

# TOW LINE



JUNE, 1959

## ON THE COVER—

**O**N THIS PARTICULAR SPRING EVENING, having worked late in Manhattan offices, if homeward bound Brooklynites had glanced over their right shoulders here is the pleasing view they would have had from our photographer's vantage point on Manhattan Bridge. (You'll never see it in the country anyway!)

A dramatic sky just before sunset silhouettes a few spires of the financial district and the lower Broadway-Battery areas. We forbear to identify any buildings on the grounds that an imaginative reader might be thinking about the Taj Mahal or some such "stately pleasure-dome" as Kubla Khan decreed, according to Coleridge.

Through the supporting cables of Brooklyn Bridge, a masher shot to the westward, stands the familiar form of Miss Liberty—75 years old on May 21, although you would never suspect it; while below on the seldom traffic-free waters of the East River a tug sandwiched between two carfloats proceeds downstream, another (possibly of the Moran fleet) in the opposite direction.

Photo fans may be interested in knowing this shot was made with a Rolleiflex equipped with an f:3.5/75 mm. Zeiss Tessar lens, loaded with Kodak Panatomic X film. The exposure was one stop under an incident light meter reading, at a shutter speed of 1/250th of a second—to smooth out vibrations caused by B.M.T. trains rumbling over the bridge in both directions. Film development in FR X-22 was slightly forced. . . . After that, printing was no problem, our man says.

A lot of people seem to like these harbor shots.



*Moran's European Agents.* ENGLAND: James A. McLaren & Co., 65 Bishopsgate, London, E. C. 2; SCOTLAND: Henry Abram, Ltd., 163 Hope Street, Glasgow, C. 2; NORWAY: Henning Astrup A/S, Fridtjof Nansens plass 4, Oslo; Birger Gjestland A/S Kang 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 Krogus & 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, Alameda de Recalde 30, Bilbao; ITALY: Marittima Internazionale-Marinter S.p.A., Via alla Porta degli Archi 3/7, Genoa; GREECE: The Saparta Agency Co., Ltd., P.O.B. 21, Piraeus.



Vol. XII, No. 2

Published by

June, 1959

MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC.

17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.

Cable Address: MORANTOW

R. M. Munroe, Editor

Jeff Blinn, Associate

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

## Harbor Work Calls for Top Skills, Equipment

**M**AKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT: docking, sailing and transporting ships in Atlantic ports of the United States, especially the biggest ships in the busiest ports, can never be as simple as countless newspaper and magazine stories and pictures lead the uninitiated to believe. Top-notch men and equipment make such operations *look* easy, that's all.

In truth, diverse maritime skills of the highest order are constantly being brought into play in handling passenger liners and freighters (particularly today's deep-draft super-tankers) in, say, New York harbor. And when it comes to tugs, there is no substitute whatever for design based on long experience, plus more than adequate power and, of course, maneuverability. Ours are "Best in the Business."

Below is an uncommonly graphic, self-explanatory aerial photograph (by B. J. Nixon, Jr.) of such an opera-

tion in Norfolk, Va. Here you see the Curtis Bay Towing Co. tugs *Hawk* and *Cavalier* assisting the Cunard liner *Media* to sail from the American Tobacco Co. dock, where she loaded passengers and cargo for another transatlantic voyage. Their foamy wakes in the dark water of Chesapeake Bay emphasize the *sine qua non* — the without-which-not — of tugboating in such circumstances. It is the old, old story: fully experienced pilots and crews working with dependable power, speed and maneuverability. Naturally, the related skills and cooperation of the shipmaster and his crew also are essential factors here.

Moreover, this is an interesting view of a section of Norfolk waterfront, which dates back to early times and will become, we think, increasingly important in American maritime life. Two other Curtis Bay tugs are moored alongside their company headquarters (left center).



# City School Ship Trains Youngsters for Sea

By ALLAN KELLER

**A** NEW YORKER who uses the East River Drive every week day, morning and evening, turned to a friend one day and said: "How in thunder can a ship line make money when it keeps a vessel tied up all the time. I've never seen that *John W. Brown* move ten feet."

That's what he got for driving so fast he never had time to read the words under the freighter's name. Those additional words, "Metropolitan Vocational High School, Board of Education, the City of New York," tell the story. The *John W. Brown* is the only school ship in the United States owned by a city, and it has turned out thousands of young graduates who either went to sea as able seamen or continued on at state or federal training schools to get additional training as merchant officers.

Except that the propeller is disconnected—officials didn't want an over enthusiastic student body to build up a head of steam and ram the former Liberty ship up on the Drive—the *Brown* is ready to go to sea.

## Former Liberty Ship

The story of the school ship's beginnings combines a bit of foresight with a lot of luck. Years ago New York had an old sailing ship on which a few boys were trained for the seafaring life, but for decades the busiest harbor in the world had neglected to give its sons a chance to learn the ways of the sea. Then came the end of the second World War. Surplus Liberty ships were a dime a dozen. The government gave the *Brown* to New York in one of those deals where Father Knickerbocker agreed to pay a dollar a year and keep the ship seaworthy.

So since 1946 about 400 boys a year have learned marlinspike seamanship, elementary piloting, cargo stowage, small boat handling, wire splicing and the like. Some of them with a fondness



The *John W. Brown* is "about the only maritime high school in the United States."

for engines have done their studying in the engine room, serving as oilers, wipers and firemen. A smaller group of apprentices serves in the steward's department, learning to be waiters, stewards and cooks and bakers.

Academic training is not forgotten. One week is spent in a conventional high school at subjects like mathematics, science, history and English for every week spent on the school ship, moored at the foot of East 25th Street, East River.

At night the old Liberty ship chafes at her moorings with only a few guards aboard. Then with the coming of morning she springs to life as scores of eager young boys swarm up the steep gangplank and report for work. About a dozen instructors, no one of whom has spent less than nine years at sea, start them off in machine repair, bench and pipe work. The boys are taught how to handle lines, chip paint, lower and raise small boats and some tricks of radio communications.

Within the first week the young students learn that a wall is not a wall but a bulkhead, that floors are decks, stairs are ladders, that books, special cloth-

ing and tools are gear, and that a man goes topside or below, never upstairs or downstairs.

Dr. William T. Hudtwalker is principal of the maritime school. Capt. Joseph W. Schellings is chairman of the maritime department and teacher-in-charge aboard the ship. The curriculum they have worked out has two main paths to follow. One prepares a boy to go aboard ship after four years and serve with seaman's papers while the other, with more emphasis on academic work, qualifies the boys to continue at such an institution as Kings Point, Fort Schuyler, the Maine Maritime Academy at Castine, or its opposite number in Massachusetts.

Better than a quarter of all the boys have gone on to advanced training at one of the training ships, marine academies or colleges. As Captain Schellings likes to put it, it would take a full-time secretary just to keep track of the graduates who have gone into the Navy, Coast Guard, and American merchant marine.

## Education Is a Help

"It makes you mighty proud to have the old boys come back for a visit," said Captain Schellings. "And it does the current class a world of good to have these men tell the new boys how much their education will help them as they work their way up at sea."

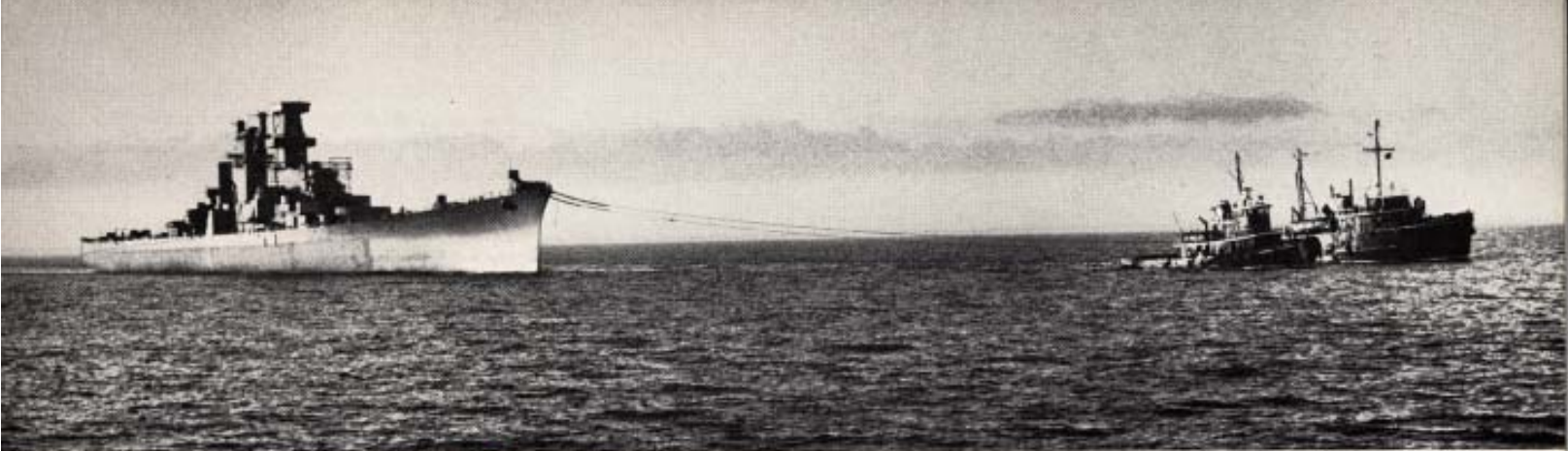
Many of the shipping firms that serve New York City go out of their way to take school ship graduates. Standard Oil of New Jersey, Socony, Farrell Lines, Moran Towing and Transportation Co., and the Army Corps of Engineers, all have shown fine spirit in opening their lists to boys from the *John W. Brown*.

Captain Schellings likes to tell of men like Capt. Joseph Cannon of Farrell Lines, who left the school ship and "went up through the hawse pipe" to his present high rank in the line that serves West, South and East Africa.

(Continued on Page 15)

Varied training is first order of business on school ship *John W. Brown*. Capt. Joseph W. Schellings is shown (right) in first photo below.





**NEVER FIRED A SHOT**—What an impressive battle record the Navy's cruiser *Hawaii* might have rolled up if the war had continued long enough for her to get into action in the Pacific must be left to the imagination. Even uncompleted, as you see her here, she looks formidable enough for the roughest duty—undoubtedly would have been. The *Hawaii's* keel was laid in 1943 in the New York Shipbuilding Corp. yard, Camden, N. J., but work was suspended at the 82% stage, alas. A few particulars: length, 808 feet; beam, 91 feet; draft, 27 feet; decommissioned weight, 26,200 tons. This frustrated warship was towed, last month, from the Philadelphia Navy Yard to Newport News, Va., by the tugs *Marion Moran* (Capt. James W. Jenkins, in charge) and *Diana L. Moran* (Capt. Jens C. Halling)—a comparatively short 257-mile haul, which nonetheless cannot be pigeon-holed as commonplace. Our Baltimore technician-artist, Hans Marx, made this incisive photo in the vicinity of Thimble Shoals light as the ocean tow entered Hampton Roads on the morning of May 20.



## Port Authority Honors Vice Chairman on Birthday; E. F. Moran Will Retire June 30

**EUGENE F. MORAN, SR.**, has been around a long time—87 years as of March 24, to be exact—and it is generally acknowledged that he knows about his specialty, the water traffic of the Port of New York, whatever an alert and doggedly determined individual can learn in that time.

At a dinner in his honor on his birthday, just too late for our last issue, Mr. Moran, vice chairman of the Port of New York Authority, was awarded the organization's Distinguished Service Medal. Eighty-five guests, including his fellow commissioners, members of the family, and intimate friends, paid their respects to "E. F.," who also is chairman of the board of directors, Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc.

Donald V. Lowe, chairman of the Port of New York Authority, in presenting the medal said:

"It is a mark of our deep affection and respect for the Commissioner as a man eternally young in spirit and sturdy of heart, in recognition of his outstanding contributions to the Port Authority and, above all, an expression of our profound appreciation of his

lifetime of service to the people, ships and cargoes of the port of New York."

It has been announced that Mr. Moran will resign as a commissioner the last day of this month.

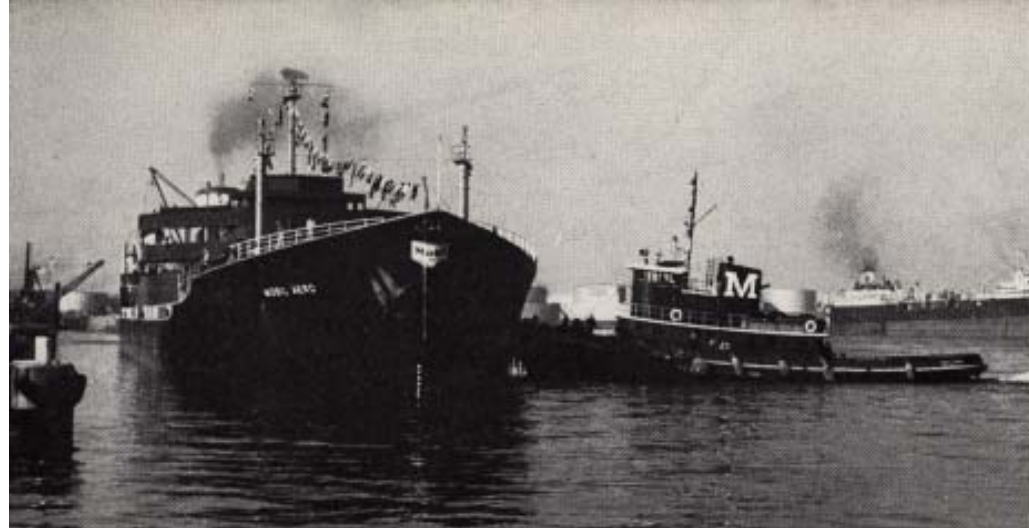
He was appointed to the P. of N.Y.A. in 1942 by Gov. Herbert Lehman, and was reappointed in 1948 and again in 1954 by Gov. Thomas E. Dewey. For many years he was chairman of the Rivers, Harbors and Piers Committee of the Maritime Association of the Port of New York.

With Louis Reid of the New York Journal-American, Mr. Moran is author of "Tugboat—The Moran Story," published in 1956 by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. "Famous Harbors of the World," another of his books, was published simultaneously in 1951 by Random House, New York, and Random House of Canada, Ltd., Toronto. This volume, one of the publisher's Gateway Books, was illustrated by Elton C. Fax. There was a second printing in 1953.

One of his daughters, Mrs. Helen M. Warren, lives with him at 45 Ocean Avenue, Bay Shore, Long Island.

**NORTHWEST PASSAGE**—First integrated barge tow to reach St. Paul, Minn., early this spring was Moran Inland Waterways Corp.'s towboat *Betty Moran* with a 1,000-footer (four gasoline barges), pushed up the Mississippi River from Lockport, Ill., to arrive April 5. Capt. Paul Lemke brought Intercity Nos. 3, 11, 13 and 14, loaded with 72,000 barrels, through nearly two-foot-thick ice in Lake Pepin, about 40 miles downstream from St. Paul, before the 900-odd-mile voyage ended at the Texaco, Inc., tank farm, foot of Montreal Avenue. This was Captain Lemke's first look at the Twin Cities, according to the caption under this photo in the St. P. Dispatch; but some interesting shots made by local TV station newsreel crews turned out to be unsuitable for reproduction here. That is the 2,160-horsepower *Betty Moran* just over the skipper's shoulder, the First National Bank Bldg., St. Paul, in the distance.






**SOCONY MOBIL TANKSHIP**—"We thought that you might find use for the attached picture of your tug *Diana L. Moran* helping to dock our new 30,000-ton tanker *S.S. Mobil Aero*," David S. Nye, Socony Mobil Oil Co. publications assistant, signalled Tow Line promptly. "The *Mobil Aero* made her first trip into New York on Tuesday, May 5, and discharged a full cargo at Port Socony, Staten Island." Mr. Nye was right; we have found use for it, and we're obliged to him for thinking in this channel. The tanker was launched Dec. 30, 1958, at the Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co. yard, Chester, Pa. She is 641 feet long overall, with a molded breadth of 84 feet and a molded depth of 45 feet. Her cargo capacity—take a deep breath now—is 259,000 barrels. Shaft horsepower (maximum), 17,600; speed, 17½ knots.

# Strength For This Day

By EARL L. DOUGLASS, D.D.

## THE LITTLE TUGS

**H**AVE YOU SAT before your television screen and watched the big liner, the *United States*, come into dock?

It takes a lot of tug power to get the big ship there and get her out again.

The ship is certainly one of the most beautiful creations ever drawn up by naval architects. But I was also impressed by the little tugs.

The big liner would be useless—it would be helpless and unable to take on or discharge cargo and passengers—unless the little tugs brought her into dock and took her out again into the broad harbor.

These little tugs remind me of the parts you and I play in life. There is nothing particularly stately or outstanding in our endeavors. We work for a living and go along doing the work for corporations or distinguished bosses or great institutions—but we are only little tugs. But where would the liner be without the little tugs, and where would the world be without its myriads of insignificant persons?

I wonder if it thrills you as it does me, that even the big liner needs the little tugs?

*(From the Toledo, Ohio, Blade. Reprinted by permission of Columbia Features, Inc.)*

**Who said it?** "Ten thousand men on the pay-roll, and forty freighters at sea!" (Page 13, Item 1)

**Who said it?** "You can do business with anyone, but you can only sail a boat with a gentleman." (Page 13, Item 2)

**Who said it?** "It is not the going out of port but the coming in that determines the success of a voyage." (Page 13, Item 3)

**WARRIORS AND WORKERS**—Whether it is the Navy's newest and largest attack carrier *Independence*, bound down the East River to sea (New York Herald Tribune photo by Nat Fein, left), the carrier *Tarawa*, headed for a North River berth, or the carrier *Saratoga*, being threaded between the Battery and Governors Island, the big fighters always require a flotilla of tugs when they are in the Port of New York—the busiest in the world, probably it is unnecessary to point out again. (Whose tugs? These photographs, among others, speak for themselves.) Such vessels can't very well maneuver alone in these close quarters; tugs, often the maximum number, are assigned to do the necessary. The *Independence* shoved off on active duty April 15. The date of the other two photos was April 3 . . . Good sailing! Good luck!



# Nuclear Age Holds With Launching Tradition

By JACQUES NEVARD

**O**N THE 21ST OF JULY, the world's first atomic powered passenger and cargo liner is scheduled to go sliding down the inclined building ways into the turbid waters of the Delaware River—the most modern merchant ship ever built. But whatever else may be radical about the *N. S.* (nuclear ship) *Savannah*, one very important detail will hew close to tradition. That will be the ceremony immediately preceding the launching.

Why bother with such an archaic holdover when they will be dealing with a \$42,000,000 showcase of everything that's new at sea? Simply because the *Savannah* is going to sea; and as maritime traditionalists see it, the sea is no more likely to respect a nuclear power plant than it did a steam turbine or a reciprocating steam engine or a diesel, or for that matter sails or oars or any of the other ways men have used in their unceasing efforts to tame the sea. In short, technical advances are all very well, but what's wanted for a ship about to embark on a career at sea is a little bit of luck, and that requires more than just a casual nod to King Neptune.

## Important Question

Just what will constitute a fitting launching rite for the *Savannah* is a subject that has occupied maritime bigwigs for more than a year, and those responsible for it aren't telling yet. But while there doubtless will be some change in the ritual to acknowledge the revolutionary source of power, the form of the ceremony will be much closer to sailing ship days than will be the form of the ship. As seafaring men know, a proper launching ceremony is as necessary to a ship's good fortune as a legal wedding is to a lady's good name.

One big indication that the amenities would be observed was the announcement that Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower will sponsor the ship. That is, unless all precedent is to be broken, the First Lady will mount a gaily festooned stand at the bow of the ship, grasp the neck of a be-ribboned, wire-mesh-wrapped bottle of champagne (undoubtedly an American vintage), and as the ship begins to slide down the ways, smash the bottle against the steel prow and declare, "I christen thee *Savannah*!"

Mrs. Eisenhower's acceptance of the invitation to act as sponsor was hailed



**PRELIMINARY SPLASH**—Julianne Mattimore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Mattimore of Bay Shore, L.I., christening the tug *Cynthia Moran* as she was launched December 4, 1956, at Jakobson's Shipyard.

as a major victory by those who would go all out to placate the forces of the deep, for it is well known by students of such lore that the higher the position of the sponsor, the better the chances for good luck. As usual, however, the ancient mariners among the onlookers will be hoping that her aim will be true and her arm strong, for among these purists, at any rate, a missed swing or an unbroken bottle is counted as reason for concern over a ship's future.

The lengths to which shipping men will go to avoid this kind of bad luck was illustrated a few years ago when Mrs. Richard M. Nixon, the wife of the Vice President, swung a bottle twice but failed to break it when she sponsored the new Grace liner *Santa Paula*. The crowd gasped as the liner sped down the ways, the unbroken bottle dangling from the end of a lanyard. But they reckoned without knowing that the yard, alert to such dangers, had stationed a man in the bow of the ship. He hauled up the lanyard and smashed the bottle against the stem just before the vessel slid into the water.

## Unscheduled Feature

The lanyard itself can be traced to a more painful incident. In 1811, George IV, then Prince Regent, invited a lady to launch a ship of the Royal Navy, the first of her sex in recorded history to serve in such a role—Helen of Troy notwithstanding. Unfortunately, the lady's aim was poor

and so was her grip. She missed the ship, the bottle flew from her hand and hit a spectator, who sued the Admiralty for damages.

The record does not state exactly what happened to that spectator, but it is assumed he fared better than some slaves the Vikings "invited" to attend launchings of the famed dragon-prowed longships that terrorized Europe in the Dark Ages. On special occasions slaves were bound to the logs over which the ships were rolled into the sea, the blood from their crushed bodies symbolizing literally the warships' first kill.

Incidentally, such a ceremony is not correctly called a christening, not only because it was pagan, but also because the ships were not named. Ships almost never had names until the late Middle Ages, but by the 15th Century, the naming of vessels had become a christening in every sense of the word. Thus a 1488 account of naming the English warship *Sovereign* relates that Henry VII and other notables stood by while the ship was blessed by "a mitred prelate with attendant train of priests and choristers, crozier in hand, candle, book, and bell, and holy water stoup."

## Modern Development

In certain European communities such customs, with few changes, survive to the present; but with the arrival of the Reformation in the northern maritime countries, the ceremonies there lost much of their formal religious significance and began to develop toward their modern form.

But whatever changes were made, the act of launching a ship always retained something of the mystical about it. The sheer excitement of the event caught the imaginations of all peoples who live near the sea, whether they likened it to a birth, the initiation of a new warrior, or a marriage. It was in terms of both birth and marriage that Longfellow described a ship in the seconds after the ways have been cleared:

She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And, if the 20th Century is not quite so lyrical, it doesn't mean that launching rites have lost their power over men. For proof, one need look no further than this World War II story. In

(Continued on Page 16)



## New York to Oswego Aboard 'Anne Moran'

**N**OW THAT the inland waterways season is in full swing again, join us on part of a 1,400-mile tow—Maine to Chicago.

Hop aboard our *Anne Moran* at Red Hook anchorage, New York harbor, as deckhand Berge Nordberg takes a line from Jack Wyatt, captain of Time's paper barge *N. L. Wallace*. (Shove off from upper left hand photo and steer clockwise course.) Meet Capt. George Hayes, tugmaster, as he receives radio-telephone orders from Moran Hq.

Now you're bound up-Hudson pushing a cargo of 2,000 tons of coated paper in rolls, and near Jones Point you pass an outbound ship. Next day you reach the junction of the Mohawk and Hudson Rivers and proceed west in the Erie section of the N. Y. State Barge Canal, passing a railroad bridge. See Nordberg splice a hawser, and get set for a tight squeeze as you enter Lock No. 2 at Waterford—one of several such.

Around midpoint of your 340-mile canal trip, look ahead under another of those bridges over the Mohawk (at Scotia?) before steward Euclides Bala calls you to a second hearty lunch aboard the tug.

Later, somewhere in the beautiful Mohawk Valley, you pass our *Harriet Moran*, downbound with the *Wallace's* sister barge *C. L. Stillman*. On the Rome level, one of those gorgeous summer sunsets; but next day on the Oswego section you watch closely as Captain Wyatt chips paint before the tow reaches the Lake Ontario port. Final photo: tug, in Oswego, has taken on water and is ready for her 1,050-mile St. Lawrence Seaway run.

*Photos by F. C. Shipley.*





## RECOMMENDED READING

**ZEE (SEA).** By Cees van der Meulen and Anthony van Kampen, with layouts by Dick Abbenes. Uitgeverij C. de Boer, Jr., Hilversum, Holland; 17.90 guilders (\$4.70).

**T**HROUGH the kindness of an esteemed contemporary, Mr. van Kampen, editor of a well known Dutch maritime magazine, *De Blauwe Wimpel* (The Blue Pennant), *Tow LINE* has come by a copy of this extremely interesting pictorial book, which is recommended with only one reservation.

The reservation is that Mr. van Kampen's text is in Dutch, alas—although a knowledge of the language is not essential to solid enjoyment of this selection of magnificent photographs of calm and stormy seas, dikes and dunes, picturesque beachcombers, lighthouses, gulls on the wing, wrecks, lifesavers and their equipment, vessels of various types in many circumstances (good and bad), fishermen, shipyards, etc. There must be around 120 such photos in all.

Mr. van der Meulen is a well known marine photographer in Holland. He has made countless dramatic pictures of the North Sea in all its nuances and of ships that sail on it and other seas. He is, you might say, the Dutch equivalent of the Rosenfelds of New York or Hans Marx of Baltimore—in short, good.

There is something to be said, too, for Mr. Abbenes, who has done a terrific job on the picture-and-text layouts.

*De Blauwe Wimpel*, issued by the same publisher, has been and is an excellent friend of Moran Towing & Transportation Co., and we are only too happy to recommend "Zee" to marine photo enthusiasts.

Although it is impractical to offer an adequate review here, while taking editorial note of Dutch books there's another worthy of consideration:

*"De Ontdekking van Amerika voor Columbus"* (The Discovery of America Before Columbus), by P. Verhoog; issued by the same publisher; 25 guilders (\$6.60).

Captain Verhoog, former commodore of Holland-America Line—see "Celebrated Shipmasters" profile of him in the June 1952 issue of *Tow LINE*—is noted for his books on the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, in which he has developed his own theory concerning that landfall in 1492—considered plausible by many experts.

Since his retirement in 1955, Captain Verhoog has made a thorough study of early civilizations of the Andes, Mexico and elsewhere in North America, as well as the lives and voyages of the Vikings. The result is this well documented book, copiously illustrated with photos, maps and pictures of pre-historic objects. There is also an extensive bibliography.

Incidentally, Captain Verhoog is an authority on both old and new Spanish literature, your reviewer happens to know. Probably that was very helpful to him.

**PATIENCE PAYS OFF**—Last winter we answered a request from a spare-time model builder for tug photos. "An old steam-type tug, please," Joseph B. Homan, 535 Birch Street, Reading, Pa., specified. And here's the result, after 300 hours of careful work and a trial run in the "city-block-square" reservoir over there. With 15 pounds of sheet lead in her hull for ballast, she performed like a real tug, Mr. Homan says. He built the model on a scale of 1/4" to a foot—25 inches long, with an eight-inch beam—and christened the ship *M. Moran*, appropriately. Her hull is carved from a single piece of pine, which was sawed in two down the middle so a rock maple keel could be fitted in between the halves. Except for some minor equipment and her motor (a six-volt Pittman, powered by four D-cells), this *M. Moran's* fittings were fashioned from said photos. "It's the Moran colors that add the real touch," Mr. Homan says; but only when added to such fine craftsmanship, it should be said. Apart from his "whittling," Joe operates a building contracting business from his Reading home.

### Satisfied Customer

Dear Sir:

I am sorry not to have had time sooner to call for the offered art print of your Christmas cover. I have the Willemstad scene framed for my office aboard ship, receive much favorable comment upon it, and thought the deep sea towing scene would be very much in keeping when framed with it. If not too late, please send me a copy in care of Isthmian's New York office. Allow me to thank you in advance. Also, I wish to make it known that the Moran services, which class second to none, have been and always will be appreciated by me.

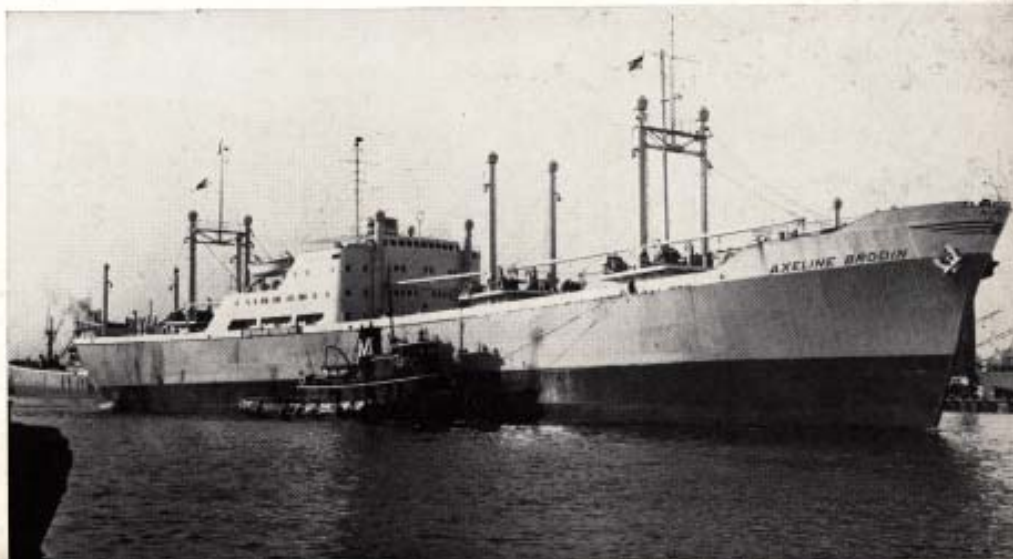
J. BRUMMELEN, Master  
(S.S. *Steel Voyager*)

Who said it? "I am driven into a desperate strait and cannot steer a middle course." (Page 13, Item 4)

Who said it? "The joys and sorrows sailors find / Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel." (Page 13, Item 5)



**PORT NEWARK SAILING**—After discharging her cargo on the New Jersey side, this Swedish ship, the *Axeline Brodin*, departed May 4. Although she was built in 1957 (Oresundsvarvet Aktiebolag, Landskrona, Sweden), it was her first voyage to Newark. Owned by Erik O. Brodin, Stockholm, the ship is 463 feet long, with a moulded breadth of 62.5 feet and a depth of 30 feet to her main deck. Her deadweight capacity, open shelter deck, is 10,670 tons on a draft of 26.5 feet; closed shelter deck, 12,700 tons on a draft of 29 feet, nine inches. Eighteen five-ton electric cargo winches and 19 derricks of up to 30-ton capacity speed the cargo handling chores. Thor Eckert & Co., Inc., 19 Rector Street, New York, are general agents for the *Axeline Brodin*. In this photo Capt. A. R. (Artie) Biagi, on her bridge, is directing the ship and the work of his tug, our Peter Moran.





**TUG'S-EYE VIEW**—In case you have ever stood near the bulkhead at Pier 90, North River, foot of 50th Street, Manhattan, awed by the towering bow of either of Cunard Line's two great Queens, this impressive shot by John Wolbarst of Modern Photography magazine may renew your wonderment.

The ship in this instance is R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth—registered tonnage, 83,673; length overall, 1,031 feet; breadth, 118 feet, seven inches; depth, 68 feet, five inches—and please be advised, as we were by an acknowledged authority on Cunarders, that it is 64 (repeat, sixty-four) feet from water level to the dizzy peak of that royal bow.

Her sister ship, R.M.S. Queen Mary, is 2,436 tons lighter, yet only 11.5 feet shorter and almost identical in breadth and depth.

For purposes of comparison, returning to Mr. Wolbarst's photo, Howard N. Nielson of our construction and repair department says it is a mere 12.5 feet from the Barbara Moran's bow stem to water level—26 feet from the top of her stack, and 49 feet from the peak of her mast.

It appears that for some reason(s) unknown in this quarter the photographer did not quite get what he needed on that expedition, but we're glad he got what he did; and more power to him next time around.

### The Cargo Ship

(N.Y. Herald Tribune, March 21, 1959)

The cargo ship that sails tomorrow  
Is fathoms deep in her Sunday sleep,  
Her crew ashore, her decks and derricks  
Idle at last from days of loading:  
Yet beyond the harbour's widening sweep

Rowing boat, speed boat, yacht and  
wherry

As many as bubbles or flowers in park-  
beds

And sunnily prinking like butterflies  
Are riding the moment and making  
merry.

Alone, the Titaness, grimed and oily,  
Is sleeping. Yet what a dignity lies  
About her, who toiled with Alps of  
waters

To arrive here, and now quietly dreams  
Of destinies and destinations  
Beyond the farthest of morning's beams.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

(Springhill, Broadstone, Dorset, Eng.)

Editor's note: "This is a pale pen-pic-  
ture of Poole Harbour," Mr. Johnson  
signaled from his diggings, Byways, and  
added, "I never tire of watching the  
shipping there."

December 31, 1961

R.M.M.:

Palmer, Huseby, Harrison and Wil-  
liams—gone with the wind. When do you  
sign off, Gramp? TYME & TYDE  
(New York Naval Shipyard, Brooklyn)

Who said it? "When men come to  
like a sea-life, they are not fit to live on  
land." (Page 13, Item 6)

# YEARS 50 AGO

(Source: New York Maritime Register)

**MAR. 10, 1909**—The Ship Owners and Merchants Tug Co. of San Francisco have sold the tugs *Goliath* and *Sea Lion* to the Puget Sound Towboat Co. at a reported price of \$200,000. . . . The Delaware & Raritan Canal opened to navigation Mar. 8. It has been the custom of the canal to close Sundays from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., but this year it will close Saturday night at 12 o'clock and open Sunday night at the same hour.

**MAR. 17, 1909**—The French Line steamer *La Provence*, which arrived in New York Mar. 12, was the first of the big liners to take advantage of the new ruling of the Army Engineers, which declares the Ambrose Channel open during the night hours. . . . (Chatham, Mar. 10) Str. *Horatio Hall*, from Portland for New York, and Str. *H. F. Dimock*, from New York for Boston, collided in the middle of the narrow channel of Pollock Rip Slue today, and the *Hall* sank in half an hour, and caused the *Dimock* to be run ashore six hours later on Cape Cod, where the passengers and crew of the *Hall* were landed without loss of life.

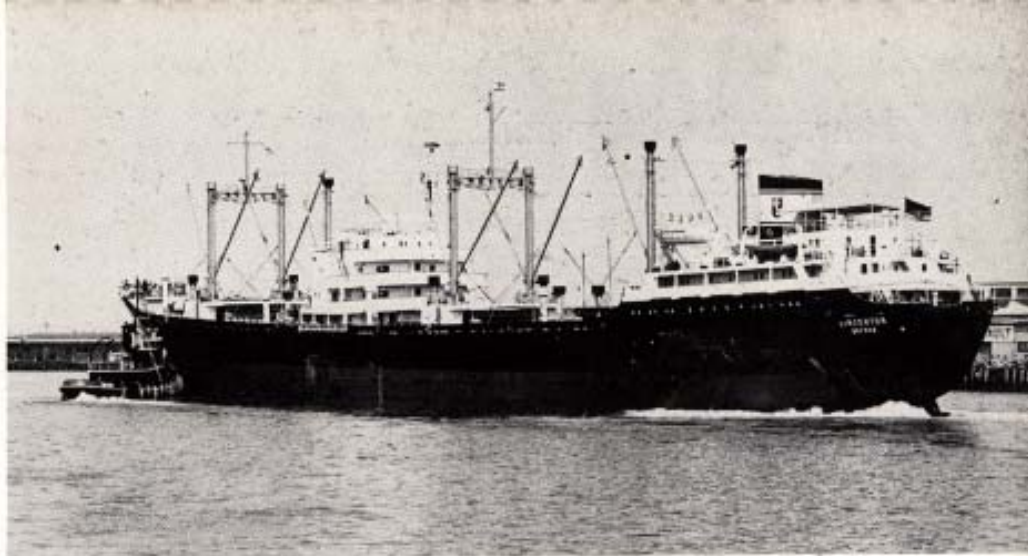
**MAR. 31, 1909**—Barge *Samar*, from Philadelphia for Providence, in tow of tug *Prudence*, sank off New Jersey Highlands p.m. of Mar. 25. All hands saved by tug, which passed in Sandy Hook with barge *Horace A. Allyn*, also in tow for Providence.

**APR. 21, 1909**—The first commercial wireless system in the world was thrown open to the public in Portland, Me., Apr. 16. Four of the 30 stations which will connect Portland with the islands in Casco Bay are in commission. . . . *Manhattan* (ss), from New York for Portland, was in collision a.m. Apr. 14 off Stratford Shoals with the barge *Albany* in tow of the tug *North America*, bound west. The barge sank and her crew were rescued by the steamer, which returned to New York. . . . Schr. *Hugh Kelly*, from New Haven for Newport News, collided with the barge *A. G. Ropes* a.m. Apr. 22, in tow of tug *M. E. Luckenbach* in Swash Channel. The *Kelly* proceeded outside the bar. The barge *Wm. H. Conner* went aground on the bar and filled with water. Crew safe. The third barge, *Henry Endicott*, was towed to Sandy Hook and anchored.

**MAY 19, 1909**—The keel of the replica of Robert Fulton's steamboat, the *Clermont*, was laid May 14 at the yard of the Staten Island Shipbuilding Co., Mariners Harbor. She is being built for the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Comm., and will be launched about July 1. She will be completed and will have a duplicate of her old engine installed about Aug. 1.

**JUNE 23, 1909**—In turning over a spadeful of earth at Bournedale, halfway across Cape Cod, June 22, by August Belmont, a formal beginning was made in the construction of the Cape Cod Canal.

E.C.P.



**FIRST NEW AUSTRIAN**—Owned by the Voest Steel Works of Linz, Austria, M/V *Linzertor*—meaning Gate to Linz—is that country's first new ship since World War II. Built in Flensburg, West Germany, she is 517 feet long, with a breadth of 64 feet and a depth of 29.5 feet. Erich Lawrence, the owners' representative (Sea & Land Shipping, Inc., 21 West Street, New York), revealed that the *Linzertor* is constructed of a special steel used for the first time in a ship, and she is said to have other ultra-modern features. Capt. Grover Sanshagrin, tug *Peter Moran*, docked the 9,957-ton ship at Port Newark on her maiden arrival, March 21. She carries automobiles from Europe, and on each return trip transports 12,800 tons of coal. Schlüssel Reederei D. Oltmann & Co., Bremen, are the managing operators.

## May Use Later, Thanks

Dear Mr. Munroe:

Today I had the pleasure of receiving the March issue of TOW LINE, which will be forwarded to a friend of mine in Amsterdam, Holland—captain of the tugs of Goedkoop, who in turn hands it to the office after reading. This is the usual procedure. In your last issue you ran a story, with pictures, of Southern Hemisphere tugs. I enclose some photos of the Goedkoop fleet, with particulars, which you may want to use. Please return them afterwards.

JOHN BOS  
(New Orleans, La.)

## And We Thank Y'all

Dear Mr. Munroe:

I want you to know that I am enjoying TOW LINE. I can't read it, on account of my eyes, but my wife reads it for me and enjoys it as much as I do. Before my retirement from service I was connected with Curtis Bay Towing Co. of Norfolk. Mrs. Elmore is a former newspaper woman, and she thinks you are a wonderful editor. All your articles are most interesting. I wish for you a successful year.

FRANKLIN R. ELMORE  
(739 Redgate Ave., Norfolk, Va.)

## OUR GOLF TEAM DOES IT AGAIN. HABITUAL?



This is a long story, and rather an amusing one if it were possible to give it the full treatment. . . .

John S. Bull, Moran vice president, and Edward J. Hennessey, ass't v.p., a slick team, retired the J. J. Kelleher Trophy in the 32nd annual golf tournament of the Maritime Ass'n of the Port of New York, June 2.

On behalf of Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Messrs. Bull and Hennessey promptly returned the trophy to permanent competition, although it had rightfully become theirs as three-time winners.

The Kelleher Trophy was donated by and named for the 1941 president of the association. It has been a prime target since 1944, but the Moran team did not compete until 1952. Then and in the following year they won it.

Subsequently, after a sabbatical from this contest, they reentered in 1957, winding up in a three-way tie. Last year our hot team couldn't get together, but this time they unknotted the tie—which made them first winners of the cup after its retirement. Might be habit-forming.

## Newspaper, Magazine Advs Feature Moran

Moran Towing & Transportation Co. equipment and services have been featured recently in the newspaper and magazine displays of several prominent advertisers, agency proof sheets forwarded to this department indicate.

"Snug harbor for shipping . . ." was the catch-line of a Chase Manhattan Bank full page in the Times, Herald Tribune, Wall Street Journal, and Journal of Commerce, week of May 25. The art consisted of a photo of Capt. Lawrence Foley at the wheel of our *Nancy Moran*, with two other "M" tugs and the American Export liner *Constitution* pointing up the sky-lined background.

The March-April issue of Harvard Business Review carried a full-page "ad" by Stanley A. Lomas Co., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, marketing and advertising counselors, showing *Barbara Moran* leading United States Lines' *S.S. America* towards the downtown Manhattan skyline.

"Experienced. There is no substitute . . ." began another display, for the General Reinsurance Corp., 400

Park Avenue, New York. Our *Moirá Moran* assisting one of the American Export liners to sail from her North River berth was the subject of a nice piece of art work by Fred Mason.

Bull & Roberts, Inc., 117 Liberty Street, New York, consulting chemists to the maritime industry, joined the trend in an advertisement in the Marine Engineering/Log Year Book. "Four of a kind . . . Queens all," was the main line accompanying an air view of the liners *United States*, *America*, *Constitution* and *Independence*, with a photo of our *Nancy Moran*.

And a booklet issued by the Cleveland Diesel Engine Division of General Motors Corp. was entitled "Little Giants." An action photo of the tug *Pauline L. Moran* appeared on the cover. This was part of a display in the East Ohio Gas Co.'s building in downtown Cleveland.

Something about a certain towing and transportation firm, the assumption has to be.

---


Who said it? "A ship is not a slave. You must make her easy in a seaway, you must never forget that you owe her the fullest share of your thought, of your skill, of your self-love." (Page 13, Item 7)

**FAMILIAR SCENE, NORTH RIVER**—Every once in so often we are moved to print a picture like this. Tenacious readers of T.L. must have seen at least half a dozen such. Yet the river and skyline panorama is always new, always fascinating.

A Flying Camera, Inc., photographer made this one April 7, when just about all the available "parking space" was in use. The seagoing ladies of luxury row are (left to right): Cunard liners *Media*, *Queen Mary*, *Ivernia* and *Mauretania* (the latter in midstream); *Liberte*, French Line; *United States*, U.S. Lines; and *Giulio Cesare*, Italian Line.

A spokesman for the Trans-Atlantic Passenger Steamship Conference announced some new pre-season records for passenger arrivals and departures. On this date eight passenger ships arrived with 3,977 persons; and two days later seven transatlantic liners departed with 6,423 passengers.

The particularly interesting fact from this editorial viewpoint is that Moran tugs and Moran pilots handled, not two, not four, but all of these famous ships.

We could go into considerable more detail—about "M" tugs and men involved, that midtown Manhattan scene featuring the Empire State and Chrysler Buildings and other sky-piercing towers, the West Side Elevated Highway, etc.—but it's June now, not April. The bearings of this Smith-Corona are running hot as it is. 





**MORAN TUG RESCUES THREE**—"A Miami professional diver, his wife and 10-year-old son were found safe aboard their 24-foot boat late Tuesday (March 31) after three days of drifting without food or fuel in a stormy sea. . . . A New York-based tug, the *Julia C. Moran*, reported it had found the disabled boat drifting about 20 miles northeast of Vero Beach and took it in tow." Thus the Miami Herald in the course of detailed report. Capt. Alexander D. Stewart of the *Julia C.* sighted distress signals flown from the motorboat Drag-On

by Mr. and Mrs. Forest V. Gerstner and their son about 12 miles north of Bethel Shoals, took the craft in tow, and turned the grateful party over to the Coast Guard at Miami, then proceeded to an assignment in Orange, Texas. Only a few days before this, the tug, together with our *Marion Moran*, had been towing a huge drydock from Mobile, Ala., to another Florida port, and the skipper of the *Marion* made these interesting photos for Tow Line. . . . A hearty "Well Done!" to Captain Stewart and crew.

**Togetherness.** The 10th annual Moran outing for shoreside personnel and guests was all set for June 16, starting at 0930 with a de luxe coach ride to last year's fun spot, Old Cider Mill Grove, Union, N. J. Snacks anytime, races, softball and other games, dancing, a hot roast beef dinner were on the schedule.

### Signal From Wisconsin

Dear Mr. Munroe:

. . . Your March issue was particularly interesting to me because of the reference to three tows from Chester, Pa., to Superior, Wis. I did not see the photograph in the Christmas issue, probably because I was away from the office for quite a long period at that time. I am sending my copy of the March issue to Mr. Lawrence Sinclear, port director at Superior; Perhaps you would be kind enough to send him a copy of the Christmas issue also?

ROBERT F. MATTHES  
(Port Dev. Specialist, Div. of  
Ind. & Port Dev., Madison, Wis.)

### Who Said It?

(1) Rudyard Kipling: The 'Mary Gloster'. (2) J. P. Morgan. (3) Henry Ward Beecher. (4) Philip Massinger: Great Duke of Florence. (5) Lord Byron: Childe Harold. (6) Samuel Johnson: Letter to James Macpherson, 18 March 1776. (7) Joseph Conrad. (8) Rudyard Kipling: The Coastwise Lights. (9) Frederick Marryat: The Old Navy. (10) Samuel Butler. (11) Alfred, Lord Tennyson: The Coming of Arthur. (12) John Ruskin: Modern Painters, 1888.

### Isn't Boston the Hub of the Universe?

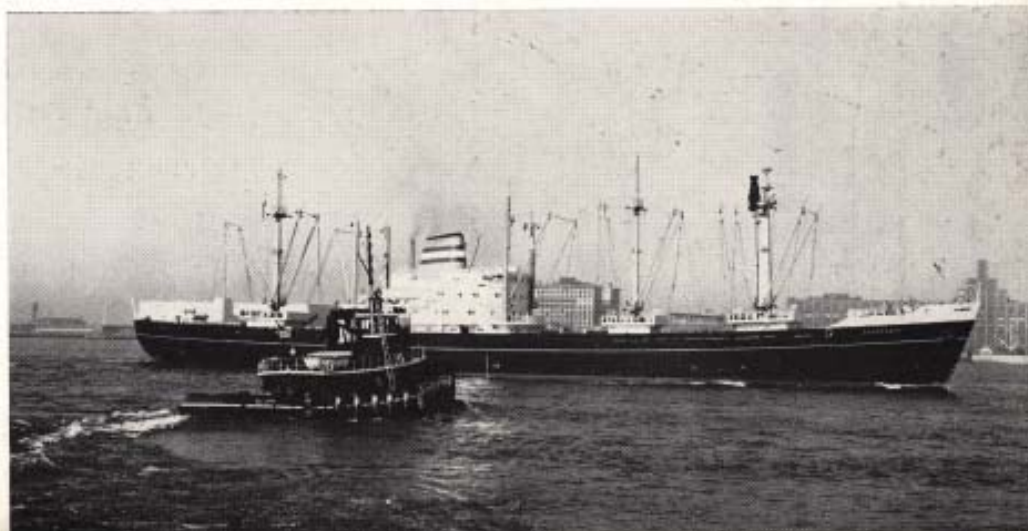
Dear Friends:

Each copy of TOW LINE is better than the last! I'm so grateful that we are on your mailing list. Pictures intrigue me, since my home is on T Wharf, where towboats and ships—not as many or as large as in New York—are fascinating. I'm tempted to ask for pictures, but you are most generous and I don't wish to be unreasonable. Every issue has so many that would be wonderful for framing—in the last one, the cover view of the harbor, with so much to see if one knows New York and has imagination; the T.W.A. 1958 calendar picture, with your towboat in the foreground; the *S.S. Cristobal*; the night shot, Baltimore; the *Argentina* on her first voyage to South America; and all the rest. We don't have the largest ships or tugs in our Boston harbor, though just recently we had the *Princess Sophie* at the Bethlehem drydock—just built at Quincy. Thank you for everything, and congratulations upon entering your 12th year of publication. . . . Wish I'd find a bottle!

MARIA GREY KIMBALL  
(Representative, American Merchant  
Marine Library Ass'n, Boston, Mass.)

**The Washington Ticker.** Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran, president of Moran Towing & Transportation Co. . . . today (June 3) was named to represent the inland waterway carrier industry on the Advisory Committee to work with the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee in implementing the proposed transportation study under Senate Resolution 29.—News release, Amer. Waterways Operators.

**DUTCH FAMILY GETS NEW BABY**—Holland-America Line's new motorship *Kamperdyk*, under the command of Capt. Cornelis J. Elst, made her first appearance in New York harbor April 14. She is the fourth of H.-A.'s new "K" series of ships commissioned in the past three years, the others being *Kinderdyk*, *Kloosterdyk*, and *Kerkedyk*. A fifth, *M/S Korendyk*, is due later this year. Capt. "Barney" Scherer of the tug *Nancy Moran* docked the new arrival at the 7th Street pier, Hoboken, N. J. These ships are approximately 7,200 tons, deadweight; 5,600 tons, gross; 11,800 tons displacement; speed, 16 knots. Lubecker Flenderwerke, Lubeck, Germany, built them.





### "No Greater Love Hath Any Man Than This!"

Dear Sir:

Yet again I have occasion to thank you for your swift response to my most recent request, a copy of the cover picture from the Christmas number of *Tow Line*. This has arrived in duplicate—one to decorate my home, presumably, the other to soften the austerity of my office walls. I am now on my way out to sell my overcoat to pay for suitable frames—a trivial sacrifice, even with winter coming on, to achieve such a worthwhile objective.

REGINALD KRUMM  
(Rondebosch, Cape Province,  
South Africa)

### Consider It Done

Messrs. Munroe & Blinn:

...Further, I wish you much happiness in your very nice *Tow Line* work; and I hope that when, next September, the new *Rotterdam* of the Holland-America Line arrives in New York there will be a nice picture of her in your magazine.

A. VAN HERK  
(Kleiweg 59, Rotterdam 12, Holland)



**REPEAT PERFORMANCE**—Returned to Jacksonville, Fla., from Mobile, Ala., by our ocean tugs *Marion Moran* and *Julia C. Moran*, the AFDM No. 9 (auxiliary floating dock, middle class) is shown in this gull's-eye view nearing the end of her voyage, just as March was becoming April. For the final leg of the trip in inside waters, the *Marion* was on the hawser, the *Julia C.* alongside. (Capt. James W. Jenkins of Savannah, Ga., was in charge of the tow.) The 18,500-ton dock, made up for sea towing—the two end sections are placed within the main center section—is 488 feet long, 120 feet wide, 76.5 feet high. In September 1957 the *Marion* and our *Diana L. Moran* were assigned to the westbound tow to Mobile. Merrill-Stevens, the well known Jacksonville drydock and repair firm, has sub-leased the Navy facility.—Photo by Marsh-Kornegay, Jacksonville.

### Educational Material

Dear Mr. Munroe:

The beautiful and dramatic photos just arrived. A million thanks. I feel as though I'm walking on clouds. The pictures will make excellent illustrations. By this time next year I hope my General Science textbook will be printed and I'll be able to send you tear sheets. In the meantime, my continued appreciation for your kindness and courtesy.

JOHN M. SCOTT, S.J.  
(Campion, Prairie du Chien, Wis.)

Who said it? "The coastwise lights of England watch the ships of England go!" (Page 13, Item 8)

**THREADING THE NEEDLE**—Back in January, the largest ship ever to pass through the Portland-South Portland drawbridge, the new tanker *Cities Service Miami*, arrived in that downtown port. Particulars: 32,710 DWT, 661 feet long, 90-foot beam, 35 feet and three inches draft—with a draw clearance of 97 feet to negotiate. Capt. E. P. McDuffie, Sr., threaded the needle again. Since then the big tanker has made a return visit there, along with her sister ship, the *Cities Service Norfolk*.—Photo by Roger Flint, Portland.



**R**ECORDS for the largest single shipment of crude oil to Portland, Maine, and the largest ship ever to enter the harbor up there, topped May 7 when the Norwegian supertanker *Hadrian* (47,000 DWT; built in Bremen, Germany, in 1958) delivered 330,000 barrels at Portland Pipe Line Pier No. 2. . . . "It ain't hay," as the phrase goes; it's a lot of ship, and oil.

The Navy's largest missile carrier, the 512-foot *USS Preble*, was launched at the Bath Iron Works Corp. yard May 23, attended by our tug *Thomas E. Moran*, in this instance assisted by the *Pegasus*.

From an unauthoritative source, for a change, we have it that some such sign as "Beware! Low Flying Golf Balls" will be erected on U.S. No. 1 highway. The Central Wharf Towboat Co. office force—all six of 'em—has invaded Willowdale Golf Club. Some are hitting mean balls; but "don't ask us where," our source added plaintively.

One day while en route to a docking assignment, Capt. E. P. McDuffie and crew of said tug *Thomas E.* noticed that No. 2 outfitting pier at the old West Yard was afire. They fought the blaze and held it under control until the Portland fireboat and Coast Guard craft arrived.

**Central Wharf has lost one of its faithful long-time employees, Capt. Manuel S. Woods, following only a brief illness. Unquestionably, the unflinching cheerfulness and good-fellowship of "Woody" will be greatly missed by all thereabouts.**

Edna Shattuck, popular billing clerk, together with her husband and daughters, Linda and Paula, enjoyed a trip to Alabama to visit relatives—thereby ducking a few days of bitter cold weather in the latter part of the winter.

The story goes that Norman Barbour, relief captain, swelled up far beyond his normal size when his favorite mare, Harvest Time, presented him with a healthy colt on St. Patrick's Day. Appropriately enough, the youngster was named Shamrock Time. Despite this momentous affair—also a new Volkswagen Normie uses to commute between the farm and his work—"no cigars have been seen up to this writing," it says here. S-h-a-m-e!

(March 23)—The Texaco, Inc., tanker *Trinidad*, 46,000 DWT, was a recent visitor here, and discharged part of her cargo at Portland Pipe Line Pier No. 2.

Meet Robert Poland, 25 Kent Street, Portland, who joined Central Wharf Jan. 7, 1957, as chief engineer aboard the tug *Richard J. Moran*. His family consists of Mrs. P. (Selma) and two sons, Donald and Richard.

---

# Training Youngsters for Sea

---

(Continued from Page 4)

Whether he plans to serve on deck, in the engine room or in the steward's department, every boy has to learn how to fight fire at sea and how to handle small boats. Day in, day out, the lifeboats are lowered, manned, operated and raised to their davits again until the students are at home in them.

The motor lifeboat, which the young sailors have nicknamed *African Queen*, gives them a chance to lay courses with compass readings and to familiarize themselves with tides and currents. Tides in the East River are mighty tricky, and the lads soon realize that the water is nothing to fool with.

## Everything Shipshape

On a normal day students will be at work in bosun's chairs, chipping and painting the stack, the king posts or the plates over the side. Others keep the engines and auxiliary units in running order and fire off the boilers, operate controls, and do everything except put to sea. This is no fooling matter, because under the terms of the contract signed with the Maritime Commission in 1946 the city had to agree to keep the *Brown* in such a state of readiness that she could go to sea within 48 hours.

Only once has she had to go into drydock. This, says Captain Schellings, is proof of the competence and the hard work invested by the young mariners. Since many of the boys sign up on merchant ships for their summer vacations, they learn seamanship much as young sailors did a century ago through serving as apprentices under sail. Many of the boys come from poor families. Many are first generation Americans. Whatever their backgrounds, the training soon tends to make them mature and instills the obedience that is part of the code of

the sea and being a gentleman.

They tell this story on the *Brown*:

A group of home economics teachers came to the ship to see how the cooks and bakers were making out. One of the ladies looked at the steep ladder running from the pier to the deck and paled. She said she thought she'd remain on the dock and hear about the ship's galley at second hand. But one of the steward trainees dashed up the ladder, brought back a cup of tea for the guest, and within a few minutes had reassured her so that she made her way up the gangplank without even using the lad's proffered arm.



Since the average age of the student sailors ranges between 14 and 18 years, it was feared that there would be a high accident rate because of the hazardous nature of life aboard a freighter. It was a groundless fear. An enviable safety record has been maintained, chiefly because the teachers, with their long experience at sea, know how to instill safety-consciousness.

The teacher-officers spice the routine of instruction by taking their classes on field trips planned to prepare them better for life as seamen. The boys visit shipping terminals, maritime academies, union hiring halls,

shipyards and repair installations and go aboard freighters, tankers and passenger liners. These field trips have a hidden bonus for the boys. They never go aboard a ship that they don't find a graduate of the *John W. Brown* serving, perhaps, as a steward on the *United States* or the *Brasil*, a junior officer on the *Esso Brooklyn*, a boatswain on an Army dredge, or a mate on a Moran tug.

A mere listing of the arts and crafts and routines the boys must master would fill a page of *TOW LINE*. They must learn how to sew canvas, splice rope and wire, handle blocks and falls, operate booms and winches, as well as carpentry, metal working, electricity, signalling and repairs.

## City Gets Full Value

No one expects these young sailors to come out as full-fledged seamen; but it is doubtful whether any dollar spent by the city's Board of Education goes farther than it does on the *John W. Brown*. Since so many of the graduates go on to advanced marine academies, the greatest port on earth gets a good return on its investment.

Some of the instructors and many of the students feel the boys could learn more and faster if the former Liberty ship could have her propeller put back on and go to sea—to operate in the protected waters of Long Island Sound, perhaps. But the Board of Education has turned thumbs down over the years, motivated by the students' youthfulness. So it looks as if the old Liberty ship, which started out carrying supplies to the far-flung battle fronts of World War II, and then was hastily remodelled into a troop ship to bring the victors home, will go on serving the nation, moored tightly to Pier 73, East River, New York.

While more exciting plaques may be welded to the bulkheads of battle-wagons, aircraft carriers and submarines, few will be more cherished than the simple one that adorns the wardroom of *S.S. John W. Brown*.

---

Silhouetted against a sweeping panorama of New York harbor (Manhattan-Brooklyn): Capt. Barney Scherer, in pilothouse of our *Nancy Moran*.



---

# Nuclear Age

---

(Continued from Page 7)

1943 and 1944 ships were sliding down the ways in such numbers that some bigger yards used automatic bottle smashing devices—a nice blending of ritual and mass production—but many builders still preferred the hand method. And one day, a lady who had been asked to sponsor a ship, swung the bottle and missed.

As the story goes, the ship was skidding down the ways toward almost certain bad luck—the launching party standing by in helpless dismay—when a humble shipyard apprentice saw what was happening. The man, who had been eating his lunch alongside the ways, rose to the occasion with a selflessness that went far beyond duty. He hurled his luncheon bottle of Coca Cola, smashing it against the side of the speeding ship, while a cheer of relief went up from all sides.

And while there are those who suggest the tale may be apocryphal, the fact remains that few who have ever seen a ship launching doubt that it could have happened. And the real measure of the strength of the launching tradition lies in the fact that even in the launching of a nuclear-powered ship, a President's wife will represent a nation of more than 170,000,000 in offering a votive drink to the powers of the deep—just to make sure.

---

## Including the Flemish

Dear Sir:

Having interest for navigation, I ask you to send me some photos of ships of your shipping company. I am a pupil from the Lyceum. Thanking you in anticipation,

FREDDY DE CONINCK  
(Westeindstraat 89, Maldegem, Belgie)

Who said it? "I haven't the gift of gab, my sons, because I'm bred to the sea." (Page 13, Item 9)



## We Add a Tow Line Port: Winston-Salem, N.C.

Dear Sir:

Received my first copy of TOW LINE yesterday and wish to extend my compliments to you for turning out an extremely professional and interesting house magazine. You have portrayed a very attractive phase of the shipping industry with great success. I would appreciate it very much if I could receive your magazine regularly. Have been an admirer of Mr. Evers' paintings for years...

PETER REX DENBY  
(Oak Summit Road, Route 7)

Who said it? "How holy people look when they are seasick!" (P. 13, Item 10)

---

**LAST LOOK AT LAUNCHING SITE**—The former U.S.S. Winslow, under tow of our Diana L. Moran, is shown here approaching the yard of the New York Shipbuilding Corp. at Camden, N. J.—where the Porter-class destroyer was built in 1935, more than 20 years ago. She was on her way to be reduced to scrap at the North American Salvage Co. yard, Bordentown. Capt. Jens Halling of the Diana L. was in charge of the tow from Charleston to Camden, where the Curtis Bay Towing Co. tugs Justine and Quaker took over and completed the job. This photo (by Dan Corvelli Studios) was made from the new Walt Whitman Bridge at Camden; and the same day, March 24, the Diana L. shoved off on another assignment, to pick up a dredge and scow at Palmyra, N. J., for Norfolk, Va.

**ANOTHER TIGHT FIT**—Here you see the S.S. Ore Mercury being docked at Pier 122, south wharves, Pennsylvania Tidewater Terminal, by Curtis Bay Towing Co. tugs, on her maiden voyage to the Port of Philadelphia. This is the first of a group of new ore ships built for Universe Tankship, Inc., chartered by Navios Corporation to carry ore to the Delaware Valley. The Mercury is 751 feet long and 102 feet, four inches wide. She carried approximately 31,000 tons of iron ore from Puerto Ordaz, Venezuela. The ship was berthed by Capt. Pete Turner of the tug Brant, assisted by the tugs Reedy Point and North Point, and after discharging about 7,200 tons of her cargo she was taken to the Fairless plant of U.S. Steel Corp. to discharge the remainder. On the way there the Mercury had to pass through the draw of the Delair Bridge, only 120 feet wide—a precise operation.

---

## We Certainly Will!

Dear Sir:

Will you please continue to send me the Moran magazine? I worked for the company for 32 years, so I like to hear about the men and the boats I used to know. I was an oiler on the old Alice M. Moran from October 1924 to January 1928, when I went on the Marion Moran as 2nd engineer for three years, then as chief engineer until she was sold in 1948. Then I was on several other boats until I retired in 1957. Thanking you for past issues, I remain,

CHARLES M. GOSSON  
(Ormand Beach, Fla.)





**REMEMBER, ANYONE?**—This veritable forest of stacks and masts sprang up wherever luxury craft of the day (circa 1915) were moored in numbers, in this instance at the foot of 23rd Street, Brooklyn. Maybe you've guessed it: Tebo's Yacht Basin. Now try to identify Cornelius Vanderbilt's *Aphrodite* and J. P. Morgan's *Corsair*, both steamers. Have any trouble locating the *Nahab*, once owned by the King of Sweden, or the three-masted schooner *Atlantic*? All are there, we are told, in this copy of a faded print contributed by Miss L. Selina Smith of Brooklyn and Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., whose late father, Capt. J. R. Smith, was widely and affectionately known in yachting and shipping circles.

It is understandable that Frank Smyth, vice president (public relations), and Henry Suhr of Todd Shipyard Corp. would immediately spot the *Saelma*—named for Sarah Elizabeth Moody, the late William H. Todd's mother. The corporation acquired the property in 1916, but sold it last year to Moore-McCormack Lines.

On this historic site the New York Dept. of Marine & Aviation is putting finishing touches on a \$7,500,000 pier for the line.

### Yes—And Please Ignore Split Infinitives

Dear Sirs:

From time to time I have been able to pick up and read your excellent *TOW LINE* at the American Consulate here. This famous publication is always a source of interest and enjoyment to me, and at the same time a good exercise to qualify me in my knowledge of the English language, for I am still a student at the secondary school. Next year I hope to have my certificate from this school. Now I would ask you if it is possible, if I could be added to your mailing list, or if you have some back issues available.

R. VAN DEN BERKHOF  
(Paramaribo, Surinam, S.A.)

**NAMESAKE OF FAMOUS SHIP**—Another maiden arrival in New York in May was the new *M/S Tai Ping*, shown here as she was leaving Port Newark. The Wilh. Wilhelmsen-owned vessel of Oslo, Norway, was built by Deutsche Werft, Hamburg, Germany, and is in the Barber Line and Barber-Wilhelmsen Line services. She is 480 feet long between perpendiculars, 65.5 feet wide, and 39 feet deep. Her deadweight capacity, open shelter deck, is 8,943 tons on a draft of 25.5 feet; closed shelter deck, 10,854 tons on a draft of 28 feet, three inches. All cargo spaces have forced-draft ventilation, and cargo gear includes a 60-ton derrick on the foremast. *Tai Ping* has accommodations for 12 passengers, according to Martinsen & Co., the owners' representative. Fully loaded, open shelter deck, she maintains an average of 17 knots.



### Runge Marine Collection

Sirs:

This is to acknowledge receipt of the following illustrations sent in response to our request: photographs of *Queen Elizabeth* and *United States*; copy of painting, freighter under tow by Moran tug. Thank you for your prompt and generous response. We can assure you that additions such as these will aid materially to broaden and increase the use and value of our marine collection. We intend to increase the scope of the Runge Great Lakes Collection to include notable and noteworthy ships and events of both coasts.

PAUL G. SOTIRIN, *Libr.*  
(Milwaukee Public Library, Wis.)

*Who said it?* "A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas." (Page 13, Item 11)

### Same to You, Sir!

Gentlemen:

I wish to congratulate you on the twelfth year of *TOW LINE*. I can never thank you enough for putting me on your mailing list some years ago. I thoroughly enjoy every issue. When I went to sea as a young man, Moran tugs docked many of my vessels—Mallory, Ward, Old Dominion Line, and United Fruit ships. Last Saturday (Mar. 21) was my 67th birthday, and I wish *TOW LINE* many happy returns. I am always looking forward to the next issue.

ERIC LEAVENS  
(5 Alston Ct., Red Bank, N.J.)

### Moran Team Tops in SS. Bowling League

After leading the 12-team Steamship Bowling League for the final 20 weeks of the 1958-59 season, the Moran Towing & Transportation Co. five finished in first place—"the winners and champs." It is the first time a Moran team has won the trophy, which the company put up seven years ago.

Only two other teams have won it twice, and three wins are required for permanent possession.

Eddie Balicky, captain, and Fred Morgana, league secretary, attribute the Moran rollers' triumph to good team work, although one member, Mike Bodlovic, came up with a trophy for third high individual average.

The "M" champs entitled to take bows are Balicky, Morgana, Bodlovic, Ray Brauchle, Joe Dowd, Eddie Johnson, and Eddie Ross—the latter recently hospitalized for a major operation, but doing fine as of now.

*Who said it?* "There is nothing in sea-description, detailed, like Dickens' storm at the death of Ham, in 'David Copperfield'." (Page 13, Item 12)



## ASHORE



## AND AFLOAT



**DIED, April 25, in the U.S. Public Health Service Marine Hospital, Staten Island: Capt. John A. Bassett, 63, one of Moran's senior docking pilots. Widely and most favorably known in shipping circles, Captain John was justifiably proud of his key role in the Normandy Invasion operation of 15 years ago. In recognition of his D-day accomplishments he was awarded the Bronze Star. More recently, in December 1956, he was credited with quick and decisive action—disregarding personal safety in dramatically emergent circumstances—during the disastrous Luckenbach pier fire in Brooklyn. A native of Tampa, Fla., Captain Bassett is survived by his wife, Nellie; three sons, Edward, Albert and Adam; and six grandchildren. He was buried with military honors in Long Island National Cemetery, Pinelawn, N. Y.**

New born Richard G. Gould III (Norfolk, Va., April 29) made a grandpappy of Elwood J. Lewis, Moran treasurer—known hereabouts as "Chief Luke Warmwater" for whimsical reasons explained in a TOW LINE profile as long ago as the April 1954 issue. Grandson Richard weighed in at nine pounds. To daughter Joyce Elizabeth and hubby: fine, fine!



One of Ole Ericksen's very attractive and otherwise distinguished daughters, Miss Jane in this instance, has done it again. She was selected from a group of 25 candidates as Queen of the 8th Annual Military Ball at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, where she is a sophomore majoring in advertising design, on the way to a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree. Congratulations to her! . . . Captain Ericksen is master of the *Eugene F. Moran, Jr.*, and the family, formerly of Brooklyn, resides in East Andover, N. H.

Who should turn up in the 1959 edition of "Encyclopedia Year Book: The Story of Our Time," published by The Grolier Society, Inc., of New York—as a featured by-line author, too!—but Capt. James W. Jenkins, master of our ocean tug *Marion Moran*. He was skipper aboard a sister tug, *Joseph H. Moran II*, at the time he fabricated the two-page narrative, which details the astonishing exploits of the *Joseph H.* in the course of a 106-day tour of duty (including hazardous rescue missions) which rolled up 5,000-odd sea miles and took the tug from New York to Venezuela, Trinidad, Martinique, Puerto Rico, Bermuda, Germany and Newport News, Va., among other places. The title of the Jenkins essay is "Ocean-Going Midget"—if you can call a 143-foot, 1,900-horsepower, diesel-electric tug a midget.



**DIED, May 10, at Richmond Memorial Hospital, Staten Island, after a brief illness: Capt. John M. Carroll, 56. A native of Brooklyn, Captain John and his brother, Capt. Edmund J. Carroll, operated Amboy Towboats from 1926 until Moran acquired the company, just 30 years later. He was vice president of the S. I. firm, which his father, Martin J. Carroll, founded. He is survived by his wife, Dorothy; two sons, John and Peter; two daughters, Dorothy and Helen; a sister, Mrs. Marie Gallagher; and the brother, Edmund.**

**Longevity Item.** Henry C. Holland, vice president, Curtis Bay Towing Co. of Pennsylvania, observed his 80th birthday March 28. He started in the tugboat business July 5, 1894 (slightly before your reporter's time) with Peter Wright & Sons. In April 1911 Gailey, Davis & Co., Inc., acquired that business, and Mr. Holland served in many capacities before becoming president. In April 1941 Curtis Bay purchased the Gailey, Davis firm. Mr. Holland came along as a vice president. . . . Congrats are in order here, surely.

## Touch-up Paint Job



Adding the artistic touch to his career as a tugboatman, deckhand John Hennessey was not loafing when our roving cameraman happened by. He has been acquiring a well rounded deck education since his start in the Moran organization last July. The personnel record reveals that Johnny has put in time aboard our *Sheila, Maira, William J., Agnes A., Anne*, and, as you see here, *Cynthia (Moran)*. As to "getting around on the boats," this 19-year-old appears to be doing quite well. When he's ashore this is the address: 509 Second Street, Brooklyn.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William C. Guess, 3554 North Ingleside Road, Norfolk, Va., April 13 at Leigh Memorial Hospital: a son, William Bradford. He weighed 8½ pounds then, and was 21 inches long. Father William (Billy) is night dispatcher for Curtis Bay Towing Co. of Virginia.

**Another.** Born to Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Adams, 934 Scott Street, Norfolk, April 6 at Leigh Memorial: David Franklin Adams, nine pounds, 13 ounces, 22 inches long—obviously half grown on arrival. This youngster is the grandson of Callis C. Simmons, cook aboard the C.B. tug *Dixie*. Frank Wood, our diligent string correspondent in that latitude, hopes David will enjoy his grandpappy's hot biscuits and lemon meringue pie as much as he does.

John MacG. Munroe and family, including Ye Editor's granddaughters, Mary Margaret and Kathleen Anita, of West Palm Beach, Fla., are expected about the last of July to spend part of his vacation at Pagoda Hill, the ancestral acres in Van Buren Township near Baldwinville, N. Y.—at which time Ye Ed *et ux.* undoubtedly will be missing from their haunts in Brooklyn and Manhattan.

## Call It 'Mesnard's Falls'



"Accepted for Exhibition, 1959," according to the Teaneck Camera Club's catalog, was this (Type C, Ektacolor) print titled "Mist-maker," by Hugh L. Mesnard, chief engineer, of Moran's construction and repair division. Hugh, an incorrigible shutterbug, came away from Lower Yellowstone Falls, Wyoming, with this picture, among others, on his vacation last summer. Experimenting in his super-duper home darkroom during the winter, he came up with a winner—his first submission in color-print competition, too. The international exhibition was on view at the Teaneck, N. J., Public Library for two weeks, but it's too late for you to catch it now.

Diane Louise Stickle, b. April 17 at Perth Amboy General Hospital, joined a 22-months-old brother, Gregory, at 61 Water Street, Perth Amboy, N. J. Her proud pappy, Fred Stickle, is a veteran deckhand aboard our famous tug *Edmond J. Moran*.

It seems Moran tugs have turned up as "extras" in a pair of first-rate movies in recent months. Two of those trim craft with white block M's on their black stacks did an undocking bit in "Auntie Mame," that fast-moving Rosalind Russell movie; and another had a bit part in "Man on a String," a Louis de Rochemont epic based on Boris Morros' story, "My Ten Years as a Counter-spy." (Is Tugboat Annie in the house?)

**DIED, April 30, after an illness of one month: Mrs. Ola Williams Alexander, 2826 Harrell Avenue, Norfolk. She was the wife of John S. Alexander, engineer on the tug Delaware. The funeral service was conducted at the Toxey & Berry Funeral Home, and the burial was in Highland Park Cemetery.**

The formal invitation received by his editorial colleagues here read:

*The Trustees cordially invite you to attend an exhibition of photography by Hans Marx and to meet the photographer Sunday, June 7th, 1959, 1 to 6 p.m., Washington County Museum of Fine Arts, Hagerstown, Maryland.*

Having been in that region on business less than a month earlier, we couldn't accept, unfortunately; but an exhibition catalog listing the Marxian items included titles of 40 marine and 30 genre subjects, all worthy no doubt.

Press time advices from Mount Vernon, Ind., were to the effect that Mrs. Anita Cox, regular secretary at Moran Inland Waterways Corp Hq, there, gave birth to a baby boy April 23. He weighed eight pounds, 4¼ ounces, and has been named Gregg Alan. Mrs. Cox expects to return to her office job sometime in August.

*Bulletin.* Before this issue has been fully distributed, Frances L. Carroll, lively Operations Department secretary, will be the bride of John W. Hoffmann. The scheduled nuptial mass: Saturday, June 27, 10 a.m., at St. Cecilia's Church, North Henry and Herbert Streets, Brooklyn. . . . Good health and good luck to them, from all hands.

## Getting Acquainted



Even if your knowledge of a tug company is limited to one of the business machines in its accounting department, you like to know something about the floating equipment and what goes on out there. Mrs. Helen Balavich, 19 Clifford Place, Brooklyn, a new employee, previously with the McCall Corp., was interested in inspecting a precise scale model of the *Eugene F. Moran* on display in a neighboring office. She has a couple of daughters, Nancy, nine, and Carol, six. Needle craft is her hobby—and a good thing it is, too, probably.

## Strong Grip on Ship



On the short end of a rope, silhouetted against the sky, here is deckhand Axel Petersen, on duty aboard the *Maira Moran* at the time. On the other end of the sturdy dacron line, *MS/Kamperdyk*, latest addition to the Holland-America Line fleet. (See Page 13 of this issue for a full-length photograph of the ship.) Axel has been handling such chores on a regular basis since February, 1954; but his employment with Moran started in 1933 at our maintenance and repair base, Port Richmond, S. I. His home port is at 25 Feldmeirs Lane, Travis, in that borough.

## Ireland Calling

Dear Sir:

Thanks to your courtesy, I continue to receive *TOW LINE* regularly. . . . May I take this opportunity of expressing to you my sincere gratitude? I look forward tremendously to receiving the magazine.

My parents were in the United States on holidays a year ago, and when they returned I was delighted with one of the presents I received, "Tugboat—The Moran Story." It was the nicest gift I could have received. Incidentally, my parents travelled outward in the *America* and homeward in the *United States*, and I was on board both of these ships.

I myself am an enthusiastic student of ships and shipping. Have photographed ships of all types around the British Isles and in European waters. Many of the ships I see in *TOW LINE* are already old friends. Though my collection has not reached the 10,000 mark, I greatly deplore the fact that I have never yet photographed a Moran tug. Worse than that, I've never yet even seen one. I'm always patiently waiting for the day when some stroke of luck will send one of your tugs to North Ireland waters.

If you ever feel I can help you in any way by sending photographs of shipping interest, please let me know and I'll be only too delighted to oblige.

WILLIAM DARLOW  
(Principal, Ervey Primary School,  
Londonderry, North Ireland)

