

# TOW LINE



MARCH 1960

## ON THE COVER—



ALEXANDER HAMILTON (1757-1804), when he was only 17 or 18 years old, called it "the graveyard of the Atlantic," that 100-odd square miles of unpredictable, extremely treacherous water off the coast of the Carolinas. Indeed, Cape Hatteras was—still is, when it comes to that—a landmark held in the highest respect by cautious mariners; and our cover photo of the 90-year-old lighthouse there, located in Lat. 35° 15' 14", Long. 75° 30' 56", to be exact about it, is one for the book—any coastal sailor's logbook.

Approximately 15 miles offshore here the cold Labrador Current runs head-on into the western flank of the warm Gulf Stream. The so-called Outer Diamonds, a series of eddies 60 miles or so across, make this a dangerous area—even if it is undisturbed by frequent storms.

Included among the first recommendations of Hamilton, as a member of Washington's cabinet, to the first Congress, was a request for a lighthouse on Cape Hatteras. This was approved Aug. 4, 1790—significantly, a date also celebrated as the birthday of the U. S. Coast Guard. Gen. Henry Dearborn was awarded the building contract. He lightered ashore stones from his native New England valley for the first structure.

The present lighthouse, commissioned in 1870, differs in no essential way from General Dearborn's pride. It rests, not on piling, but on 20-inch-square oak timbers laid flat on sand below the water table, with a second tier crossways, forming a 40-inch-thick foundation. The tower is of brick, the tallest of its kind in the United States—196 feet from sill to the top brick, with an iron super-structure rising another 12 feet. The cost was \$155,000; you can guess what it would be now.

As a result of a bureaucratic *snafu*, Hatteras Light was painted as you see it; while the diamond-shaped pattern intended for it—and so appropriate for a structure at Diamond Shoals—went to Cape Lookout tower.



### Moran's European Agents.

ENGLAND: James A. McLaren & Co., 65 Bishopsgate, London, E. C. 2; SCOTLAND: Henry Abram, Ltd., 163 Hope Street, Glasgow, C. 2; NORWAY: Henning Astrup A/S, Fridtjof Nansens plass 4, Oslo; Birger Gjestland A/S 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 Kragius & Co., O. Y. S. Magasinsgatan 4, Helsinki; BELGIUM: Wm. H. Mueller & Co., S. A. 21 Rue de la Bourse, Antwerp; GERMANY: Ernst Glässel, Altenwall 21, Bremen; SPAIN: Rafael Navajas, Alameda de Recalde 30, Bilbao; ITALY: Marittima Internazionale—Marinter S.p.A., Via gilla Porta degli Archi 3/7, Genoa; GREECE: The Saporta Agency Co., Ltd., P.O.B. 21, Piraeus.



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## We Welcome Winter's Waning

**O**WIND, IF WINTER COMES—. You know the familiar phrase. Whether or not spring can be far behind may be an academic or in any event a meteorological question. In the tugboating business, though, this anticipated softening of weather conditions is of great importance. When it finally happens, it may be comparable in certain instances to the feeling of relief experienced by a deep-sea diver with the bends when he is afforded the comfort of a decompression chamber.

In the course of a rough winter both tugs and crews, especially those employed as a rule in ocean rescues or in long-distance towing, whether transoceanic or coastwise, take a beating. It is indeed exacting work, but as worthwhile as it is unavoidable. "It's all in the business," as they say.


As the sun creeps northward and the roughest winter seas smooth themselves out a little, the men in the boats and operational personnel ashore—for they, too, have their seasonal worries and bad moments—begin to adjust their thoughts and their gear for spring and summer sailing, and a communal sigh of relief may be heard on the face of the waters.

By the time this issue of TOW LINE reaches you probably it will be late March at least. The rescue business will have fallen off to little or nothing, it is permissible to hope, and although there will be many a trying day afloat due to unfavorable weather, and the deep-sea and coastal towing will go on as usual, we can take comfort in the calendar. April, May—then the more or less pleasant business routine of summer!

As the poet asked, can spring (and easier times) be far behind?

**"M" FOR MULLER, TOO**—If there is anyone in the audience who believes that a white block "M" on the black stack of a tug necessarily means Moran Towing & Transportation Co., we have news for him. It can also mean Muller, for Sleepdienst Willem Muller, the name of a Dutch firm operating the Terneuzen Tug-Boat Company, Terneuzen, Holland—the Messrs. W. & L. Muller, owners.

Terneuzen—51° 20'N x 3° 49'E, it says here—is a Netherlands city, but there also is the entrance to the canal leading to the Belgian part of Ghent. The tug company is engaged in harbor docking and undocking services, as well as towage on the Schelde River. Here is some of its equipment.

The feature photo below shows some "M" tugs engaged in closing a hole in the dike near Kruiningen in 1953, after the disaster of Feb. 1 of that year. Most were steam tugs then, but the fleet has been motorized since. The two other action shots may be characteristic; but what about that stylish little work boat, that puddle-jumper with an  "M" stack of her own?



## Heroism of Tug Crew Recognized by Life Saving Benevolent Ass'n; Official Award

The Life Saving Benevolent Association  
of New York  
Box 6, Wall Street Station

Feb. 4, 1960

Mr. J. J. Metzner, Vice Pres.  
Moran T. & T. Co., Inc.  
17 Battery Place, New York 4

Dear Mr. Metzner:

At the recent meeting of this Association's Committee on Donations and Awards, the rescue made by the Captain and members of the crew of the "Cynthia Moran" was discussed.

Captain Barlow is to be complimented upon his alertness in spotting the young boy struggling in the waters of Raritan Bay on Nov. 29, 1958. The crew members responded to the emergency promptly and efficiently, so that Ralph Goff was successfully rescued.

This Association wishes to commend these actions and to express its appreciation for the assistance given another in peril. We enclose our check in the amount of one hundred dollars (\$100) to be dispersed to the Captain and participating crew members as you see fit.

Very truly yours,

F. B. TUTTLE, Pres.

Traditionally—and it is a tradition that goes back a full century—Moran tugs and crews stand ready to assist ships, waterfront installations, or individuals in distress. In this instance a life was saved and official recognition of heroism was accorded. The story:

Early November 29, 1958, the tug *Cynthia Moran* was assisting the tanker *Kylix* from Perth Amboy anchorage when Capt. John Barlow spotted a figure struggling in the water some distance away. Immediately, he radioed the pilot aboard the *Kylix* for permission to leave the ship to go to the rescue.

Deckhands George Fagerstrom and John Hennessey pulled an exhausted and panic-stricken boy out of the tidal current, but not without assistance from Olaf Mathiassen and James Bailey, because the tug had a lot of freeboard. Other helpful members of the *Cynthia's* crew at the time were Ramon Giusti, William Hennessey, James Pearce, and Sivert Sivertsen.

While the youngster, Ralph Goff, was being dried, massaged, wrapped in blankets, and plied with warming drinks by the crew, Captain Barlow notified Moran's Tottenville, S. I., office—thereby setting shoreside wheels in motion.

Presently, the boy's almost incoherent questions about his father brought the *Cynthia's* radiotelephone into action again. The tug *Margot Moran*, then assisting the *Kylix*, and U. S. Coast Guard search-and-rescue facilities were asked to keep a sharp lookout; but neither the *Margot* nor a

service helicopter dispatched immediately could locate the father, Fred Goff.

It was learned later that the Goffs, senior or junior, had capsized while duck hunting in their small boat, at about 5:30 a.m. A cold northwester was blowing hard. The temperature stood at only two degrees above freezing.

The youngster was transferred from the *Cynthia* to a waiting ambulance at Tottenville only 35 minutes after the rescue.

But one of two precious lives was saved; and it can be truly said that these Moran-men "responded to the emergency promptly and efficiently."

The Moran management and all hands ashore and afloat add their appreciation and sincere congratulations to those of the discerning Life Saving Benevolent Ass'n of New York. . . . Well done, men!

"I didn't come into this business to preside over its demise." Who said it? (Box, P. 19, No. 1)

**NEW CRUISE LINER**—The luxury cruise liner *Victoria*, new flagship of the Inces Line, made her debut in New York, January 21. Naturally, it was an auspicious occasion.

Two Moran tugs assisted the handsome newcomer into her berth at Pier 42, North River, at the foot of Morton Street, from which she took off four days later on the first of a series of 10 Caribbean cruises. (June 24 she will sail from Norfolk, Va., on a 43-day Scandinavian cruise; but she will sail from New York again August 11 on a 38-day Olympics-Mediterranean cruise.)

The spic-and-span *Victoria* arrived here following an extended shake-down voyage in European and African waters. The owners had taken delivery earlier in the month at the Netherlands port of Rotterdam.

This 575-foot motorship is a modern, fully air-conditioned liner with first-class accommodations for 600 passengers. She carries an Italian crew of about 300, and flies the Liberian flag.

The *Victoria* arrived from Le Havre, France, under the command of Capt. Francesco Perilli, formerly master of the Inces Line cruise ship *Nassau*.

The familiar water, land and air welcome awaited the newcomer here. Moran provided surface and aerial photographic coverage, the latter by Flying Camera, Inc., and one of their excellent negatives produced this docking scene.





**← FIREBOAT WAGNER, WELCOME!—**  
It might be regarded as appropriate, journalistically at least, that this photo of a municipal fireboat turns up on facing pages also encompassing pictures of maiden arrivals of two other vessels in the Port of New York. After all, firefighters are traditionally an outstanding feature of our full-throated harbor welcomes here.

The city's newest craft of its kind, the Senator Robert F. Wagner, received a spectacular aquatic salute by sister fireboats, tugs, helicopters, and ships of all descriptions back in December when she arrived here for active duty. Sporting a fire-engine-red hull unique among local fireboats, the Wagner delighted throngs of spectators rimming Battery Park with her own show of water plumes, as an impressive flotilla proceeded from the Narrows to the lower tip of Manhattan. Notable newscasters, photographers and marine reporters aboard the tug Nancy Moran were treated to scenes like this one, by our staff cameraman.

The Wagner is identical to the Harry M. Archer, M.D. and the H. Sylvia A.H.G. Wilks (August 1958 Tow Line) except for improved equipment, including the most modern type of fathometer. Her total cost: \$1,311,600—which "ain't hay" even in City Hall. A worthy addition to New York's powerful firefighting fleet, that's certain.

### Signal From an Old Friend

Dear Sir:

I wish to thank you for so kindly continuing to send me TOW LINE, and I find it as interesting as ever and a means of keeping me in touch with life on your side. I have not been able to get over since my last brief visit in 1954. I have been sailing all the time in European waters, and often meet the ships of the United States Line at sea. Of course we have quite a few of your yachts over here. I am always glad to meet them. I hope that my namesake tug, the Kevin Moran, is going strong. I still like to look at those pictures of myself standing on her bows.

KEVIN MORAN O'RIORDAN  
(Lymington, Hants, England)

### Info on This, Anyone?

Dear Mr. Munroe:

Many thanks for sending the splendid prints of Mr. Evers' painting. These are great contributions to the field of marine art, and I hope he continues to add to this in the years ahead. Thanks also for checking on the pilothouse name boards of your company's tug *Chesapeake*. I regret that they were put aside and apparently forgotten. Our request must have been overlooked. Possibly you could put a note in TOW LINE, inquiring if anyone knows the whereabouts of these name boards and if they are still available.

ROBERT H. BURGESS

(Newport News Mariners Museum)

**INITIATES NEW SERVICE**—The *Santa Eliana*, Grace Line's first all-container ship, received the city's salute when she arrived in port January 12, prior to a public inspection in her berth at Port Newark, N. J.

From designs developed by naval architects of George G. Sharp, Inc., the *Santa Eliana* was converted from a C2-S-AJ1-type vessel to a C3-S-45a containership. Her new particulars: overall length, 504 feet; displacement, 15,840 tons; moulded beam, 74 feet; loaded speed, 15 knots. Except for liquid payload space, all cargo is carried in 476 aluminum containers, 8'x8'x17'.

These dimensions permit the containers to be carried on standard trailer trucks and railroad flatcars for "door-to-door" service to shippers. They are handled by three gantry cranes, two forward of the bridge, one aft.

The *Santa Eliana* and a sister ship, the *Santa Leonor*, now being completed in the yard of the Maryland Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., will sail weekly between New York and Venezuela. Assisting tugs here, *Barbara Moran* and *Nancy Moran*.

## O'Connor Waterfront Man for Year 1959

Election of Vincent A. G. O'Connor, New York Commissioner of Marine and Aviation, as 1959 *Waterfront Man of the Year* was announced Washington's Birthday week-end by The Barnacles, initiators of the project. He will be formally honored on May 4 at a luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel here.

The Barnacles is an organization of government, transportation and labor union leaders interested in the continuous improvement of the Port of New York.

The election manifesto cited Commissioner O'Connor for having "worked unstintingly during the year 1959 for the betterment of the Port of New York" and for "outstanding achievement in improving our port."

Eugene F. Moran, chairman of the board, Moran T. & T. Co., formerly vice chairman of the Port of New York Authority, was named in 1953.



## Norfolk Harbor Tug Mate Picked Up His Deep Sea Experience the Hard Way—Yes?

**A**RVID KUUN—"John" to his many friends in Norfolk, Va., and on vessels based there and others running in and out of that port—is a competent mate aboard the Curtis Bay Towing Co. of Virginia tug *Petrel*. He can, however, lay claim to some small-boat seagoing experience that very few, if any, of his associates in the tug business have had or would even want.

Mr. Kuun—but he might as well be John here, too—knows what it is like to sail at 37-foot sloop loaded with his family and friends, 16 persons in all, from Sweden to the United States (Chesapeake Bay) under circumstances about as far removed from yachting as it is possible to get and remain afloat.

Those hardy, freedom loving souls aboard the sloop had fled Estonia to escape Russian or German rule—equally abhorrent. Most of them had resided in Sweden for from one to three years after escaping from their native land.

The voyage lasted 129 days and required, besides uncommonly skillful seamanship, obviously, an inexhaustible store of good old fashioned courage—you know, what the nice-nellies like to call "intestinal fortitude". The sloop landed at Little Creek, Va., Dec. 15, 1945.

The party had to battle storms in the Irish Sea and, it almost goes without saying, from time to time as the small craft bore steadily across the broad North Atlantic. On the last leg of the voyage the food supply became dangerously low. It looked bad for the runaways, but fortune grinned; a U.S. Navy destroyer sighted them about

100 miles off Cape Hatteras. The destroyer put ample supplies for the remainder of the trip aboard the bobbing sloop.

You would guess it might be safe to assume that a landfall was never more welcome in all the long history of transatlantic navigation.

John Kuun himself has come a long way—not only on that hair-raising trip, but since. He has his pilot's license for Norfolk Harbor. The word from down there, from men who work with him and know him best, is that he will go a long way yet.

Elsewhere on this page are to be seen the valiant sloop in question and the now Virginian Kuun family as of Thanksgiving, 1959—surely a healthy and contented looking group of refugees from Communism and/or the now happily defunct Nazi plague.

No Alex in Wonderland is needed here to pronounce the benediction, "May this house be safe from tigers!"

"Tomorrow we set out once more upon the boundless sea." Who said it? (Box, P. 19, No. 2)

"We knew the merry world was round, / And we might sail for evermore." Who said it? (Box, P. 19, No. 3)



**THOSE VIRGINIA KUUNS**—Left to right in this snapshot by our industrious stringer, Frank Wood of Norfolk: Arvid, father of a wonderful family; Amy, adopted by the Kuuns after her mother was paralyzed in an automobile accident; Inga, a graduate of Mary Washington College, now teaching art in the Norfolk public schools; Ulla, attending College of William and Mary, majoring in sociology; Nora, proud mother of the tribe; and Aimi, an employee of the Federal Aviation Agency, Washington, D.C., who has been attending an advanced school in Oklahoma. She is an electronics engineer.

### You're Welcome, Sir

Gentlemen:

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you on behalf of myself and my fellow pilots in the fireboat *Harvey*, Marine Company 2, New York, for the tide tables for 1960. Speaking for myself, my every request of Moran has always been answered in the affirmative since the first day, more than 10 years ago, I asked permission to ride a tug in my effort to get a license. Thanks for everything through the years and the pleasant acquaintances I have made in your organization.

JOHN E. FLEMING  
(245 Avenue C, New York)

### Ho hum, Mr. Krumm (Again)

Dear Sir:

Your offer to send to collectors copies of your wrap-around cover illustration (Christmas, 1959) is eagerly fastened upon by Collector R. Krumm, as usual. Not only for the intrinsic worth of Mr. Evers' drawing and the historic nature of the occasion it commemorates, but for the sheer ice-appeal of the picture, Collector R. K.'s application should be awarded top priority. Temperature in Cape Town today, 90°; humidity plus, plus, plus. Chances are, your artist got to work on this picture with the specific needs of Krumm in mind. Just hand him our delighted acknowledgments, will you, and pass along the ice, regardless of less needy collectors' claims?

Always appreciatively yours,  
REGINALD KRUMM  
(Rondebosch, Cape Province, S. A.)

Captain Kuun's 37-footer, *Erma*, sold after the refugees landed, but still in use thereabouts



**FIRST LINE ON NEW PIER**—All-new and modern terminal facilities for the Mitsui Line at the Foot of 35th Street, Brooklyn, were officially dedicated January 8, immediately following the docking there of their *M.S. Hagurosan Maru*.

Moran pilot-Capt. Bill Morch of the tug *Nancy Moran* directed berthing maneuvers.

The 1,740-foot pier, longest finger-type pier in the Port of New York, has 304,000 square feet of space for cargo laydown, access and truck turn-around, including a 50-foot-wide concrete apron running the entire length of the pier along its south side.

The New York City Dept. of Marine & Aviation leased this latest completed unit of the expanded municipal waterfront facilities to the Mitsui Steamship Co., Ltd., until another of the city's new terminals is ready for the line in 1961, at 39th Street. William J. Rountree Co., Inc., 21 West Street, New York, are U. S. agents for the line.

"Master of the *Edmond J. Moran*, a 1,900-hp. tug of the Moran Towing & Transportation Co., is Capt. Alexander D. Stewart, who brought the *YFP-10* through fog and ice with nary a nudge or push." Who said it? (Box, P. 19, No. 4)



### Lecture Illustrations

Dear Mr. Blinn:

I have received the photos of your tugs which you kindly sent me. Accept my best thanks, please. They are just what I wanted, and will help me when I give lectures, etc. The Xmas issue of *Tow Line* duly arrived. Congratulations on an excellent publication, full of interest. I am very grateful to you for keeping me on your mailing list.

COULSON CAIRNS  
(Newcastle upon Tyne, Eng.)

"Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?" Who said it? (Box, P. 19, No. 5)

**ACTION SHOTS (AMATEUR)**—Photos of ocean tows are difficult to come by and as a rule they reach this desk far behind the spot news story, which is the way the ball bounces and can't be helped. Here are two such from the camera, we suspect, of Capt. James W. Jenkins, master of the tug *Joseph H. Moran II* at the time, late last fall.

Understandably, tows on long hawsers are not easy to record photographically. We estimate one of these (top, left) to be at least 1,800 feet behind the tug. It is the German freighter *M.V. Rodenbek*, disabled and on her way to Hamburg from Chester, Pa.

In the other picture are two of four Army F.S.'s towed by the *Joseph H.* from Trinidad, B.W.I., to Charleston, S. C.—on a short hawser in protected waters, as you can see. But we wonder how many words would describe these little freight ships or the technique of towing in tandem any better than this under-way snapshot.

And this seems to be a good time to remind amateur photographers in the offshore boats that we always need such action shots.

### "Surprised and Delighted"

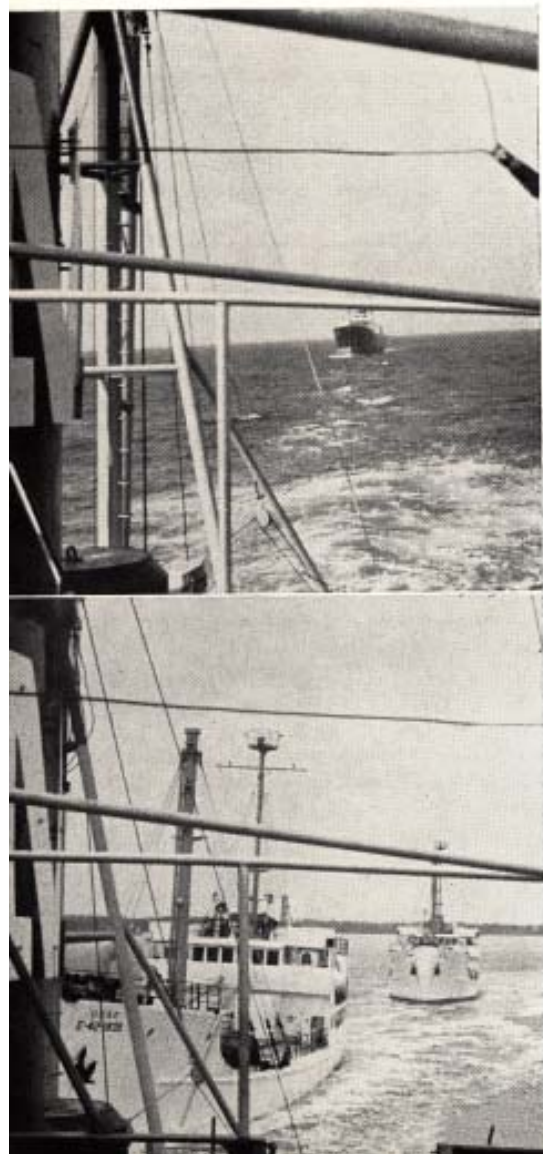
Dear Sirs:

A couple of months ago you published photos of the tugs in Amsterdam, Holland, owned by Reedery V/H Gebr. Goedkoop. Since then I have made a trip to Holland and handed a copy of *Tow Line* to Mr. Goedkoop, who was very much surprised and delighted that some of their tugs appeared in an American house magazine. He would like to be placed on your mailing list. . . . They also asked me to obtain the book titled "Tugboat—the Moran Story," so I will appreciate it if you can let me know the name of the publisher so that I may order it. Enclosed is a small booklet published by Goedkoop, which handles the story of the company and their activities. I have translated the parts in which you may be interested.

J. Bos  
(New Orleans, La.)

Editor's note: As to foreign tugs, Mr. Bos is one of two contributors it is a pleasure to refer to Page 3. Mr. Goedkoop's name is on the mailing list. Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, published the Moran story. We appreciate the translation.

In the course of such a voyage as those shown in the opposite corner, Ordway Scott, West End, Cayman Brac, B.W.I., able seaman on the tug *Marion Moran*, provided a change in the crew's diet by hoisting aboard this grown-up king mackerel, a salt water fish esteemed by many who like the meat steaked and broiled. . . . Come and get it, mates!



## Harbor Tug Stars in Prize-winning Film

It could have been the photogenic qualities of our lady tug *Carol Moran* and/or the acknowledged talents of Jerry Wesson as a cameraman that produced an amateur documentary-type movie good enough to win first prize in the annual contest (1959) of the Metropolitan Motion Picture Club of New York.



Here, an on-deck action photo of Mr. Wesson, who (it is only fair to report) had the competent help of his charming wife during the shooting, editing, recording of the sound track, and

all that. They did a fine job.

Our *Carol* has starred in celluloid before, but this was her first title role. The critics liked her.

The award-winning 16-mm. motion picture follows the routine activities of a 1,750-hp. diesel-electric tug in New York harbor; and members of the *Carol's* crew are entitled to a bow, since without their full cooperation no such informative and entertaining picture-story would have been possible.

The Wessons will have a public showing of their work April 9 at Hunter College, Manhattan. It is scheduled as part of a notable films program to be presented there (8 p.m.) by the M.M.P.C. . . . Congratulations!

We have had a private showing in the board room at Moran Hq.



### Thanks for Thinking of Us

Dear Mr. Munroe:

For some years past you have been kind enough to include me among the fortunate to receive *TOW LINE*. Now I have a chance to reciprocate. I am enclosing as a gift a transparency of a shot I took at the launching of the Missile Ship *Charles F. Adams* at Bath, Me.—Sept. 9, I think. As you will see, two Moran tugs are in charge of the maneuver. I imagine your company already has pictures of this launching which will appear in a forthcoming issue. On the off chance that my shot might be useful, I am sending it along. It blows up well on a 50 x 50 screen, and should make a glossy with good detail. . . . If this shot of Moran tugs at work at a Bath Iron Works launching gives you a small fraction of the enjoyment your magazine has given me, I shall be gratified.

BANCROFT BEATLEY  
(211 Marsh St., Balmont, Mass.)

"A little stream best fits a little boat."  
Who said it? (Box, P. 19, No. 6)

"While the hollow oak our palace is,  
/ Our heritage the sea." Who said it?  
(Box, P. 19, No. 7)

**TRANSPACIFIC SPEED**—A new record for Japanese ships east-bound on the Yokohama-New York run was set by M.S. *Montana Maru* upon her arrival in the world's busiest port January 6. This Kawasaki Kisen K.K. Line vessel surpassed the mark set by another ship in mid-September—see last previous issue of *Tow Line*—by crossing in 20 days, 11 hours, 44 minutes, for an average speed of 19.6 knots.

Pilot-Capt. John Sahlberg directed the docking of the 533-footer at Columbia Street, Brooklyn, employing the tugs *Carol Moran* and *Nancy Moran*.

The *Montana Maru*, with two sister ships, *Nevada Maru* and *Oregon Maru*, maintain monthly service between the east coast of the United States and Japan, the Philippines, Formosa, and Hong Kong.

General agents for the line in this country and in Canada: Kerr Steamship Co., Inc., 51 Broad Street, New York.

**FELLOW VOYAGERS**—On TV and elsewhere we have seen so much of educated porpoises—jumping for handouts of fish, playing volleyball, clowning for sightseers, always in the confines of Florida or California aquaria—it is pleasant to see some cavorting in the open sea, their natural habitat. Still, the porpoise is nobody's dope wherever he is.

Our man Albert C. Hagy got this characteristic shot of a companionable school of the critters in the course of a tow to the southward, from one of Moran's ocean tugs.

Just about the ultimate in streamlining are these gregarious cetaceans (an order of aquatic, chiefly marine, mammals, including the whales and dolphins). Individuals range from five to eight feet in length. Habitually, they swim alongside or in front of vessels—who knows why, unless they enjoy the company of larger, equally streamlined "swimmers"?—and their speed in the water, their svelte bodies, their incredibly agile maneuvers are "something."

In Big Marco Pass, lower Gulf coast of Florida, we once had the pleasure of watching a mother porpoise patiently teaching her baby how to jump!





## Gratifying World-wide Demand for Evers Magazine Cover and Calendar Paintings

THE MORAN MANAGEMENT and this company magazine, which in a little more than 12 years has grown from 12 to 20 pages and is now published quarterly, might be considered unappreciative if we failed to acknowledge the tremendous popular impact of the watercolor work done for us from year to year by Charles G. Evers, truly the marine artists' artist.

His wrap-around, four-color cover for the Christmas 1959 issue of *Tow Line* received a typical reaction. We have been swamped with often the most graciously worded requests for white-bordered prints for framing, and they are still coming in.

No one here will undertake to estimate the total number from all points of the compass—in letters, by telephone and even telegram, and by persons dropping in—but as an indication, there have been several hundred in the mail, both domestic and foreign. We are greatly pleased; Mr. Evers himself should be.

There is a gnawing editorial temptation—20 pages of white space being considerable acreage to fill up—to take further detailed note of this matter by listing some of the well known names and quoting some of the more discerning comments of those who signaled us for separate prints. This would have to include most of these United States, many of the Canadian provinces, and an astonishing number of foreign countries—but let that pass.

Besides, quite a few individuals have asked for framing prints of Evers

watercolors from previous years. For the most part they have been accommodated, but every barrel has its bottom, so finally there has to be an end to it.

However, there are still moderately substantial stacks of three such presentation prints, in color, namely: Christmas *Tow Line* covers for the past two years, and that gorgeous scene in the harbor of Willemstad, Curacao, our artist turned out for the 1958 Moran calendar. Due to a continuing demand, all others are just about distributed, it is necessary to report.

So once again, thanks very much, one and all, for your appreciation of this service Moran is happy to offer its friends at home and abroad—especially since bushels of responses constitute what we take to be an impressive justification of Artist Evers' work and of our judgment in presenting it.

Any ideas for future subjects?

"The dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the serpent-haunted sea." Who said it? (Box, P. 19, No. 8)

### TWILIGHT OF THE BATTLE-WAGON—

Once formidable ships of the United States Navy, guns inoperative, engine rooms stilled, go quietly into oblivion at the end of a towing hauler. Docile now, their martial careers finished—and many such boasted really impressive World War II records—they are being broken up for their increasingly valuable steel, destined for a thousand peace-time uses. An ironic paraphrase may be permissible: Old soldiers (and sailors) never die; they simply fade away—in these instances to become sports cars, skyscrapers, atomic submarines, and kitchen equipment.

During 1959, half a dozen tugs of the "M" fleet—Joseph H. Moran II, Marion Moran, Cynthia Moran, Diana L. Moran, Eugene F. Moran, and M. Moran—were given melancholy assignments to tow 32 former Navy vessels of various types to Atlantic coast scrapyards. Included in the list of ships fallen into what Eugene Field used to call "innocuous desuetude" were dreadnaughts, heavy and light cruisers, destroyers, submarines, LSTs, patrol craft, transports, and freighters.

Pages of glorious American history originated on the bridges and in the gun turrets and holds of these discarded ships; but such has been the course of events since the first man mounted a shield on his dugout and set sail to protect his native shores or to conquer greener lands.

Warships are transitory tools at best—here today, gone tomorrow. They neither ask nor take quarter, and the ultimate acetylene torch and heavy-lift derrick are as certain for them as taxes and death are for humans.

This Hans Marx photo, we feel, expresses the somber mood precisely—the twilight of the battle-wagon. Here is the U.S.S. Tennessee in Chesapeake Bay, in tow of our resolute tug Cynthia Moran.



## Savannah Trophy Is Added Rowing Prize

A new event has been added to the International Lifeboat Races for 1960, it was announced last month by Millard G. Gamble, chairman of the 21st Annual L.B.R. Committee. It will be the first Savannah Trophy competition, between cadets of the nation's maritime academies.

This year's races will be staged in the Narrows Sunday afternoon, May 22, as a feature of New York World Trade Week and National Maritime Day.

Last year, cadets from the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, placed second in the general seamen's race, but could not qualify for either of the major prizes, the Powell and Gamble Trophies. Subsequently, the crew issued a challenge to all the maritime academies, and New York State University Maritime College, Ft. Schuyler, and Maine Maritime Academy accepted.

Another school entry is hoped for.

**SEAGOING GIANT IN PORT** — On New Year's Day, 1960, this scene in the ever-busy Narrows, entrance to this port of ports, presented itself to the alert eye of our Tow Line staff photographer, who obviously did himself proud. (Motorists on the Belt Parkway, Brooklyn, seemed too absorbed in their own traffic to notice its significance.)

The view is towards the southwest, beyond a section of the parkway, including Hoffman Island and a new supertanker making port here for the first time—the 41,195-dwt. *Thetis*, believed to be the largest American-flag tankship ever handled by Moran tugs. Two veteran "M" pilots, Capts. John Sahlberg and Carl W. (Bill) Morch, respectively, applied their talents to her subsequent docking and undocking. Adequate tug power and no little skill are required to handle such giants either loaded or light. *T/S Thetis* is 712-plus feet long, more than 93 feet wide, draws about 36 feet loaded.

She was just too late to be included in New York's 1959 total of 27,260 vessel arrivals and departures.

Yet to visit the port, according to K. & M. Ship Management, Inc., agents, is a sister tanker, now building.

# YEARS 50 AGO

(Source: New York Maritime Register)

**JAN. 5, 1910**—*Algonquin* (ss) lost rudder on way from Boston to Charleston, Jacksonville and Galveston, and was towed to anchorage off Scotland lightship Jan. 2 by str. *Apache*. . . (Newport News, Dec. 29) Reports received that barge *John A. Briggs*, with crew of seven, sank sometime Sunday night off New Jersey coast.

**JAN. 12, 1910**—(Tampa, Jan. 8) Schr. *Lewiston*, Capt. Ginn, put into bay today short of water and coal. Vessel was bound from Boston to Baltimore to load for Port Arthur, and was 26 days out. Storms carried her south of Cuba. . . (Boston, Jan. 4) Str. *Massasoit*, from Prospect Harbor, rolled her funnel out during NE gale today.

**JAN. 19, 1910**—(Jacksonville, Jan. 14) Str. *Chatham*, from Baltimore, is aground on north jetty with large hole in her bottom. Passengers taken off and landed here by str. *Mohawk*. Tugs and lighters have gone to her assistance. . . *Daylight* (schr.), with cargo of 1,000 tons of coal, sank with all sails set shortly before noon Jan. 18 off Sandy Hook, after she was hit by mud scow in tow of tug. Captain and crew safe. . . *Lusitania* (Br. ss), at New York Jan. 15, reports that while at sea Jan. 10 was boarded by heavy sea which damaged bridge, windows, and chart house.

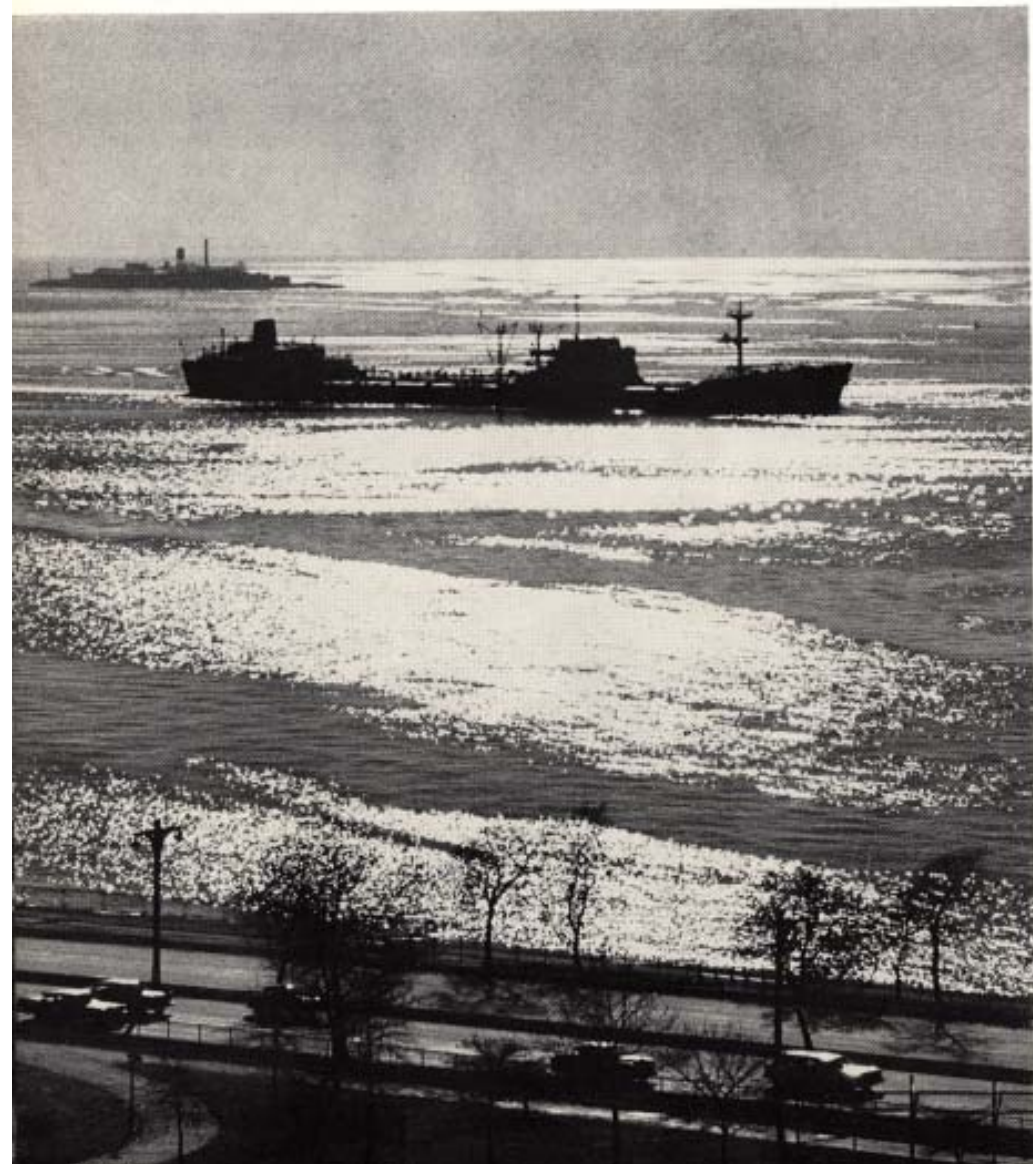
**JAN. 26, 1910**—House of Representatives on Jan. 19 passed Mann Bill, providing for Bureau of Lighthouses in Department of Commerce and Labor, in place of present Lighthouse Board. . . Sidewheel str. *Jamestown*, which arrived at Buenos Aires from Newport News, has had her name changed to *Colonia*, and is running on River Plate. . . (Vineyard Haven, Jan. 23) Schr. *Mertie B. Crowley*, from Baltimore to Boston, stranded at 5 a.m. today about three miles off SE end of Martha's Vineyard and became total wreck.

**FEB. 2, 1910**—Coastwise barge *Old Dominion*, formerly New York str. *Old Dominion*, was badly damaged by fire at Newport News night of Jan. 27, when ready to sail with 3,000 tons of coal. She was libeled Jan. 29 by C. & O. tug *Wanderer* for \$10,000. Captain and two men injured.

**FEB. 9, 1910**—Kentucky (str. 536 GT), from New York for Tacoma, was abandoned Feb. 4 in sinking condition in Lat. 32°46', Long. 72°28'. Crew taken off by str. *Alamo* and landed at Key West.

**MAR. 2, 1910**—*President*, new mail steamboat for use in New York Harbor, went into commission night of Feb. 24 on arrival of *S.S. Philadelphia* from Southampton with 4,000 sacks of mail. *President* was built at Noank by Robert Palmer & Sons.

**MAR. 9, 1910**—(Portland, Me., Mar. 7) Str. *Manhattan*, from New York, arrived here 4 a.m. today. Hour later was discovered afire; was totally destroyed. E.C.P.



## Items: Retirements, Also One Promotion

A couple of retirements—one an accomplished fact, the other still about three months away—and the scheduled appointment of a replacement for one of the two, may be added to the budget of maritime news in this publication period.



Capt. George H. G. Morris, Cunard Line commodore, and master of *R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth* at the time he signed off, made his last voyage aboard the world's largest passenger ship—at least as a "paid hand"—late in January. When he docked in Southampton he went on leave, pending retirement from active duty in February. Captain Morris began his seafaring career as an apprentice in 1912, and joined Cunard 10 years later. By September 1939 he was junior first officer aboard the *Antonia*—sailed her in the first Atlantic convoy of World War II—but received his first command in 1947. He was made commodore of the fleet Oct. 1, 1958, and has been in command of the *Elizabeth* since then.

Rear Adm. Henry C. Perkins, USCG, is scheduled for retirement June 30 after 35 years of commissioned service. A native of Buffalo, N. Y., Admiral Perkins is best



known hereabouts as commander of the 3rd Coast Guard District and of the Eastern Area, with headquarters in the Custom House—latterly in the Battery Maritime Bldg. A native of Pawtucket, R. I. (1904) he graduated from the Coast Guard Academy, New London, Conn., and was commissioned an ensign in 1924. Subsequent promotions: lieutenant (jg), 1926; lieutenant, 1928; lieutenant commander 1932; commander, 1942; captain, 1943; and rear admiral, 1953. His last previous assignment was as chief of operations, Washington Hq. Here he resides in Staten Island.

Rear Adm. Edwin J. Roland, USCG, is to be the successor of Admiral Perkins as district-area commander in New York, it was announced late in January. Graduated



from the Coast Guard Academy in 1929, with a B.S. degree in engineering and an ensign's commission, these promotions followed: lieutenant (jg), 1931; lieutenant, 1933; lieutenant commander, 1942; commander—and here your USCGR reporter falls by the wayside—1942; captain, 1949; rear admiral, 1956. Previously he had been commander of the 1st Coast Guard District, Boston, Mass., where he relieved Rear Adm. Roy L. Raney upon his retirement in the fall of 1956. He was the first master of the cutter-icebreaker *Mackinaw*, built especially for duty on the Great Lakes.

### Maine Islands and Fog

(From the *New York Times*, Feb. 5)

Come on, Islands, shake clear, shake loose:

The sun is on your side!  
Consider not, you rocks and spruce,  
The deeps of that gray tide.

We seem to stand in light alone;  
The rest of Maine is fog  
That wraps the lilies, boys and stone,  
The shell and gull and log.

But as we stare, within an hour,  
Under the goading light,  
We see the stamping of that power,  
And shores rush into sight.

DANIEL SMYTHE.

## A Matter of Pronunciation

Dear Sir:

Your house magazine *TOW LINE* is always a welcome visitor to my desk, and I admire your presentation and particularly the photographs. . . . In your item, "Another Day, Another Dollar," your staff photographer Hans Marx is credited with knowing "a hawk from a handsaw". I wonder if you know that the original quotation, in one of Shakespeare's plays, was "a hawk from a handsor"—a handsor being an old English name for a heron.

J. ELVISH

(*The British & Commonwealth Shipping Co., Ltd., London, England*)

Editor's note: A fellow learns something new every day, and in this instance we are indebted to the erudite Captain Elvish. The nearest reference volume gives the derivation of the phrase as Hamlet, ii, 2. "Handsaw is probably a corruption of *heer-shaw* (a heron)," it says here. Another such book makes it *handsor*. From the New York point of view that's more probable, since in these parts "handsaw" would be an exception if it were not pronounced "handsor" anyway.

**NAMED FOR CAP'N JEFF**—Permit us to introduce another unit of the Curtis Bay Towing Co. fleet, the tug *H. C. Jefferson*. She is stationed in Baltimore, and currently is assigned to docking, undocking, and similar chores during the day, and to transporting railroad carfloats at night. The skippers aboard are Capts. Frank J. Brown and Edward L. Freburger of Baltimore and Glenburnie, Md., respectively. A neat looking outfit.

This tug, repowered in Norfolk, Va., in 1958, bears the very well known and highly respected name of Capt. H. C. Jefferson, president of the company.

She is 95 feet long, with a beam of 24 feet and a draft of 13 feet. Her diesel power plant produces 1,800 horsepower. Gross tonnage, 204; special equipment, adequate.

From time to time *Tow Line* will break out equally good Hans Marx photos of other C. B. Towing Co. tugs.





**P**ROBABLY we should have introduced before this Capt. Cecil Hamilton, Mauckport, Ind., pilot employed by Moran Inland Waterways Corp. Here is a comparatively recent snapshot of the gent in question.

A native of Wolf Creek, Ky., Captain Hamilton "took to the river," as they say, at 18, as a deckhand for A.B.L. He advanced to mate and got his pilot's license in 1937, continuing with the same company until 1943.



Cecil's two years with the Army were served in the Pacific. Afterwards he put in one season on the Great Lakes with Interlake Steamship Co. Returning to A.B.L., he remained with M.V.B.L., but in March 1957 joined the Moran Company.

Capt. and Mrs. Hamilton (Melda), married in 1948, have four sons and a daughter. The family lives in a farm home on the Ohio River. Besides the usual farming, they raise sheep, and the captain's recreation includes fishing and TV baseball.

An undated and unidentified newspaper clipping forwarded by a mid-western reader turned out to be a report of a luncheon talk to the Mt. Vernon, Ind., Kiwanis Club by Capt. John A. Brown, resident manager of Moran Inland Waterways Corp.

Naturally, water transportation and Mt. Vernon's strategic location on floodproof high ground above the Ohio River, were emphasized in Captain Brown's talk.

"Since the war," he said, "river transportation has increased 600 per cent; but rates have decreased, while operating costs have mounted."

According to the speaker, the decrease in rates was made possible by increased efficiency—better equipment, bigger tows, etc.; but "the profit margin has grown slimmer."

After discussing ton rates for river, rail and truck transportation, Captain Brown described interesting incidents associated with river traffic, including one anecdote about a towboat striking and derailing a train.

### Likes Pix of Other Tugs

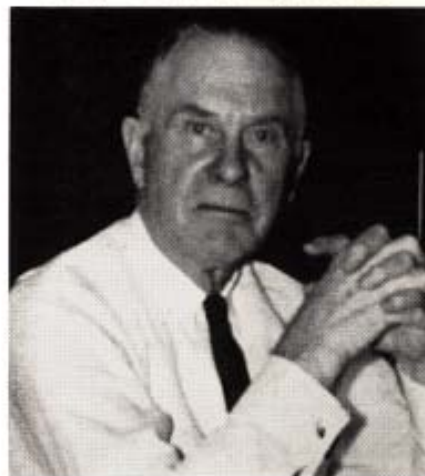
Dear Sir:

The festive season has come around again, and I should like to thank you for sending me *TOW LINE*, for which I am very grateful. I look forward to receiving it and reading all about your vessels and the very fine jobs they so successfully carry out. Yours is certainly a wonderful undertaking. I think it is a very nice gesture on your part in publishing a few pictures of tugs owned by other companies. I do hope you will continue to do so, as this adds further interest to your magazine. I have been able to read a publication of one of the other big towage companies, but in my opinion it still does not come up to yours as regards news photos and items referring to various members of their staff. I expect you have heard about the new German vessel with engines of 5,000 hp. She was in London a short while back, but I did not get a chance to see her. It certainly seems as if the present trend is to build very much more powerful vessels, but for your business you seem to have a very adequate fleet for any emergency. I still follow very closely any reports which appear in Lloyd's List when your ships are involved . . .

CHARLES R. WEBB  
(*Sidcup, Kent, England*)

Editor's note: Mr. Webb will be gratified, we believe, by the layout of Dutch tugs on Page 3 of this issue, if he has not already examined it. *TOW LINE* has received quite a number of such favorable comments concerning contributed photos of foreign work boats in action. They are not easy to come by, but apparently many readers are interested in them.

### Forty Years of Experience



Here is a tug dispatcher it might not be any exaggeration to call Mr. First in his demanding specialty: C. W. Johnson, chief dispatcher, Curtis Bay Towing Co., Norfolk, Va. He is as good-natured and accommodating as he is competent, too, as it happens your reporter is able to testify. After serving a hitch in the U. S. Navy—not during the last World War, need we add?—Mr. Johnson began his tugboating career with the Wood Towing Corp. in 1920, when that firm started up in Norfolk. He and Mrs. Johnson reside at 538 Washington Park there. They have one son, Charles, Jr., and three grandchildren who live in New Jersey. . . . A nice guy, agreed.

### You Can Count on It

Dear Mr. Munroe:

Thanks so much for the . . . *TOW LINES*. I enjoyed going through a whole series at once. It is hard to believe that so fine a publication could keep improving, but it seems to steadily. Won't you give us a ring next time you are in the neighborhood and drop in to see what we are bringing together to tell the story of New York's canals?

RICHARD N. WRIGHT, Pres.  
(*Onondaga Historical Ass'n,*  
*311 Montgomery St., Syracuse, N. Y.*)

**THE GOING IS GOOD (OR BAD)**—As you see, towboating on midwestern rivers can run to extremes, favorable and unfavorable. Left: M.V. David E. Moran making good time on the Ohio with Intercity barges Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14, a 900-foot, 70,000-barrel, integrated oil tow. On the other hand, see (below) an Alton, Ill., Telegraph news photo of conditions on the Upper Mississippi, where M.V. Betty Moran was trading at the time. Unseasonably warm weather brought acres of ice down to the Alton Lock, where it gorged in a jam two miles wide, three miles long, and 15-18 feet thick. This disrupted traffic completely; 20 tows were stuck above the lock, about the same number below. Army engineers feared for the dam structure, but it held fast. The towboat crews were not ice skating at the time . . .



## When Is Pushboat Towboat or Vice Versa? Readers May Not Learn The Answer Here

THE NOMENCLATURE of tugboating is a frequently recurring theme in the mail that reaches this editorial desk in gratifying quantities. A hail from Pierre Norman Griffin, 8 rue Eustache Libert, Sainte Adresse, Seine Maritime, France, dispatcher-in-charge at Le Havre "for all river pushboat convoys," contains a typical knotty question. Here it is:

"Mr. Munroe, why do they call pushboats *towboats* in the U. S.?"

The query is more complex than it appears at first glance; or rather, a comprehensive answer will be. *TOW LINE* may as well have a go at it, however; our explanation could be as good as the next one.

Webster's New International Dictionary (Second Edition, Unabridged) is fairly specific. There are seven listings for the word *tow*, but let's take No. 3 paragraph under one of them and see if the light changes:

**Tow**, *n* . . . That which is towed; specif.: a A boat in tow or requiring towing; esp., a barge; b A string of barges, etc., towed by a single tugboat.

No. 4 paragraph adds candlepower: "That which tows; esp., a towboat or a tugboat;" and, as an intransitive verb, *tow* means "to move in tow; to be towed."

So much for Webster. We did, just the same, take the precaution of falling back on an office authority, Capt. Fred Dezendorf, general manager of operations, a knowledgeable gent.

"The word 'tow' in English denotes the unit or units to be propelled through the water," Cap'n D. said. "This can be accomplished by pulling (tugging) on a hawser, or by pushing. Thus, when a boat pushes a 'tow,' she is referred to as the towboat. . . . But don't hold me to it."

In New York harbor and in other coastal ports Moran operates tugs; on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, towboats—or "pushboats" if you insist on a strict interpretation based on operational appearances.

All clear now, M'sieu Griffin? . . . But don't hold us to it!

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"And ice, mast-high, came floating by, / As green as emerald." Who said it? (Box, P. 19, No. 9)

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"The sea! the sea! the open sea! / The blue, the fresh, the ever free!" Who said it? (Box, P. 19, No. 10)

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### No, Brooklyn Ain't the Same

My dear Mr. Munroe:

A little note to wish you all at Moran Hq. a happy new year, &c. I also wish to thank you and your staff for remembering me with *TOW LINE* so regularly, and I do enjoy it. It is nice to read all about New York and of course good old Brooklyn; but it must seem strange without the Dodgers. I am still busy at Trinity House and have moved one step up to Ass't Master.

WILLIAM M. REID

(Trinity House, Leith, Scotland)

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**FLAG-FLYING NEWCOMER**—With a full cargo of wares and produce from Malaya and India, the new *M.S. Hoegh Dene* arrived in New York for the first time February 3. She is the fifth new express cargo ship added to the Hoegh Lines India service since 1956. She is more than 515 feet long, with a 64-foot beam, and has a deadweight capacity of 12,886 tons.

Pilot-Capt. Robert C. Nielsen, directed our tugs *Carol Moran* and *Pauline L. Moran* in docking the sleek vessel at Pier 2, Bush Terminal, Brooklyn.

Cortland D. Linder, managing director of Kerr Steamship Co., Inc., general agents for the line in the United States and Canada, said the *Hoegh Dene* was built by Kieler Howaldts-werke, Kiel, Germany, to the highest specifications of *Norske Veritas*. Her cargo capacity is 663,818 cubic feet, which includes 35,847 cubic feet of deep tank space and 7,381 cubic feet of refrigerated space.

The line maintains a service from the United States (Atlantic and Gulf ports) to the Mediterranean and Red Seas, India, Ceylon, and Burma.

### Port Engineer



A pleasant and certainly well nourished looking guy is Lawrence G. (Larry, of course) Fagan, overseer of engineers, Curtis Bay Towing Co. of Virginia, and of the mechanical persuasion, obviously. He joined that tug company in 1954 as a diesel specialist, and assumed his present position after the customary hitch in his Uncle Sam's Navy. He is responsible for the maintenance of fleet power plants. Resides at 118 Greenway Drive, Portsmouth, with Mrs. Fagan and their daughter, Mary Virginia, and a son, Michael G. . . . What, no grease on a white shirt?

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### Referred to Jim Roche

Dear Sir:

In reply to your request for pros and cons on Mr. James F. Roche's letter (Christmas issue) on a New York marine museum, Mr. Roche might be interested in learning that we do have a fine museum in the city, located at 25 South Street, lower New York. This institution, in my opinion, has an excellent collection of ship models from ancient days to the present. Also, one can obtain many booklets that are very informative regarding the shipping industry.

HERBERT J. ALCORN

(American Export Lines, New York)



## Retired U.S. Public Health Service Man To be Honored; Moran-men Afloat Assist

**D**R. CHARLES FERGUSON, long identified with the U. S. Public Health Service, and recently retired as head of the U.S.P.H.S. Hospital in Staten Island, is being honored in a particularly appropriate way.

Hosts of his friends in New York and elsewhere, including a great many who have been benefited by his professional competence and personal good will, and by the medical-surgical services offered by the hospital, have formed a committee to arrange adequate recognition of the veteran doctor's career of service to the government and to humanity.

The committee, with Capt. B. E. Torning of the Military Sea Transport Service as chairman, is raising funds which will be contributed to the medical staff library of the Staten Island institution. A formal request for that collection to be designated "The Charles Ferguson Medical Library" has been approved by the Chief of Medical Services and the Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service.

Capt. Frederick K. Dezendorf, general operating manager for Moran, was asked to contact the crews of "M" tugs in connection with this matter, and as of locking up time for TOW LINE he had these contributions in hand:

Tugs *Margot Moran*, *Marion Moran*, and *Susan A. Moran*, \$50, \$70, and \$17, respectively; and Capt. Walfrid Waxin, \$5.

It is expected that many more of Moran's employees afloat will contribute to the Ferguson fund.

The newly approved library will be dedicated during the National

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U.S.P.H.S. Clinical Society meeting, May 4-7, and Doctor Ferguson will participate in the ceremony.

The doctor has been one of the outstanding medical officers of his service. He has contributed tremendously to the welfare of our merchant seamen and other beneficiaries of the local hospital; and he has also been an outstanding teacher of the younger officers.

TOW LINE bespeaks earnest consideration of this worthy project.

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**CONVIVALITY**—This congenial group of men prominent in the shipping industry assembled January 21 at the St. George Hotel, Brooklyn, to take part in a testimonial dinner for the Hon. John J. Rooney, congressman from the 3rd Assembly District. It was given by the Cathedral Club of Brooklyn, and Sen. Lyndon Johnson (D. Tex.) was the speaker. Attendance was extraordinary.

Around the table clockwise, beginning lower left: Edward J. Hennessey, assistant vice president, Moran Towing & Transportation Co.; Vincent A. G. O'Connor, commissioner, Dept. of Marine and Aviation, New York; W. Lyle Bull, executive vice president, American Export Lines, Inc.; Capt. Jones F. Devlin, vice president, United States Lines; Adm. Robert C. Lee, chairman of the board, Moore-McCormack Lines, Inc.; Adm. Edmond J. Moran, president, Moran T. & T. Co.; John J. Walsh, director, Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd.; John S. Bull, vice president, Moran T. & T. Co.; and William H. McConnell, vice president, American Export Lines, Inc. 

## On the Night Side



People who dial WH 3-2525 during the wee sma' hours are likely to be talking to dispatcher Gerard F. Sadel, formerly of our Amboy affiliate, but assigned some time ago to the night tricks here at Moran Hq. No tyro is Gerry when it comes to tug dispatching—or in appraising a situation with a tugboatman's or a tankerman's eye. He is experienced in all three fields. Training at a maritime school (1940) led to seven years aboard tankers plying the oceans in convoy, and to a chief mate's ticket. Returning to Amboy Towboats in 1951 as a deckhand, within two years Gerry earned a shoreside spot, dispatching. Marriage made that kind of duty doubly attractive. At the Sadel home, 210 Bancroft Avenue, Grant City, S. I.: Mrs. S. (Lorraine), Gerard, Jr., 13; Joan, nine; and Christine, seven.

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## Navy Man Appointed Consultant to City

Appointment of Rear Adm. Roy T. Cowdrey, USN (Ret.), former commander of the New York Naval Shipyard, Brooklyn, as consulting engineer of the New York City Department of Marine and Aviation was announced the last day of February.

He also will serve as consulting engineer to the New York City Council on Port Development and Promotion, the announcement stated.

Admiral Cowdrey, 62, retired from the Navy in 1956 after 37 years of commissioned service. Since then he has been an engineering official of the Ormet Corp., producers of primary aluminum. While in command of the "Brooklyn Navy Yard," he directed the largest government or private shipyard force in the nation, as many as 16,500 persons.



## RECOMMENDED READING

**BOUWNUMMER 300, S. S. Rotterdam.**  
Text by F. den Houter; layout and drawings by D. Herlaar. Publishers, Uitgeverij C. de Boer, Jr., Hilversum, Holland. Price, 19,50 guilders (\$5.20).

Bouwnummer 300—in English, Hull No. 300—is a Dutch book containing in detail the building story of the new Holland-America Line flagship *Rotterdam* by the Rotterdam Shipbuilding and Drydock Co. during the years 1956-1959. It is a magnificent publication, profusely illustrated with fine photos (many in color) and drawings.

A special chapter is dedicated to the four namesakes of the present ship. The first *Rotterdam* started the service of the Holland-America Line from Rotterdam to New York in 1872. She measured only 2,000 tons and was powered by both steam and sail. The second *Rotterdam*, 3,300 tons, had four masts, but no sails (1886). The third ship of the name measured 8,000 tons and could carry 1,740 passengers (1897). The fourth was commissioned in 1908. She was of 24,000 gross tons, with accommodations for 3,500 passengers in three classes. Her career ended in 1940.

The present flagship *S.S. Rotterdam*, already a familiar sight in the Port of New York, measures 38,645 Bruto Register Tons and carries 473 passengers in first class, 971 in tourist class. A unique feature of this ultra-modern ship is the fact that she has no smokestack. She was christened by Queen Juliana of the Netherlands Sept. 13, 1958, and one year later (less 10 days) she started on her maiden voyage from Rotterdam, with Princess Beatrix as one of her passengers, and with Commo. Coenraad Bouman (still her master) in command.

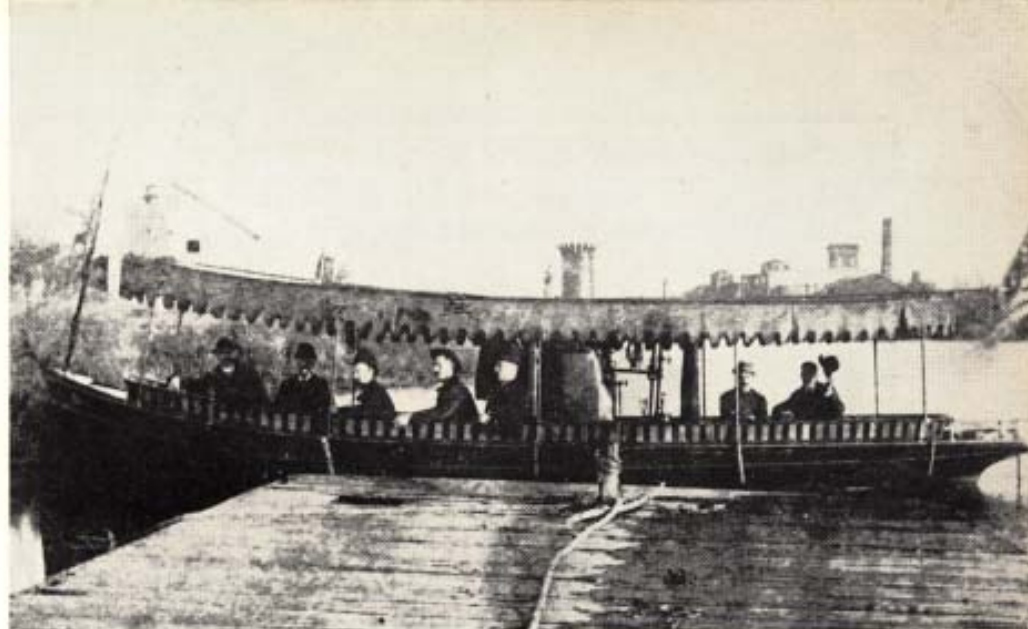
The September 1959 front cover of *Tow Line* was Charles G. Evers' conception of her first arrival here on Sept. 11.

Mr. den Houter is a well known ship news reporter in Rotterdam, perhaps the Dutch equivalent of Walter Hamshar, Stanley Mantrop or George Horne of New York. Mr. de Boer, Jr., also is publisher of the Dutch marine magazine, *De Blauwe Wimpel—The Blue Pennant*.

CAPT. J. BLAAUBOER

**FRESHWATER FURY—Yarns and Reminiscences of the Greatest Storm in Inland Navigation.** By Frank Barcus, with maps and illustrations by the author; 184 pages, clothbound with jacket; Wayne State University Press, Detroit, Mich., 1960. Publication, March 1; price, \$3.95.

This is all about the Great Storm of November 1913, the worst disaster in the history of the Great Lakes, in which hundreds of men and scores of ships were destroyed—the first comprehensive history of that calamity. (Full review later.)



### Not Capt. Albert F. Shaw

Dear Mr. Munroe:

In all my life I've seen close up one tug (or isn't it properly *tow*?) boat. This was at our port facility in Morehead City sometime last fall. I was there idling when a Moran vessel put in, giving me a chance to look her over at leisure. Coincidence or not, I could swear her skipper was this fellow whose photo appeared in the first issue of your excellent publication I've seen. If you can properly include me in your mailing list, I would be grateful.

WILLIAM L. CROWELL, DPR  
(N. Carolina Motor Vehicle Dept.)

### A Truce of Sorts

(From the N. Y. Herald Tribune, Feb. 8)

Breakers from the Gulf are threatening me

Oilskin-coated, showered by spume.  
My house is only steps from a sea.

Toppling mountains in the morning gloom,

Battering defences, deploying scouts  
To establish a beachhead and gain more room.

But the wind dies down and rock-groins rout

The waves, while a glimpse of the sun confines  
My fears beyond the moment's doubt.

This is no peace; the lull designs  
A truce of sorts on temporary lines.

ELIAS LIEBERMAN,

(Anna Maria, Fla.)

### Orchids, He Says . . . Orchids?

Gentlemen:

I want you to be sure that when you send us *Tow Line* we receive it with pleasure. We appreciate the information it carries, also the excellent pictures, and the attractive layouts. Orchids to the editors!

J. VINCENT NORDGREN, D.D.  
(Lutheran Seamen's Center, N. Y.)

**SEVENTY-TWO YEARS AGO**—So great was the interest in that Christmas Tow Line photo showing a pair of old steamboats at the lower one of two locks in the long obsolete Baldwin Canal, Baldwinsville, N. Y., here is another picture of approximately the same vintage and from the same source, Ye Ed's family archives.

This would be the steam yacht *Bess*, as of summer, 1888, at a Seneca River dock, north shore, just above the dam at B-ville. The legend on the back of the faded and mottled print reveals that her "commander" was Allie Bigelow—who also was the owner, presumably. At any rate, the *Bess* must have been a family affair, since the photographer was H. P. Bigelow.

It is inconceivable that anyone who might have jotted down the particulars of this fashionable inland waterways craft is still alive—certainly not any of the passengers shown here, including the writer's father, who would be nearing 95 now. Steamboat historians will have to judge her dimensions for themselves.

The gay young blades aboard can be identified, however. Left to right, from the bow: Charles K. Munroe, Alex Hamill, M. (for Marcellus, is the guess here) Johnson, Eugene C. Munroe, Walter McMullin, the said A. Bigelow, and George Hasler.

All aboard for Mills' Landing, or maybe that exciting summer resort, Long Branch, alongside the outlet of Lake Onandaga, or even the bustling Salt City, Syracuse!

### Author's Appreciation

Dear Mr. Munroe:

I appreciate very much the generous review of my "Seaports South of Sahara" in the Christmas *Tow Line*, and would like to have a couple of extra copies if you can spare them. You rate strong congratulations on getting out such a delightful journal, with its very adequate treatment of the past as well as the present.

ROBERT GREENHALGH ALBION  
(15 E. Street, S. Portland, Me.)

## Round-robin Love Affair at Moran Hq.

**T**O BE FRANK ABOUT IT, this is a labor of love. But it is only one facet of a round-robin love affair that has been going on at Moran Hq. since—well, the memory of the oldest inhabitant runneth not to the contrary. Everybody is soft on Mary Fedak, princess among cleaning women, and people are Mary's favorite beings.



Brown-eyed Mary

You might spell her first name *Merry*, since that's what she is for the most part, and it's an enviable asset.

Mrs. Fedak, Hungarian by birth—although her native place may be in Czechoslovakia now—has been looking after the 25th floor of the Whitehall Building, 17 Battery Place, Manhattan, for the past 40 years, no less. When she cleans an office it's clean!

Six sons and five daughters were born to Mary's farmer parents in the old country. When our girl was three years old, her mother and father emigrated to the United States—to Hazleton, Pa., where he was a coal miner.

Mary herself came over in 1911, when she was sweet sixteen. She was billeted with friends following a comfortable crossing of 11 days on a Hamburg-America liner; and here was a girl who was equal to anything she might encounter in the melting pot of New York.

In due course she was married to her beloved Charles—he died five years ago—and the couple was blessed with seven children: Charles, Jr., Anna, Veronica, Mary, Helen, Edward, and Nicholas. Helen and "Nick" died—the latter in a tragic street accident when he was only seven years old. All the rest still live in New York.

For 20 years following her marriage at a no longer existent address, 15 West Street, a stone's throw from these diggings, Mary resided there. It is a parking lot now, but when there was an apartment building on the site she was the superintendent. (Everything thereabouts had to come down for the development of the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel.)

Mary Fedak is a *good* woman. She tries to be—undoubtedly she is—helpful to all people in all ways. It is a great satisfaction to her to call on the sick and others in distress, and to do whatever she can for them at whatever sacrifice to herself. She is a devoted member of the congregation of St. Mary's Catholic Church, 225 East 13th Street, which she proudly says will be rebuilt, beginning this year. It would be correct to assume she contributed a substantial amount to that end. It would be characteristic of her.

It follows, too, that our Mary likes socializing—parties, music (including singing), dancing, group games.

An admirer of long standing, your reporter, asked her if she would care to say a little something for publication here. She did:

"Forty years have been a l-o-n-g time. It has been a pleasure to be associated with Moran. Now I am looking forward to retiring, but Moran will always be a part of me."

You would think, wouldn't you, that Mrs. Mary Fedak, of all people, has a perfect right to retire to a life of ease and enjoyment with her children and friends? She has earned it, in every conceivable way. We wish her many years of that enjoyment in good health.

P.S.—The president, Admiral Edmond J. Moran, stands well up towards the head of her line of "honey-bunches," a term of endearment she uses indiscriminately.

## NAUTICAL LANGUAGE

**Towing Bitts**—Bitts on the after deck of a tug, between which the towline is led from the towing engine and through the towing chock. The line also can be made up to the towing bitts directly.

**Displacement**—The number of tons of water displaced by a vessel afloat. The sum of lightweight and deadweight is equal to the displacement.

**Drift**—The speed at which a current is said to run.

**Hawse Pipe**—A cylindrical or elliptical pipe of cast steel or iron situated near the stem of a vessel, through which the anchor cable runs.

**Head Sea**—A sea in which the waves oppose a ship's course, so that the ship must rise over or cut through each one.

**Lashing**—A general term given to any rope used for binding or making fast one thing to another.

**Bridle**—A span of chain or rope with both ends secured. The hauling power is applied to the bight or middle portion. Normally made up of two sections, each shackled into the hawser and to the barge.

**Bearing**—The direction or point of the compass in which an object is seen; or the direction of one object from another with reference to the nearest cardinal point of the compass or true north, measuring clockwise.

**Dead Reckoning**—A process by which the position of a vessel at any moment is found, by applying to the last well determined position the run made since, using for this purpose the ship's course and the distance indicated by log.

**Single Up**—To take in all bights of mooring lines preparatory to getting under way from alongside a quay wall or a pier. Usually means to keep only one headline, one springline and one sternline out, so that when the moment comes to let go and leave the pier the least possible amount of time is spent in taking in the lines.

**In Irons**—A situation in which a tug may find herself if her tow—because of tide, wind, breakdown, etc.—runs past the tug so that her hawser leads abeam or forward of the beam and puts the tug in danger of being capsized.

**Draft (also Draught)**—The depth of water a ship requires to float freely, measured vertically from the waterline to the lowest part of the hull, propeller or other reference point.

**Jury Rig**—A temporary or makeshift rig or part thereof set up by the ship's crew to take the place of that which has been carried away or lost.

**Heave**—To pull on a rope or cable by hand or with mechanical aid. "Heave ho, my lads!"



# Team of Jersey Prep School Journalists Covers Sailing of Cunarder 'Queen Mary'

*Editor's note: The following report appeared in the Christmas 1959 issue, Vol. III, No. 1, of Literama, literary magazine of St. Peter's Preparatory School, Jersey City, N. J., over the by-line of its managing editor, with half a dozen on-the-job sketches by the junior editor, Norman Woehle, '61. This filled five pages.*

By WILLIAM LINDSAY, '60

On dull days the top floor classes in the Freshman Building are often interrupted by the fog horns of steamships passing by in New York harbor. Because this may still surprise the freshmen, we decided one very foggy day to look up the statistics of the Port of New York, and learned that over 100 coastal and ocean-going ships pass the foot of Grand Street every school day, 25,844 ships a year. Because the thought of ships passing by three blocks away may long have faded from the minds of upper classmen, we decided to take a ride on a tugboat.

With a good supply of pencils and paper, we crossed the mighty Hudson to the dispatchers' office of the Moran Towing & Transportation Co. It is on the 25th floor of the Whitehall Building, the first skyscraper at the corner of the Battery. Two sides of the room command a view of the vast expanse of New York harbor. Another wall is papered with a giant photorama of the harbor. We picked out the steeple of old St. Peter's Church and the tower of the Freshman Building.

## Nerve Center of Fleet

The background of salty voices stopped crackling, and the dispatcher on duty left the microphone of the VHF radio transmitter with which he commands his "macro-taxi" service. We introduced ourselves. He led us to the balcony, pointing out the *Nancy Moran*. She was moored in a brace of five tugs at Pier 1, North River, almost directly below us.

"She's our newest tug—under Captain Scherer. First mate is Philip Gaughran. They'll be leaving at 1:15 for a job upriver. You can stay as long as you like."

Then he asked us to sign a release—"just in case you fall overboard, we won't have to pay for your clothes." We felt that we were signing our lives away, and said our goodbyes.

Down on the street level again we only had to cross a narrow parking lane for Statue of Liberty sightseers to be able to stand on the bulkhead at Pier 1 and get a close look at the great padded burros of the harbor. A deckhand beckoned us to step onto a large hemp fender and to swing aboard. No sooner had we climbed to the top deck of the *Nancy* than she backed out and turned upriver.

In the new breeze of the open water we inspected the upper deck. Everything was shipshape; not a chip or a spot of rust.

Several New York Central tugs moving towards us were pushing barges laden with dirty freight cars. A few small freighters were berthed at the piers along our right... Although the neon Sunkist lemon, "Fresh for Health," on Pier 24, flashed 53 degrees, the brisk wind drove us into the wheelhouse.

First Mate Gaughran stood in a corner of the wood-paneled cabin, with one hand on the great chromium wheel. We introduced ourselves and tried to soak up the polished brass atmosphere of the place. The large face of the floating compass peered out between two black metal spheres. Overhead, "Pilot Rules for Inland Waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts and the Gulf of Mexico" was framed into the ceiling. A St. Christopher medal hung from the handle of the ship's whistle. Behind us, atop the radiotelephone set, a pile of well thumbed books surprised us... We sat down on the red leather bench and asked the mate some questions.

## Queen Off for Europe

He told us that the *Nancy Moran* is 100 feet long, of 1,750 diesel-electric hp. Two crews of six men each operate her, alternating on two or three-day shifts—the captain (he was asleep after a night at the wheel), engineer, oiler, deckhand, and cook, besides the mate. We were going upriver to help sail the Cunard liner *R.M.S. Queen Mary*.

The sudden appearance of the stern of the *Queen*, sticking out from Pier 90, interrupted our conversation. Not wanting to keep the lady waiting, we bolted down the ladder and out the port hatchway. We saw that the *Nancy* eased alongside a sister tug and nudged the pier with her bow.

It would take two of these craft to "pinch" the *Queen*, our mate explained as he walked back to a set of controls aft on the upper deck. The other tug would push the liner's bow towards the dock; we would fasten a line to her stern and pull away from the dock. When well clear of the dock the *Queen* would reverse her engines. The operation was done only at slack tide. No engine could overcome the full force of the river current against the side of such a huge ship.

Both tugs now maneuvered for position. The other one chugged down the length of the *Queen* to the bow.

## Big Ships Require Tugs

We wondered why she needed a tug at all. She has four propellers. Could she not reverse engines and back out all by herself?

The mate explained: "If she used the dockside screws, she would suck under the large raft-like wooden fenders that hold her off on her starboard. If she reversed only the outside screws, she would crush the pier with her stern."

The stern of the *Queen* loomed over us in massive proportions. The deckhand on the *Nancy* swung a light line up to one of several figures milling around the rail directly above us. He missed the string and had to fish it out. The dacron rope was

quickly pulled up by the string. The tug gently pulled on the rope until it was taut.

A big blast on the *Queen's* whistle signaled "gangplanks away". She was ready. The tug surged forward like a dog on a leash; but the dacron rope, the size of your wrist, only strained. Then, slowly, the *Queen* eased away from the dock.

In a minute her quadruple screws came to life and madly churned the water around her stern. The tug swung around to the other side of the ship, barely missing the screws. The British sailors quickly threw back our line as the *Queen* backed out. The *Nancy* moved away to recover her line, and the first phase of undocking was completed.

## It's All in Knowing How

As the *Queen* backed out, the other tug was still close to her bow. She stopped in midstream, needing two tugs to turn her about. The *Nancy* sped out to her. We charged right for her bow, swerving only at the last minute. The tug nestled up against her towering bow like a chick to a mother hen.

A double whistle suddenly split the peaceful sound of the throbbing engines, and both tugs pushed. The bow of the *Queen* moved ponderously at first, then picked up speed and turned like a lazy Susan.

Another sharp whistle disengaged the tugs. The *Queen* started moving down the river. The *Nancy* raced ahead. She is a working boat and would be on her next job before the *Queen* got out of the Lower Bay.

## What—Another Blinn?



A young man with a head for figures and our accounting department go together like ham and eggs. Here, Lewis P. Blinn—no relation to T. L. associate Jeff—gets some pointers from Ray Brauchle, chief paymaster, a Moran veteran (seated). A graduate of Freeport High School, Freeport, L. I., and the Eastman School of Business, Manhattan, this young Mr. Blinn indicates his next endeavor in the academic line will be a degree in accounting, probably from Hofstra College, Hempstead, L. I. He's a volunteer fireman in Freeport, which could lead to something romantic—beautiful damsels in distress—you know, that sort of thing.


# ASHORE



# AND AFLOAT

Pilot-Capt. Clayton Westervelt is back doing those expected chores in the domestic department, juvenile division—whatever papas of new babies are told to do. No. 3 son, expected (eventually) to answer to the name of Jonathan Grant Westervelt, arrived January 17 at Holy Name Hospital, Teaneck, N. J. Unofficial comment from the homestead, 557 Howard Street, Westwood, N. J.: "He has more hair than his old man, anyway." From Mrs. W. (Mary), Clayton, nine, and James, eight, no comment. Captain Westervelt joined Moran October 5, 1954. He was with Meseck previously.

**LEAP YEAR LEAPERS**—Cutting the cake at an all-girl luncheon in her honor, switchboard lorelei Maureen (Doyle) McDonnell—the poor man's Bea Lillie, it has been reported here—was kibitzed by her office colleagues, Maureen Allen, Victoria Schum, and Audrey Ackerman (left to right). This event preceded Miss Doyle's marriage February 13 to James McDonnell, in Brooklyn.

Of the intent cake-gazers, our Miss Allen, purchasing department secretary, plans a fall marriage with John P. Reidy. The former Vicki Wilson of Moran's billing department was married January 27 to Arthur Schum, deckhand aboard the tug *Julia C. Moran*. Accounting's Miss A.A.A. (see *Tow Line* of September 1959) will become Mrs. Matt Abracen before this year runs out. . . . Getting a jump on Leap Year, looks like. 

This on-the-job snapshot — which might be more flattering, let us concede — will serve as an introduction to another distaff side employee of Curtis Bay Towing Co. of Virginia. Meet Mrs. Melba Hood, clerk in the company's Norfolk Hq., who started work there in 1957. She and her husband reside at 3528 Brest Avenue, Norfolk, and they have one son, Gregory, 23, a school teacher in North Andover, Mass. . . . Mrs. Hood, meet our approximately 8,000 readers around the watery map.



Born, to Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Miller, 6234 Wailes Avenue, Norfolk, Va., a son, Bruce Wayne, seven pounds, three ounces, at Norfolk General Hospital—date not reported. The boy's father is master of the Curtis Bay tug *Tern*. This youngster's arrival makes a total of four for the Millers, two boys and two girls, a nice balance.

*Sotto voce*, to B.S.F., Baltimore, Md.: In reply to your courteous query, the only reason you do not see more personal-type news from that latitude in these chaste columns is that nobody—but nobody, alas—seems to want to take the trouble to turn any in. And nobody here is clairvoyant. Sorry!

Mrs. Adele Grazier—no stranger at Moran Hq.—filled in at the two-place company switchboard last month for Maureen McDonnell, absent for the best of reasons, noted in the adjacent column, left. She resides at 1811 Parkview Avenue, New York, and was aboard at 17 Battery Place for a hitch last summer. The William Graziers have four sons, Wm. Jr., Russell, John and Ronald.

Comes now from Sweden a frankly sentimental and appreciative letter from a retired Moran-man, ex-cook Carl Petterson, whose last job afloat was aboard the *Susan A. Moran*. We take this thoughtfully penned communique to be of such special interest to his former fellow crewmen, and probably to many friends ashore, that it would be a disservice not to publish it in toto here.

As noted in our Christmas 1958 issue, Mr. Petterson retired in April of that year to a fully earned life of ease in his native land, at a place called Loshult II, Killeberg. He had been a Moran employee since the fall of 1946, residing at 740 Forty-ninth Street, Brooklyn. A snapshot we used with the retirement item indicated he was looking and apparently feeling very well as of then.

Thus our former cook, writing on Feb. 8th:

Dear Mr. Munroe!

Please accept my sincere thanks for the Christmas edition of *TOW LINE*, which I received ten days ago. It really is a feast the day it comes. Then I am cook in the Moran tugs and so occupied with it that I hear and see nothing else until my wife hollers, "Hey, I was talking to you!"

This time I met Capt. Joe Goodwin who I was working for in 1941 on the *Barryton*, and said farewell to Capt. Ed Hoffman who I worked for in 1938—and to Ed Coon, dispatcher.

How well I remember when I called for the coming-out orders for the next morning, and if we were off that day the order was, "Breakfast in bed." These are just a few things; it would take too much time and space to mention all.

And of course I am interested in the work. I am now a landlubber, but my heart is with the tugs, and I am so thankful when I get a chance to follow up on it.

I have broken off the cover of this Christmas issue and pressed it a little and framed it. It came out all right—a small white stripe in the middle, but it doesn't show much.

You see, Mr. Munroe, I am proud of having worked for the Moran company. Of my twenty-six years on tugs, the last twelve with Moran were the best.

Again, a thousand thanks for *TOW LINE*.  
CARL PETTERSON

Carl is welcome, that's for sure; and, speaking for all hands, thanks to him for his warm recollections of his years of Moran service. Long before he reads this he will have received a more adequate framing print of that "Arctic Summer" painting, plus a few others to brighten up his home in retirement and the halls of his lively memory.



Nearly half a century on boats was the mark attained by Carl W. Brahm, 236 Dahlgreen Place, Brooklyn, when he stepped ashore from the tug *Susan A. Moran* for the last time, January 29. On hand to reminisce with the veteran chief engineer was Joseph F. Meseck, Jr., of our operations department. (See photo at the bottom of this column.) Carl started as a fireman in 1911 with the Thames River Line. Thereafter: Lehigh Valley Railroad, Old Dominion Line, and aboard the tugs *Neptune* and *Jupiter*. On Moran T. & T. Co. records, his service dates from Jan. 11, 1923, when he was hired by the senior Meseck.

Another below-decks man seen briefly in this precinct, headed for balmier climes after 33 years with the company, was Ingvald Eriksen. From the old (original) tug *Joseph H. Moran* to his last assignment, our canaler *Mary Moran*, Ingvald knew and practiced the condition known as "shipshape." He requested that his usual copy of TOW LINE be forwarded to him at 2777 Pangborn Road, Decatur, Ga. . . Still a Moran-man, it would appear.

From our maintenance and repair base, Port Richmond, S. I., Anders Klepp, carpenter foreman, terminated January 1 almost 24 years with the company. First off when he arrived in this country from Norway (1913), he worked at his trade with American Export Lines, Inc., then, just before he joined Moran, with Larsen Shipyards, Staten Island. . . A tip to Mr. Klepp's friends hereabouts: his home in retirement is on Route 1, Rocky Point, L. I., and there is a boat in the works for spring fishing. Look out, blues!

W. Edgar Barnes, widely known and respected pilot down Amboy way,

## Deck Scow and Dumper Department Has Efficient Personnel, Too



You hear a lot about captains, mates, engineers, deckhands, wipers, even cooks aboard Moran tugs and towboats, but little enough—too little, it may be—about men employed in important shoreside billets having to do with operations, maintenance, etc.

John J. Grady (left), seen from time to time popping in and out of our deck scow and dumper operations office, a couple of doors down the hall from Tow Line's cubicle, has been with the company since 1935 or so, having been hired by Joseph H. Moran I. Presently he is scow inspector, checker, and troubleshooter. He started off working at the Mariners Harbor maintenance and repair base, S. I., under Tom Williams, now retired. He resides at 9255 Shore Road, Brooklyn, and if you want to know about "the old days" just ask Johnny.

Frank J. Raffone, 88 Perry Avenue, S. I., is identified with the same department, but pops in less frequently. He is foreman in charge at the Moran dump board on the East River side of midtown Manhattan, which for the most part keeps him pretty busy and away from headquarters. He joined the company in 1954, is married, and has two sons, Stephen, three-plus, and David, two. His physique indicates he can "take it."

As anyone can tell from the above photographs, these guys "ain't mad at nobody."

retired from that end of Moran operations December 31. Captain Barnes rose to the top of his profession following a long career with such companies as Tidewater Oil, Carroll Towing, and Olsen Water & Towing before he joined Amboy Towing in 1944. It may be surmised that Captain Barnes is keeping closer tabs on the wrestling game, his favorite, according to associates, now that he has the necessary leisure and can watch the TV version from his home living room at 1829 North Railroad Avenue, Oakwood Heights, S. I.

**DIED, January 4, as a result of an automobile accident: Capt. Richard P. Beraldi, tug skipper and pilot with Curtis Bay Towing Co. (Philadelphia) for 14 years. He had just passed his 38th birthday. He is survived by his wife, Julia, and three children, Richard, Jr., 16; Donna, 11; and Marita, 21 months.**

A native Philadelphian, Captain Beraldi was a member of the championship 1940 football team of St. Joseph's Preparatory School, and also attended Villanova University. He had made countless friends among masters whose ships he docked.

Miss Gail Aldrich, 111-55 Seventy-seventh Avenue, Forest Hills—a blue-eyed blonde, on the slight side, but a twinkler when her smile is working—is a new secretarial face in our sales department. She's a replacement for Miss Evelyn Brown, who resigned December 31. It's your loss if she doesn't want her picture used here.

### Who Said It?

- (1) John L. Weller, management spokesman for the Labor-Management Coastwise Conference, as quoted in the New York Times, Feb. 21.
- (2) Horace: Odes, vii, 32.
- (3) Alfred, Lord Tennyson: The Voyage.
- (4) From a feature article in Vol. IX, No. 9, of MSTs, magazine of the Navy's Military Sea Transportation Service.
- (5) William Wordsworth: Miscellaneous Sonnets.
- (6) Robert Herrick: Hesperides. A Ternary of Lillies, upon a Pipkin of Jelly sent to a Lady.
- (7) Allan Cunningham: A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.
- (8) James Elroy Flecker: The Gates of Damascus. West Gate.
- (9) Samuel Taylor Coleridge: The Ancient Mariner.
- (10) Barry Cornwall: The Sea.



PHOTO BY  
A. N. A.

