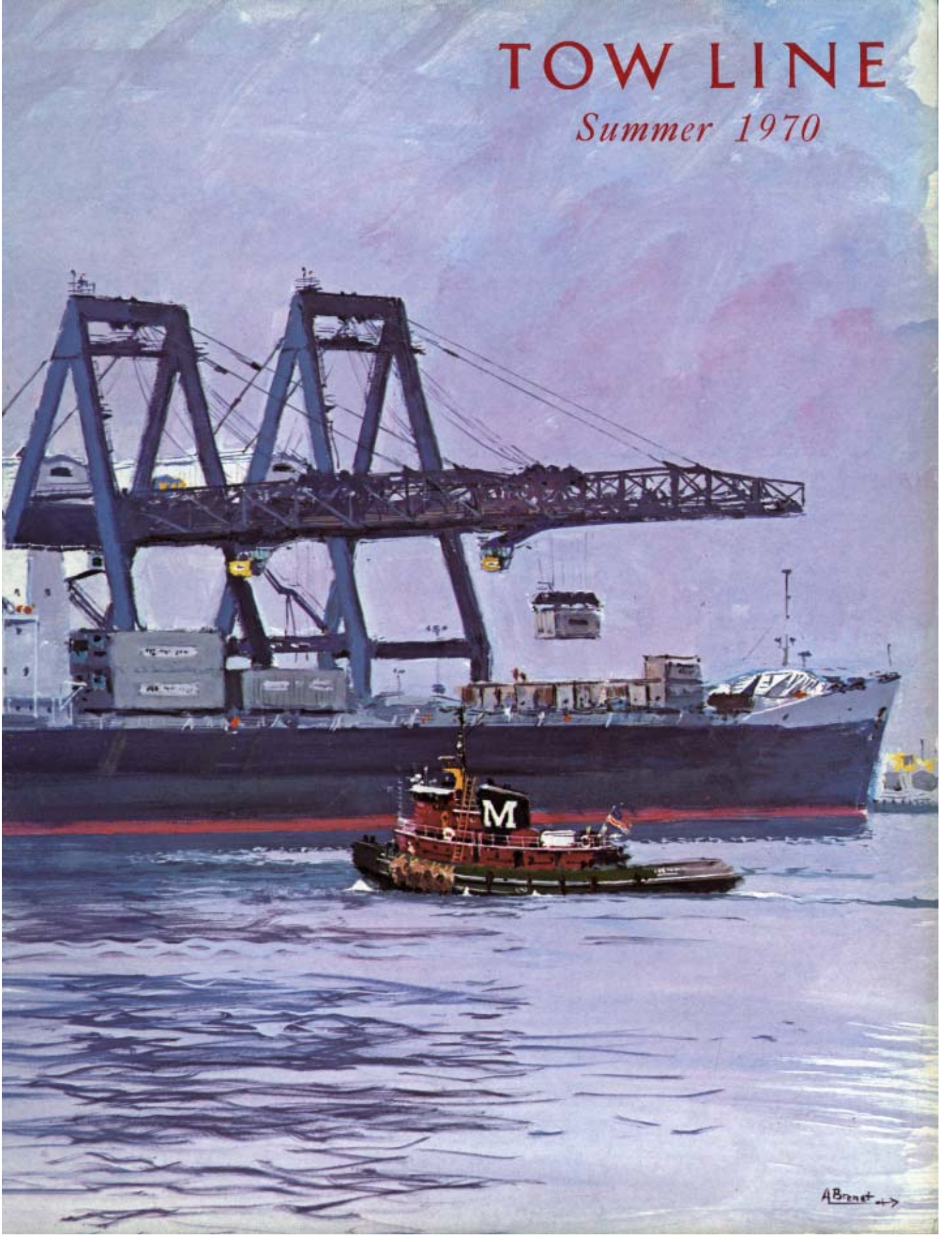
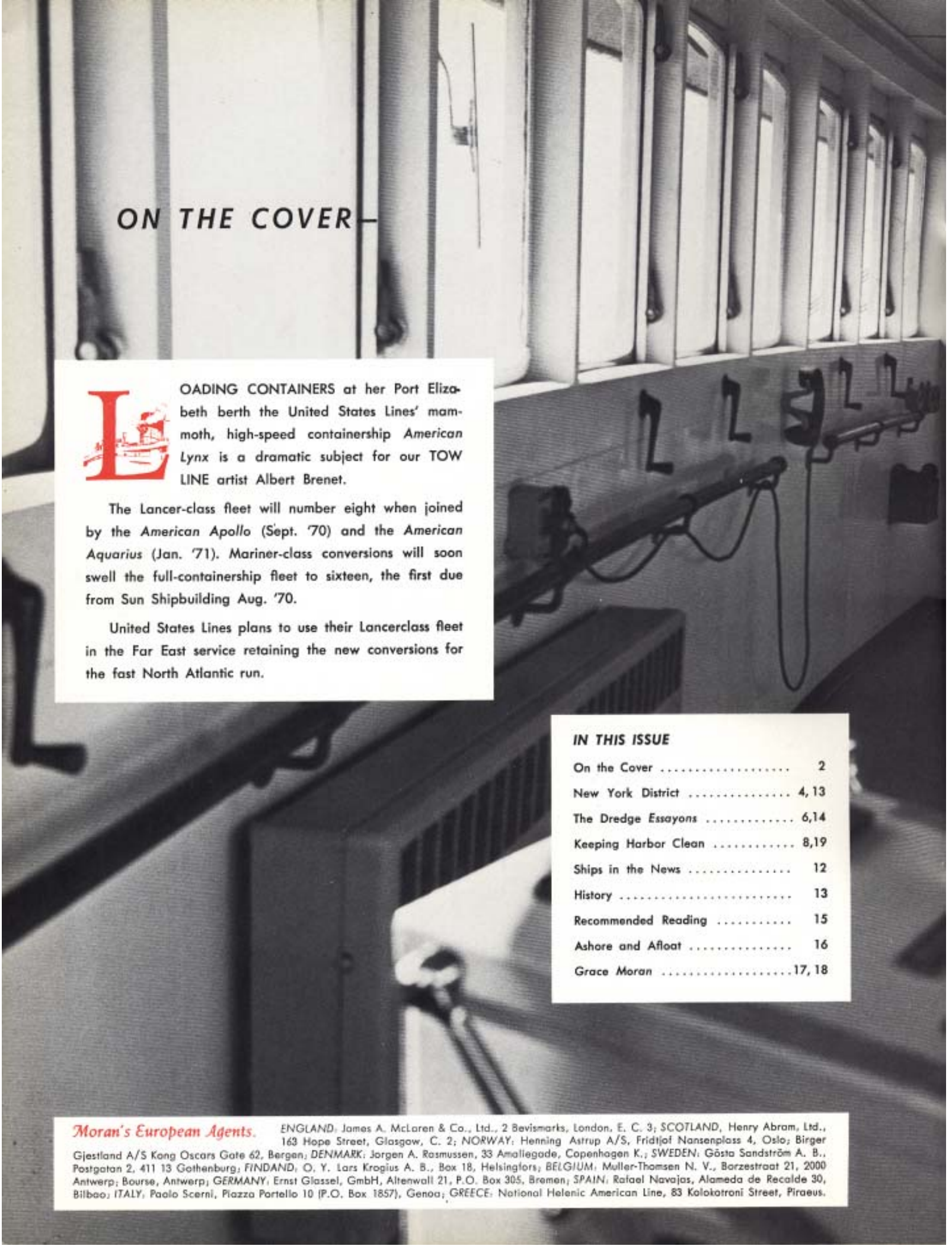
TOW LINE

Summer 1970





ON THE COVER—

LOADING CONTAINERS at her Port Elizabeth berth the United States Lines' mammoth, high-speed containership *American Lynx* is a dramatic subject for our TOW LINE artist Albert Brenet.

The Lancer-class fleet will number eight when joined by the *American Apollo* (Sept. '70) and the *American Aquarius* (Jan. '71). Mariner-class conversions will soon swell the full-containership fleet to sixteen, the first due from Sun Shipbuilding Aug. '70.

United States Lines plans to use their Lancerclass fleet in the Far East service retaining the new conversions for the fast North Atlantic run.

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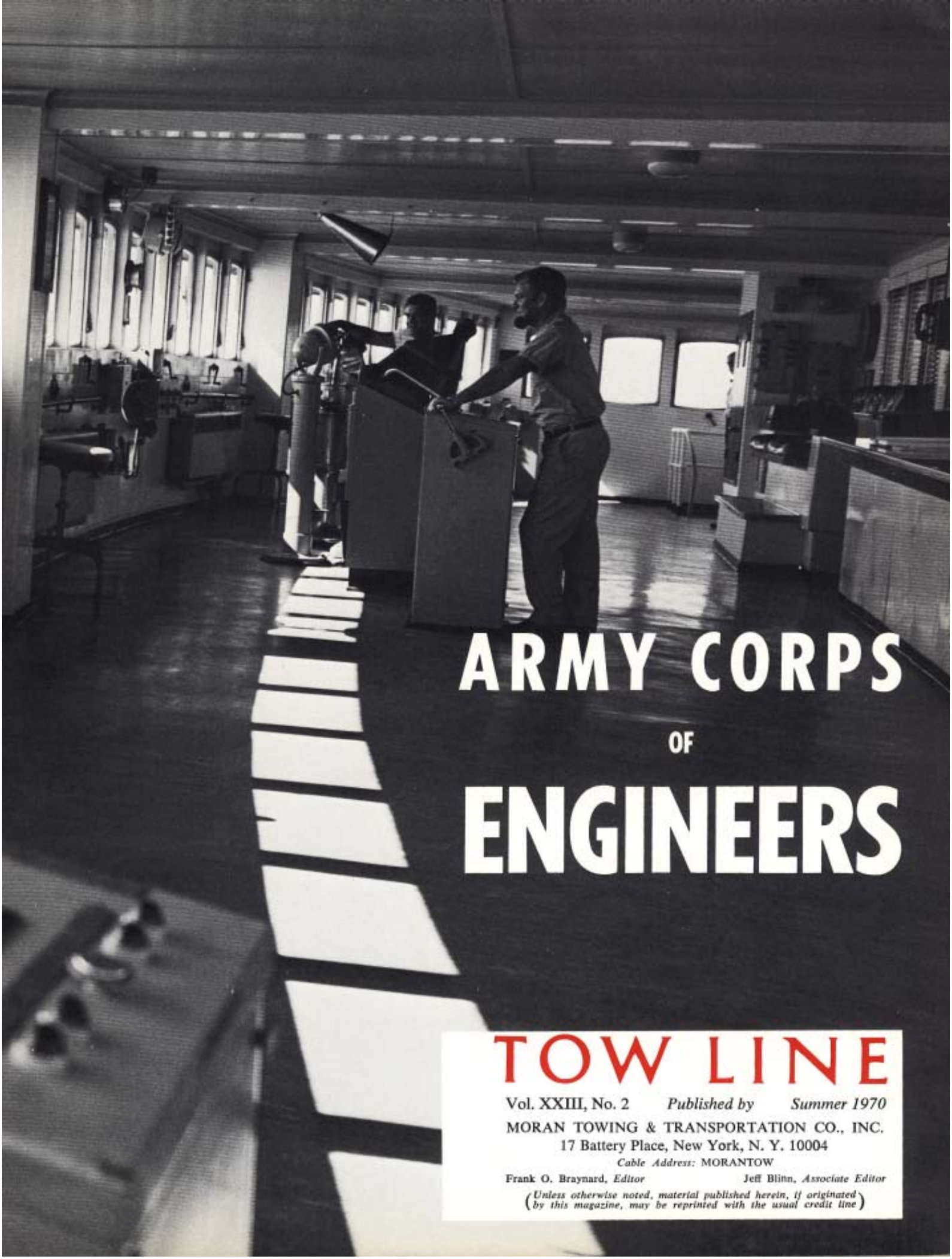

ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS

TOW LINE

Vol. XXIII, No. 2 *Published by* *Summer 1970*

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Frank O. Braynard, *Editor* Jeff Blinn, *Associate Editor*

N. Y. DISTRICT

WE HAVE AN ANNUAL BUDGET of about $50,000,000 for the New York District, said Colonel James W. Barnett, District Engineer, United States Army, Corps of Engineers.

Our work includes both military and civil projects. The area of operations for the military includes New York, New Jersey and the six New England states. Our civil works area includes the watershed regions of the Hudson and Mohawk rivers along with the various lesser rivers leading into them, plus the Jersey waterways south to Manasquan.

The Tow Line interview with Colonel Barnett took place on the 21st floor of the 46-story Federal Agencies Building at 26 Federal Plaza. The Engineers Corps has four floors of this huge new structure. Before meeting the Colonel we left a copy of Tow Line on the desk of Mr. Jacob Gelberman, Chief, Operations Division, for the district.

Colonel Barnett reviewed the dredging and harbor clean-up activities of his operation (see accompanying stories) and discussed at some length the $28,848,000 proposal submitted by the Corps for a thorough harbor face lifting job.

Of this, $8,071,000 would go for much needed repair of piers and other harbor facilities, and this money would come from private interests. The remaining $20,777,000 would cover the removal and disposal of wrecks and shorefront debris. The Federal share of this would be $16,000,000 and some $4,000,000 would come from the states and other interested parties.

"The removal of the causes of harbor debris would result in an economic benefit of substantial proportions to the greater New York port area," Colonel Barnett said.

Under the law as it stands today, the Army Engineers are not permitted to go to the shorefront and root out the causes of the continuing flow of harbor debris. Their jurisdiction extends only to the boundaries of the navigable channels. Furthermore, the money is not available.

"The current situation represents a stalemate," the Colonel added.

Most Army Engineer projects are supported by the localities, with the cost-sharing determined by various established formulas. In addition to funds, the cooperating locality will often contribute such things as lands, easements and rights of way, "hold harmless" agreements and maintenance.

A current project of general interest is the flood protection program for the Passaic River basin. The Passaic is a short river with a broad watershed and heavy industrial development making the matter both delicate and important. Two decades of studies are now being turned into action. The plan includes a series of reservoirs, channel improvements and the like.

The Corps' activities and responsibilities for this District alone are vast and varied. Colonel Barnett lent us a 200-page book of project maps and summaries. The first section is concerned with no less than 85 navigational projects.

The remarkable depth of research and planning pursued by the Army Engineers comes through these pages with a vengeance. Beautiful three color maps illustrate each project. They are generally to a scale of one-half an inch to a thousand feet. The

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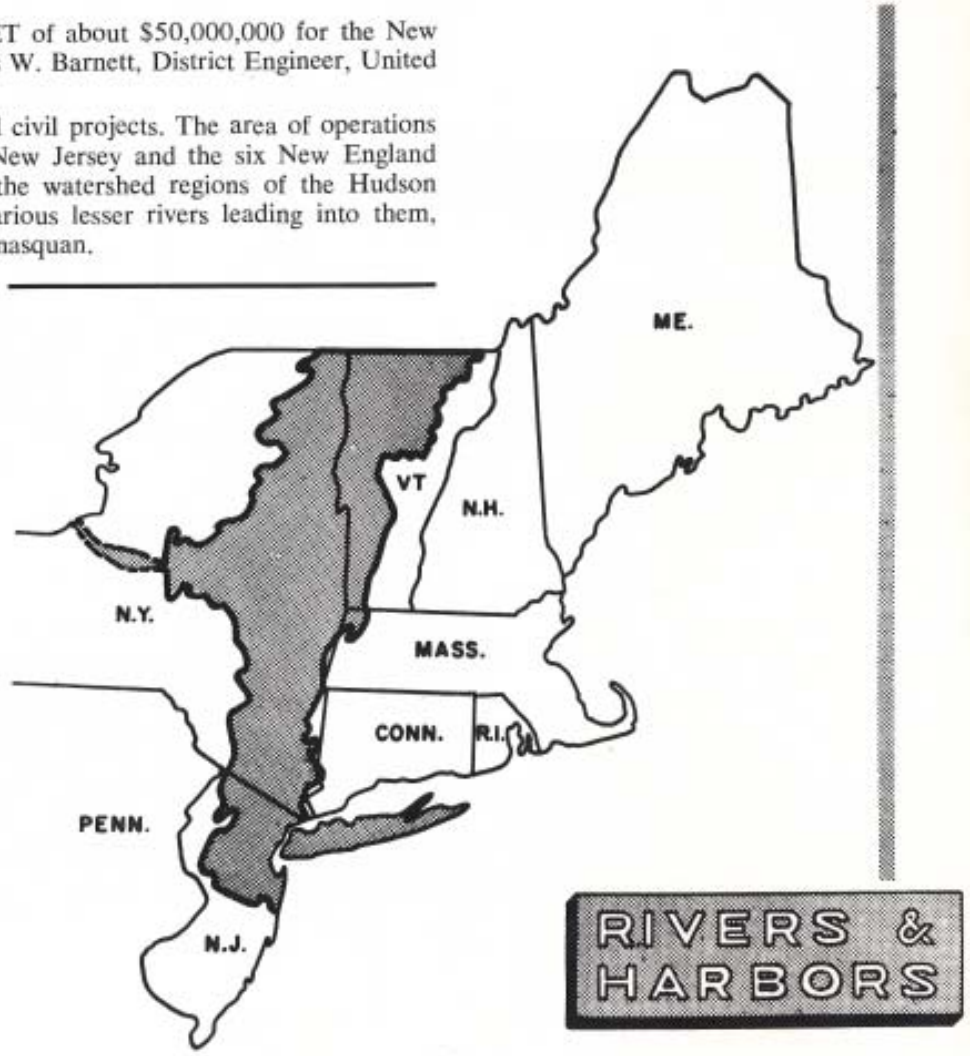


THE AREA COVERED by the New York District, U.S. Army, Corps of Engineers. The shaded area is included within the district's various civil works projects. The picture spread to the right includes typical vessels in the New York District's fleet. The large sea-going dredge *Goethals* is at the upper left. The workboats *Hacking* and *Haendel* are next. The jaunty *Driftmaster* is at the bottom right.


DRIFTMASTER

THE DREDGE 'ESSAYONS'

IT WAS A HAZY, WARM DAY. The clock in the new red brick Seamen's Church Institute tower sounded three bells. Your editor and assistant editor were waiting at Base Manhattan to speed out to the dredge *Essayons* for a TOW LINE story on keeping New York's channels deep enough.

Base Manhattan is where men go to get seamen's papers. It is the only part of the local Coast Guard establishment not on Governor's Island. It is also used by the United States Army Corps of Engineers as a crew pick-up point. The black hulled, red decked utility boat *Hocking* was waiting there to pick up some men for the dredge *Goethals*, which could be seen in the distance under the Colgate clock on the Jersey City side of the Hudson. She was working on channel maintenance.

The Army Engineers red flag with its silver castle emblem hung listlessly from the *Hocking's* flag hoist on the short aluminum mast atop her pilot house. Sea gulls lolled overhead as we spotted the 45-foot utility boat from the *Essayons* approaching.

Bill Elliott was her operator, and she works around the clock getting mail, picking up crew members and freight. She has two V-12 General Motors diesels with a total of 640 horsepower. She can carry 28 people and is four years old.

Captain Elliott mentioned that Captain Jim Jenkins, with Moran for a year or so, was formerly master of the *Essayons* launch.

George P. Gengler, with the Corps of Engineers for 19 years, was our launchman. Going to sea since 1932, he talked of service in the Munson liners *Western World, Munargo* and on the *Excalibur* of American Export Lines. He has a farm up in "God's country," Flemington, New Jersey.

We headed down Buttermilk Channel bound for the *Essayons*, just outside the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. We noted with pleasure that the launch's messman, Edmund Smith, was reading TOW LINE down below.

We passed the Hapag-Lloyd freighter *Magdalene Vinnen* with a sailboat on her deck. She was bound in to Erie Basin. The *G. W. Rogers*, a floating pile driver, came along followed by a junk boat.

"The public does not know what the Army Engineer Corps does," said launchman Luther Meekins, from Avon, North Carolina. Although his hometown has only about 400 people, his cousin and several others are in the Corps. The *Michael Moran* passed us bound out for sea with a sludge barge.

Passing under the Narrows Bridge, we saw the *Essayons* approaching us. We waited for her by the recently cleared Swinburne Island. At one time there was a crematorium on this tiny island where bodies of paupers were cremated.

The big dredge *Goethals*, her name in large white letters, passed us outbound and the huge tanker *Texaco Wisconsin* moved majestically by us

(Continued on page 14)

DRAG TENDER'S HOUSES—On either side of the *Essayons*, roughly amidships, there is a drag tender's house for the hopper dredge crane operator. He has 360-degree visibility and his little house extends out over the big ship's hull. These two pilot houses can be seen in the lower picture at the right.


ESSAYONS

KEEPING HARBOR CLEAN

THE UTILITY BOAT *Haendel* rose and fell jauntily at the float between Pier A and Pier 1, North River. Your editor and Jeff Blinn were about to make a tour of the Upper Bay aboard her to observe how the Army Corps of Engineers struggles to keep the harbor clear of debris.

Mr. Robert Wuestefeld, Assistant Chief of Operations, arrived and invited us on board our little craft and we headed out toward the Narrows. His immediate supervisor, Jack Gelberman, was an old friend who had helped years ago in the search for the wreck of the steamship *Savannah* built in 1819. We knew we were among friends.

Colonel James W. Barnett, the District Engineer, has recently presented a $28,000,000 harbor clean-up proposal to Washington. While national policy on such matters is being considered, the Corps is continuing to battle against the problem of floating debris in the harbor. It is not an easy matter.

The Corps has a fleet of four boats for daily duty in this important activity: the specially-designed *Driftmaster*, the lighter *Gorham*, the tug *Daly* and the tug *Stanwix*. Some days the currents and tidal situation provide so much debris that all four are worked to capacity and can barely keep up with the flow of derelict logs, pilings and the myriad forms of flotsam to be found in a large and busy harbor.

As we moved down the Upper Bay toward Staten Island, our attention was directed to an old incinerator barge that the Army Engineers previously used to destroy wood and other burnable floating objects picked up by their boats in the harbor. The Engineers now have a new $2,000,000 pilot burning facility on Caven Point that has replaced the earlier technique. We stopped off to look at it, meeting Joseph J. Reilly, Marine Superintendent, and S. O. Scharf, Chief of the Plant Branch.

Heat up to 2,000 degrees is generated for the burning process and smoke is minimized by water sprays at the exhaust points. Twelve fans jet air through nozzles to insure full combustion.

Captain Edward H. Field, of Astoria, New York, master of the survey boat *Haendel* then took us across the Bay where the *Driftmaster* was hard at work, off the Military Sea Transportation Service headquarters in Brooklyn. Captain Field has been with the Army Engineers for 29 years. His mate for the day was Ken H. Addis, who normally skippers the *Hatton*.

While we were crossing the Bay we asked our host, Mr. Wuestefeld, about his own service with the Corps.

"Thirty-nine years," he said. "An Army officer came to Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and sold me on the assignment."

Captain Field motioned for Mr. Wuestefeld to pull up the pilot house window, and it was lucky he did. We dipped into a big wave and the whole starboard side was doused with a foamy crest of green harbor water.

Mr. Wuestefeld smiled, and continued to tell us more about the Corps.

The District Engineer, Colonel James W. Barnett, is also the Supervisor of the Harbor. A Navy "Line" officer formerly had this assignment, being appointed by the President but reporting to the Secretary of the Army. The present arrangement was established in 1952 and is much more logical.

One of the Supervisor's launches is the *Buckley*, a 45-footer. Also in this line of command is the *Sentinel*, of the same length, and two 65-footers, the *Ballance* and the *Sentry*. The patrol function is to enforce the law against illegal discharge and dumping.

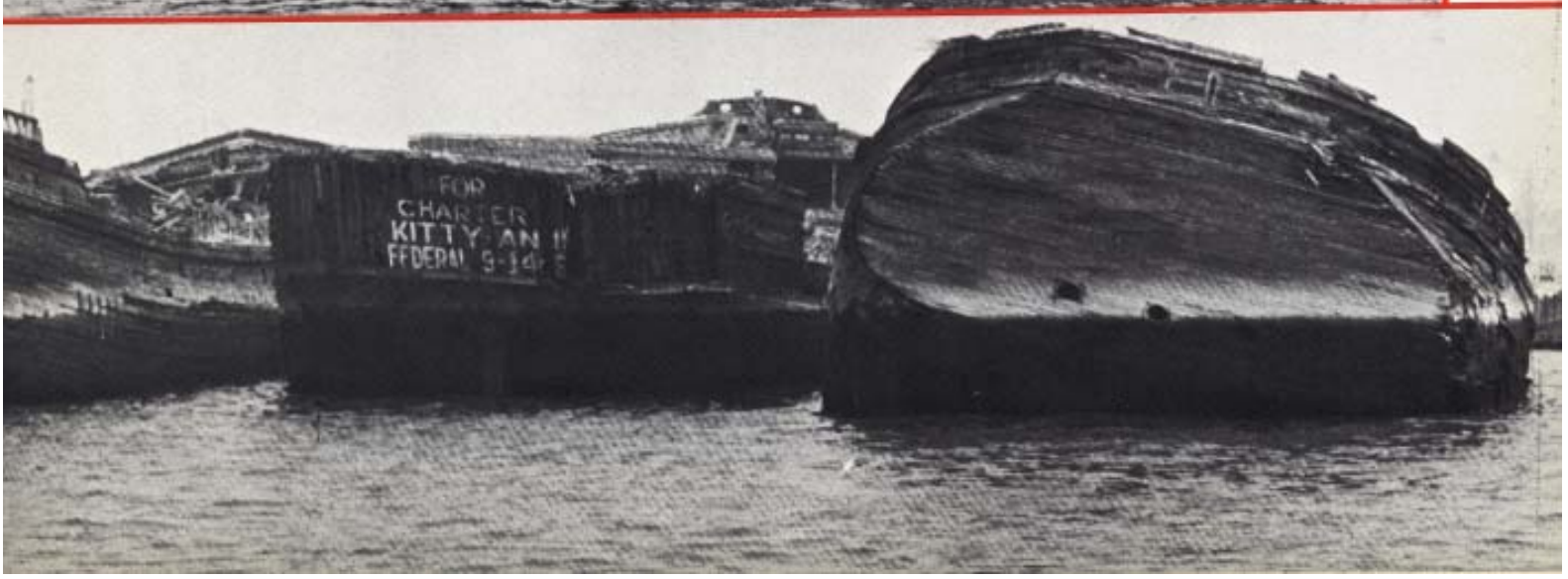
Mr. Wuestefeld winced as we passed a large tanker with four very

(Continued on page 19)

MASSIVE TIMBER—Hoisting a huge piece of wood aboard the *Driftmaster* is an every-day occurrence. Many propellers have been damaged by hitting such a hazardous piece of floating debris. To the right *Driftmaster* crewmen bring the timber in from the craft's bow.

They Were Beautiful — Once

THREE HULKS of once-proud American coastwise sailing schooners at Port Johnson on the Bayonne side of the Kill Van Kull.



TWO BEAUTIES—Above the *Fushimi Maru*, NYK Line, on her recent maiden arrival at New York. A sister of the still-newer *Fuso Maru*, this sleek semi-container vessel is on NYK's New York Line. Captain John Sahlberg directed her docking with the tugs *Margot Moran* and *Marie Moran*. The lower view shows the new *Methane Princess*, 621-feet long and of 21,876 gross tons. She is owned by Conch Maritime Tankers and flies the British flag. Furness Withy & Co. are agents for the *Methane Princess* in New York. Our Captain Bill Hayes brought her in with the tugs *Patricia Moran* and *Teresa Moran*.

HISTORY

THE HISTORY of the United States Army Corps of Engineers dates back to June 16, 1775, the day before the battle of Bunker Hill. On that day the Continental Congress authorized the appointment of a chief engineer and two assistants. The Congress on December 1776 authorized the organization of a "Corps of Engineers."

Apparently the progress made in these early days was slow, for again on March 11, 1779, Congress provided that "all the engineers in service shall be formed into a corps" to report directly to George Washington and to the Board of War of the Continental Congress.

None of the early Army officers had any formal training in military engineering, although some, notably one Richard Gridley and another Rufus Putnam, had acquired considerable experience in the colonial wars on the engineering side of things.

When peace came in 1783, there followed a series of evolutionary changes in the Corps. It was alternately disbanded and reestablished over the next two decades.

Then in March, 1802, the President was authorized by Congress "to organize and establish a Corps of Engineers to be stationed at West Point and to constitute a Military Academy" at the same place.

In the War of 1812 there were topographical engineers on the American general staff.

Headquarters of the Corps were shifted in 1818 to Washington, although the Military Academy at West Point remained the responsibility of the Chief of Engineers until 1866 when it came under the jurisdiction of the War Department.

West Point provided its cadets with a broad engineering background and was, in turn, the source of most of the men who served the Corps of Engineers. Until the late 1820s it was the only engineering school in the young nation.

The Corps of Engineers first participated in river and harbor work in 1824, just after Chief Justice John Marshall rendered his all-important Supreme Court decision placing the control of interstate commerce in Federal hands. Congress divided the existing country into eleven divisions, roughly conforming to the larger watershed areas.

Today there are 13 divisions, divided into 42 districts, of which the New York District is one of the largest and most important.

The first Federal project of the New York District was authorized by Congress in 1834. It involved the removal of obstructions in the upper Hudson.

On the broad front, the Corps has participated in many areas nationally. Its engineers have often been called upon to build Federal buildings in the Nation's Capital, including the capitol itself. The Corps played a major part in digging the Panama Canal.

The Corps has served in all the nation's wars, but it was not until World War I that its numbers became a significant part of the Army's strength. With 11,175 officers and 285,000 enlisted men, the Engineers comprised 12 percent of the entire Army in that conflict.

In World War II, it required eleven billion dollars to house and equip the Army. The Corps of Engineers was in charge of that vast task.

Since the last World War, the Corps has built military defense facilities all around the world.

On the peacetime front, the Corps' responsibility for the maintenance and improvement of the nation's navigable waterways has expanded as the economy has grown. The Corps is also charged with the enforcement of laws relating to the protection and preservation of the nation's navigable waters.

The March, 1970, issue of Ship & Boat International (39 St. Andrew's Hill, London, EC4, England) contains an interesting short item on "Tug Propulsion" by Norman Hammond.

N.Y. DISTRICT . . .

(Continued from page 4)

second section deals with shore protection works and the third portion is devoted to the alteration of bridges. Still another book covers flood control projects.

Some 570 people work in the District, and most of them are on the four floors occupied by the Corps in the Federal Building. The District's regular fleet of harbor vessels includes 12 craft. As scheduling and funds permit, one or more of the Corps' large sea-going hopper dredges are periodically moved into the port for channel improvement work. (See story about the *Essayons*).

Colonel Barnett's list of derelict vessels in the port of New York was a final postscript to our interview. It was an awesome list to contemplate.

There are 1,972 such abandoned vessels in the port! Among them are 186 wood tug hulls and 15 steel tugs. There are 1,173 scows and 169 barges, not to mention 101 "hulks." There is one excursion boat (not named) and one wood tanker. There are 12 steel tankers as well.

Most colorful category is that of schooners, of which there are 85, all of wood construction, rotting in our port.

Giant Tankers Hailed

THE SIX NEW Gulf Oil Corporation tankers of 326,000 deadweight tons each are "surprisingly maneuverable" and are "virtually impervious to weather."

This statement was made recently by W. C. Brodhead, vice president of the firm's marine department. He spoke before a meeting of the American Petroleum Institute.

Mr. Brodhead noted that the six new vessels, fully loaded and moving at more than 14 knots, can come to a full stop in one and three-quarters miles. He said their turning circle at 14½ knots fully loaded is about three times their length.

He cited the case of the UNIVERSE IRELAND when she was on a trial run off Japan in a typhoon. She rolled only 17 degrees in ballast condition. The six monster vessels were built in Japan and leased by the Gulf Oil Corporation from National Bulk Carriers, Inc.

ESSAYONS . . .

(Continued from page 6)

inbound. We circled the *Essayons,* crossed her wake and came around under the port quarter. We noticed her twin rudders and sleek cruiser stern. Donning a lifejacket, we climbed aboard via her gangway while more adventurous Jeff Blinn elected to stay aboard and be hoisted up. It took less than three minutes for the 10-ton launch to be lifted out of the water and neatly housed on the big dredge's top deck.

The Essayons

We were taken on an inspection of the great vessel. She is the flagship of the Army Engineers Corps fleet. She has an overall length of 525 feet, a beam of 72 feet, and has a loaded displacement of 22,410 tons. Commissioned in 1950, the Essayons has accommodations for 32 officers and a crew of 115 men although she is now carrying a complement of only 109 officers and crew.

She is of turbo-electric propulsion with 8,000 shaft horsepower turning two 16-foot diameter propellers. Loaded she has a speed of 16 miles per hour at a draft of 30 feet.

Her four hoppers each have three bins and combined they have a capacity of 8,270 cubic yards. Her two pumping motors have a total horsepower of 3,700.

Pumping is done through two suction pipes, 36 inches in diameter, each suspended over the side by two powered davits.

While we were aboard she was dredging off Brooklyn in the Bay Ridge Channel, where the Corps is engaged in maintaining the channel to a depth of 35 feet.

Another important harbor project is the deepening of a section of the Red Hook Flats Anchorage to 45 feet below mean low water. Ambrose Channel is kept at a depth of 45 feet.

We toured the engine room, saw the "hotel facilities" aft and then went up to the bridge. There we chatted with Assistant Master Dimitri Polistock, who was at the helm. He has been with the Army Engineers for the past six years, but before that he was with Moran for two years, serving with Captains Jenkins, Barrow and Stewart among others.

THE MORAN TUG on the upper left is the *Howard C. Moore*, the one astern of her is the *William C. Moore*. The second lead Moran tug is the *Alice Moran* with the *Marion Moran* in tandem astern. The lead tug at the bottom, mostly out of the picture, is a Barrett tug and the one astern of her is a Meseck tug. The puffs of steam from two of the leading tugs indicate that they are both high pressure steam tugs with atmospheric exhausts, a type which has long since passed from the harbor scene. All these tugs burned coal as fuel. It is a fairly early morning arrival, as can be seen from the tug shadows to the eastward on the water. The method of towing shown here has now been abandoned in New York, with the advent of much more powerful tugs. Today we push the sterns of big incoming liners instead of pulling them around. The ship here is, of course, the *Queen Mary*.

Captain Royal P. Pihl, Master of the *Essayons,* told us something of their operating plan while in New York. They work 24 hours a day, using two shifts. They have aboard two captains, four mates, two chief engineers and six engineers. They work ten consecutive days and have four days off.

The dumping ground for the material dredged from the harbor is 6¼ miles off the New Jersey Coast. It has been used for many years.

Second Mate Russell G. Wuestefeld paced the deck in the pilot house as we chatted. It is said that this all-enclosed pilot house is the largest on any ship since that of the famous French Line *Normandie.*

We moved down into the forecastle of the *Essayons* with Captain Pihl listening to his description of the ship's life. A heavy duty sewing machine caught our attention. It's used all the time for sewing canvas we learned.

Albert J. Souza, Quartermaster, was at the helm when we returned to the bridge. With a father from the Azores and a Portuguese mother, it was only natural that he turn to the sea. He has been with the Corps for 29 years and loves to make model ships in bottles.

Captain Pihl, from Manchester, Conn., has been with the Corps since 1938 and aboard the *Essayons* since she was commissioned in 1950. An impressive figure of a man and one who lives up to the name of his ship which in English means:

"Let's try harder."

Robert A. Raguso, head of the Marine Science Division of the Bendix Corporation, spoke last April 28 before the N.Y. Chapter of the Council of American Master Mariners. He spoke on the weather routing of merchant ships.

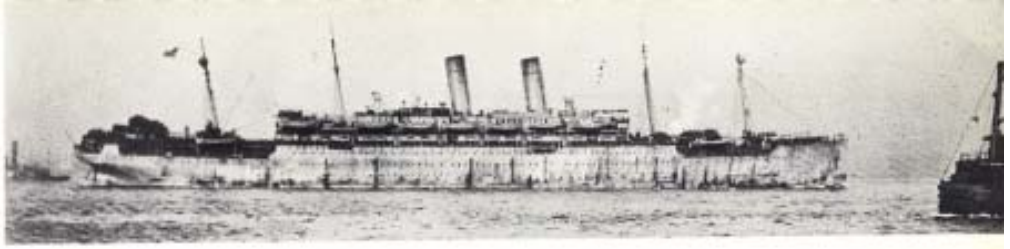
RECOMMENDED READING

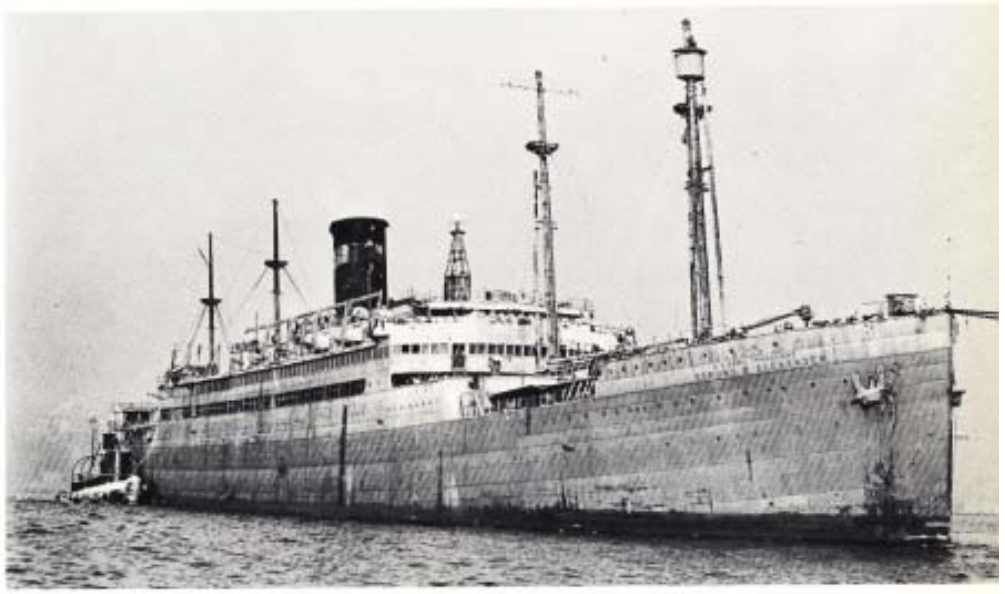
THE WAVERTREE—Being an account of an ocean wanderer and particularly of a voyage around the Horn in 1907—1908 from the Narrative of Captain George Spiers. Published by the South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton Street, New York, 10038, 1969. Price: $6.95.

JAKOB ISBRANDTSEN writes a preface for this spirited and true story. The *Wavertree* is owned by the South Street Seaport and is presently in Buenos Aires, awaiting a tow to New York. Her discovery in remarkably good condition and her acquisition by the Seaport will make another book one of these days. The discovery of the manuscript by Captain Spiers was indeed a remarkable piece of good luck for the Seaport, for the Spiers story is one of the finest sea yarns ever put on paper, and all true. Talk about the underprivileged and the second-class citizen, the sailors of the *Wavertree* and ships of her day lived a life that is hard to imagine possible today. The horrors, privations and trials of their lot is wonderfully described in simple sailor talk but despite all this, those men had their moments of joy, good spirits and fulfillment. Read this book and share in the experience of a true sea saga. Each dollar earned in the sale of this volume helps bring the *Wavertree* herself closer to a permanent berth on New York's historic South Street, as a floating museum at the Seaport. Mr. Isbrandtsen, Chairman of the Seaport's Board of Trustees, heads the American Export Isbrandtsen Lines.

THEY LIVE BY THE WIND—The Lore and Romance of the last Sailing Workboats: The Grand Banks Schooners, the Square-Rigged Training Ships, the Chesapeake Oysterboats and the Fishing Sloops of the Bahamas by Wendell P. Bradley. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, N.Y., 1969. Price: $7.95.

MEN STILL SAIL on commercial sailing craft other than sports sailing boats. This is their story, as told by one who shipped aboard one of the last of the Grand Banks schooners. His story tells of the joys and hardships of a towering square-rigger driving across the North Atlantic. With a chapter on Operation Sail, 1964, the work gives a strong "pitch" for training under sail. The author, who was a reporter for *The Washington Post*, died in an auto accident before his book was printed. "The trouble with this book," writes Howard Chapelle of the Smithsonian Institution, "is that it makes you yearn to again sail the small sailing commercial craft that soon will be gone, if not forgotten."





Great Liners of the Port of New York

SHE SERVED AND SERVED AGAIN—These three pictures are all of the same ship. Built in 1905 for the Hamburg America Line as the *Amerika*, she became a troopship in World War I under the Stars and Stripes (see top view). Between the wars she served as the passenger liner *America* for the United States Mail Line and then the United States Lines. In World War II she again was called up for duty. With a new smokestack in place of her two old stacks and other changes she had an entirely new period of service this time under the name *Edmund B. Alexander*. Strange to say she had remained a coal burner throughout her career under the American flag, but in 1942 she was rebuilt to burn oil and refitted to carry 5,000 troops. Her years of war service and then her post-war period as a military dependents carrier more than repaid the cost of this conversion work. After a period of idleness, she was finally towed to the scrap yard in 1957, still a handsome and sturdy vessel. She was a ship of 21,329 gross tons, with a length of 687 feet. With a speed of 17 knots as an oil burner she had a cruising radius of 22,000 miles.

ASHORE AND AFLOAT

JOHN S. BULL, President, Moran Towing & Transportation Company, announced executive personnel changes effective May 1st.

Captain Percy L. Walling, former Manager, Personnel Department, has assumed the duties and responsibilities of Marine Superintendent.

Edward J. Batcheller, former assistant to Captain Walling, is now Manager of the Personnel Department.

Reynold L. Arata has been transferred from the Seaboard Shipping Company barge dispatching activity to become assistant to Mr. Batcheller.

Captain Walling joined Moran in 1944 as Mate aboard the old *Christine Moran,* then engaged in coastwise towing. He was made Master of canal tug *Anne Moran* four years later spending several years hauling the well-known Time, Inc. paper barge *N. L. Wallace* between Bucksport, Maine and Chicago. In 1956 Captain Walling came ashore as Assistant Personnel Manager.

Captain Batcheller was Mate-Captain on the *Michael Moran* when he joined the shoreside staff as Captain Walling's assistant in March 1965. As deckhand to Captains Bernard Scherer and Robert Hayes on the old *Thomas E. Moran,* Ed began his service with Moran January 1, 1946.

Reynold Arata became a barge dispatcher for the Seaboard Shipping Corporation (now a division of Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc.) on July 1, 1959.

CANDIDO COELHO, Chef on the *Patricia Moran,* leads this six-month's list of Moran men receiving service awards having completed 45 years with the company.

Additional tugmen receiving the awards are: Henry Ek and Torbjorn Sorensen, 40 years service; Louis Hernandez and Hubert Prime, 30 years service; George Ahern, Halstein Wee, Martin J. McEniry, 25 years service; John Blaha, Anthony Duffy, Joseph Edenholm and Gunnar Johansen, 20 years service.

Office personnel marking their long tenure with Moran are: John J. Grady, 35 years; John B. Hurley and Elwood J. Lewis, 25 years and Corneel Hurts, 20 years.

CHIEF ENGINEER George Hudson, veteran of the *Alva Cape* rescue saga, has retired.

In the tugboat industry for 41 years, Chief Hudson served for 15 years with the old Card Towing Company and has been with Moran and the famous Olsen Towing Line, which we absorbed, ever since.

"I came to New York to see a ball game," he said, thinking out loud about how he got into tug boating.

"I got lost and ended up on an elevated line that took me down to South Street. Walking around I bumped into a friend who had an engineer's job on a tug. He said he knew of an opening and I got the job."

Chief Hudson's first boat was the old *William Card,* classic old style coal burner of 400 horsepower. He worked out of Pier 11 East River. Captain Harry Olsen, long a Moran skipper, was his captain for many years. Captain Olsen retired in 1966.

The Chief lives in Maryland, near Ocean City, and his hobbies are fishing, oystering and clamming. He has two married daughters, one living near him and the other in California. He is a grandfather, two times. His son is completing his Navy stint and hopes to go to the University of California at Los Angeles when he gets out.

"Sure we used to dock the LEVIATHAN," he said in answer to your editor's last question.

Capt. Percy L. Walling

Edward J. Batcheller

Reynold L. Arata

Grace Moran

THE DAY WAS ABSOLUTELY perfect—clear, sharp, not too cold but far from hot. We waited on the end of Pier 1 for the *Grace Moran* to arrive. We could tell her from far off by her added "upper deck" pilot house. She looked beautiful coming at us from off the Statue of Liberty. Our assignment was to watch her pick up a couple of dump scows to be towed out into a deep spot off Eaton's Neck in Long Island sound. The material in the scows had been dredged from a nearby slip.

Deckhand Ernest Wilgus helped us aboard and we made our way up to the wheelhouse to pay our respects immediately to Captain Thomas Ferrara. It was his first day on the *Grace*, although he has been on many other Moran tugs since joining our company in 1968. A graduate of the Metropolitan Vocational High School's maritime training course way back in 1942, Captain Tom has spent the last 28 years since then on barges and tugs in New York harbor and adjacent waters. First he served on Gulf Oil Company barges, then on Tracy tugs, then a long spell with Red Star and now he is with us.

A man of many interests, he told us about his new Japanese-made Topcon-type camera.

"It does all the work for you, makes even a dummy an expert."

The *Grace Moran* had assisted in the docking of the magnificent Holland America Line's flagship *Rotterdam* early this morning and we paused at Pier 40. She looked beautiful and seemed to be slowly relaxing after her last voyage. You could almost sense her unwinding during her short rest period in port. The last of her sad-to-leave cruise passengers were probably saying their fond goodbys and clearing Customs. Her massive bulk dwarfed the little old Liberty ship *John W. Brown* at the adjoining pier.

The *Brown* is the schoolship that today's vocational high school boys use, and a vast improvement over the former *Gold Star Mother*, the old ferry the school used when Captain Tom was going there. We watched the schoolship boys getting practice in rowing. They had three lifeboats tied up to a large float alongside and eight boys and a coxswain were in one of them moving up and down in the slip.

"Bet they get a much better education there than we did back when I went to that school," the Captain said. He spoke with sincere affection of some of his old teachers, particularly Captain Joseph Schilling, who died a few years ago. "A wonderful man, he was." We also remembered him with respect.

The *Teresa Moran* passed us in midstream, as we moved into the slip between Piers 45 and 46. We spotted the Great Lakes Dredge & Dock Company's scow *G.L. 10* loaded with mud alongside the north face of Pier 45. The *G.L. 62* was forward of her, but high in the water, not loaded. Across the slip were four railroad car floats at Pier 46. There were three Canadian Pacific freight cars on the one at the outer end of the pier. Two were red in the company's old colors and the third was green and white, with markings similar to those on the great single stack of the famous cruise liner *Empress of Canada*, of Canadian Pacific Line. The three inner carfloats were nested abreast. The outer one had twelve railroad freight cars aboard, and the two others had fourteen each.

We were instructed to go around to the south face of Pier 45, where another loaded Great Lakes scow was awaiting us. She was the *G.L. 61*.

The water was a strange pea green, and the shadows of the piers stretched north. There wasn't a cloud in the sky.

We looked West and saw a superb sight.

The great liner *Michelangelo* was slipping effortlessly up toward her pier, followed by the *Teresa Moran*. What a contrast, and yet what a pair.

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GRACE . . .

(Continued from page 17)

Two perfectly designed crafts, each ideal for their purpose. The 43,000 ton Italian Line flagship, whose cage mast-type smokestacks are now thought to be among her most beautiful features, and the 4,300 horsepower tug. One vessel the epitome of grace, sleekness and luxury and the other the personification of power and purpose.

As we maneuvered around to pick up the second barge we got our first close look at the "cargo" we were going to move.

"There you can seé a splendid example of genuine, solid MUCK," said Captain Ferrara. "They are dredging it up from somewhere in the harbor, and it has to be gotten rid of somehow."

Fortunately it appeared to have no odor. It was jet black, and was covered in good part by water. Swirls of dark, slab-like, moist muck and the thought came to us that it would be horrible to fall into such a load.

With our mind on such things we stood outside the galley and chatted with Chief Engineer Jim Pearce and the Captain.

Captain Tom spoke of Newtown Creek. "It always seemed that I was ordered up there after I had cleaned and polished all my boat's brass," he said, speaking of the old days. It would always happen, no sooner was the brass shining and bright that we would be told to go pick up a box of coal at Burns Bros. in Newtown Creek. When we got out, the brass would be all discolored.

We backed up along the port side of *G.L. 61*.

"Watch your hands, don't worry about rope, the rope we can replace," Captain Tom shouted out of his pilot house to deckhand Rolf Grasmo.

Chef George Allison, presiding proudly over his spotless galley, noted in passing that his supply of toothpicks was not being diminished as rapidly as it used to be. When Jimmy Naughton used to be aboard, he said, he had to get a new box every couple of weeks, because Jim used to chew on them like gum.

"He must have swallowed a lot of wood in his time," said Jim Pearce.

Jim Naughton is now on the *Eugene F. Moran*. He got his mate's license a few months ago. His father used to be a dispatcher for Bronx Towing.

We asked Captain Ferrara if he had any special area of towing that he preferred. He said that he didn't.

"I like it all, outside—in the harbor—everywhere."

He told us something of his family as we maneuvered around to the north side of Pier 45 again. Mate Per Haugen was now handling the tug as Captain Tom ate his lunch.

His three daughters are Nancy, now working for the Atlantic Cement Company, age 19; Michelle, just out of High School and going to Queensborough College, 17 years old, and Julia, who loves fishing and is in junior high, aged 14.

"She caught a 14 lb. bluefish. My wife gets seasick and doesn't care too much for fishing."

By this time the G.L. 61 was out in the river facing up the Hudson and the G.L. 10 was lashed securely behind her. We were inboard of the pair, our bow facing upstream at the end of Pier 45. The two Great Lakes barge men put the finishing touches to the task of securing the two big steel barges one to the other. We noticed that it was a fine piece of work they were doing, a job they obviously took pride in doing right. The right way is the safe way we thought as we noted how they carefully laid four double folds of a huge hawser at the forward end of *G.L. 10.*

The *Grace Moran* slowly moved forward and under the watchful eye of Per Haugen, deckhand Rolf Grasmo hurled the bridle lead line to one of the barge men. In no time the one end of the bridle was attached to a bollard on the barge and the bridle's massive connecting link was pulled off our after deck and dropped into the water, linked to us by a massive 11-inch rope hawser. The whole operation was done in a few moments. Amateurs would have taken hours but there are no amateurs on our tugs.

As we began to move out into the Hudson in a wide circle, I noted that the *G.L. 61* had riding lights. The *G.L. 10* had a small deckhouse aft. Both have crew quarters below decks aft of their massive cargo body. Mate Haugen was maneuvering our craft from the stern outdoor power control unit on the starboard side aft on the upper deck. From there he had complete visibility, full control of the engine and could steer the tug with a small handle on a steering control column.

At 1:05 we were underway and heading down for the Battery. A strong ebb tide was running, and we were making about seven knots with only partial power.

"I don't have her hooked up," Mate Haugen said back in the wheelhouse.

"We will go round the Battery and start up the East River just as it starts flooding. The East River current will give us four knots, and we can throttle down even more. You don't want to have too much momentum."

The *Julia C. Moran* came by and we hitched a ride back to Pier 1, our part of the expedition completed.

The *Grace Moran,* her two mud barges in tow headed on up the East River. Their destination was the Army Engineers prescribed dumping location off Eaton's Neck in Long Island Sound. An Army patrol boat would be waiting for the barges to assist them in determining the exact spot for the dump.

The trip out and back would be nearly a twelve-hour jaunt, but loads like this must be disposed of and as long as there is such work we are always happy to play our part.

The Eaton's Neck dumping ground is one of 19 Long Island Sound areas designated for this purpose by the Army Engineers. It is about 150 feet deep and covers a wide area. The silt from the two Great Lakes barges would be lost completely in its murky depths.

To make absolutely certain that the silt was dumped in exactly the right spot, the Army patrol boat *Buckley* was waiting off Eaton's Neck and would stand by while the load of silt was unloaded. The bottom doors in the barge would be opened and down the silt would go, slowly settling at the bottom of the Sound.

HARBOR . . .

(Continued from page 8)

obvious metal barrel garbage chutes rigged over her stern rail.

The Driftmaster

As we approached the *Driftmaster,* those of us who were going to cross over to her (Jeff Blinn, Mr. Wuestefeld and your editor) were assisted into orange life jackets by Mate Addis.

Chief Engineer Herman J. Schultz, of the *Driftmaster,* explained her operation.

She is of catamaran construction with two large chain nets strung from steel crosspieces between her twin hulls forward. Each net can hold eight tons of debris. About four net loads per day or between 28 and 30 tons are normally picked up.

Her two 300 horsepower diesel engines glistened in a spotless engine-room with brass door sills and bright work shining radiantly. The twin-screw craft was new in 1948 and is the only specially designed craft in the debris fleet. The other major unit, the *Gorham,* is a most colorful craft with a tall thin smokestack and a large "A"-Frame derrick. The two tugs tow small catamaran pick-up floats, but their capacity is neither as large nor as efficient as the *Driftmaster.*

Captain James A. Florio, the *Driftmaster's* captain, welcomed us with a description of the interesting and odd objects that have been picked up. With the Corps for 29 years, he is from Little Silver, New Jersey.

Once he picked up a cask of uncut perfume. Many objects possibly stolen from freighters and dropped overboard for one reason or another are found floating down the Bay and are picked up. A grand piano came into the *Driftmaster's* net once, and furniture of all types is commonplace.

"We often find bodies," Captain Florio said. He added that they are not picked up, but "we call the Coast Guard to handle them." The most unusual thing ever picked up was a dead giraffe. The animal had come in from Africa. The crate in which it was being hoisted ashore dropped to the pier and the giraffe, still very much alive and kicking, leaped out and raced shoreward along the pier. It headed for an opening in the pier house, but didn't judge the clearance properly. The poor creature broke its neck and fell into the water.

Another odd find was a 75-foot whale which floated dead into the 79th Street boat basin. It had to be taken to sea and blown up by a Navy demolition team.

As we talked, a railroad carfloat and tug approached, blowing loudly at us.

"That's one of our real problems," Captain Florio said.

"We have no right of way; we're just like any other ship even though we may be lifting something out of the water and in no position to move, and to complicate matters most of our work is in the main ship channels."

Picking up things comes naturally to Captain Florio. He served four years in the Pacific with the Army Air Corps, making 44 rescue missions and earning both the Silver and Bronze Star awards.

While we chatted, the crew of the *Driftmaster* spotted a 45-foot chunk of timber, lashed on to it, hoisted it aboard and went on about their work.

"We will saw it up," Captain Florio said in a matter-of-fact way.

Shooters Island

Back aboard the *Haendel,* we headed for Kill Van Kull and Shooters Island, notorious home of old hulks.

On the Bayonne side at Port Johnson, we passed the remains of three once beautiful sailing ships. One, the *Kitty Ann,* still had a "for charter" sign painted on her transom. Good-sized vessels, in a bygone day, they were coastwise lumber schooners. It was sad to see them in such a sorry condition. Hulks like these are prime sources of floating timber.

The floating timber situation has been a problem in the port for many years. During the depression, the Army Engineers picked it up, cut it into small pieces and put it on various public piers for people to take away as free fire wood. Oddly enough, very few people did so.

Millions of dollars of damage to propellers, rudders, etc. is caused each year by driftwood and, with more and more piers being abandoned, the problem is becoming worse. Only about $600,000 is provided for such harbor clean-up in the current budget.

"We know the job is a tremendous one," said Mr. Wuestefeld. "We know we are only barely holding our own with our present efforts and we have a $28,000,000 program under study in Washington to do the job right." (See Colonel Barnett interview on page 4.)

Shooters Island is off the shore of Staten Island opposite the entrance to Newark Bay. It is possible that the entire island may be dug up and used as fill for the new container port project of American Export Isbrandtsen Lines at Howland Hook.

Six sections of a monster wooden floating dry dock are there, abandoned long ago and rotting. Two sets of ferry float-bridges add a pattern of curves to the general picture of disorder. Old barges, old tugs, old lighters, old cabin cruisers and ribs from other craft are all accumulated in the most distressing mass of wreckage, a veritable nightmare for the Army Engineers.

A team of Corps specialists have been over this conglomeration attempting to identify by name the various boats piled on top of one another. They have an inventory, our guide said.

Upon completion of our inspection, the spick and span *Haendel* seemed happy to head back toward the Upper Bay and Manhattan. Just what the future holds in store for Shooters Island is hard to say, but simply seeing it gave us a feeling of the monstrous task ahead for the Army Engineers in their determined efforts to clean up New York Harbor.

The house magazine of Texaco, called *Texaco Topics,* mentioned our *Nancy Moran* in a feature story recently. It was describing how one of the company's oil barges was "pushed" up the Connecticut River on a bitter-cold day last January. They passed our *Nancy* and exchanged greetings with her via radio-phone.