it was agreed those who had to work that day were among the world's unfortunate and under-privileged—gathered in the Governor Room again for dinner and a program of entertainment.

H. P. Barmann, many talented deck-hand aboard the tug *Sheila Moran*, ex-

hibited a motion picture in color of a typical petroleum barge tow on the northern section of the New York State Barge Canal, ending in Burlington, Vt., the footage for which he had shot in the course of several such voyages and edited into a remarkably illuminating reel. The cameraman himself provided a running commentary on locking and other operations involved, as well as on the gorgeous scenery constantly visible on both sides of the great inland waterway, including such places of historic interest as Crown Point and Fort Ticonderoga.

Another feature of the dinner was a practically continuous prize award razzle-dazzle conducted (not without humor) by a changing posse of headquarters personnel, amid scenes remi-

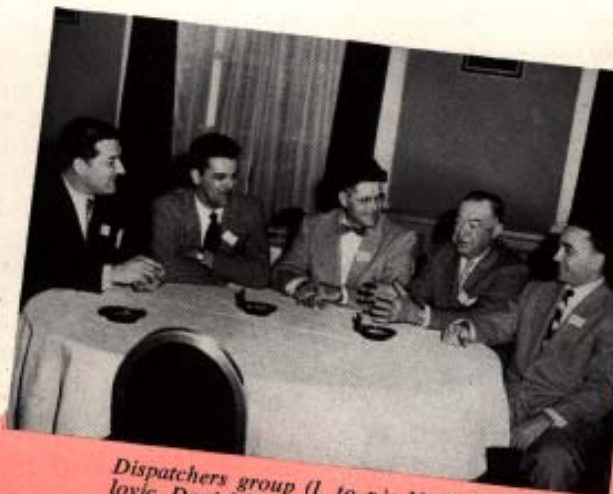
(Continued on Page 15)



Awarding of prizes: Capt. Wilbur Baldwin (standing, left) receives his from Carlton Gardiner



up (l. to r.): Elmer Edward C. Moore.



Dispatchers group (l. to r.): Nick Bodlovic, Daniel J. Nelson, Edward J. Johnson, Walter Jordan, Daniel A. Grandone



Impromptu quartet (l. to r.): Eddie Johnson, Terry O'Connor, Capt. C. P. Sheridan, Danny Nelson

Higher Rating May Be Tougher to Get

Unlicensed personnel aboard Moran tugs have been warned by Capt. Frank J. Hughes, general manager, of possible stiffening of U. S. Coast Guard regulations covering advancement in rating.

Under existing regulations, minimum service required for a man to qualify as an applicant for a license as pilot, first class, is three years of service in the deck department of a vessel, plus a specified number of trips over the route for which pilotage is desired. The Coast Guard is considering changes which would make it necessary for the applicant to serve half of those three years in the capacity of able-seaman while holding a certificate as such.

"Whether or not the proposed change is instituted, this is a good time to urge all unlicensed personnel to procure the highest ratings on their Merchant Mariner's Documents that their experience entitles them to," Captain Hughes said. "The effect of the proposed change would be to prevent any of our men who hold ordinary seamen's documents from obtaining licenses as pilots until they complied with the new regulations.

"Failure to observe the foregoing can be a barrier to your advancement in the company," he told the men.

ECHO, from a U. S. Department of Commerce news release dated March 18: "Clarence G. Morse of San Francisco, Calif., was sworn in today as a member and chairman of the Federal Maritime Board by Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks."

Winter Afternoon



Possibilities available to an inveterate photographer—Fred Shipley of Dobb's Ferry, for example—touring New York harbor late of a March afternoon aboard a working Moran T. & T. Co. tug, would appear to be unlimited. The Professor is no guy to sit around a cozy pilothouse sipping coffee, oblivious to the sharply slanted rays of a winter sun on ruffled waters and the likes of that; no shirking softie, he. A brand new camera—less fallible than his well-worn old outfit, obviously—recorded this scene, appropriately flavored by the after controls, searchlight, flagstaff and other boatdeck gear of one of our Grace Moran-class hustlers. "Nice work, if you can get it to do," as they say.

BLUE FUNNEL SHIP—Booth American Shipping Corp., 17 Battery Place, Manhattan, are general agents for this Blue Funnel Line vessel, built in 1931 at Scotts Greenock for Alfred Holt & Co., Liverpool. Eng. M/V Ajax is 478 feet long, with a molded breadth of 59 feet; 8,770 DWT. She has 496 cubic feet of bale space, 543 cubic feet of grain space, and accommodations for four passengers. In this instance our tug *Michael Moran* (Capt. Clyde Valley, Glen Rock, N. J.) was assisting her from Buoy 30, off Red Hook Flats, to a berth on the north side of Pier 33, Brooklyn. — Flying Camera photo.

Hurricane Test...

(Continued from Page 5)

quate for towing jobs that would require an 11- to 12-inch manila hawser. This smaller size and lighter weight—the nylon hawser weighs about half as much—makes for much easier handling by the seamen.

"For a while there, as tows got heavier, it looked as though we'd have to buy a farm to grow bigger and stronger deckhands," Captain Hughes said. "You can bet the easier handling of nylon hawsers makes a hit with our line handlers."

In time, any towing line wears to the point where it is no longer fit for the heaviest jobs, he said. When that time arrives for a nylon hawser, it can be transferred to a smaller tug for less exacting work; unlike a bulky 12-inch line, it can be handled easily. This ability to be used for lesser jobs, in inland work, for example, has kept one 8-inch nylon hawser in service four and a half years, the captain said. This is an unheard of length of time, he added, if only because a natural fiber line would have succumbed to rot long before.

Development Continues

Today other applications for nylon rope are under development by Du Pont and rope manufacturers. Nylon mooring lines for large vessels such as passenger liners and freighters are being tested. The easy handling and rot resistance of the fiber would be definite advantages here. A plaited nylon-and-wire spring-lay mooring line is undergoing tests, and the usefulness of nylon in cargo nets is being studied.

Outside the marine field, this chemical fiber rope has proved itself in the aircraft industry, on paper and textile machinery, in mountain climbing gear, window washers' lines and outboard motor starter ropes, to name a few applications. Tests are under way now to determine whether nylon rope can do useful jobs around well drilling rigs.

Proved by both the violent tests of nature and the more measured pace of man-devised trials, nylon rope in less than 15 years has lassoed an important place for itself in the rope and cordage field.



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.)

MAR. 8, 1905—The latest addition to Cunard service between Liverpool and New York, the large twin-screw steamer *Caronia*, arrived in New York Mar. 5 on her maiden voyage, under the command of Captain Warr. . . Captain Nicholson of the British steamer *Drumelzier*, which was wrecked by stranding at Fire Island Dec. 25 while en route from New York to Havre, has been exonerated by the British Board of Trade of all blame for loss of the vessel. . . Bark *Rachel Emery*, frozen in the ice off Huntington since Jan. 23, was released Mar. 1 by tugs *Robert Palmer* and *Guiding Star* and towed to New Haven.

MAR. 15, 1905—The Townsend & Downey Shipyard plant at Shooters Island was sold at public auction Mar. 14 to the Colonial Trust Co. for \$516,000. . . Steamer *Orion* has been sold by the Boston Towboat Co. to the Boston & Philadelphia Steamship Co.

MAR. 22, 1905—The Boston, Cape Cod and New York Canal Co. has completed organization under the laws of Massachusetts, by special act of the legislature, to construct a canal from Buzzards Bay to Cape Cod Bay. It is estimated it will require three years and cost about \$12,000,000 to complete. . . Cutter *Mohawk*, Captain Ross, located the sunken barge *Haverstraw* Mar. 20 in the center of Swash Channel. She was towed to Sandy Hook Bay and turned over to the lifesavers. . . *Spartan* (ss), Providence for Philadelphia, ran ashore on the southeast of Block Island early Mar. 19 during a fog and sank until the water was even with the lower deck. She has a 15-foot hole in her bow. Crew of 23 landed safely. Tugs are on the scene.

MAR. 29, 1905—(Bucksport, Me.) The hull of the Peary Arctic Club steamship which was launched at Bucksport Mar. 24 was towed to Portland by the tug *Portland* to have machinery installed. The steamer has been named *Roosevelt*. . . Tug *Edwin Brandon* was launched at Brown & Sons yard, Tottenville, Mar. 27. She is a duplicate of the tug *President*, and will be used around the Ward, Mallory and Maine steamship piers. . . *Columbia* (Wall Street ferry) and tug *George W. Elder* were in collision off Wall Street Mar. 22. Tug had stem carried away, and ferry had 20 feet of her guards broken and her cabin stove in.

APR. 5, 1905—(Washington, Apr. 4) Going down the Potomac by steamboat, the tolling bell tells the voyager he is passing the tomb of George Washington. Few know this mark of reverence was instituted 91 years ago by the commander of the English fleet that passed Mount Vernon Aug. 24, 1814. This commander, Commodore Gordon, ordered the bell of his flagship, *Sea Horse*, to be tolled. . . *Lightship No. 80* anchored at 2:30 p.m. Mar. 31, marking her station for the first time. She is in 75 feet of water, 18 miles S x E ¼ E from Cape Lookout light-house.



The New York Atmosphere

Dear Mr. Munroe:

I consider it a pleasant duty to write to you, now that I have received your singularly well edited TOW LINE for a couple of years. Whenever a copy of my favorite periodical—no kidding, it is!—is in the mail, a touch of the atmosphere of the New York waterfront comes with it. And it is just this waterfront that has captured my imagination ever since I saw it during my one year's stay in your city as an exchange student under the Department of State program. I still consider my morning on your company's tug *Doris Moran* one of the high spots of my visit to your country. I cannot imagine any European tugboat operator inviting persons outside the shipping industry to watch the delicate docking operations from their vessels. Meanwhile, I have entered the shipping business. Our firm represents the North German Lloyd and Hamburg American Line at Bremen. Thanks for the picture and article on the *Gripsholm* in your April, 1954, issue! . . . Thanks again for the many hours of interesting reading TOW LINE has always offered.

ROLF R. HERBST

(c/o Herm. Dauelsberg, Bremen, Ger.)

Sea Portrait

(From the New York Times, March 29)

Always the sea was in his heart. No tree
Could ever crowd it nor a blade of
grass.

Only the flash from far and lonely reefs,
The swift gray thunder of foaming waters
could pass

Across his mind and wash it cool and
free

As winds that polish a moon in a frozen
sky.

Today his soul set sail past all earth's
harbors.

Safe on the long tides of eternity.

DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED —

Memorandum of commendation from Joseph H. Moran, II, vice president, to Capt. Frederick Dezendorf, port captain, in this instance temporary master of the ocean tug *Edmond J. Moran*:

"I hope you realize all of us here in the office appreciate the splendid job you and your crew . . . did in connection with the *SS. Galloway* and the *SS. Marcos*. Despite unbelievable weather conditions, and the resulting strain on you, your crew, and the tug itself, both ships were successfully towed into Bermuda. It was a wonderful job, in which you and your crew can take great pride.

"I am pleased to inform you that several complimentary reports about the seamanship you displayed during the two rescue operations have been received from persons vitally interested in the safety of the ships and their crews. Your performance was described as extremely impressive under the most adverse conditions. The reports made it clear this was the kind of performance that everyone has come to expect of a Moran enterprise. Please pass this report on to members of your crew.

"Congratulations, and keep up the good work."

The accompanying photo shows *SS. Marcos* being towed into the harbor at St. George, Bermuda, by the *Edmond J. Moran*, also published in the *Bermuda Gazette* of January 29, showed a third freighter, *S.S. Arlesiana*, one of several ships disabled by that widespread and violent storm, being towed into port by the tug *Dauntless 14*, now a full-fledged member in good standing of the Moran fleet.

Illustration Problem Solved

Dear Mr. Munroe:

I want to thank you for sending me so promptly the copies of TOW LINE, with the pictures of towboats. They gave me precisely what I needed for the illustration task I have in hand, and it was very good of you to take the time to locate and send them.

RUTH GANNETT(*)

(Cream Hill Rd., W. Cornwall, Conn.)

(*) Wife of the New York Herald Tribune book reviewer, Lewis Gannett.



"THEY ALSO SERVE"—From her permanent vantage point on Bedloe Island, Miss Liberty looks down (quite impartially, it is safe to assume) on the motley traffic that makes our Port of New York the world's busiest. From sleekest ocean liner to grubbiest mud scow, each passing craft is an important part of the aggregate. Here the torch bearer forms an impressive backdrop for a routine *morantow*, a workaday operation the like of which may be observed thereabouts at almost any time of the day or night. Propelled by our tug *Bartow* (Capt. Markur H. Andersen), upstream goes Spooner derrick barge No. 11 en route from her *Black Tom*, N. J., home base to Eastchester Creek, Long Island Sound. Just to the left of Bartholdi's world-famous statue, Central Railroad of New Jersey's Pier 18 rears its superstructure against a highly industrial background, Jersey City.—
Photo by Flying Camera, Inc.

At the Pier

(From the *New York Times*, February 3, 1955. Reprinted by permission of the author and the newspaper, with *Tow Line's* thanks to both.)

Down what vast chasms did the river
come,
And through what rapids did these
waters go
Until they reached this wider space, this
dumb
And silent depth of harbored overflow?
I have knelt down beside a stream in
spring
To break the brittle ice on a cold day
And watched the bubbles rise, the
circles swing
Beyond the weeds, free to be on their
way.
The child who put her hand into my hand
Moves from the known and the familiar
scene
Across a parched or over-fertile land,
Down wooded gorges, dark, decayed or
green,
And what was once released so easily
Is now unfathomable waters of the sea.

SARA KING CARLETON

Fleet Safety Record

The following captains and mates had no damages charged against them for the months of Jan. and Feb., 1955:

Agnes A., E. Costello, E. Knutsen; *Alice M.*, E. Hoffman, Jr., H. Sigmon, J. Monahan; *Anne*, P. Walling, G. Hayes; *Barbara*, G. Sahlberg, H. Wee, J. Sahlberg; *Bartow*, F. Jonassen, H. Anderson, G. Halvorsen; *Carol*, R. Hayes, A. Biagi, R. Poissant; *Catherine*, J. Morin; *Christine*, R. Jones, S. Abrams; *Claire A.*, F. Duffy; *Doris*, B. Scherer, M. Grimes, K. Buck, J. Cray; *E. F. Moran, Jr.*, G. Dyrsten, T. Tobiasen, O. Erickson, H. Olson; *Edmond J.*, W. Baldwin, F. Schweigel, W. Mason; *Elizabeth*, J. Ball, J. Johansen, C. Westervelt, W. Morrissey; *Eugene F.*, V. Chapman; *Harriet*, M. Connor, F. Perry; *Helen B.*, J. Johnson, H. Becker; *Joseph H., II*, L. Goodwin, R. Fiske, E. Gronvold; *Madelyne J.*

Meseck, T. Kivlan, P. Bogovich; *Margot*, D. Bodino, J. Fagerstrom; *Marie S.*, J. Petersen; *Marlon*, J. Barrow, E. Dexter, A. Shaw; *Mary*, M. Rodden, J. Driscoll; *Michael*, L. Larsen, C. Valley; *Moire*, J. Jorgensen, E. Carlson, W. Hayes; *Nancy*, M. Sullivan; *Ned*, B. Deeley, H. Prime; *Pauline L.*, C. Morch, J. Smith, C. Sheridan, R. Hayes, Sr.; *Sheila*, J. McKenna; *Susan A.*, G. Sanschagrinn, L. Foley, A. Rowohlt, C. Shannon; *Walter L. Meseck*, A. Edland; *William J.*, A. Munson, H. Hansen.

Retired Cunard Captain

Dear Sir:

I would like to thank you for sending your publication...to me regularly, and I hope you will continue to do so, as I find a very great deal of interesting news therein, which I don't suppose I should get in any other way. Will you please make a note of my new address...?

C. B. OSBORNE, Capt. (retd.)
(*New Milton, Hampshire, Eng.*)

Once Aboard the Moira

Dear Mr. Moran:

I am writing to thank you for your courtesy in allowing our party to go aboard the *Moira Moran*.... It was a most interesting and enjoyable experience and one we will not soon forget. We were especially impressed by the courtesy and efficiency of the crew, as well as by the tremendous power of the tugs themselves. Pushing the *Queen Mary* out into the river apparently was no strain at all, although I was interested to see how the tug heeled over.... Thank you again for your kindness. It was greatly appreciated by us all.

CLINTON B. YEOMANS
(*Fiduciary Trust Co. of N. Y.*)

Chairman of Our Board, Hale and Hearty On 83rd Birthday, March 24, Thinks Back

(David Eisen, in the Staten Island Advance, March 25)



Eugene F. Moran, Sr.

Eugene F. Moran, whose name has been synonymous with New York's waterfront for half a century, celebrated his 83rd birthday yesterday and reminisced about boyhood days on Staten Island 75 years ago.

Moran, whose father founded what is now the world's largest towing company, lived in Brooklyn's Red Hook district, but spent much of his time at Fort Wadsworth with the family of Dr. John Harrington, surgeon at the Army post. Young Eugene had made friends with the surgeon's two sons when they lived in Brooklyn.

Staten Island never became the tugboat tycoon's residence, but the borough, standing at the harbor's gateway, has become woven into the fabric of both his personal and business life.

The sprightly, nattily-dressed little man with the white moustache is chairman of the board of the Moran Towing and Transportation Co. Moran's nerve-center is on the 25th floor of a building on the Battery's shipping row, but its heart is at 2015 Richmond Terrace, Port Richmond.

There the company's myriad tugs—all named after members of the Moran family—are repaired, supplied and reconditioned. From there they sail on missions that sometimes take the familiar block-M insignia half-way 'round the world.

Moran acquired the Port Richmond yard after World War II, giving up a tieup base at Richmond Valley. The company still retains its eight-acre property off Arthur Kill Road, however, and the elder Moran has hopes of better days for the now empty site when the Narrows Bridge is built.

The tugboat executive, as a commissioner of the Port of New York Authority, had an important say in the decision to build the span.

"It will develop Staten Island like the Bronx," he remarks cheerfully.

The octogenarian, who started his career somewhat inauspiciously as a cook on his father's tugs, had become an ex-

ecutive by the time he next came to Staten Island in 1912. At that time he was a frequent visitor of Dr. Joseph J. O'Connell, then head of the Rosebank Quarantine Station under state auspices.

Moran would gaze happily on the big ships nosing through the Narrows—an increasing number of them guided by Moran tugboats.

It was through acquaintances made at the quarantine post that Moran joined the old Fox Hills Golf Club. He became its president in 1922 and would probably still be heading it today had not the Vanderbilt Estate foreclosed on the country club in 1936.

Moran, still vigorous, hasn't lost his taste for golf but restricts himself pretty much to putting. Down in Palm Beach, Fla., where he recently spent a three-month winter vacation, he ran into a number of former Fox Hills linksmen playing in the Florida winter league.

Moran returned from Florida this week in order to be home for his birthday.

Moran has been succeeded as president of the firm by his nephew, Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran, USNR, but still keeps his fingers in the pie, attending board meetings once a week and popping into the office a couple of other days.

Port Authority meetings take up two days a week when he is in town, and then there is the Maritime Association's rivers, harbors and piers committee, which Moran has headed for 49 years.

Moran was named as one of the original members of the New York Transit Authority when it was formed in 1953, but quickly got out.

"World-Famous" Indeed!

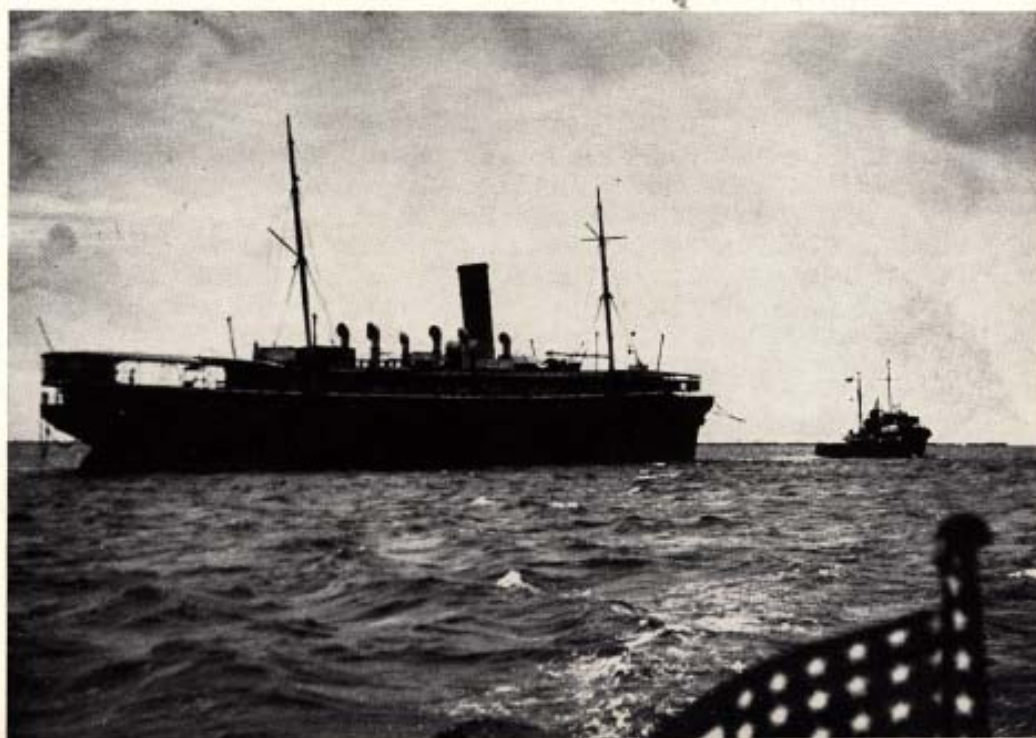
Dear Sirs:

I am sorry to trouble you. I am an 18-year-old Danish shipping clerk, and my hobby is shipping. As I am especially interested in American ships, I should like to receive some photographs of the world-famous Moran tugs. I hope you will be able to help me. Postcard size or, if convenient, bigger sizes should be preferred. After having read three copies of your enjoyable house magazine, in which I admired the excellent photos and the sea-minded cover painting, I could not help asking whether I may be added to your mailing list... To my opinion, *Tow Line* is a most interesting magazine, and I should be grateful if I might have it regularly in the future. Please do not resent my obtrusiveness.

MORGENS JUUL PETERSEN

(17 Brandes Alle, Copenhagen V.)

FAR-RANGING TUGS—Here is our ocean tug *Marion Moran* (Capt. James Barrow) shoving off from Cristobal, Canal Zone, for Baltimore, with the old Peruvian passenger ship *SS. Mantara*, destined to be broken up for scrap. As a matter of fact and record, the *Marion* towed two such discarded vessels, tandem style, from Callao, Peru, to the canal. There a sister tug, the *Joseph H. Moran, II* (Capt. Leonard Goodwin, Jr.), picked up the other one, *SS. Apurimack*, a freighter, for the long haul to the Maryland port. Not seaskiffs by any means, the ships were 382 feet and 392 feet long, respectively, but in all instances the tows were completed successfully and "without incident," as the nautical phrase goes.—Photo by John A. Brown, Moran's port captain at the time.





FOR A LONG TIME NOW, this unreconstructed department has been looking for old fashioned poker players—just enough for a quorum, if there are that many left—but these days practically everybody is interested only in bridge and canasta and fancy folderol of that sort. Now that one has turned up at long last, James E. Evans, chief engineer aboard the inland waterways tug *William J. Moran*, we're not so sure we want to walk into the parlor of just any sapient spider . . .

You see, Chief Evans' reputation preceded him into this editorial precinct. Maybe a little two-handed, after-dinner canasta of the domestic variety would be more discreet—so soon after filing federal and state income tax returns, that is. Without spoiling any other prospects for our subject, we hope, it is feasible to give you a rough idea. He freely acknowledges having raked in enough blue chips one time, in the course of a brief ocean voyage as a passenger, to enable him to take an entire winter off.

Anyway, Jim Evans was born January 22, 1896, in Millville, Del., and has bunked in a lot of places since then—chiefly aboard working tugs, however. With Mrs. E., he makes his home now at 166 Armstrong Avenue, Staten Island. He has four children, including one by his first wife (deceased), and describes himself as “a double-grandfather.”

The chief's first job, in 1913, was firing the coal burning tug *John A. Seeley*, which was towing mud scows for dredges engaged in constructing the Cape Cod Canal.

A long period of employment on other tugs followed: the *Luther C. Ward*, New York; the *Prudence*, Philadelphia and “down east;” the *Julia C. Moran*, New York, in 1916, as assistant engineer, having procured meanwhile his license to sail as chief or second man in the engine room.

At this point, a little excitement. The *Julia C.* was sold to the British govern-



J. E. E.

ment, for delivery in Halifax, N. S. Her crew was returning to New York aboard the Red Cross ship *Stephano* in November, 1916, when the German submarine *U-53* popped up off Nantucket lightship and fired a shot across the liner's bow. She stopped, naturally, and all hands were ordered into lifeboats. Not too long afterwards, those in the boat Evans had scrambled into were picked up by a U. S. Navy destroyer and later were put ashore at Newport, R. I.

Add tugs: the *Takana* of the P. Sanford Ross Dredging Co., as chief engineer; the *Leonard C. Richards*, Cahill (Card) Towing Line, a transfer boat; the *Anson M. Bangs*, Morse Drydock Co. . . . We're still talking coal burners.

In the summer of 1918 Chief Evans went into the Army, but after a brief interval at Camp Gordon, Georgia, he was honorably discharged on the grounds that he would be more valuable to the war effort in civilian work in his line.

His next job afloat was as chief aboard the tug *Princess* (Cahill-Card), principally engaged in towing mud to sea from New York harbor. Four years of that.

In 1922 he went into the garage business in his native place, with a brother, Horace Evans, as his partner. That was no good. “All we got out of it was a bookful of bad debts,” he says.

Next, the tug *Natalie*, still another “hay burner,” on harbor work hereabouts, including sand tows. (Perhaps we should draw the veil over an unsatisfactory interval as a bricklayer in New York, in 1923.) Then: the tug *O. L.*

Hollenbach, a mud scow and coastwise deal; and back to the *Princess*.

Presently Evans was assistant chief engineer aboard the American Oil Co. tug *Mexpet*—under charter to Moran T. & T. Co. not too long ago, but at that time docking ships and towing oil barges. After five years, he switched to the tanker *Fuel Oil*, Jacksonville, Fla.-Portland, Me., and intermediate ports. In all, 13½ years with American Oil in various jobs, until 1941.

That year Evans joined this company, as assistant engineer on the *Susan A. Moran*. Next, the *Agnes A. Moran*, mostly coastwise; and now we're talking about diesel power. He has been chief aboard the *William J.* since the first day of September, 1943.

What kind of a chief? Excerpt from a letter of commendation dated December 21, 1954, signed by Joseph H. Moran, II, vice president: “I was talking to Madison Moore (who) tells me the engine room on the *William* is the cleanest he has ever seen, and that the engine itself is in excellent condition . . . which reflects great credit on you, your assistant engineers, and your wipers.”

For a long time Chief Evans made no secret of his preference for tows on the New York State Barge Canal and the Great Lakes—although he considers the latter a “big responsibility” in the roughest weather—but now he thinks he would rather be in New York harbor. This season aboard the *William J.* in the inland waterways may be his last.

Besides poker—stud seems to be his favorite brand, and with a “case” ace in the hole he is said to be a holy terror!—the chief likes to hunt and fish. However, you'll notice that in the instance described in a photo caption in the last previous issue of TOW LINE, it was Jim's brother, Chester, one of Moran's ace docking pilots, who shot the eight-point buck.

CONGRATULATIONS to Jorgen A. Rasmussen, manager of the Copenhagen, Denmark, shipping firm of the same name, and a valued foreign agent of Moran Towing & Transportation Co., who celebrated his sixtieth birthday on April 4. With Mrs. Rasmussen, he is on a month's holiday, acting on medical advice that the Riviera might be beneficial to his health. We hope the doctor was right.

Get-together...

(Continued from Page 9)

niscent of a free-for-all circus. Those for whom lucky numbers were drawn from a jealously guarded revolving "bird cage" filled with paper slips later went home loaded to the gunwales with festively wrapped winnings.

Brief dinner talks—by Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran, president; E. F. Moran, Sr., chairman of the board of directors; and E. F. Moran, Jr., and Mr. Bull, vice presidents—were enthusiastically received.

The committee on arrangements consisted of Capt. Thomas Ball, Rufus Balance, Mr. Bull, James Cummings, C. M. Devine, Capt. Frank Duffy, Carl Gardner, Daniel Grandone, Capt. William Hayes, Edward J. Hennessey, Capt. Anton Huseby, Edward J. Johnson, Joseph Jones, Joseph F. Meseck, Jr., Joseph B. Moore, Carl F. O'Connor, Maurice Ollestad, Elmer Walling, and Edwin J. Walsh.

"I thought the meetings and the party went very well," Joseph H. Moran, II, said the following day. "This is the first year we have attempted to have such a get-together for all male personnel in the company, and comments from those on the tugs, as well as from the yard and office forces, indicate the idea was well received.

"The turnout was very gratifying in view of the fact that so many tugs were on jobs outside New York harbor at the time. I believe the actual count was 240.

"We expect to have more such get-togethers, and we hope they will prove to be occasions for helpful discussion of mutual problems and the purely social enjoyment of all concerned."

Joseph Licata, 8682 Seventeenth Avenue, Brooklyn, one of the cooks in the Moran fleet, served his final day in the galley March 3, and we wish him nothing except the best of health and luck in his retirement.

'Interesting, Entertaining'

Dear Mr. Walsh:

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you sincerely for your great kindness in providing Mrs. Conroy and Mrs. Manning with an extremely interesting and entertaining day aboard the *Molra*. Captain Sheridan and all his crew, despite a busy working day, were very hospitable, and I hope you will express our appreciation for all they did to make the ladies' trip so pleasant.

J. J. MANNING, OFFICE MGR.
(Amer. Associated Insurance Co.'s)

Deborah Ann O'Brien (7 lb. 8 oz.) arrived at 0910 April 12 in Lutheran Hospital, Brooklyn, to gladden her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John J. O'Brien, 8527 122nd Street, Richmond Hill, L. I. Johnny is a deckhand aboard the *Nancy Moran*. The O'Briens have two other children, John, Jr., and Barbara... Congratulations!

SOTTO VOCE, to H. P. Belknap, Boca Raton, Fla.: That was the *S.S. Esso Greenville* in tow of our ocean tug *Marion Moran* you saw passing your place southbound at 1530 March 11. The tow originated in Baltimore and was bound for Mobile, where it arrived in good order March 16.

Panama Canal Pilots

Gentlemen:

For the past two years I have been receiving your magazine... and I have enjoyed many hours of reading pleasure, as have all the pilots in the Marine Division Office. Many of the Panama Canal pilots are ex-towboat masters from the Port of New York. We all look forward to receipt of *TOW LINE* so that we may know how our former fellow workers are doing. When I am through reading the magazine I usually place it in the pilots' room, where it is accessible to approximately ninety pilots... May I take this opportunity to thank you all for *TOW LINE* and for your annual calendars which I have received at regular intervals?

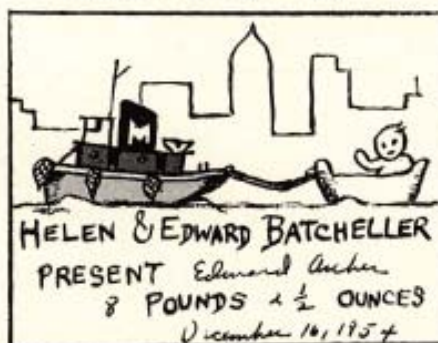
CAPT. HUGH MALONEY
(Box 1086, Balboa, C.Z.)

CAPT. BEN BAKER, 66, one of the best known tug masters in the Moran fleet, died suddenly February 15 at his home, 94-23 Two hundred and twenty-first Street, Queens Village, L. I., following a heart attack.

Becoming captain of a tug when he was only 21 years old, Captain Baker joined this company in February 1932, and for the past 12 or 14 years he had functioned as a docking pilot, too. He was widely known and highly respected both personally and professionally.

Burial in St. John's Cemetery, Middle Village, followed a solemn high mass in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Queens Village. A son, Jack, and three daughters, Evelyn, Dorothy and Joan, survive.

Little Toot(s), Maybe



Above: Slightly delinquent, but pleasant, news from Eddie Batcheller, Army veteran deckhand aboard the tug *Doris Moran*, and—he acknowledges gracefully—Mrs. B., who make their home at 52 Tompkins Street, East Northport, L. I. Young Edward Archer, their first child, arrived at Central Suffolk Hospital, Riverhead, weighing about what a hale and hearty sailor should at that juncture. Observe, if you please, that a Moran tug—somewhat stylized, wouldn't you say?—already has him in tow. Watch that sagging hawser, kiddo!

Another Engine Dept. Signal

Dear Miss Christian:

Here is the return postcard sent by your office. I have been out of Moran Towing since January, 1954, but have appreciated the company sending the magazine to me here in New Orleans. I worked on the Moran tugboats four and a half years—27 months on the *Eugenia M. Moran*, also on the *Kevin* and on the *Marion*. During the war I was chief engineer on the V4 tugs *Matagorda* and *Bayou St. John* (three and a half years), then chief on the *Watch Hill* in 1947 on a trip to Sumatra and Java... I had many years of steady work with Moran. Worked under Mr. Brink here during the war. Mr. Faulkner here knows me. Captain Palmer might remember me from the *Watch Hill*. Am writing this in haste, since I am here only 24 hours, on a tanker, so excuse the scrawl. I met you one time when we came in from working Trinidad and Dutch Guiana.

O. D. FOLSE
(8005 Maple St., New Orleans, La.)

ADD SUGGESTION AWARDS: To Wesley Lewis, chief engineer aboard the *Pauline L. Moran*, for an idea that resulted in filters being installed in the air intakes of generators and propulsion motors on all *Grace Moran*-class tugs. (A spokesman for the award committee said this suggestion was considered as having come from Mr. Lewis and the other engineers who were with him aboard the *Grace*, now *Caltex Bintang*, operating in Sumatran waters.)

