

# TOW LINE



AUGUST, 1956

New Tug Launched  
(Pages 8-9)





## ON THE COVER—

**H**OME LINES' flagship *Homeric*, shoving off from New York on one of her transatlantic voyages, is shown here by Charles G. Evers being escorted downstream by our diesel-electric tug *Carol Moran*, which has just assisted her to sail from her North River berth. (Is it necessary to identify all those downtown Manhattan skyscrapers?)

Known as *Mariposa* when Home Lines purchased her in 1953 from the Matson Line, this beautiful ship was renamed *Homeric* and re-engined in the Alameda, Calif., yards of Todd Shipyards Corp. Upon completion of this four-month operation, she proceeded in ballast from San Francisco to Monfalcone, Italy, via the Panama Canal—thus subjecting her newly installed machinery to the longest "trial run" in maritime history, a voyage of 9,265 miles.

The *Homeric* arrived in the Italian port, near Trieste, in June, 1954, and entered the yard of Cantiere Navale for complete rebuilding and refitting of her interior. This tremendous undertaking was completed on schedule—a real tribute to the fine facilities and organization at Monfalcone; and upon her first arrival in New York, February 5, 1955, the vessel was acclaimed as a masterpiece of the shipbuilders' art—one of the finest modern passenger liners, according to the press, travel agents and public.

Principal characteristics of the *Homeric*: gross tonnage, 26,000; length, 638 feet; breadth, 79 feet; steam turbines, 28,500 horsepower; maximum speed, 23.5 knots; up-to-date air-conditioning by the Carrier Corp.; deck space, open and closed, 34,400 square feet; maximum fire protection by extensive use of marinite; passenger capacity on transatlantic voyages, 1,165 (on cruises, approximately 650); latest technical improvements and navigational aids.

From April to early November the *Homeric* is operated in the Home Lines express passenger service between Quebec and Le Havre and Southampton, and during the remainder of the year on West Indies-South America cruises.

Moran is happy to have been selected to serve Home Lines in docking and sailing the *Homeric*, as well as other vessels of that fleet.



*Moran's European Agents:* ENGLAND: James A. McLaren & Co., 65 Bishopsgate, London, E. C. 2; SCOTLAND: Henry Abram, Ltd., 163 Hope Street, Glasgow, C. 2; NORWAY: Shipping Services A/S, Fridtjof Nansens plass 4, Oslo; Birger Gjestland A/S, Kong Oscars Gate 62, Bergen; DENMARK: Jorgen A. Rasmussen, 33 Amaliegade, Copenhagen K.; SWEDEN: A. B. Sandstrom, Stranne & Co., Postgatan 2, P.O.B. 93, Gothenburg; FINLAND: A. B. Lars Krogius & Co., O. Y., S. Magasinsgatan 4, Helsinki; BELGIUM: Wm. H. Mueller & Co., S. A., 21 Rue de la Bourse, Antwerp; GERMANY: Ernst Glüssel, Altenwall 21, Bremen; SPAIN: Rafael Navajas Aguirre 8, Bilbao; ITALY: O.S.I.A.M., Piazza de Ferrari, 4/47, Genoa; GREECE: The Saporta Agency Co., Ltd., P.O.B. 21, Piraeus.





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**MORAN TOWING & TRANSPORTATION CO., INC.**  
 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.  
 Cable Address: MORANTOW  
 R. M. Munroe, Editor Lucille Christian, Associate  
 Jeff Blinn, Photographer

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

### Source of Marine Art

Dear Mr. Munroe:

My friend, Gaby Siedler, and I, painters, wish to thank you for the wonderful opportunity offered to us by your company for viewing the harbor and the ships from your tug *Doris Moran*. The small sketches we have made will give us good material for many future paintings. The trip was sheer pleasure from beginning to end, and it will serve, in memory, to make your sturdy little vessels that much more a vivid reality, the crew being the best, and the time spent aboard just about the friendliest.

JOHN SUTTON  
 (770 Sixth Ave., New York)

### Repeat: Thanx, Regards

Gentlemen:

I have received *TOW LINE* of Christmas, 1955, and February and April, 1956, and the wonderful 1956 calendar with a separate print of the original painting by Charles G. Evers. I wish to express here my gratitude for your kindness. Moran tugs are very well liked in our sea life, and *TOW LINE* is a beautiful magazine. Many thanks for everything, and best regards.

Capt. ANTONIO ROBBIANO  
 (Master, *S.S. Atholl McBean*)

**M/S HOEGH CAPE** — This newest Hoegh Lines cargo liner arrived in New York on her maiden voyage July 17, after calling at Galveston, Houston and Port Arthur, Texas, and at New Orleans, La. With Capt. R. L. Hayes as pilot aboard, our tugs *Carol Moran* and *St. Helen* docked her at Pier 30, New York Docks, Brooklyn. Assigned to Leif Hoegh & Co.'s India service, the 10,400-DWT Norwegian-flag express liner sailed a few days later for Indian ports via the Mediterranean and Red Seas. Diesel powered, she has a loaded speed of 16.5 knots, and measures 496 feet in length, 64 feet in breadth. She has 632,370 cubic feet of bale space, and her refrigerated space consists of four 21,422-cu. ft. compartments. Kerr Steamship Co., Inc., 32 Pearl Street, New York, are general agents here for Hoegh Lines.

### The Sea Is Mine

(From *New York Herald Tribune*, June 20, 1956)

I will come back to the sea in spring,  
 return like the homing bird swift on the wing  
 from sweet-scented clover to this bitter brine—  
 I will return for the sea is mine.  
 And far from this shore in spring's early bud  
 I'll long for the tide and the wild breaking flood,  
 for the hoarder of barnacles, mother of whales,  
 the jeweler of coral, and wrestler of sails.  
 The sea has been marrowed so deep in my bone  
 that leaving this shore is like going alone  
 into a wilderness, lost to starshine,  
 where nothing can shake me—and nothing is mine.

SARAH HOWARD.

**SHUTTERBUGS** — About 50 amateur photographers, representing 15 member clubs of the Business Camera Clubs Ass'n, were aboard the tug *Barbara Moran* Saturday, June 16, for a cruise around New York harbor as guests of the company.

### Outlying Precinct

Dear Sir:

I am very keen on ships, tugs especially, and I would appreciate it very much if you could kindly send me a number of copies of your magazine *TOW LINE*. I work for the Wanatah Tug & Salvage Co. in Sydney, where I have been employed for three years. I know very well Captain Abbott, who I believe corresponds with you regularly. There are seven tugs in our fleet, which is quite small as compared to the Moran fleet. Our tugs have successfully carried out many salvage tows around the Australian coast in the last few years. The big salvage tug *Bustler* is in Sydney at present on her way to Hong Kong from Melbourne, towing two obsolete corvettes.

JOHN BURNE  
 (Cremorne, Sydney, Australia)

### He Felt Right at Home

Editor of *TOW LINE*:

Please let me thank, in this way, all hands for my delightful trip on the *Moir Moran*. The captain, his mate, and the rest of the crew, including Jeff Blinn of your staff who was aboard that day, and Miss Christian who made the trip possible, impressed me with their friendliness. They made me feel right at home.

W. G. CARY  
 (921 Galloway Ave., Memphis, Tenn.)





# Offshore and Inland Waterways Tug Dispatching

Editor's note: Fairly constant readers will recall that the cover of our June issue (a pleasing change of pace in that prominent sector) consisted of Artist Lili Réthi's faithful rendition of Moran's harbor dispatching department, showing six dispatchers of an 11-man, around-the-clock staff performing their communications chores. The customary Page 2 "On the Cover—" type panel undertook to explain, but merely in the simplest terms, something of the workings of that department.

Here, then, is the reverse side of the picture, including another accurate impression by Miss Réthi of operations personnel at work: an adjacent department concerned with the comings and goings of deepsea, coastwise and inland waterways tugs.

**O**NLY a fifth as many men are required to keep this no less important operating department ticking, although on occasion their functions and those of Moran's harbor dispatching group interlock more or less.

C. M. (Neal) Devine is boss, with the title, Manager of Outside Operations, and Mike Bodlovic, brother of that chief dispatcher on the other side of the partition, is his assistant. It's an efficient team.

What Miss Réthi was unable to squeeze into her on-the-spot drawing (below) you could put in your eye and still see that what the boys have here is a just about perfect setup.

Following information relayed by

Devine, at the telephone, Bodlovic is making indicated notations on a chart or position sheet—in this instance one devoted to locations and schedules of canal tugs. The sheet at his right tells at a glance what's what with Moran's deepsea and coastwise tugs, which is equally essential.

Fleet units operating on inland waterways report to HQ each morning sometime between 8 and 9:30, either via mobile radiotelephone, with which each is equipped, or by using regular lines if they happen to be near land phones at the right time.

Ocean tugs—some with professional operators aboard—report either via radiogram or through the radiotelephone marine operator of the coastal harbor station closest to them.

Let's get back to the accompanying drawing. The panel to Bodlovic's left is replete with magnetized name plates one can shift here and there at will to indicate what tugs are doing what: at harbor work, on bareboat charter, repairing, taking a regular day off, etc.—in short, what equipment is available or when it will be. Here, also are posted the latest bulletins concerned with weather conditions: local, coastal, and on the Great Lakes. Other essential equipment here includes message racks, a chart case (far left), an accurate chronometer, and desk telephones with enough switchboard connections to drive you cuckoo.

That's about it; so now why not take a sampling from today's mimeographed position sheet which, once the Devine-Bodlovic big board is complete, is circulated to all HQ departments—even the TOW LINE office?

As this piece is being fabricated, 20 tugs are assigned to harbor work; three are on bareboat charter; two are repairing; and two are listed in day-off status.

Twenty tugs are on the move elsewhere—far and wide. *Anne Moran* and *Harriet Moran*, each with a Time, Inc., paper barge, are between Bucksport, Me., and Chicago (or vice versa). *Catherine*, *Marie S.*, *Claire A.*, *Martha*, *Agnes A.*, *Cathleen*, *Mary*, and *Helen (Moran)* have tows on the New York State Barge Canal and/or the Great Lakes. Four ocean tugs are at sea, two of them en route from Charleston, S. C., to La Pallice, France. Three are moving coastwise. Two are, or expect to be at any moment, towing the Defense Department's No. 3 radar platform between Portland, Me., and Nantucket Shoals. And our towboat *David E. Moran*, en route from Mt. Vernon, Ind., and Coraopolis, Pa., with Intercity barges *Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4*, at 0600 hrs. was "487 Mi. N/ Ohio, ETA 8/10"...That's the way it goes daily.

P.S.: In Miss Réthi's picture that is John J. Metzner, vice president, operations, consulting at Devine's desk.





## 'Tugboat Cook King, Soup Ladle His Sceptre,' Upstate Newspaper Feature Headline Says

(Vince Spezzano, in the Rochester Times-Union, July 1, 1956)

Editor's note: The following feature story was illustrated with two excellent pictures made by a Times-Union staff photographer, and we regret they are not available for reproduction here. Accompanying captions:

"BULLIES BARGES—Capt. Herbert Sixten (left) and 2nd Mate Frank Carpenter wave from tugboat, *Martha Moran*, at Port of Rochester. The tug docked here towing oil barge (foreground). She plies Lake Ontario and New York State Barge Canal."

"GALLEY RULER POURS—Bill Siversten (left), cook on the tug, serves round of coffee to (from left) Eddie Baro, deckhand; Frank Carpenter, and Captain Sixten."

**T**HERE'S a pint-sized kingdom aboard the tugboat *Martha Moran*, ruled by a Norwegian cook named Bill.

Bill has seven loyal subjects who loudly sing the praises of his culinary ability and swear he has never cooked a bad meal.

Bill is as proud of that praise as he is of his galley aboard the *Martha Moran*, one of the many tugs of the Moran Towing & Transportation Co. of New York City which ply the waters of the Great Lakes and the Barge Canal.

If you've never been aboard a tugboat, there's a worthwhile experience awaiting you.

A quick tour will show you why the pudgy little craft are able to bully huge ships around with relative ease—they are all engine.

But the center of interest aboard these powerful workhorses—especially among the crew—is the galley. And the center of interest in the galley is the cook.

In the case of the *Martha Moran*, this is Bill Siversten.

"He's as important to this boat as the machinery," says the *Martha's* skipper, Capt. Herbert Sixten.

Unlike the machinery aboard, Bill is quiet. He is shy about talking of his background and life as a tugboat cook, but admits he likes it because "I'm my own boss."

There isn't a cookbook in sight around the neat and clean galley because the recipes Bill has picked up in

40 years as a cook haven't been contained in one cookbook.

He has tried cooking ashore, "but you go crazy in a job like that," Bill says in his pleasant accent.

Most of his life has been spent at sea—13 years aboard an oil tanker and the rest of his seagoing life aboard tugs.

He has tried shipboard jobs other than cooking, too.

"They are too hard," he says. "I like cooking and it's easy. Here in the galley, I am independent, too."

Even though Bill works for a huge organization like Moran, his independence as a cook aboard one of the company's boats is complete. He plans his own menus, buys his own food supply, and does pretty much as he likes—within his fairly generous budget.

Since the tugs are going almost constantly, he shops when he can along the route. Much of the food supply is purchased at the tug's home port, but bread, milk and such perishables, which Bill likes to buy fresh, are purchased along the way.

While talking about this enroute shopping, he opened a cavernous refrigerator and freezer to bring out some strawberries he had purchased here while the tug and the oil barge it was towing waited for Lake Ontario weather to clear.

"Look at those strawberries," he said. "I haven't seen strawberries like those in a very long time."

Bill says he finds that prices along the way don't vary much but, he likes to shop around when he can.

His meals aboard the tug are simple. Nothing fancy. "These men work hard and they need good solid food."

There are no complaints from other members of the crew.

"His meals are always good," says the captain.

"Nothing can beat his soups," interjects Second Mate Frank Carpenter.

Bill's soups are all home-made, with fresh vegetables he buys whenever he can. "That's the only really good soup," he insists.

Probably the one major item that comes from the galley is coffee.

"They use a pound of coffee a day,

(Continued on Page 10)

**CANAL OPERATIONS**—While your editor was trying desperately to enjoy an abortive vacation on his ancestral acres upstate just as June was becoming July, the consensus late one afternoon was that some Oneida Lake pike wouldn't be too bad as a dinner entree. Accordingly, we motored to Brewerton, and there, at the head of the Oneida River, was a vaguely familiar tug: the *William J. Moran* (Capt. Albert Munson), moored alongside a concrete retaining wall just below Route 11 bridge. She was standing by while her tow, Seaboard Shipping Corp.'s barge *Spindletop* (Capt. Tom Frockedal), discharged a cargo of 18,000 barrels of jet fuel, for the U. S. Air Force, at a GLF storage facility downstream on the opposite side of the river. Loaded at Carteret, N. J., the *Spindletop* later was towed to a Sun Oil Co. terminal at Toledo, Ohio, to take on a cargo of gasoline for Utica, N. Y. . . . Nice tugboating, and superlative O. L. pike (at Wysocki's, South Bay), if you can get 'em.







### TELL 'EM WHERE YOU GOT IT

Poker players of the old school had a humorously ironic saying. If a gambler won heavily early in the game, cashed his stacks of chips, and shoved off, as the winner left somebody was sure to say to him, "Tell 'em where you got it!"

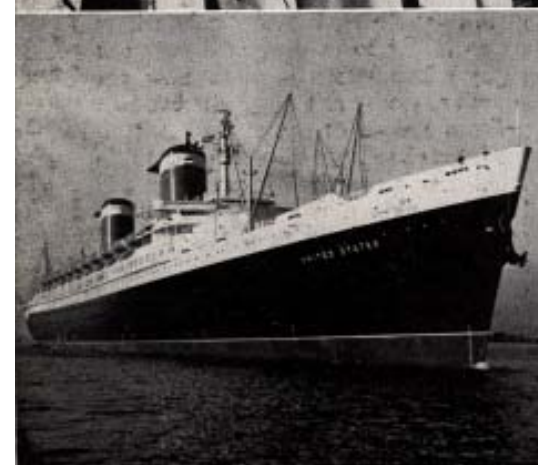
Too often when operating companies like Moran accede to sometimes extravagant requests of news and entertainment media for special accomodation, afloat or ashore, the agencies involved don't even bother to thank those providing the service—much less to make editorial acknowledgment in the resulting stories, still or motion pictures, etc.

Which is not to say the representatives of broadcasting networks shown feverishly at work aboard an "M" tug in this photo layout were guilty of such callousness. On the contrary, they appreciated the facilities placed at their disposal, and other Moran cooperation, and said so.

We merely take this means of informing readers how a great many marine subjects enjoyed by the general public in newspapers and magazines, on TV and radio, reach the public prints, air waves and movie screens.

This was a double-barreled operation afloat: making motion picture footage and a special sound track for NBC-TV's popular network program, "Ask the Camera," on the subject "Docking an Ocean Liner"—which was a thorough-going answer to an inquiry by a TV viewer in California; and making a tape recording, which included interviews with Francis T. Greene, then president of the American Merchant Marine Institute, and with Moran personnel, for Miss Helen Hall's NBC network "Home Show." They reached millions.

Notable in our layout: (top center) Capt. Tony Huseby; senior Moran pilot, narrator on "Ask the Camera," facing the TV crew; (left, third from top) Mr. Greene; and (bottom, center) Miss Hall and Capt. Bill Hayes. . . . Tug: Moira Moran.





# Just a Wee Tug Sends the Big Liners Out to Sea

(Reprinted from the Newark, N. J., Sunday News of July 15, 1956)

By GUY SAVINO

(New York Staff Correspondent)

**C**APT. BILL HAYES, a lean old sea dog whose face has been seamed by 45 years of weather, backed the *Pauline L. Moran* into the North River with practiced ease, swung her northward, and let her cruise along at 12 knots.

As the gray, restless river water slipped under the bow of the tug, Hayes glanced casually over the city skyline. His craft seemed to know her own way. He was rounding out his 48-hour trick aboard. Up at 4 a.m., he berthed a freighter in Erie basin, Brooklyn. Just after dawn the *Pauline* coaxed the *Ocean Monarch*, just returning from her Bermuda run, into a pier at W. 55th St. Two more freighter arrivals occupied the *Pauline* after that.

## Spring Tide of Tourists

But the business at hand was of more dramatic promise. It was Thursday and trans-Atlantic travelers were at flood tide. Six of the great luxury liners that ply the ocean were to sail in the hour before noon.

Up at the dispatching office of Moran Towing & Transportation, Inc., on the 25th floor of 17 Battery Pl., Hayes had been assigned the task of working the Cunard liners, the *Queen Elizabeth*, largest afloat, and the *Britannic*, an old, but still serviceable, craft.

During the fortunately infrequent strikes which remove the tugs from the harbor, the liners have been known to make port and to depart without assistance. But it is a hazardous procedure which ship owners shy from whenever possible. This feeling keeps the Moran company, which operates the largest fleet of tugboats in the world, comfortably busy and profitable.

Two years ago, the firm took in one of its big competitors, the Meseck Co., and from Meseck came one of its more experienced skippers, Bill Hayes, who makes his home in Upper Greenwood Lake, N. J.

## Tug Has Been Around

The *Pauline* is a 200-ton, deep-sea vessel equipped with diesel-electric engines that can generate 1,200 horsepower. During the war the Navy operated the tug, and her snub nose poked into ports that lay as far apart as the icebound Arctic and the swelter of the South Pacific. Now and again she is dispatched across the seas by her owners, but chiefly the *Pauline* stays at home in the harbor.

Aboard the tug live two full crews of 16 men, all of whom, with the exception of the chef, work in shifts 48 hours around the clock. They view their strange two-days-on, two-days-off existence as exceedingly agreeable, and in their tight little world they wonder why other folks can't have the same kind of schedules.

As the *Pauline* moved quietly upstream, Hayes stood in the wheelhouse, the only crew member visible. Everybody else was either asleep or concerned with chores within the tug.

At the American Export Line pier above 42nd St., which also serves the Italian Line, the *Giulio Cesare*, a huge, creamy-decked ship which was transferred last week from her customary Italy-South American run to move some of the American traffic, was taking aboard a capacity payload.

"There's the Italian, getting ready to go," said Hayes.

The *Pauline* passed another ship, the *Nea Yopkh*, flying the Greek flag. Hayes said nothing. The ship is of the *Caronia* class and once was owned by the Cunard Line. But as the *Pauline* swept by the French Line's *Flandre*, Hayes' eyes brightened a little.

"There's the Frenchman," he said, pointing at the trim vessel.

It was 10:25 a.m. as the *Pauline* reached Pier 90 at 50th St., where the massive *Queen Elizabeth* was berthed. As the tug went past, it was possible to see the curiously rounded and fat-looking stern of the giant.

At the next pier stood the *Britannic*. She was scheduled to be the first of the six ships to leave. There were 25 minutes to wait. Hayes turned the *Pauline* in alongside the *Britannic*, edged his tug into a narrow bit of freewater between the *Britannic* and some sand and gravel barges, and gently nosed his vessel into the hulking bow of the British ship.

## Made Fast to Cunarder

Axel Petersen, a deck hand whose arms had familiar seagoing tattoos, emerged on the tug's deck. High above him, on the deck of the *Britannic*, the head of an English sailor appeared. He dropped down a heaving line to which Petersen made fast a heaving line of his own. An eight-inch manila line was then pulled up from the tug and was made fast to the bow of the *Britannic*.

At 10:50, a deep-throated roar signaled that the *Britannic* was ready. All lines that kept her close to the pier were cast off. The liner moved backward with the *Pauline* at her bow, boiling along just fast enough to keep her line to the *Britannic* taut. The *Pauline's* work began after the big ship had cleared the pier and was near midstream.


There Hayes put the bow of the tug against the bow of the *Britannic*, and suddenly the full power of the tug's powerful engines was brought to bear.

The *Britannic* is a ship with twin propellers. At that stage of her maneuvers her starboard propeller was racing forward while the port propeller churned in reverse. Slowly but surely the *Britannic* turned her bow into the racing Hudson tide, which now was full. When she had straightened out, Hayes' work was done. In a few moments he came up hard against the *Britannic*. A ladder was set up between the *Britannic* and the tug. A ruddy-faced, well-dressed man nimbly crossed from the big ship to the small one.

## Moran Pilot Aboard

It was the docking pilot, Capt. Frederick W. (Bill) Snyder of Tenafly, N. J. He was smiling. He has been docking ships, big and small, for 20 years, and is considered one of the best in the business. It is his job to warp a ship into a dock so that its gangways fit perfectly.

(Continued on Page 11)

**QUEEN OF THE SNOWS**—At a February festival in St. Paul, Minn., annually, a group of business men who thus attract thousands to their city stage a competition between "princesses" nominated by various firms, and one is chosen as "Queen of the Snows" to rule for that year. Winner among 26 competitors last winter was Miss Mary Lee Swan (below, right, at the wheel of our *Barbara Moran*), who was brought to New York and to Washington, D. C., by Mrs. Amy Birdsall, woman's editor of the St. Paul Pioneer Press-Dispatch, an easy convert to tugboat-style coffee. High spots in the visit of Her Highness and chaperon here were a harbor tour as guests of Moran T. & T. Co., and a helicopter flight as guests of the Port of New York Authority. Miss Swan, 2510 Lake Boulevard, North St. Paul, is a sophomore at the U. of M., majoring in English. 





**I**NCREASED AND STRENGTHENED New York Harbor service for shipping interests served by Moran Towing & Transportation Co. moved a step nearer reality July 23 when the *Diana L. Moran*, first of two new ultra-modern Diesel-electric tugs, slipped down the ways at Jakobson's Shipyard, Oyster Bay, Long Island.

Miss Carol Epp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Epp, Bay Shore,



The president of the company, Admiral Moran, presents a commemorative wrist watch to Miss Epp, who christened the tug.

N. Y., a granddaughter of Eugene F. Moran, Sr., chairman of the Moran board of directors and vice chairman of the Port of New York Authority, christened the 106-foot tug, which is named for the eldest daughter of Joseph H. Moran, II, vice president of the firm—a captivating 3½-year-old.

In announcing this part of a continuing construction program, Rear Adm. Edmond J. Moran, president, said last January the decision to augment that part of the "M" fleet available for work in the world's busiest port was based on a Moran policy of maintaining the most efficiently operated and effectual fleet of its kind in the world, regardless of initial costs. He said both domestic and foreign shipowners, as well as others in the industry, have come to expect nothing short of the best in tugs, and that there is a shortage of such equipment here.

Just before the launching, Admiral Moran stated at a press conference that the company has other important construction plans afoot, although the "M" fleet is already the largest and,



# THE *Diana L. Moran*

Breaking the traditional bottle of champagne over a sturdy bow stem, Carol leans into her work and does a very thorough job.

unit for unit, probably the most modern and efficient anywhere. It includes approximately 50 ocean, coastwise, harbor and inland waterways tugs, and since the *Betty Moran* was launched in St. Louis, Mo., August 6, two river-type towboats.

(See October TOW LINE for detailed information about this new vessel.)

(Continued on Page 12)



This is the self-possessed charmer whose name adorns the bow rails of another Jakobson-built tug: little Miss Diana L. Moran.



Left: A port quarter view of our newest fleet unit on the ways just before launching, showing some of the assembled guests.

Below: "She moves, she feels the thrill of life along her keel," and ships easily into the waters of Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.



M



## TUGBOAT COOK...

(Continued from Page 5)

and sometimes more," according to Bill, who adds: "I couldn't keep up making all the coffee, so, much of the time, they make it themselves."

Bill feeds his hungry clients three meals each day, but that doesn't end the eating aboard. "They are always making sandwiches on the night watches, but they just help themselves then," he says.

Cooking aboard a tug, or any small ship, has its problems because of rough water. Bill's oil-burning stove is designed with strong steel removable railings around each cooking area "to keep the pots on the stove."

Sometimes it's even too rough to make such liquid items as soup, so Bill's menus vary with the weather.

Bill's home is in Brooklyn but, because of the constant activities of the

Martha Moran, he sees little of it. Tugmen look forward to time ashore after often spending weeks in the confines of the small tug, and Bill is no exception. He had just returned from two weeks' leave.

And what did he do while on leave? "Oh, I did a little cooking," Bill grinned.

**VINTAGE OF 1901**—As the dreadnaught U.S.S. *Illinois*, this unit of T.R.'s Great White Fleet sailed around the world in 1907-1909 to demonstrate American might. She never once fired a shot in action. The old warship, renamed *Prairie State*, was a familiar sight for years on North and East River waterfronts, at West 96th, West 134th, and East 25th Streets, with her Noah's Ark-like superstructure, as a training vessel for naval reserve personnel. In mid-June she headed for sea for the last time, at the end of a Moran tug hawser, destined for the Patapsco Scrap Corp. yard at Baltimore—just \$278,250 worth of floating junk. It was a two-day job for our *M. Moran*. A. J. Braund made this shot soon after it left the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

## 50 YEARS AGO

The following items of interest were selected from lists of the old New York Maritime Register by Capt. Earl C. Palmer of Moran headquarters.

**JULY 18, 1906**—The gigantic drydock *Dewey*, largest in the world and capable of holding the largest warship in our Navy, which left Chesapeake Bay December 28, last year, finished its perilous voyage of more than 12,000 miles when it arrived at Olongapo, Philippines, July 9... *Schr. Charles Luling* has been chartered for a stake boat by the Street Cleaning Dept. of New York City, and is anchored about 15 miles SE of Gedney Channel entrance buoy... *Gusher* (barge), which was cut loose from the tug *Higgins* May 27 south of Sabine, was picked up July 1 off Matagorda Bay by tug *Albert N. Higgins*. The crew of four were all well... *Mamie* (Br. tug), from New York for Trinidad, B.W.I., arrived at Newbern, N. C., July 9 with shoe and rudder damaged.

**JULY 25, 1906**—Captain Connor of str. *Lansing*, at San Francisco July 14 from Philadelphia, sighted stranded side-wheeler *Olympian* in Straits of Magellan. She appeared to be in fair condition.

**AUG. 1, 1906**—Standard Oil steamship *Col. E. L. Drake*, Captain Fenlon, sailed from New York July 26 with the big oil barge *No. 95* in tow, destination London. This is the second time S. O. Co. has sent a tow across the ocean... Common Pleas Court at Philadelphia on July 26 ordered the plant of the Neafie & Levy Shipbuilding Co. to be sold at public auction... (Vineyard Haven, July 27) Four seamen on schr. *D. H. Rivers*, Captain Brown, from Perth Amboy for Halifax, lying at anchor here, mutinied this morning. U. S. Cutter *Dexter* was sent for, seamen were placed in irons and taken to New Bedford for trial.

**AUG. 8, 1906**—Bark *Robert S. Besnard*, 1,142 tons, of Parrsboro, N. S., has been sold to West Indies Steamship Co., converted to a barge, renamed *Pocahantas*, and cleared for Norfolk August 2... New steel tug *Robert H. Smith*, American Towing & Lighterage Co. of Baltimore, arrived in New York July 1 towing Barge *Alex J. Gibson* from Norfolk, and left Aug. 1 with Barge *Dessoug* for the Roads... *Seabird* (str), New York for Red Bank, N. J., broke her main shaft in lower bay. Two hundred passengers were taken off by str. *Mary Patten*, and the *Seabird* was towed to New York by tug *John Nichols*.

**AUG. 15, 1906**—The agreement made by American Hawaiian Steamship Co. and the Mexican National Railroad to transport raw sugar from the Hawaiian Islands across Mexico and reload it for shipment to New York will soon go into effect. Half the company's steamers will ply between Honolulu and Salina Cruz, others between New York and a Gulf port. A saving of 25 days is expected over the voyage around Cape Horn.

**AUG. 22, 1906**—Tug *Edmund Moran* will be launched today at the yard of Neafie & Levy Ship & Engine Co. at Philadelphia.







**SEASONED TRAVELERS**—E. F. Moran, Sr., and his daughter, Mrs. Helen Warren, both of Bay Shore, L. I., took off again June 15, sailing from New York aboard *S.S. America*—and vastly pleased at the prospect, as you can plainly see. When they landed at Cobb seven days later it was only a long first step on a jaunt that took them to Southampton, Le Havre, Bremerhaven, Hamburg, Bremen, and you-name-it, including a tour of Ireland between July 4 and July 14. Another ship, *S.S. Italia*, turned up in the travelogue; but by July 19 they were aboard the *America* again, and landed in New York, as chipper as you please, the morning of July 25.

## Thanks from Metropolitan Vocational High School

Dear Captain Palmer:

The students, the faculty, and I wish to express our appreciation for making it possible for two of our boys to board the *Peter Moran* at Pier 73, East River, to observe the shifting of the old *Prairie State*, our neighbor, to the Navy Yard. It was an unexpected and thrilling "pier head jump." Everyone was envious of those two lucky seniors.

As you will recall, when I was on the *Point Cabrillo* we met the *Peter* in either Sydney or St. John, returning from Labrador, and one of our boys was a member of her crew. What an adventure that was! This time our boys met Richard Neumann, one of our graduates and also of Kings Point, as a member of the *Peter's* crew. All hands here are proud of that fact, and we hope that someday he will be one of your outstanding docking masters. . . .

JOSEPH W. SCHELLINGS  
(Chairman, Maritime Department)

## Add Foreign Circulation

Gentlemen:

As always, I enjoyed reading the April issue of *TOW LINE* very much. In this issue, however, Broughton Gingell's article, "British and American Tugs," was of special interest to me, since I have in my possession a series of photos of the tugs owned by N. V. Reedery v/h Gebr. Goedkoop of Amsterdam, Holland, and several of these show the method of taking *M/V Madoera* (Netherland Line) out of drydock. Goedkoop's tugs are named in the same manner as yours: *Annie*, *Elizabeth*, *Antoinette*, &c. If you are interested, I will be glad to mail these photos to you, as well as other information about that company. After reading that copy of *TOW LINE*, I mailed it to Capt. D. Hubers of the *Annie Goedkoop*, who I know will also be very interested in Mr. Gingell's article.

JOHN BOS  
(5519 Elysian Fields, New Orleans)

## Just a Wee Tug . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

"With a 1,000-foot ship like the *Elizabeth*," he said, "You've got just three inches to play with. It's quite a job, unsuspected by many people."

It was true. The Sandy Hook pilots, who guide the ships to and from the bay, get the publicity. A few moments later Snyder was put down on the *Elizabeth's* pier, and at 11:50 a.m. the *Pauline* was pushing at the bow of that giant craft. In the midst of the operation Capt. Charles (Red) Sheridan, the other skipper aboard, took over.

### Magnificent Procession

On the piers and all along West St., crowds watched the magnificent procession of ships as they sailed out to sea.

But Captain Hayes, a full day's work already behind him, sat in the *Pauline's* pleasant galley, applying himself to noodle consomme, roast chicken, boiled potatoes, apple sauce and bread pudding. Lean though he is, Hayes is, enthusiastically, a happy man.

## Oh-h-h, Those Hamburgers!

Dear Mr. Moore:

My day aboard the *Elizabeth Moran* was so wonderful that even after reading the account in today's Times I wonder if I was really there. The hospitality shown me by the *Elizabeth's* crew made the occasion doubly enjoyable. Thank you for the most exciting day of my life!

CARL A. ROGGE, SR.  
(346 Blanchard Rd., Drexel Hill, Pa.)

P.S.: By the way, those hamburgers they served aboard the *Elizabeth*, I never saw their likes before. They must be imported.

**MORANTOWS: Alabama to Dominican Republic**—If you should happen to want large or medium sized drydocks towed between ports roughly 1,500 miles apart, our *Joseph H. Moran, II*, could be just what your doctor ordered as a heavy-duty tug. Capt. Leonard Goodwin, Jr., could be the experienced master aboard—as he was in the instances pictured here—except that now he is Moran's port captain, with a desk at HQ.

The first of these tows for Astilleros Dominicanos Gibbs, C. pour A., a three-section drydock 126 feet long and 110 feet wide, left Mobile, Ala., April 20 and arrived at Ciudad Trujillo, D. R., May 8. The second, in connection with which the *Joseph H.* was assisted by another ocean tug, *Titan*, left Mobile May 20 and arrived at the Dominican Republic port June 4. That nine-section drydock was 376 feet long and 110 feet wide, and a structure of that type and size under tow draws about five feet of water.—Goodwin photos.





## Diana L. Moran . . .

(Continued from Page 8)

Both *Diana L. Moran* and *Cynthia Moran*—the latter's keel was laid soon after the launching at Oyster Bay—will be steel-hulled, 238.28 gross tons, each incorporating improvements in design and outfitting based on the widest variety of operating experience since the first *Grace Moran*-class tug was put in service six years ago. Each is being powered with a 16-cylinder General Motors Corp. diesel engine rated at 1,750 horsepower. Their bronze propellers, however, will be of new design and will operate at 145 to 185 rpm. Other dimensions: molded beam, 27 feet; depth, 15 feet at sides, amidship.

Although the new tugs will be somewhat deeper, to provide adequate free-board with the added weight of Johnson electric towing machines aft in the deckhouses, and will have com-

## What the Doctor Ordered?

Dear Sir:

May I convey, through your office, to the officers and men of the tug *Barbara Moran* our sincere thanks for a most delightful and wonderful trip . . . ? Mrs. Longbothum, the children, and I were literally given "the time of our lives." The courtesy, the food, and the genuine hospitality were indeed beyond payment.

GEORGE M. LONGBOTHUM, M.D.  
(835 Field Ave., Plainfield, N. J.)

pound pilothouses with a captain's cabin and bathroom behind the working pilothouse, they will look much the same as their predecessors. Inside passageways to all parts are included, and there will be more efficient ventilation in crew quarters, galleys and engine rooms.

Steering chains are being eliminated by connecting electro-hydraulic steering rams directly to the tillers, the whole being located on deck under enclosed hawser racks. Both tugs are to be equipped with Sperry gyrocompasses and all essential modern navigational gear, including direction finders.

At the *Diana L.* launching, Howard C. Moore, manager of Moran's construction and repair division, estimated five or six weeks would be required for fitting out the tug.

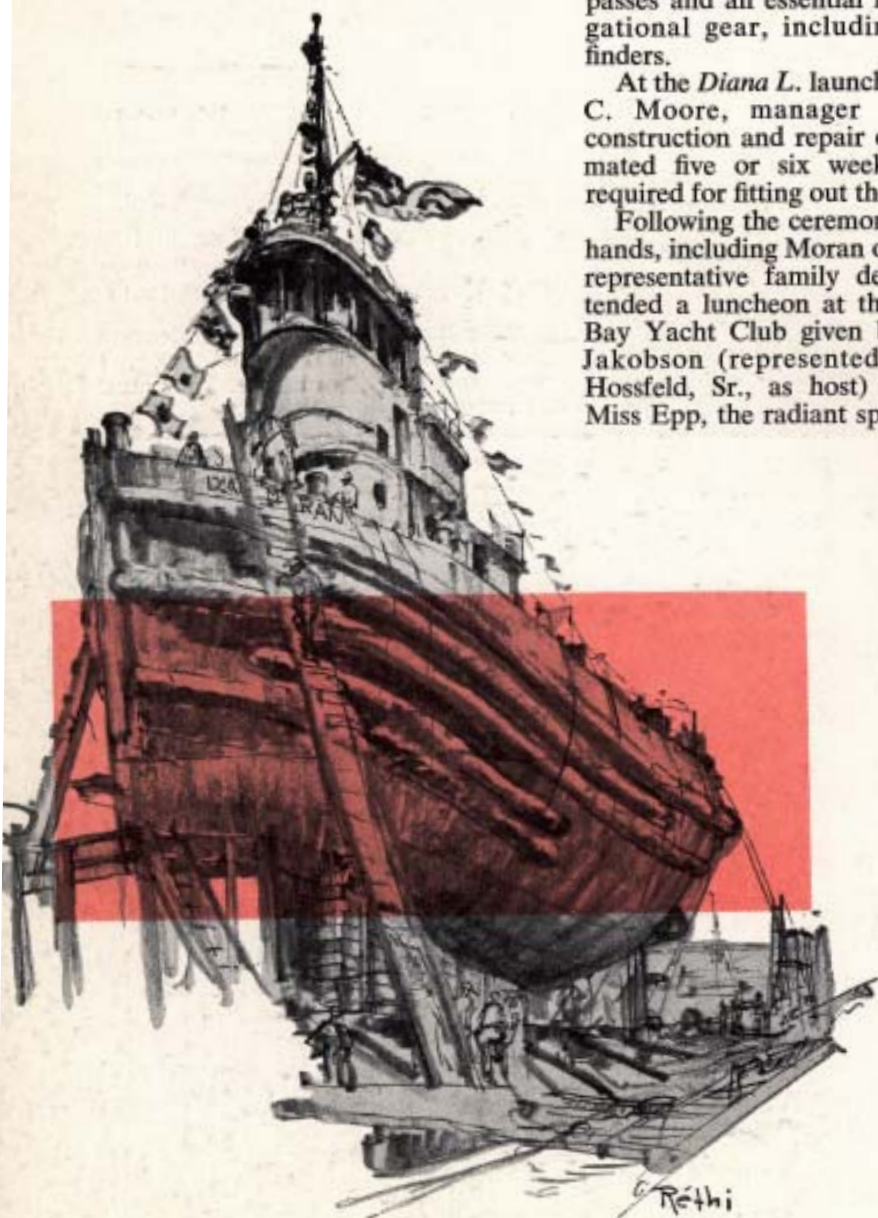
Following the ceremonies there, all hands, including Moran officials and a representative family delegation, attended a luncheon at the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club given by Irving D. Jakobson (represented by George Hossfeld, Sr., as host) in honor of Miss Epp, the radiant sponsor.

## Fleet Safety Record

The following captains and mates had no damages charged against them for the months of May and June, 1956:

*Agnes A.*, E. Costello, H. Bickle; *Alice M.*, E. Hoffman, J. Cummings; *Anne*, J. Hendrickson; *Barbara*, G. Sahlberg, A. Biagi, P. Walling; *Carol*, R. Hayes, G. Dyrsten, L. Thorsen, H. Pedersen; *Catherine*, T. Sweet; *Cathleen E.*, W. Waxin, H. Stensland; *Chesapeake*, H. Becker; *Christine*, C. Sawyer; *Claire A.*, F. Duffy, R. Buckley, Jr.; *Dauntless*, T. Gibney; *David E.*, O. Russell, P. Lemke, H. Hamilton; *Doris*, M. Grimes, C. Valley, B. Scherer, C. Wee; *E. F. Moran, Jr.*, J. Monaghan; *Edmond J.*, J. Halling, E. Dexter, B. Fiske; *Elizabeth*, T. Ball, J. Johansen; *Eugene F.*, I. George, G. Ackerman, J. Barlow; *Helen B.*, T. Sorensen, R. Salvesen; *Howard*, J. Todesk; *Joseph H., II*, J. Jenkins, O. Jungerman; *Julia C.*, E. Bergstad, J. Fagerstrom, Jr., E. Thorsen; *M. Moran*, W. Baldwin, F. Schweigel, W. Mason; *Margaret A.*, C. Westervelt, H. Prime; *Margot*, D. Bodino, E. Ericksen, H. Kroll; *Marie S.*, J. Peterson, F. Noel, H. Vermilyea; *Marion*, J. Barrow, T. Daly, L. Magee; *Martha*, F. Carpenter; *Mary*, L. Geitzler, T. Kivlan, J. McConnell; *Michael*, F. Hansen; *Molra*, W. Hayes, J. Cray, J. Johnson; *Nancy*, E. Batchellor, J. Blaha; *Ned*, G. Sanschagrin, L. Foley; *Pauline L.*, C. Sheridan, R. Hayes, R. Poissant, E. Allen; *Peter*, V. Chapman, I. Nordberg, P. Walling; *Sheila*, J. Costello, E. Freeman; *Susan A.*, K. Buck, L. Larsen; *Walter L. Meseck*, P. Bogovitch; *William J.*, A. Munson, L. Richardson, E. Knutsen; *Bar-tow*, F. Jonassen, T. Neilsen, G. Halvorsen; *St. Helen*, C. Norall, W. Kenny, P. Berg; *Relief Crew #2*, J. Jorgensen; *Relief Crew #3*, J. Jaques; *Relief Crew #4*, B. Deeley, P. Gaughran.

**ANONYMOUS TUG**—The front cover of a widely circulated government publication, the monthly Proceedings of the Merchant Marine Council of the United States Coast Guard, Vol. XIII, No. 6, June, 1956, consisted largely of a Stanley Rosenfeld photo, an exceptionally fine one, of our tug *Barbara Moran* assisting the American Export liner *S.S. Independence* to sail from the north side of Pier 84, North River. The picture was requested specifically for this purpose, and permission to reprint it was given freely. Presumably, it shouldn't matter that the familiar block "M" on the *Barbara's* stack and all other identifying marks—even on the life-preservers lashed to the rail of her boat deck—were meticulously touched out of the print before the cover cut was made.





## Phocean Ship Agency, Ltd.

Dear Sirs:

I had the pleasure of finding in our office one fine day the Vol. IX, No. 1 copy of your magazine and read its contents. As it is not only very attractively executed, but in addition has some instructive and entertaining articles to offer, I would greatly appreciate receiving copies in the future. As a superintendent engineer, my work is closely connected with shipping in all its aspects, yet TOW LINE somehow manages to give a refreshing slant on my everyday world, making one see the old and familiar through another's eyes.

F. J. JANSEN

(53 Eastcheap, London, E.C. 3)


## "The Blue Pennant"

Dear Sirs:

As I was reading an article about your tug-boats in the monthly, "De Blauwe Wimpel," and I collect photos from sea-going vessels, I would ask you if you have available some photos. My collection will be very beautiful by that. Thank you . . .

H. J. ROELOFS

(Dagnijverheidsschool "Oranje Nassau," Rotterdam-Z, Holland)

 **KOKUSAI LINER**—At the time this excellent aerial photo was made by Stan Gilbert of Flying Camera, Inc. (John Rogers & Associates), M/S Astoria Maru was being transferred from the American Sugar Refinery, South Second Street, Brooklyn, to Pier 51, North River. Capt. Mark Grimes was the pilot aboard, and the assisting tug shown alongside was our Doris Moran. This 7,611-

gross-ton vessel (4,373 net), owned by Mitsubishi Kaiun Kaisha, was built in Yokohama, Japan, in 1952. She has a cruising speed of 16.5 knots. States Marine Corporation of Delaware are agents for the Kokusai Line. . . . If we can make out our quasi-shorthand notes on a piece of scratch paper attached to the picture, this was the ship's fifteen voyage westbound, not that it matters.

## Upstate Newspaperman Contributes Scale Models, With Stories

From Herman J. Borzner, a veteran news photographer employed by the Syracuse, N. Y., Post-Standard, we have an unsolicited contribution which, we believe, cannot fail to interest TOW LINE readers in at least four categories: (a) steamship historians, (b) sailing ship historians, (c) model builders, and (d) photographers. . . . And let it be noted at once that there are multitudes of each!

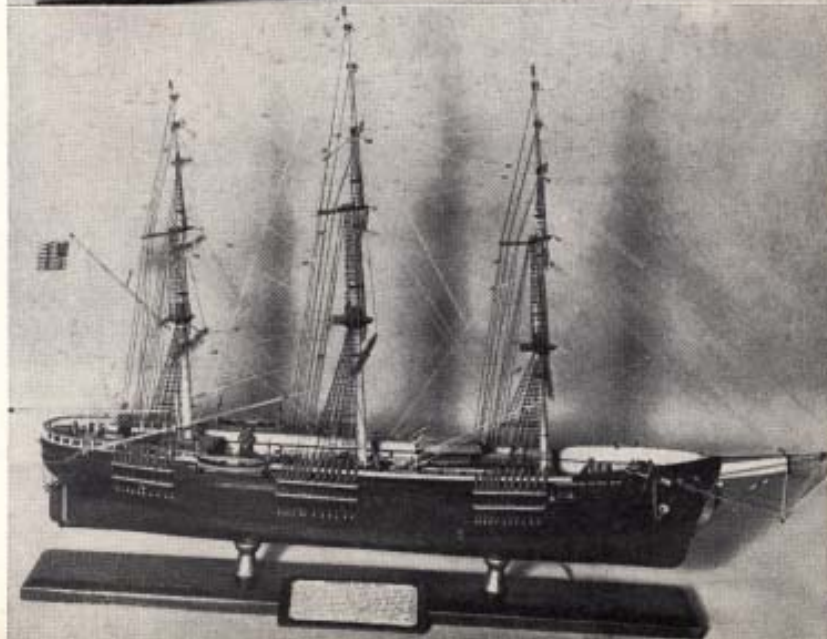
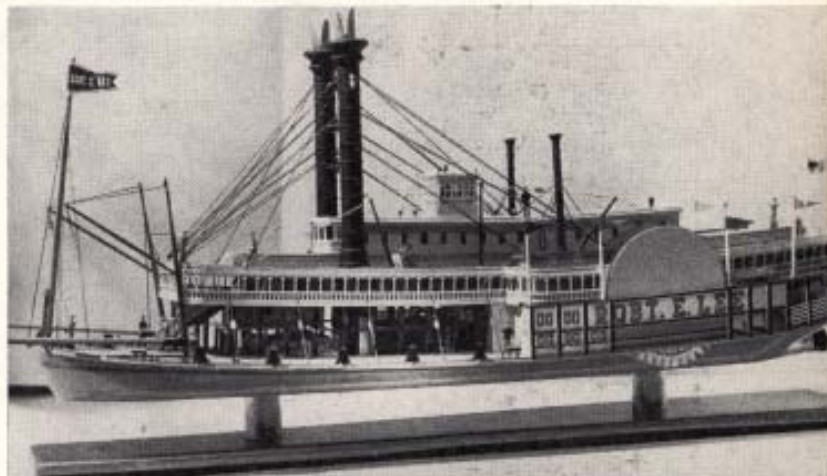
Mr. Borzner's hobby is "boats," he says. He takes great satisfaction in "dabbling" in scale models of all kinds as a relief from the nervous razzle-dazzle of pictorial journalism, which is understandable.

"Inasmuch as TOW LINE is concerned with boats, I thought your readers might enjoy the stories back of this famous pair," he writes. "If you care to make use of them, they are yours with my compliments."

**ROBERT E. LEE**—This famous Mississippi River boat, one of the finest packets of her time, was employed before the Civil War in the cotton trade. She was 300 feet long; beam, 44 feet; hold, 10 feet. She had two engines with 10-foot stroke, 40-inch bore cylinders; eight boilers, 32 feet long; 38-foot side paddle wheels. One season she carried 104,051 bales of cotton, 83,000 sacks of cotton seed, and thousands of passengers. She won her race with the *Natchez* in 1870, from New Orleans to St. Louis, 1,210 miles, in three days, and 43 years later she was destroyed by fire.

**SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS**—Famous American clipper ship built by Donald McKay in Boston, 1852. She was 258 feet long and 44.5 feet wide, with a depth of 23.5 feet. Two of her best known voyages: New York to San Francisco in 103 days, around Cape Horn; and London to Sydney, Australia, in 84 days. During one voyage she averaged 378 miles a day for four days. She was wrecked by storm in the Malacca Straits in 1859.

"This is an exact model made from old plans," Mr. Borzner says of his *Sovereign*. "I would hate to tell you how many hours of my time went into the making of it. The rigging took most of the time, and is correct."







Ollie B. Woodcock, 107 Clifton Avenue, Staten Island, a deckhand aboard the *Agnes A. Moran*, had an unusual (and painful!) experience recently. The tug was towing barges to Rockaway Inlet when he was directed to pay out more hawser. The line took an unexpected jump—that's known as the perversity of inanimate objects—and caught two fingers of Ollie's left hand. One was broken, the other badly bruised. Capt. Earl Costello passed the word via radiotelephone to our dispatching office, which in turn contacted the U. S. Coast Guard. A helicopter was rushed to the tug *my pronto*, and Ollie was hoisted up to it from the after deck in a stretcher-basket. The helicopter flew him to Staten Island Hospital, landing right

in the yard there. Following emergency treatment, the patient reported his fingers were coming along fine, but he expected to have to remain ashore for a couple of weeks.

News reaches this editorial cubicle that George and Marion McNulty, 430 Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn, became the parents of a baby girl, Sharon Patricia, seven pounds, 10 ounces, on the last day of July. All three were said to be doing fine. Marion (Thomson) was a sales department secretary at Moran HQ.

A bulletin that Miss Lillian Harrison, our chief switchboard operator, had to be carted off for a serious emergency operation while she was enjoying a holiday week-end at a Jersey seashore resort distressed her friends on the 25th floor of 17 Battery Place—which means all the "M" shoreside staff in Manhattan. Latest reports are to the effect that Lill is doing well—she has always said she is tough—and should be out of the hospital soon.

Daniel V. Jones, one of our capable young dispatchers, was married August 4 to Miss Lynn Tabbott, also of Staten Island, in Sacred Heart Church, West Brighton. Following a motor trip through Canada, the couple are at home to friends at 384 Pelton Avenue, West Brighton.

Born, July 10, in a hospital at Rutland, Vt., to George A. and Virginia Rock, 150 North Main Street, Fair Haven, Vt., a son, John Milford Rock. George joined Moran in June, 1951, as a deckhand on the tug *Sheila Moran*, and served there until last April, when he was transferred to the *Catherine Moran*. The Rocks have two other "pebbles," both girls.

## Junior-Grade Sailor



If you think you detect a mischievous twinkle in the eyes of this young'n, and somehow it reminds you of Capt. Frederick Dezendorf, presently manager of Moran's personnel department, you've got something there. The captain's eight-year-old Paul went along with his pappy that June day "M" tugs assisted the brand new aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Saratoga* to sail from the New York Naval Shipyard, Brooklyn, on her first trial run, with our Capt. Thomas Ball, veteran pilot, calling the signals from the bridge of the big flat-top. This snapshot was made aboard the *Elizabeth Moran*.

It's good to see Salvatore P. Sileo, 2415 Creston Avenue, The Bronx, back on his job as a wiper on the *Barbara Moran*, after spending an interval in the U. S. Marine Hospital, Staten Island, being treated for a persistent stomach ulcer. Although he lost considerable weight, he says he feels fit now, and is glad to be back in harness.

Barring unforeseen catastrophes, Ye Ed's family, including a visitor from Bradenton, Fla., Mrs. Munroe's sister, will spend Labor Day week and the fore and aft week-ends at Pagoda Hill, Van Buren Township, Onondaga County, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

COVER PHOTO—Editorial note in U. S. Shipping, "A Maritime Publication With a Purpose," Vol. I, No. 4:

We are indebted to Mr. Jeff Blinn (Moran Towing & Transportation Co. staff photographer) for our cover picture this month. Mr. Blinn, on what must have been a very happy day along the dunes of the North Carolina coast at Cape Hatteras, caught this moment of time and clouds and sea to delight the eye and stir the mind. The photograph is one of a series taken in that area.

## Congratulations, Thanks



Mrs. Margaret Craig of our billing department joined Moran on June 15, 1941—fifteen years ago as the crow flies; or do birds live that long? Anyway, when the anniversary date rolled around this summer, just a shade too late for our June issue, Joseph H. Moran, II, vice president, had the pleasure of presenting to Margaret her 15-year "M" pin—with appropriate felicitations of course. She resides at 252 Twelfth Street, Brooklyn.



## Via Whaley-Eaton Service

Dear Bob:

The June issue is a dandy—Réthi's cover exquisite, the Frances Frost poem a reverent passionate, the photos so good it makes me wish we had the type of publication that could advantageously copy and use both your fine art and story material. TOW LINE is my idea of what a genuinely fine company publication ought—and is—to be.

JOHN FORNEY RUDY, M.E.  
(Munsey Bldg., Washington, D. C.)

**THE REASON**—Extract from the Southern Massachusetts news section of Yachting magazine (May, 1956), under the by-line of F. C. Gray, Jr.:

While all this (storms that hit the area earlier) was going on, one of my faithful correspondents, glued to his short-wave set, trying to drown out the howling wind by listening to the ships at sea, overheard the tug *Nancy Moran* calling her home office on the radio. The conversation went something like this. Tug skipper: "I'm anchored in the middle of Buzzards Bay." Home office: "Why?" Skipper: "Because I can't see the bow ahead of me, and the radar scanner just blew off the mast."

William S. Zoebisch, 8105 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, joined the Moran HQ force June 21 as an office boy. Bill will be returning to school next month, but he has been doing so well here and is so well liked, we hope to see more of him next summer vacation, and subsequently.

In case you noticed a pair of photos in the New York Daily News picture spread July 22, about an aspiring actress-model from New Orleans being rescued by a couple of alert patrolmen from an attempted suicide in the North River off Barrow Street, one of the cops, James Comardo, 56 Veltman Avenue, Staten Island, used to be an electrician employed by Moran.

## We Do Not Compete

Dear Mr. Munroe:

A friend of mine, Charles E. Downing, public relations director of Eastern Gas and Fuel Associates, has given me several copies of TOW LINE because of my interest, not only in shipping in general, but particularly in the work of your artist, Mr. Evers, whose work I have long admired. . . . As director of the School of Practical Art here, I will gladly go on record as saying that I consider your format and general layout tops and worthy of a high award should you ever be in competition for same.

MACIVOR REDDIE, DIR.  
(665 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.)

**NEW COMMODORE**—Capt. Walter N. Prengel, a veteran of 38 years' service with Grace Line, formerly his company's port captain in New York, was appointed last month to the newly created post of fleet commodore. Congratulations to him, and to Warren G. Leback, his successor as port captain.



**ENGINE ROOM CREW**—At the head waters of the Oneida River hard by historic Fort Brewerton, N. Y., on July 30, the engine room boys aboard our inland waterways tug *William J. Moran* seemed to be having a nickel's worth of trouble. They were busily engaged in correcting the something less than perfect responses of a hydraulically operated pilot-house, but were cajoled into stepping ashore long enough for this family snapshot to be made. Left to right: Theodore O. Anderson, 28 Bement Avenue, Staten Island, acting-chief engineer; Raymond Doyle, 36 Eaton Avenue, Spotswood, N. J., assistant engineer; and Arvard Evans, 166 Armstrong Avenue, Staten Island, wiper. . . . P.S.: They eliminated an excessive use of oil by the elevator.

## SHORESIDE PERSONNEL OUTING

A "first annual boat ride and old fashioned picnic" for people employed at Moran's maintenance and repair base, Port Richmond, Staten Island, became a pleasant reality Saturday, July 14—and here is graphic evidence that the yard boys (and girls, and guests) enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

The outing got under way with a pleasure cruise aboard the *Barbara Moran*, up the North River to a point just above the 79th Street boat basin, then back to the dock at Port Richmond.

Shortly after noon all hands shoved off for the picnic grounds, Privacky's Grant City Park, Grant City, S. I., where the approximately 50 employees and their guests participated in various games and dancing, and fell to with a will at the familiar call, "Chow down!"—consuming quantities of clams, franks, hamburgers, chicken, and the like.

As you see, it was a festive occasion.





