

# TOW LINE *Christmas 1957*



## ON THE COVER—

**S**O IT'S CHRISTMAS again — Tow Line's tenth — and here's Artist Evers, as usual, with an appropriate cover picture in four colors. A nice job, we think.

The spotlight here is on the Italian Line's 27,100-ton *M. V. Augustus*, sailing from Pier 84, North River. You can see her backing slowly as a pair of our diesel-electric harbor tugs help her to get into the channel headed down-river. Note festive Christmas trees lashed to two mastheads. She's off on the "sunny southern route."

The *Augustus* (Capt. Enrico Rosselli, master) has been voyaging since March 1952. She is 680 feet long overall, with a beam of 87 feet, and has nine decks. Her cruising speed is 21 knots. Passenger capacity: first class, 178; cabin class, 288; and tourist class, 714. Crew: 516.

Completely air-conditioned, the ship has 14 public rooms for first class passengers, eight for cabin class, and seven for tourist class. Every stateroom has hot and cold running water. All first class cabins are equipped with private telephones. Other modern facilities: tourist offices, banks, information bureaus, chapel, shops, hair-dresser, barbers, photographic laboratory, printing shops, laundry and valet service, a fully equipped 50-bed hospital, and two fully equipped gymnasiums. Modern elegant decorations are featured throughout the ship.

Towering directly behind the *Augustus*' bow in Mr. Evers' watercolor is—do we have to say it?—the Empire State Building. The two stacks visible over her stern would be those of the *S. S. United States* at Pier 86.

A separate full-color print for framing, anybody?

*Moran's European Agents.* ENGLAND: James A. McLaren & Co., 45 Bishopsgate, London, E. C. 2; SCOTLAND: Henry Abram, Ltd., 163 Hope Street, Glasgow, C. 2; NORWAY: Henning Astrup A/S, Fridtjof Nansenpleas 4, Oslo; Birger Gjestland A/S Kong Oscars Gate 42, Bergen; DENMARK: Jørgen A. Rasmussen, 33 Amaliegade, Copenhagen K; SWEDEN: A. B. Sandström, Ströms & Co., Postgatan 2, P.O.B. 93, Gothenburg; FINLAND: A. B. Lars Krogius & Co., O. Y., 5, Magsasinranta 4, Helsinki; BELGIUM: Wm. H. Mueller & Co., S. A. 21 Rue de la Bourde, Antwerp; GERMANY: Ernst Giesel, Altenwall 31, Bremen; SPAIN: Rafael Navajas Aguirre 8, Bilbao; ITALY: O.S.I.A.M., Piazza de Ferrari, 4/47, Genoa; GREECE: The Soperis Agency Co., Ltd., P.O.B. 21, Piraeus.



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Cable Address: MORANTOW  
R. M. Munroe, Editor Jeff Blinn, Photographer

(Unless otherwise noted, material published herein, if originated by this magazine, may be reprinted with the usual credit line.)

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year to all hands!

## Life on River Is Pleasant, Reporter Learns

(Editor's note: The following feature is reprinted from the Memphis Press-Scimitar of Nov. 29, by permission. It was illustrated with three excellent photos of the towboat, her master, and five members of her crew at mess aboard, but these must appear in another issue.)

By LILLIAN FOSCUE, Reporter-Photographer

THE DAVID E. MORAN, river towboat, delivered three barge loads of refined petroleum products to the Texaco dock in Memphis and headed back up the river to take on another load at Mt. Vernon, Ind.

The tow, pushing three empty barges, carried a crew of 10. Full crew of the *David E. Moran* runs 11, one woman, the cook, and 10 men.

This trip the crew was made up of eight men and two women. One "tankman" was at home, to rejoin the unit at Cairo, Ill. The second missing tankman was a swap-tankman for a Press-Scimitar photographer.

I shipped out as tankman for a full 26 hours, all the way from Memphis to Tiptonville, Tenn. At the Tiptonville landing shortly after fried chicken Sunday dinner aboard the "*Little David*," I swapped jobs back with tankman Tony Battistelli, 727 S. Parkway E., and reluctantly headed back to Memphis by car. Tony had driven my car to Tiptonville.

The trip aboard the "*Little David*" was arranged by her captain, Vincent Francis Bruno, 1791 McMillen, and he arranged the car delivery service to Tiptonville landing.

Such service is typical of the "*Little David's*" master. Captain Bruno is well liked by his crew and his company alike.

The captain has 29 years of working on the river back of him, the past 16 years as a captain.

"It's in my blood," Captain Bruno said. "There is an old Italian saying, 'When you take your heart out to sea, you leave your soul there.' It's true.

"I wouldn't be happy doing anything else. I know this river. I can read the Mississippi, the way she looks and the sounds she makes. You can hear shoal water."

If the Mississippi is a woman in Captain Bruno's life, the only other one is his wife to whom, with his three children, he is deeply devoted.

Most of the *David's* crew are family men, even the cook is a family woman.

Mrs. Delmas J. Peyton of Jeffersonville, Ind., (Suzie to her co-workers) has two children at home. They are cared for by grandmother and their father while Mrs. Peyton is away cooking on the tow boat 30 days at a time. The next 22 days Suzie is at home with her family. After January, time off will be the same as time on—30 days and 30 days.

Suzie reigns supreme in the kitchen, which, combined with the dining area, is the largest room on the boat and center of all social life. Five eat at a time around the table. Meals are of the best, with Saturday night steak and Sunday chicken regulars.

Hot buttermilk biscuits are an every morning must and worth climbing out of an upper bunk at 5 a.m. for. Watches change every six hours so meals are planned for 5:30 and 6 a.m. breakfast, 11:30 and noon dinner and 5:30 and 6 p.m. supper (another full dinner complete with dessert).

Work on a tow boat lags after barges are made up and a trip starts. Making up is a tedious task. Barges are maneuvered into a single file unit, tow pushing from the rear or stern.

The maneuvering is a combination of muscle power by the tankmen and the skill of the captain or pilot, whoever is at the wheel. Wires (one inch steel cables) hold the barges together in the unit.

The *David E.* left Memphis with three barges and picked up a fourth at Caruthersville, Mo. Total length of the unit was just under 1000 feet.

The towboat is powered by two 900-horsepower diesel engines, pride and joy of chief engineer Clarence Chamberlain of Hickman, Ky.

Chamberlain is a longtime river man and a graduate of

(Continued in "Moran on the Inland Waterways" column, Page 10)

# 82% Strength in Nylon Hawser Used 5½ Years

**T**HIS IS A STORY about a nylon hawser, an old one that certainly had seen better days than these of the wintry month in which we write. It is worth telling, though . . .

A nickel's worth of conscientious research would determine what manufacturer made it. Since Moran Towing & Transportation Co. buys such hawsers from Cating Rope Works, Inc., Columbian Rope Co., Plymouth Cordage Co., and Whitlock Cordage Co., we will let its origin go and spread the responsibility (credit) equally among all four concerns.

E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co. of Wilmington, Del., manufactured the amazing filaments that went into this hawser, and we are indebted to J. W. Fields of that company's industrial merchandising department for some of the information this report will contain. Capt. John A. Brown, at the time marine superintendent for Moran, now general manager of Moran Inland Waterways Corp., provided the more vital statistics.

## "Beautiful Piece of Goods"

It seems this nylon hawser in question—and maybe it should have been determined just how many pairs of stockings went astray when it was made—was first installed aboard the tug *Peter Moran* away back in August 1950. It was "a beautiful piece of goods," as the hucksters say. This reporter remembers seeing it in the original coil, and it seemed almost too luxurious looking to put to practical use.

It was damaged exactly a month later when it got fouled on a dump scow door and was badly scuffed in the unfouling, alas.

It was damaged again in November of that year, when some mischance caused the line to be fouled in the



tug's wheel. Twenty-nine fathoms (174 feet) of it were lost that time.

In June 1951 our still hale hawser was transferred to the tug *Moirra Moran*. It went back to the *Peter* the following month; to the *Pauline L. Moran* in September of that year; and aboard the *Agnes A. Moran*, in May 1952, it was put to use on the New York State Barge Canal.

In March 1954 the aging hawser was cut in half. Afterwards it was used for intermediate hawsers. The piece we are concerned with here—and what follows is scientific data, nothing less—was placed on the tug *Margot Moran* in March 1954. It was transferred to the *Moirra Moran* in May 1955; and in December, eight months later, it was removed from the *Moirra* and ultimately scrapped.

## Long and Honorable Life

This might be considered a long and honorable career for any hawser of any kind made by anybody, wouldn't you say? But read on . . .

Your reporter is looking now at a charted "Report of Tension Tests" submitted by Research Laboratories, Department of Civil Engineering, Columbia University, New York, and—what d'ye know!—Moran's frayed and frazzled nylon hawser turns up as the subject of said tests.

It appears the test pieces consisted of loops spliced at both ends—three such loops, 62 inches, 58 inches, and 59 inches between splices respectively. The circumferences of the pieces: seven and three-quarters inches in the first instance, seven and seven-eighths

inches in the other two. (A foot note states the length of the loops was "measured at load  $P=200 D^2=1380$  lbs.," if that means anything to you.) All right, let's get on with it . . .

The maximum loads, in pounds, the very much used nylon rope would take were discovered to be: No. 1, 89,100; No. 2, 76,500; and No. 3, 76,500. We are reading the chart.

The location of the fractures, when breaking points were reached: No. 1, approximately 20 inches from the top splice; No. 2, approximately 15 inches from the bottom splice; and No. 3, adjacent to the top splice.

Two strands of No. 1 test piece broke, one strand of No. 2, and one strand of No. 3.

Tow LINE might be considered a prejudiced party, so we give you a trio of presumably unimpeachable witnesses to these dark and devious proceedings. Namely and to wit: Mr. Fields and J. E. D. Irving of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., and Irving W. Miller of Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc. In a letter to the editor, Mr. Fields has the floor:

## Wide Range of Operations

"During five and a half years the hawser covered a wide range of operations—coastwise towing, mud scow towing, and canal work. The longevity of the nylon hawser is outstanding. It is our belief that manila hawsers, over the same period, had an average wear life of 10-12 months.

"In addition to the long wear life of the nylon line, the high strength retained, eighty-two per cent of its original quoted strength, is amazing."

It is indeed—at least in Tow LINE's unscientific and, as intimated, possibly prejudiced judgment.

(*Columbia U. assumes no responsibility for test interpretations, it says.*)



## New York Harbor, Moran Tugs Synonymous to London Newspaper Artist



Once more Tow Line is indebted to Guy Sewell of James A. McLaren & Co., Ltd., London, agents for Moran Towing & Transportation Co. in England. This time the Sewellian eagle-eye spotted a significant item in the London Daily Express (4,100,000 circulation): an episode in a cartoon serial entitled "Four

D. Jones," by Peter D. Maddocks.

What the serial is all about you will not learn here, since Mr. Sewell acknowledges he has not been following it and hence doesn't know, but in one respect at least the panel reproduced above speaks for itself. To Mr. Maddocks—and how many of that second

largest circulation in England, we can't help wondering?—it appears that New York and those tugs with the white block "M" on their black stacks may be equated.

And we wish to thank Anthony Herr, literary editor of the Beaverbrook newspaper, for permission to reprint this episode.

### Thank You For the Pix

Dear Sir:

As one who receives your publication, TOW LINE, and as a member of the Steamship Historical Society, I am wondering if your readers might like to see how the big "M" looks in Fall River, Mass., at the new and greater Fall River Line pier, home of the old Fall River Line steamers. When completed, this will be a top-notch pier. I am sending some photos of the *Nancy Moran* which I took this spring, hoping they are suitable for your magazine. Many thanks again for your wonderful publication, also for the handsome calendars.

GEORGE A. BISHOP, JR.  
(Fall River, Mass.)

### New York-Oswego Voyage

Dear Capt. Hughes:

I should like to express my appreciation to you for arranging my trip aboard the *Harriet Moran* from New York to Oswego. The hospitality of Captains Geitzler and Connor and the entire crew made the trip most enjoyable, and their knowledge and experience answered easily my questions on the Barge Canal. It was a pleasure to be aboard one of your boats. If I can be of any assistance to you, please do not hesitate to call.

ERNEST F. HAUN  
(Marine Planning Technician,  
Part of New York Authority, N. Y.)

### None Available, But 1958 Issue Will Reach You Presently

Gentlemen:

You're to be complimented in the selection of such a beautiful painting of a Moran tug on the high seas for your 1957 calendar. It is only recently that I have seen it, but, because I am so impressed with its beauty and the significance it portrays of your vast world-wide operations, I am asking you to send me one at 321 St. Charles Street. Let me thank you in advance for your kindness and attention to my request.

B. B. BENNETT, Gen. Frt. Agt.  
(United Fruit Co., New Orleans, La.)

**FAST COMPANY**—“Now... presenting the easiest-to-use home movie camera Kodak ever made!” was the main-line statement accompanying an Eastman Kodak Company advertisement in the October issues of *National Geographic* and *Holiday* magazines and in the October 12 issue of *The New Yorker*. This picture, in full color, was the principal eye-catcher in the presentation—as why shouldn't it be? The same claim might be made for that diesel-electric-powered tug in the background—our *Carol Moran*, it is presumed here, since she is the only fleet unit of her class not equipped with radar—provided you know how she should be used; and for all we can say that is equally true of the American Export liner, *S.S. Independence* or *S.S. Constitution*, the *Carol* is assisting at Pier 84, North River, N. Y.



# Scow, Freighter, Liner All One to Moran Tug

(Reprinted from the Staten Island Advance, issue of Oct. 11, 1957.)

By RAYMOND A. WITTEK

"HEY, CAP, where do you want to move 'em?" bellowed Cap'n Halstein (Chester) Wee from the pilot house of the tug *Moira Moran*. "Right around the corner?"

A brawny man paced excitedly up and down Pier 3 at Brooklyn's Erie Basin. Two half-emptied barges were tied up. The man glared at Wee, whose face was barely visible in the tug's open window.

"Yes, bring them around to the other side," shouted the man.

Wee got on the radiotelephone behind him. "*Moira* to 17. They've given us permission to bring them around to the south side of Pier 3."

The radio crackled and a man's voice said, "OK. Make sure you get the numbers."

Wee lifted the mouthpiece again. "I already have them. They're New York Central Six... Two... One and Lehigh Three... Three."

## Summons Deckhand

Fixing the mouthpiece to its holder, Wee tugged on a rope over his head, sending off a long whistle blast. He ordered the tug made fast fore and aft to the rear barge, then ordered their lines cast off from the pier.

Balding, gray-haired Pete Anderson, one of the tug's two deckhands, stood atop the forward barge's superstructure to guide Wee as he slowly nosed them out into the basin.

"All clear!" Anderson shouted from his vantage point, gesticulating at the same time.

Wee, clutching the pilot house engine control with one hand and the wheel with the other, expertly swung the barge around the pier, using a minimum amount of space. Inside of ten minutes the barges were tied up snugly on the opposite side.

Only three hours before Wee had begun a 72-hour tour of duty. Tugboat crew members' hours are weird. They work 72 hours. Then they're off 48, on 48 again; and finally they're off 72 hours.

## Twenty-seven Years

Wee lives with his wife, Evelyn, and two daughters at 379 Poillon Ave., Annadale. He has been with the Moran Towing and Transportation Co. for 13 years, and on tugs for 27 years, handling everything from garbage scows to giant passenger liners.

This was a typical day and job for the 47-year-old skipper. Earlier he had boarded the *Moira* at Pier 1 at the Battery, then taken her to Jersey City to be refueled. Now he'd been ordered to clear Pier 3 and to assist the tug *Howard Moran* in docking the Mormac freighter *Robin Goodfellow*, in from Philadelphia.

"*Moira* to 17," Wee radioed.

"17 back."

"1300 to 1310."

"Thank you," came the reply.

Wee turned the *Moira's* bow towards the narrow opening in the breakwater that enclosed the basin. The upper bay was clear and the sun felt good on the back of your neck.

Off the basin entrance, in the Red



Captain Wee

Hook Channel, loomed the gray, rust-stained *Robin Goodfellow*. She was moving in slowly. The *Howard Moran* already was snuggled amidship on her port side.

Wee gave a long blast on the horn, then moved to a position off the *Goodfellow's* fantail, and followed at a reasonable pace as she squeezed through the breakwater.

Inside, off Pier 3, the *Howard* slipped up to the *Goodfellow's* bow and gave a hearty push. The *Goodfellow's* helmsman gave her hard right rudder, and the freighter's big screw bit into the water, turning her bow towards the bay.

Meanwhile, Wee slid alongside the *Goodfellow's* starboard quarter, and Pete, the deckhand, got a line from the *Goodfellow*, to which he attached a heavier towing line.

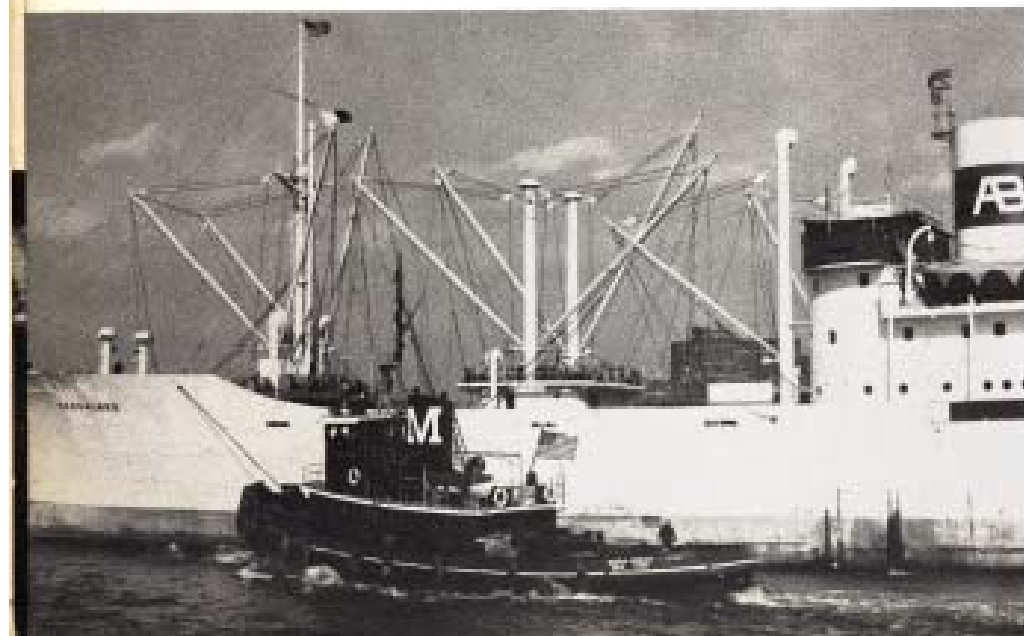
## Toot! Toot!

The docking pilot on the *Goodfellow* gave two whistles, and the *Moira* put her back to her work, pushing with all the power in her 1,750 h.p. diesel.

Down in the spic 'n' span engine room, Chief Engineer August C. Schneider of 509 Wilson Ave., Eltingville, holding an ever present rag, kept his eyes glued on row after row of instruments and dials amid the roar of the engine.

Slowly, the C4-type freighter swung into a diagonal position with the pier, and with the *Howard* and the *Moira*

(Continued on Page 11)



# MSTS Magazine



JULY 1956

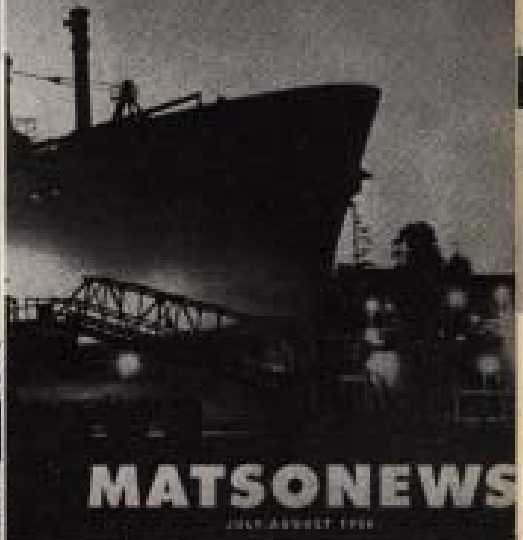
## BLACK HORSE News



Member-Proprietor & News Correspondent

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE MERCHANT MARINE COUNCIL

UNITED STATES COAST GUARD



MATSON NEWS  
JULY-AUGUST 1956

## Meet Some More of Our CONTEMPORARIES

(Clockwise, from upper left)

- MSTS Magazine**—Monthly; Military Sea Transportation Service, United States Navy, Washington, D. C.; Warner L. Baylor, Editor.
- Proceedings of the Merchant Marine Council**—Monthly; United States Coast Guard, Washington, D. C.; Lieut. B. F. Rush, USCG, Editor.
- Matsonews**—Bi-monthly; Matson Navigation Co., 215 Market Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.; Robert L. Harding, Editor.
- Compass Points**—Monthly; Gibbs & Cox, Inc., Naval Architects and Engineers, 21 West Street, New York 6, New York; Mary Jane Davey, Editor.
- The Lookout**—Monthly; Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.; Tom Saab, Editor.
- Mobil Mariner**—Monthly; Socony Mobil Oil Co., Inc., 150 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Arthur M. Dodge, Editor.
- Our Sun**—Quarterly; Sun Oil Company, 1608 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.; William H. Berns, Editor.
- Black Horse News**—Monthly; Merrill-Chapman & Scott Corporation, 261 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Edward Brasse, Editor.

(This is No. 3 of a series)

## COMPASS POINTS



Vol. 11, No. 10

November, 1957



### mobil mariner

Winter Scene on Great Lakes

Anti-Pollution Florida Straits

How to Start This

### The LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

## Everything Turns Up in an Editor's Mail; Briton Hears Radio-equipped Moran Tugs

**A**N editor's mail may be complimentary or critical, even abusive—which is not to say a communication addressed to *TOW LINE* has ever fallen into that last category—but it is seldom dull. Occasionally it is extremely interesting, and not merely because it is flattering. Our foreign mail is heavy.

Awhile ago there arrived at this editorial desk a letter from Mr. R. S. Macmeikan of R. S. Macmeikan & Sons, 436 London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex, England. It was dated Nov. 14, which is the only time reference we have to go with the subject matter—not that it's very important.

"Whilst reading an article in a publication called *Official Detective Stories*," our considerate correspondent wrote, "the name of your company was mentioned in regard to a false 'mayday' radio call being received by your Captain Mitchell Sullivan on the *Nancy Moran*."

Mr. Macmeikan refers to an incident reported on fully in the August 1955 issue of *TOW LINE*—"Intercepted 'Mayday' Message Touches Off Flashiest Fraud Since Loch Ness Monster"—but when and how the story turned up in that monthly cops-and-robbers magazine we leave it to you to guess.

In his second paragraph our Briton got down to business:

"Until reading this article the writer had believed his ears were playing him false, because some six weeks ago, at approximately 1 a.m. on the short wave radio, a very interesting conversation was heard between two tugboat captains, one of which was believed to

be on the *Nancy Moran*, the other aboard another Moran tug.

"The speech was very clear. The conversation varied from discussions concerning anchors and radio output (quoted at 60 watts) to passages up the Erie Canal and to Goose Bay, Labrador. The two gentlemen conversing had very pronounced American accents, very pleasant, with some forceful language occasionally—which is part and parcel of marine talk in every quarter of the world, to say nothing of the language used by some of us landmen on occasion.

"To be able to overhear this intimate and interesting conversation so many hundreds of miles away does seem to be quite unique. No doubt the two captains concerned will be very interested to learn their talk was clearly heard in Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and we shall look forward to further interesting experiences such as this."

Thus Mr. Macmeikan, and we dare say this instance of marine radiotelephone monitoring ashore will interest more persons than the two Moran skippers involved.

(Afterthought: On a particularly seductive moonlit night in 1940, it

may have been, your editor was aboard a 26-foot cabin cruiser anchored in Biscayne Bay in the lee of Cape Florida, waiting for the tide to change so he could resume productive bottom fishing for mangrove snappers. For lack of anything better to do, he switched on a 50-watt radiotelephone transmitter—tuned to the tip of a 36-foot bamboo pole antenna, no less—and sent out a short series of CQs. So who do you think answered, and promptly? The master of a tug off San Diego, Calif.)

### Sorry, No More '57 Calendars

Gentlemen:

At my son's graduation from Syracuse University I saw in his study the very handsome 1957 calendar of the Moran company. . . . Since he thinks as much as I do of that kind of craft (an ocean tug), he refused to part with his copy, but suggested that I take the liberty of writing to you to ask for a similar picture. . . . I would appreciate your courtesy in this connection very much.

Incidentally, I have recently finished reading and adding to my marine library Eugene Moran's book, "Tugboat." I was intensely interested, not only in the fascinating account of the history of the Moran family and the growth of their tugboat dynasty, but enjoyed immensely the additional knowledge in the book on the development of New York City and its wonderful harbor. It was a pleasure to read this story. I think it adds immeasurably to a real appreciation of things maritime.

MRS. HENRY A. HORSTMANN  
(743 Parsons Rd., Ridgewood, N. J.)

**LONG HAUL: CLEVELAND, OHIO—JACKSONVILLE, FLA.**—Chalk up another long one to the credit of our ocean tug *Marion Moran* (Capt. James L. Barrow). The hopper dredge Taylor, ex-*Willits Point*, 1,164 tons, 200 feet x 43 feet x 23 feet, was in Cleveland, Ohio, and National Bulk Carriers, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, wanted her towed to Florida. The tug departed New York Oct. 19. On the last day of the month she left Cleveland with the tow. The next five days were "not all beer and skittles": Welland Canal (tug *H. J. Dixon*, assisting); St. Lawrence River to Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Morrisburg and Soulanges Canals. Departing Montreal Nov. 6, the tow was off Cape Goose on the 7th, towing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence (WNW wind, force 7, very rough) Nov. 8-9-10. Nine days later the *Marion* was at Jacksonville. Total distance: 2,679 miles. Speed at sea: 8 knots. These photos (below) Entering Galop Canal above Locks 27-28, near Cardinal, Canada, Adams Island in background; (left) locking through.





## 50 YEARS AGO

(The following items of interest were selected from files of the old New York Maritime Register by Capt. Karl C. Fabian of Marine Headquarters.)

**NOV. 6, 1907**—City of Birmingham (ss), Boston for Savannah, sank off Castle Island below Boston Nov. 4 after striking a ledge. She lies below Buoy 9, stern in channel; stack, masts, davits, top of house out of water. Crew arrived Boston in own boats. . . . John H. Cordis (tug), Cornell Steamboat Co., was destroyed at Kingston, N. Y., Nov. 3 by fire. Company coal pockets containing 1,800 tons of coal and five loaded coal cars alongside pockets also destroyed. Loss: \$150,000.

**NOV. 13, 1907**—New tank steamer *Iroquois* arrived New York Nov. 7 from Barry, Wales, on her maiden voyage. She is owned by Anglo-American Petroleum Co., London, has a capacity of 10,000 tons of oil, and is fitted with all modern appliances for the oil carrying trade.

**NOV. 20, 1907**—Seven-masted schooner *Thomas W. Lawson* cleared from Philadelphia Nov. 15 for London. She carries 2,000,000 gal. of gas oil valued at about \$70,000. The big schooner was chartered by Standard Oil Co. from Coastwise Transportation Co.

**NOV. 27, 1907**—Steamer *Old Dominion*, 1,776 tons, built in 1872, sold to estate of L. Luckenbach. Will be converted into a barge. . . . Str. *Gordon Castle* (Br.), at New York Nov. 25 from Philadelphia, reported that Nov. 24, five miles WNW of Northeast End Lightship, she passed tug *Monoway* anchored with wire hawser in wheel. Signal: "Send assistance soon as possible."

**DEC. 4, 1907**—Allegheny (str), burned off Charleston and afterwards towed to Norfolk, where she was sold, arrived New York Nov. 27 in tow of tug *Margaret*. Hull was taken to Robins Erie Basin drydock, where it will be rebuilt and lengthened.

. . . (Saunderstown, R. I., Nov. 19) Barge *Ephrata*, which broke adrift with barges *Monitor* and *Shawmow* from tug *Monoway* between Montauk and Delaware Capes during Sunday's storm, while bound from Boston to Philadelphia, arrived here today, having been under sail four days. . . . No. 26 (Con. Coal Co. barge), Baltimore for Boston with 2,700 tons of coal, broke adrift from tug *Savage* Nov. 26 and was reported (Baltimore, Nov. 30) to have sunk 25 miles SE of Barnegat. She was valued at \$80,000 and was uninsured. Cargo value: \$10,000.

**DEC. 18, 1907**—*Addie Jordan* (barge) went ashore five miles N. of Squan, N. J., Dec. 14. Crew taken off by tug *Asher J. Hudson* and landed at New York. The *Jordan* went to pieces. . . . (Westerly, R. I., Dec. 16) Tug *Hercules* and three of her tow of four barges have been wrecked. Barge *Ella*, damaged slightly, may be saved if weather remains favorable. Hull was taken to Robins Erie Basin drydock to be rebuilt and lengthened.

**DEC. 25, 1907**—*Jesse Barlow* (schr), South Amboy for Rockland, was sunk Dec. 17 by collision with tug *Lehigh*. Crew picked up by tug and landed at Vineyard Haven.

## Two Steel 'Dumpers' Under Construction

(Release to newspapers, magazines)

NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 4—Two more 1,500 cu. yd. steel dump scows employing hydraulically operated and remotely controlled discharge doors are being added to the already extensive floating equipment of the Moran Towing Corporation here, it was announced today by Eugene F. Moran, Jr., vice president.

The scows will be constructed in Bethlehem Steel Company's Staten Island yard, where two identical dumpers were built for Moran and launched in February 1955.

The new units are to be of all-welded construction, 168 feet long (overall), with a beam of 43 feet and a depth of 16 feet. Each will have a completely equipped deck house and seven hopper compartments.

The design of these scows incorporates several novel features, chiefly the installation of a hydraulic system to permit dumping a load in rough seas from the captain's quarters, as a safety feature—also closing the pockets by means of an engine-driven pump and a valve for each set of two doors.

In addition, the captain's quarters include many features rarely seen on this type of vessel, such as electric lights, modern living facilities, running water, and radiotelephone—the latter providing continuous contact with the tug while the scow is under tow.

Although scows of this type are usually engaged solely in the disposal of dredgings at sea, these will be used in disposing of industrial and commercial waste material such as fly ash and rubble from building wreckage and excavations for construction.

## New 'Penny' in Accounting



This Hellenic bright spot in Moran's accounting department is Penelope (Mrs. Georgette) Martakis, who recently came aboard as a replacement for Rita Carnivale—now Mrs. Placido Vettorelli. She is an experienced bookkeeper, with two and a half years at Hillborn-Hamburger, Inc., manufacturers of military insignia, and two years of commercial study (nights) at City College. "Penny" hails from Astoria, Queens, was graduated from William Cullen Bryant High School there in 1954. Not yet 21, our new girl was married last July to an Army man, presently studying at City College. They reside at 2185 47th St., Astoria. She belongs to the Play-of-the-Month Club, and is partial to books and skating. If you were to ask her a question in Greek, you'd find out she's knowledgeable in that department, too.

**TEAM WORK AFLOAT**—From Moran HQ on the 25th floor of the Whitehall Building, 17 Battery Place, New York, if you happen to be looking out a window on the North River side at the right time, what you see is apt to be stimulating. First of all, this is how U. S. Lines' No. 2 ship, *S. S. America*, looked one fall day as she proceeded upriver to be assisted in docking at Pier 86 by four Moran tugs. That work boat in the right foreground could be

our *Elizabeth Moran*, with an Esso oil barge, on her way to refuel the *America* immediately following the docking.



## Quote, Quote, Unquote



Who's this? Malcolm W. MacLeod—if he isn't Scotch then neither is haggis—newest ocean towing estimator in Moran's sales department. He is a native of Boston, refreshingly young, but no novice in terms of marine experience. Look here: Graduated from Massachusetts Maritime Academy; messman aboard ocean tug *Joseph H. Moran, II*; entered U. S. Navy as an ensign; navigation, operations, supply officer aboard seagoing Navy tugs; left Navy as a lieutenant, (jg.) third mate aboard United Fruit *S. S. Talamanca*; second mate aboard *Joseph H. Moran, II*; assigned to Moran HQ as an offshore expert. Malcolm maintains a bachelor apartment at 410 West 24th St., Manhattan. Keeps his golf score in the 90s. . . . Any questions?

**MORE LATER** — Moran's annual Christmas party for office girls was held Dec. 16 at the Hotel Statler, N. Y.

## Oldest Tug in Service

Dear Mr. Munroe:

Perhaps it may interest my fellow tug-fans to know of the oldest tug in service at the present time. She is the Swedish vessel, *Drott, ex-Carl von Linnæ*. She was built of iron at Motala as long ago as 1849, so she has exceeded her century by eight years. She is now in service at Malmo, Sweden, and the fact that she is still washing around is a glowing tribute to the skill of her long-vanished builders. Sweden also operates the tugboat *Prinz Gustaf*. She dates from 1855, and she also came from the Motala yard. I hope this is of some interest to your readers.

JOHN ANDERSON  
(Falkirk, Scotland.)

## Man Should Glean

(The New York Times, Nov. 20th)

The sorrowing perceive they cannot weel

The measure of the sea with all their fears,

Nor angry men defile it, nor compel  
Its turbulence to quiet for their fears.

The sea could bury a roe, and the  
tide would rise

No higher on the sand — the taste  
would be

Only of clean salt water in the sun,  
Ocean primordial, unspent and free.

Brooding upon the sea, a man must wish  
To share his mortal venture with the  
brave,

Improvident as golden-bellied fish  
That leap like javelins above the wave.

A man should glean until he falls  
asleep

In life, the incorruptible and deep.  
ROSALIE BOYLE

## Aerial Pix Noted

Dear Sir:

We thought it might interest you to know about the numerous comments we have had, from people in New York as well as in other parts of the country, on the excellence of your August issue, in which several of our aerial photos appeared. May we add our compliments on an excellent presentation?

STAN GILBERT  
(140 Pearl, 105 Water Sts., N. Y.)

P.S.—Your company and others we have served should know John Rogers is no longer associated with us, but Flying Camera, Inc., is still doing business at the same old stand.

**DOUBLE DUTY DAY** — Sometimes the passenger liners arrive or depart so close together that dockings can be taken care of serially and quickly by the same tugs. This autumn day the *S. S. Queen of Bermuda* was assisted into her berth at Pier 95, North River, by Alice M. Moran, Carol Moran and Susan A. Moran. They shifted muy pronto then to dock the Cunarder *S. S. Media* at Pier 92 (background). . . . Never a dull moment in the "M" fleet some days. We like it that way too.



(Continued from Page 2)

a special engineering course at Purdue University. He is ship's magician in addition to his regular duties, and many a half dollar and lighted cigarette disappear before mystified eyes while the *David E.* proceeds on her way.

The pilot, who was making his acquaintance with the Mississippi for the first time and distrusted her completely, is Bill Radford of Paducah, Ky.

"I was born and raised on another river, fourth generation of river men on my mother's side. My daddy was the only outsider. He was a railroad man," Radford said.

First mate is William P. (Ike) O'Donoghue of Hardinsburg, Ky., who is saving his money for a farm.

A veteran of 36 years on the river and third generation river man is Ralph McGee, Jackson, Mo., assistant engineer. Retired by the U. S. Engineers, McGee couldn't leave the river. A grandfather, he and his wife take auto trips to Texas, California, or wherever they choose, on his time off.

After 21 years on the river, Owen Morris of Cairo, Ill., still likes the work. A hunter on his off time, he is junior engineer on the *David E.*

Just youngsters on the river are Harry Robinson of Brandenburg, Ky., and Merle Thomas of Paducah, Ky., tankmen. They could exchange their caps and heavy gloves for handling "wires" for college-joe sweaters and loafers without notice. Merle is, in fact, a former ag student at a college in the Carolinas.

"River people aren't the roughnecks they used to be," Captain Bruno said emphatically. "We have lots of college boys working out here on vacation. Unions have made the difference in good wages, good food and quarters, and responsible workers.

"But I can remember when . . . It was rough here, believe me, when I started decking for \$1 a day as a runaway schoolboy. I can remember when you would be left on the river bank for complaining about the food. Knifing and shooting were everyday affairs."

"But the friendship and loyalty of one riverman for another is still the same," Captain Bruno declared. "A hard aground (broke) man can still get a 'sandbar' stake to tide him over.

"River men are not as superstitious as they used to be," here the captain knocked on wood.

"There's another saying, if you ever sleep on water, you'll come back to it," said the captain.

With these parting words, Captain Bruno put me ashore, camera in one hand and one of Suzie's feather-light chocolate cakes, a parting gift, in the other.

The *David E. Moran* swung back out into the main channel, back to work as part of a multimillion-dollar industry, hauling petroleum products on the nation's inland waterways.





### OIL MOVES BY WATER, TOO—

Like these New York State Barge Canal shots turned in by our indefatigable Fred Shipley? We do, especially if it's slightly out of season when we get around to using them, as in this instance. (You know: "In the good ol' s-u-m-m-er time...") Anyway, here is one of Fred's favorite canals, the Marie S. Moran, with the Texas Company petroleum barge, Texaco No. 397, capacity about 17,000 barrels, just below Lock 2, Oswego Division, Fulton, N. Y. (left), and again in Lock 7, at Oswego—one of the Lake Ontario ports setting great store by what the St. Lawrence Seaway will do for them when it is fully operating. Incidentally, nice tugboating in season.

### Mothball Fleet

(The New York Times, Oct. 23, 1957)

The river brings their breathing from the sea,  
But they have turned its color into rust;  
Their lungs, left soft without the treat of man,  
Are clogged with departed battle dust;  
And they lift not those passions freighted once  
Into the dull lands, where the shells  
shout sounds  
And swept their heavy decks of passengers—  
Now armistice has ceased their bloody rounds.  
Now only eerie gulls attain these masts  
Where once scared soldiers raked their eyes to fate,  
And asked clean skies for life, and wrote their families,  
Got off in mudfields to defend the state—  
No soldiers pace here now, no shrapnel growls;  
Like old men, troopships rest the river-side,  
Too tired to recall their escapades,  
Or hear the sad complaints of those who died.

ROBERT REISS

(Washington Park, N. J.)

### Tug's Working Day Filmed

Dear Mr. Hennessey:

The third generation of my family has gone down to the sea—to meet the ships.

Thanks to you, my son's education for the steamship business was definitely broadened by observing a hard-working tug, *Barbara Moran*, in action. Mr. Finnegan, your dispatcher, arranged for us to board the *Barbara*, and although I have been in the business almost 20 years I never realized the advantages of having a network of tugs throughout the harbor to back you up.

Capt. G. Sahlberg was extremely courteous and helpful to my three guests, as we recorded *Barbara's* working day with 160 color shots, 30 black-and-white, and 200 feet of color movies. With these shots I can prove to my wife that a tug is not just clean, but photogenic—as any woman should be.

The engineer, whose job is not publicity, spoke candidly and freely of the high morale and pride Moran-men have for their fleet. Perhaps Tow Line is responsible, but the men they associate with, the way they are treated, and the equipment they use seemed more convincing.

I wish to thank you again for the arrangements you made and the kind treatment we received aboard your vessel...

SPENCER S. MULLER

(Alcoa Steamship Co., New York)

ITEM—"Moran Relies on RCA Radio for Vital Marine Communications," a seven-page profusely illustrated feature, in Vol. VI, No. 2, (Summer, 1957) of *Communications News*, published by the Communications Products Dept., Radio Corporation of America, Camden, N. J. The front cover was a reproduction of Lili Réthi's Tow Line cover for Aug. '56.

## All One...

(Continued from Page 6)

pushing, moved in towards the pier.

Two more whistles from the *Goodfellow* told the *Maira* to stop her engines. Then the *Howard* left her position on the port bow, and deftly slipped around the bow to the starboard side.

Putting her engines into reverse, the *Howard* pulled the *Goodfellow's* bow out so that she was now parallel with the pier.

### Two-tug Team

Then the two tugs, working together, gently eased her against the pier.

While dockhands made fast the *Goodfellow*, the *Maira* and *Howard* remained alongside. Finally Wee gave a series of short toots, and a *Goodfellow* deckhand cast off the *Maira's* line.

Wee listened to the sound of the toots. "There's going to be fog again tonight," he remarked casually. "I can tell by the sound."

Wee picked up the radio mouthpiece. "*Maira* to 17. Finished 1345."

"17 to *Maira*. Pick up pilot at end of dock and head back to Pier 1."

### Running Light

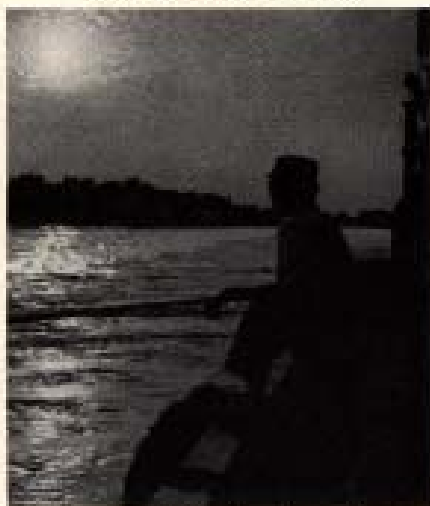
Once outside the breakwater, Wee opened up the *Maira*, and she ploughed through the light seas. She soon overtook the Navy *LST Krishna* which was entering the East River with her white-clad crew lined up on deck. In the distance was the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. Even further the hills of Staten Island rose from the bay.

For Wee, his work was just starting. Later in the afternoon he was to help take out the liner *America*. Most of the night would probably be spent towing a mud scow out past the four-mile limit. And the following day...

"You never know what you're going to be doing from one minute to the next in this racket," he remarked.

ECHO—Capt. Ernest Clothier, president, New York Sandy Hook Pilots Ass'n, speaking at a Foreign Commerce Club dinner: "New York has the best allied maritime services of any port in the world."

## End of a Perfect Day



Cooks aboard inland waterways tugs generally "hit the sack" early—and no wonder. Sometimes, though, it is not easy to leave the scenic beauties of such rivers as the Mohawk, Oneida, Seneca and Oswego (all part and parcel of the New York State Barge Canal) even for the comforts of a bunk. Here George M. Turner, 206 West Seneca St., Oswego, chef of the *Marie S. Moran* at the time—now on the *Agnes A. Moran*—hangs on for the sunset and afterglow effect as his tug, plying the Oswego Division, approaches Three Rivers. George has been a *Moran* employee since August 1933.—Photo by Shipley.

## Referred to Mr. Sears

Dear Sir:

Have just received the latest issue of your *Tow Line*, and as usual was very happy to come home from work to find it waiting for me. On Page 12, in connection with the English shipbuilder photo, you state that the model behind the boy in the picture might be the *Saxonia*. I believe it is either the *Media* or the *Parthia*, as they are sisters. Hope I am right.

JOSEPH NOBLE

(115th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.)

**DUPLICATE EDITOR**—Yates Catlin, formerly public relations director for American Waterways Operators, Inc., a *TOW LINE* friend of long standing, has been named managing editor of *The Mariner* and *World Ports* magazines. We congratulate him and them.

## Fancy Photo Feature

Mr. Editor:

You would not be the one to miss that fine four-page spread, "M' Means Maneuverability—etc.," in the September issue of *The Texas Company* magazine, *Texasco Topics*, would you?

B. S. F.

(Mount Vernon, Ind.)

## Tug 'Edmond J. Moran' Encounters Trouble In North Atlantic; Weather Snarls Rescue

**G**ERMAN-FLAG *S. S. HELGA BOGE*, 3,507 DWT, owned by J. M. K. Blumenthal, Hamburg, was in trouble in the North Atlantic. She was en route from Gaspé, Canada, to Port-St. Louis on the Rhone River delta, France, and suffered engine failure Nov. 17th 720 miles SE of Halifax, N. S.

Our ocean tug *Edmond J. Moran* (Capt. Alexander Stewart) departed New York that day. She sighted the cripple Nov. 22nd about 200 miles SE of that original position, made up the tow, and was under way at 0610 in "rough northwesterly" weather, for Halifax. It wouldn't be easy.

On the 24th, the *Edmond J.*'s log shows, a northeast wind (force 8) shifted to southwest and back again. The next day there was a very heavy WNW swell. The tug and tow pitched and rolled heavily—and no wonder.

When the master of the *Helga Boge*

signaled the towing penant was breaking, Captain Stewart slowed up, heaved in cable, and (26th) shackled it to the ship's anchor chain.

On the 27th it was even worse—"very rough . . . wind force 10." With eight layers of cable and two shots of anchor chain out, deteriorating weather made it necessary to let go. (Standby interval: 24 hr. 43 min.)

The following day it was still very rough, but the *Edmond J.* made up to the ship and resumed towing.

On the 29th, with the weather moderating a little, slow speed ahead on the *Helga Boge's* engines was ordered. This was a help.

It was Nov. 30th, off Chebucto Head, when the *Edmond J.* turned the rescued ship over to the tug *Foundation Victor* to be taken into Halifax harbor. A job well done!

It was a rough trip back to New York, too, according to log entries for Dec. 1st-Dec. 4th.

## Fleet Safety Record

The following captains and mates had no damages charged against them for the months of October and November, 1957:

*Agnes A.*, E. Costello, L. Richardson; *Alice M.*, E. Hoffman, J. Todesky, T. Ball, L. Foley, Anne, G. Hayes, J. Morin, W. Furey; *Barbara*, H. Sigmon, E. Allen, G. Sahlberg, J. Fagerstrom, Jr.; *Carol*, L. Thorsen, H. Pedersen, R. Hayes, Jr., J. Johnson; *Catherine*, J. Chartrand, T. Sweet; *Cathleen E.*, W. Waxin, H. Stensland, T. Gibney; *Chesapeake*, H. Becker; *Christine*, W. Anderson; *Claire A.*, F. Duffy, A. Duffy, H. Taft; *Cynthia*, C. March, J. Monahan, E. Erickson, M. Sullivan; *Diana L.*, J. Halling, E. Bergsted, W. Hennessey; *E. F. Moran*, Jr., J. Sahlberg, H. Prime, O. Ericson; *Edmond J.*, W. Baldwin, W. Mason, A. Joergenson, P. Gilje; *Eugene F.*, B. Scherer, P. Gaughran, A. Rowohl, W. Morrissey; *Harriet*, F. Perry, P. Short; *Helen B.*, T. Sorenson, R. Salvesen, M. Moen; *Howard*, H. Jacobson, A. Edlund; *Joseph H.*, H. J. Jenkins, O. Jungerman, C. Johnson; *Julia C.*, T. Nielsen, J. Blaha; *M. Moran*, J. Barlow, G. Ackerman, D. Cordwell; *Margaret A.*, C. Westervelt, I. Nordberg; *Margot*, V. Daisey, C. Norall, P. Berg; *Marie S.*, J. Peterson; *Marion*, E. Dexter, D. Polistock; *Mary*, E. Prendergast, W. Karwoski; *Michael*, B. Dorley, V. Smith; *Molva*, M. Grimes, H. Wee, W. Hayes, J. Cray; *Ned*, G. Sanshagrin; *Pauline L.*, R. Poissant, J. Smith, R. Hayes, Sr.; *Peter*, G. Drysten, B. Kenny, S. Sivertsen; *Sheila*, R. Freeman; *Susan A.*, K. Buck, H. Olsen, J. Joergenson, C. Carlson; *Walter L.*, Messck, P. Bogovitch; *William I.*, A. Munson, E. Knutsen.

## Knows His Channels



"Hoop" Vermilyea—Harold J., if you want to be fussy about it—51 Third St., Waterford, N. Y., mate aboard the *Marie S. Moran*, takes his steering seriously. That's a good fault, too, if most of your time is spent following often tortuous inland waterways channels. He says his name is Dutch, not French, as you might suspect, and his family has lived in the Hudson River country for a 1-a-n-g time. He has been with this company for six and a half years. Quote: "Nice guy . . . everybody likes him."



### Another Dutch Salute

Dear Mr. Editor:

It was a wonderful job you showed me in your August edition! You can be sure I spelled it from the first to the very last words, while my appreciation was growing higher all the time. Thank you for this very fine record.

Something else is, I am a collector of postcards of ships, of which I have some hundreds. Unfortunately, none of your very fine fleet is represented, although in my opinion they're worth a far better place. Could you help me? If I in turn can be of any service to you, please write.

W. J. TH. BOEKHORST  
(Rotterdam, Netherlands.)

*Morantow:* Deck barge, Orange, Tex., to Puerto Ordaz, Ven., 2,876 mi.



### ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY — At

Sparrow Hawk Point, 75 miles from the head of the St. Lawrence River and not far from Ogdensburg, N. Y., our tug *M. Moran* is shown (this picture was made the first week in November) tending a *Marritt-Chapman & Scott Corp.* dipper dredge. Entire islands and points of land are being removed in this area, the upper segment of the immense St. Lawrence Power Project, to accommodate the new seaway. In the background, but possibly not clearly discernible in this rainy day photo by Jeff Blinn, a shallow draft vessel is making her way up the existing Galop Canal towards the town of Cardinal, Canada. Regular *Moranmen* aboard the tug on this job are Capt. John Barlow and George Ackerman; Haakon Sande, chief engineer; and Raymond Billington, assistant engineer.

### Cooperation Appreciated

Dear Mr. Metzner:

I thought you would want to know of the excellent cooperation extended myself and photographer Todd Webb by the entire crew of the *Christine Moran* during our story assignment for "Texaco Topics." The hospitality of Capt. Rodney Jones made our day both enjoyable and fruitful. We are busy preparing both photographs and story for an upcoming issue, and will keep you posted on our progress. Again, thanks to "the big M."

ELLIOTT HEBERT, Staff Writer  
(*The Texas Company, New York*)

*Morantow:* Half of tanker, New York to Galveston, Tex., 1,983 miles.

### No Short Cuts



What it takes is a cleaning rag, a paint brush, and enough energy to balance your knowhow. On a recent visit to that specially constructed barge, *Moran No. 108*, Phtgr. Blinn discovered a really spotless craft and one of the men responsible for her condition. Day man Thomas Price, shows here putting the finishing touches on a bank of valves, came to us from England in April 1950. He and his wife, Margaret, reside at 61 Oakdale St., Great Kills, Staten Island. Tom takes pride in his work; you can see that.

### Home on the Range



No newcomer to Tow Line, or to the "M" fleet for that matter, is this competent cook, Lief Egeland, 944 Fifty-fourth St., Brooklyn. Judging by that layout of steak and potatoes, when this man-at-work shot was made in the galley of the *Diana L. Moran* he was giving his crew mates the full treatment. Since then he has moved over to the *Poullie L. Moran*, apparently preferring New York harbor and adjacent waters to the not infrequent ocean voyages of the *Diana L.* . . . What's for dessert, Lief? And another cup of that coffee please.

### Got a Spare Room, Tom?



Other people have all the luck; look like! As we shiver off to press with this Christmas issue, Thomas J. Anderson, 6 Water St., New York, a deckhand aboard various *Moran* tugs since 1934, is at 2100 S. W. 18th Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., recuperating from an operation. If he has the time and energy to do a little fishing in that latitude, we can recommend some productive spots. This night photo of Tom at work was made aboard the *Christine Moran*, alongside Swedish American Line's *M. V. Stockholm*. . . Hold her there!



**I**T WAS a needles and pins infested homeward-bound voyage in 1953 that brought Mate Jack Balsamo into port the very day his daughter Joane was born. "That did it!" he says.

After one more trip to sea he signed off—permanently, he told himself—and started looking for a job ashore. The F. W. Woolworth Co. (5¢ & 10¢) took him on as an assistant manager. It turned out to be a two-year stint; and "that's where I really learned something about handling people," he collects—which seems reasonable.

The next momentous decision Jack made, a fortunate one for Moran, his superiors agree, followed the birth of his son Stephen in 1955. This took him to Moran's personnel office, where he was given an assignment as a deckhand aboard the tug *William J. Moran*.

In March 1956, less than a year later—partly as the result of a New York University aptitude test that turned out very favorably—he was selected to fill a vacancy in the dispatching staff at company headquarters. That's what he is doing now, from 3 p.m. until midnight.

Jack fairly bristles with confidence. "Nothing ruffles me," he says; and it must be agreed that's a terrific asset if you aspire to a permanent berth on Nick Bodlovic's highly efficient dis-



Jack Balsamo

patching team. It is an exacting job, calling for prompt and decisive action. Could he be picked up the knack as a consistent ground gainer on the Samuel J. Tilden High School football team.

Following his graduation from that school in 1947, our boy started a nautical career—at the bottom, as an ordinary seaman aboard ships of major American oil companies. This was pretty routine stuff, you gather, at least for the first four years.

Then he met Miss Joan Zutlas, who straightway became Mrs. Balsamo.

A tour of the Sheepshead Bay Maritime school, also in Brooklyn, got him going on a third mate's license, awarded upon his graduation in 1952.

Do-it-yourself carpentry around the homestead, 2155 East Ninth St., Brooklyn, and golf in the 90s—Jack says; any challengers around Moran HQ?—occupy a good deal of his free time.

That son, Stephen, is already a celebrity of sorts at the tender age of two, as a winner in more than one beautiful baby contest. We hear the boy's picture adorned the Leica Photography magazine, which "ain't hay" exactly, one is obliged to agree.

Impatient to add to his knowledge, Moran-man Balsamo is trembling on the verge of a sortie into the realm of higher education. It would seem that we're likely to hear a good deal about this fellow anon.

H. J. B.

#### Acknowledgements, Regards

Gentlemen:

Herewith I confirm having received, always in good order, several issues of your splendid bi-monthly *TOW LINE*. I take this opportunity to thank you and to say that we appreciate and enjoy its contents. Please extend my kindest regards to Captains Snyder, Hayes and Croy.

CAPT. G. L. ARMSTRONG  
(Retired from United Fruit Co.,  
S.S. *Parissmina*; Lakewood, N. J.)

There is some supplementary intelligence now concerning that Miss Christian whose name (as an associate) has been missing from the masthead of this jouncing journal since the June issue.

She is with the Air Forces Exchange Service in Wiesbaden, Germany, as secretary to the Chief of the Merchandise & Sales Division. Lives at the new, exclusive Amelia Earhart Hotel. Has already traveled to Switzerland—climbed the Jungfrau; visited Interlaken, Montreux, Basel, Neuchatel, etc.—and has poked about in Munich and the environs of south-western Germany. Loves it, she says, but misses Moran T. & T. Co. and all hands ashore and afloat "so much."

It was a boy, back in mid-summer, for the Fred Stickle of Coytesville, N. J.—Gregory Scott, 7 lb, 12 oz., born June 12 in Beth Israel Hospital, Manhattan. Fred is a deckhand on the *Harriet Moran*. The youngster is their first born.

**HIGH SEAS LIBRARY**—The American Merchant Marine Library Ass'n currently is making its 23rd annual appeal for books and funds to continue and expand its activities as "the public library of the high seas." The headquarters address: 45 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y. Your help is needed.

#### NOW HEAR THIS!

Tow Line needs and wants contributions from every unit of the Moran fleet—deep sea, coastwise, harbor, inland waterways.

Ye Editor is not (repeat not) clairvoyant. Somebody has to tell him the news before it can be printed.

This is a forlorn fact, and it is especially true of the "Ashore & Afloat" department, which should consist entirely of newsy notes regarding our shoreside staff and Moran-men aboard the tugs — and/or their families, it goes without saying.

A postcard will do. Just be sure names, addresses, dates and other facts are correct. Good snapshots—personal or something of general interest in the work category—are always welcome.

Send in your own items. You know the score better than anyone else.



There has been excitement recently in the family of Joseph C. Finnegan, one of Moran's first-string dispatchers. It seems that daughter Kathleen M. and son Joseph C., Jr., junior and sophomore, respectively, in Bay Shore High School, Bay Shore, L. I., were selected as members of an All-State High School Orchestra that was a center of attraction Dec. 7 in Rochester, N. Y. The aggregation consists of about 100 pieces, and its members are chosen from all sections of the state on the basis of auditions said to be unusually exacting. Joe, Sr., says this distinction is the highest honor of its kind a high school student can achieve, and presumably two in the same family simultaneously is a rare occurrence. Miss Kathleen, a repeater, plays string bass; young Joe, trumpet.

"Here is a picture of one of the bass I caught at Lake Cobbeesee, Maine, while on vacation this summer," writes Thomas Livsey, 69 Eighth Street, New York, engineer aboard the tug *Peter Moran*. We are pleased to cooperate in publicizing his 4½-pounder, since it is a pretty respectable specimen of that small-mouth variety. The date was August 1, and it must have put up a memorable fight. The angler has been employed by Moran since April 20, 1952. . . . Knows his engines, too.



"Tom"

**BUT A BOSUN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE**—Even on a long ocean tow there is always plenty to keep the crew of a tug busy. Here is Albert C. Hagy slushing down one of the aftermast stays of our Joseph H. Moran, II—i.e., smearing it with a gooey mixture of white lead and tallow. This tow, a derrick barge and a deck barge from Pier 18, Staten Island, to Bahía de Amuay, Venezuela, was in the Windward Passage at the time, and, whatever the season, it would be safe to assume dat ol' tropical sun was making itself felt. . . . We'd be afraid of fresh air poisoning!

**ADD DECK SPORTS**—Here we are again aboard the ocean tug Joseph H. Moran, II, this time returning to New York light from Amuay Bay, Ven. (See photo in opposite corner, this page.) Off Nuevitas, Cuba, a seaport town in the Province of Camaguey, John Kovarik, the 8-to-12 ailer, thought he would see what could be done with a trolling rig. He soon found out when this barracuda, "the tiger of the sea," hit the bait and was hauled aboard. The after-deck superintendent is Mario Frantecchi, messman at the time. . . . If anyone inquires, that 'cuda would be pretty good eating.

### Service Appreciated

Dear Ed (Admiral Moran):

Once again it is my pleasure to express the gratitude of Farrell Lines for exemplary service performed by the men of Moran Towing & Transportation Co.

On Sunday morning, Oct. 6, the *S.S. Lynn Victory* parted mooring lines in a northeast storm while docked at Caven Point. Your tug *Maira Moran* responded with haste to the ship's call, to hold the vessel in position, thus preventing serious damage. The *Lynn Victory* was at that time without crew and was, therefore, unable to resecure the parted moorings. The men aboard your tug recognized this need by boarding the vessel and assisting in handling the lines. This example of consideration and service beyond expectation is sincerely appreciated.

We wish also to note the assistance performed by your dispatcher, Danny Nelson, in his efforts to contact Farrell Lines personnel at their homes, to advise them of this situation.

GEORGE WAUCHOPE, Exec. V.P.  
(Farrell Lines, 26 Beaver St., N.Y.)

**DIED, Sept. 23, 1957, of a brain tumor: Norman J. Kelloway, aged 9, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kelloway, 796 Delafield Ave., Staten Island. Mr. Kelloway, Sr., is a dispatcher for Amboy Tows, Moran's affiliate in the Kills.**



In due course, as you might say—an item about their marriage appeared in our August 1956 issue—a peculiarly appropriate announcement by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel V. Jones, Jr., turned up on this editorial desk. (He's a junior member of Moran's dispatching staff.) We give it to you in the language of their "birth-o-gram" card:

*"(The Joneses) announce the launching of the newest addition to their family fleet. . . Donna Patricia, on Friday, Nov. 8, 1957. Displacement, 8 lb. 1 oz. Fuel, milk. Moisture-proof hatch covers. Construction cost, a military secret by authority of the Married-time Commission. Smooth sailing expected after shakedown cruise at 384 Pelton Ave., Staten Island 10, N. Y."*

Very incomplete particulars, wouldn't you say? Nothing about length, breadth or depth; nothing about improvements in design and outfitting; nothing about BHP and RPMs. No gyrocompass? No loran? No depth finder? . . . Lloyd's Register and the Record of the American Bureau of Shipping will require more details.

Mary Samuels, operating department secretary, acknowledges being a little confused—secretly flattered, probably—when she returned to work the morning of Oct. 21, following a long and especially troublesome illness. The upper bay was alive with tooting tugs and other harbor craft in full dress. Fireboats were doing their stuff. Lower Broadway, Whitehall Street, South Ferry and the Battery seawalls were jammed with expectant throngs. . . . How was Mary to know the all-out welcome was for Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip?

