



TOW LINE

Spring 1965

ON THE COVER—



ALL THE CACOPHONY of a New York harbor parade tendered a new lady-in-port is masterfully blended here with a riot of color suggestive of a spring in our ever fertile city. Don't you agree? We feel that our talented marine artist Albert Brenet has opened all stops to capture the vigorous life of this water-nurtured island.

Surely the beautiful *Republica de Colombia* of Grancolumbiana Lines must have felt a quiver of joy and excitement as she was escorted from under the new Verrazano-Narrows Bridge to her berth at Port Authority's Pier 3 in Brooklyn.

Actually it was October 16 when Brenet and *Tow Line's* editors and guests met the *Republica* out beyond the Narrows.

(As proof that nothing escapes Brenet's sensitive eye, compare this painting with T. L.'s Christmas issue photo on page 7. Note the buses carried as deck cargo.)

Again — to all our friends, everywhere — we offer large, full color art prints. Write for yours.



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Calmar Introduces New Fleet of 6 Turbine Freight Steamships In Intercoastal Trade

A NEW SHIP WELCOME was accorded the *Calmar*, first of six rebuilt intercoastal cargo liners of the Calmar Steamship Corporation, a part of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

The *Calmar* arrived Friday, January 29, fresh from her conversion at Bethlehem's San Francisco shipyard. The \$27,000,000 ship reconstruction program is seen by many as a major step in the revitalizing of America's intercoastal trade.

The six additions to Calmar's fleet will replace a similar number of old Liberty ships previously operated in the trade between east and west coast ports. They will carry steel products and general cargo westbound and lumber from Pacific Coast ports on the return voyage.

The *Calmar* and her five sisters will substantially speed up the transit time between coasts. Able to make 17 knots, they are scheduled to cut the

intercoastal voyage from 18 to 12 days. The Liberty ships made about 10 knots.

The new fleet units will be able to

carry 15,000 tons in contrast to the Liberty's 10,000 ton pay load.

They will also have completely dehumidified and heated cargo spaces, as well as new, high-capacity cargo handling equipment, including two whirley cranes of 25-ton nominal capacity, as well as special booms for handling lumber and conventional winches, booms and king posts.

A special feature will be large cargo hatches, up to 110 feet in length, to insure that cargo can be handled expeditiously.

All six converted C-4s will be in service by summer. They will provide the fastest and most efficient break-bulk intercoastal service in the history of the American Merchant Marine.

(Continued on page 10)



Lore of Launching

(Continued from last issue)

PART II

By Walter Hamshar

(Marine Editor, New York Herald Tribune)

Today the person fortunate enough to be invited to christen a ship is invariably presented a handsome gift — generally it is jewelry — by the “grateful” shipbuilder for a “job well done” in smashing the traditional bottle of wine. At least that is what they say in their presentation speeches.

At one time they were not so grateful. During the 1600's it was the custom of England's royalty to christen a ship by casting wine on its poop deck from a golden cup. Then the cup was presented to the shipwright. Later, a little excitement was added by tossing the empty gold goblet overboard to be retrieved by expert swimmers who sold it to the “grateful” shipwright. Clever shipbuilders adopted the custom of rigging nets around the ship to retrieve the cup without swimmers. This caused such a howl that the King ordered no more nets.

The use of the cup was abandoned for obvious economy reasons about the end of the 17th Century and a bottle of wine — later champagne — substituted. Up until fairly recent times the breaking of a bottle on the ship's bow created a minor hazard. Occasionally a husky female will put too much energy into her swing with the result that flying glass — and wine — became a problem for guests in the immediate vicinity.

Today that problem has been solved in two ways. First the bottle to be used at the launching is carefully scored so that it shatters at the slightest touch against the special breaking plate that is welded to the ship's bow specifically for the christening blow. Secondly, the bottle is wrapped in a steel netting fashioned in the shape of the bottle. When the mighty blow is struck at launchings the bottle disintegrates inside the netting. While a few may be sprinkled with wine, no great harm is done.

In recent years a trend has developed toward building huge tankers and other large vessels in building basins.

When the ship is ready to become waterborne, the gates of the basin are opened gradually to allow the water to enter and float the craft. This process is tedious and boring to watch, sometimes taking many hours. The ceremonies marking the launching are purely symbolic because they take place after the vessel is already afloat.

The superliner *United States* and most of the *Forrestal* class super aircraft carriers were built in basins and launched by flotation. Many of the huge petroleum carrying vessels, some of which carry up to 100,000 tons of

Independence Again

A recent New York Herald Tribune editorial entitled “Revolution at Sea,” had something interesting to say about ship propulsion.

“It is a curious fact that the advent of nuclear power restores to seagoing vessels the mobility once possessed by sailing ships. The old wooden men-of-war, wind-driven, could also keep to the sea for months . . . The atomic-powered ships have a genuine independence of the land, greater than even such circumnavigators as Lord Anson knew in the days of sail . . . This revolution in sea travel is taking place in the shadow of such exciting developments as jet travel and rocketing missiles. But it is a revolution nevertheless.”

petroleum at one time, were constructed in this manner. Frequently shipowners do not have any ceremonies for flotation launching but officially christen their ships at a much later date.

The sideways launch is necessary when a shipyard is situated on a river where there is not sufficient room to launch a vessel stern first into the water. For such launchings, the ship is built on a way parallel to the shore line. On launching date the vessel slides into the water sideways with a tremendous splash, often creating waves that wash over the river banks for miles around.

Ships have been built for centuries on sliding ways so that they go stern first into the water. There is a very practical reason for building ships so that they can be launched stern first. The bow of a vessel is sharp to permit it to cut through the water, reducing the resistance of the sea. But in launchings, the purpose is to stop the ship as quickly as possible after it splashes into the water. The blunt stern, by presenting a wall of resistance, helps to slow down the vessel.

A big ship sliding down an inclined way is a thrilling sight. The precision with which the program is carried out often gives an impression that there actually is nothing to a launching. But there is!

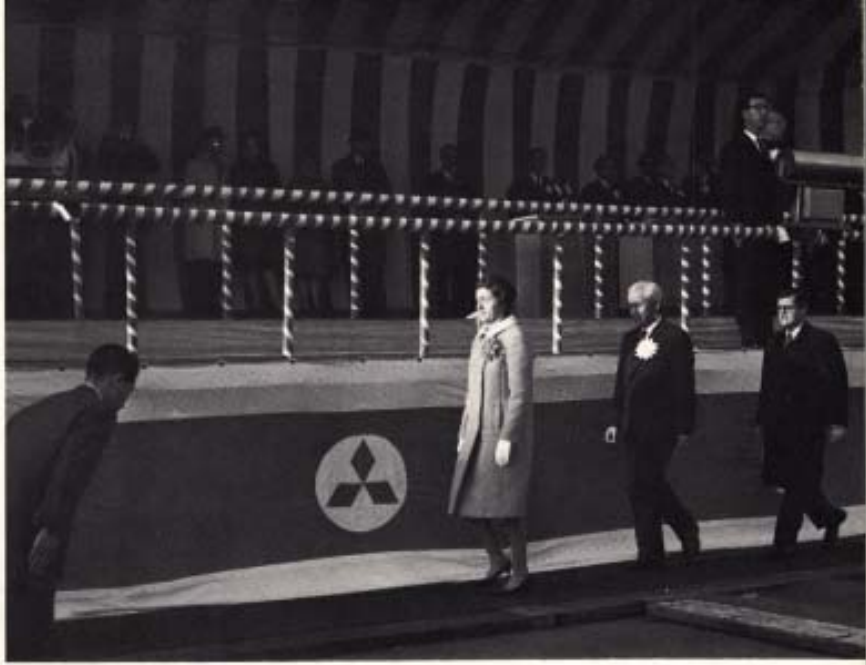
Preparations for a ship's first entrance into the water get under way weeks in advance of the actual event. The first step is the construction of launching ways and of a cradle on which the ship slides into the water in much the same way that a youngster slides down a slope on a sled in the snow. Contrary to popular impressions, the ship does not slide on its hull. The friction from such a slide would probably burn through the average ship hull plating.

The precise time for a launching depends on the tide. The builder wants as much water as possible at the end of the ways when the ship makes its slide. He also wants as little motion in the water as possible. He therefore selects the slack water at high tide, a period of about ten minutes in most tidal areas.

The hull, in its cradle is kept separate from the inclined ways by hundreds of shoring timbers which carry the weight of a ship as it is constructed. About thirty-six hours before launching the work of greasing the ways is started. Until recently tallow was the principal ingredient. Now various chemical compounds, which are more efficient, are employed.

On launching day gangs of workmen knock out the shoring timbers, one at a time, according to a carefully calculated time table. Thus, the weight of the ship is gradually transferred to the greased ways. In some yards the workers chant as they wield a huge log that acts as a giant sledgehammer to knock the props from

(Continued on page 7)



A SHIP IS BORN — A fascinating combination of tradition and modern skill is had in these scenes of the Feb. 2 launching at Kobe, Japan, of the Marine Transport Lines' ore carrier *Oswego Liberty*, 52,260 tons. Marine Transport is one of the largest operators of American-flag and foreign tonnage, and has expanded to become one of the world's greatest shipping enterprises. At the upper left is the ship's unusually large bulbous bow. To the right (above) is the lovely sponsor, Mrs. Thomas E. Moran, walking with Mr. I. Asano, manager of Kobe Shipyard and Engine Works, and Mr. Moran, president, Moran Towing Corp. Mrs. Moran receives a bouquet in the next picture. The ship moves (lower left) and the festooned paper ball flies high. A moment later (lower right) the ball has opened releasing doves and streamers.



Moran Pilot House In Manhasset Yard

OUR TUG *Harriet Moran* always did have something of a special pilot house. She was designed as a canal boat capable of going under very low bridges, and so her pilot house had to be very low.

But she also needed to have a high vantage point to steer from when working with barges and doing regular harbor duties while the barge canal was closed during the winter. So she was first fitted with two pilot houses. One was below and one was on top, firmly bolted on when needed.

Then, during an overhaul one time at Jakobson's shipyard in Oyster Bay, L. I., it was decided to fit her with the new-style hydraulic up-and-down pilot house, which would lower itself right into the deck house below when passing under a low bridge.

This meant that there was one pilot house too many. The *Harriet's* old upper pilot house lay idle at Jakobson's for some time until David B. Bannerman, Jr., a vice president of the American Bureau of Shipping, saw it one day.

Dave comes by collecting naturally. His grandfather, the late Francis Bannerman, is renowned for having built "Bannerman's Castle" on the Hudson and for his great collection of guns, cannons and military items. The military goods firm he founded is still going strong.

Dave is also a member of one of the world's most elite collectors clubs —

the Cannon Hunters Association of Seattle.

(Frequently referred to by its initials only, CHAOS, this Society should take note of TOW LINE's cannon story in our Christmas issue.)

Through the connivance of one of our own friendly associates (none other than Howard Moore, vice president for repair and new construction), Dave managed to acquire the surplus *Harriet* pilot house.

It was quite an operation to get it from Oyster Bay to the Bannerman homestead in Manhasset. It was even more difficult to hoist it from the truck up to the hill-top back yard location Dave and his charming wife — Peggy — had chosen for it.

But they succeeded, and it is there now, as the pictures accompanying this account will bear witness.

Heated by an old "pot bellied" stove, it is a cozy and delightful sanctuary.

Although *Moran* has long been known for the spic-and-span condition of its boats, the *Harriet's* pilot house was never any cleaner than now. The opening in the deck where the ladder down to the lower pilot house used to go is still evident, although the hole has, of course, been boarded over.

The six small holes in the deck, through which the bolts used to go to tie the house down to the rest of the

ship, are still evident, and they are not plugged up.

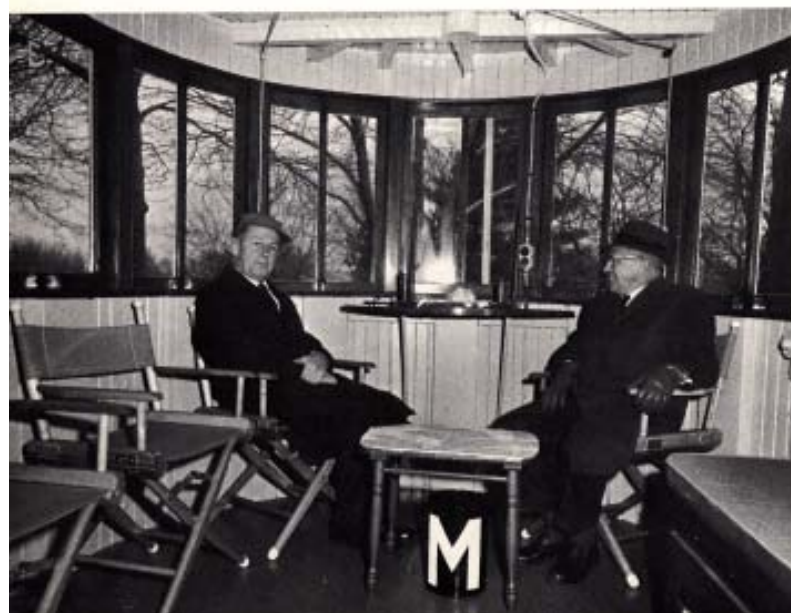
The varnished windows (which open) and window frames would make any *Moran* skipper feel right at home.

A round, funnel-like waste basket is painted black and has a fine, large white "M" on it — and you surely know what that means.



COMFORT — It was cold outside, but the old iron stove kept the *Harriet Moran's* old pilot house warm and comfortable. Dave Bannerman relaxes in a corner. Note the chart on the table in the foreground. It is of Manhasset Bay and Hempstead Harbor, on Long Island Sound.

LAST ANCHORAGE — An old pilot house from the *Harriet Moran*, now a choice summer house in the back yard of David Bannerman, of the American Bureau of Shipping. An interior view (left), with Dave (left) and your editor on a lovely, clear morning last January. The Bannerman home is in Manhasset, Long Island. At the right Dave waves from the window as Jeff Blinn, without rubbers, stands in the snow to get a good exterior shot.



Sighted Whale Sank Same: Service Saga

NEW YORK HARBOR has not seen a whale for some time, but it saw one a while ago, involving the Army, Navy and Coast Guard, and therein hangs our tale.

The poor whale was a dead one. It was discovered by the Coast Guard drifting into the port one cold winter morning not so long ago. Dead whales represent a very real hazard to navigation, not to mention their unhappy olfactory qualities.

The Coast Guard, thereupon, promptly took the ungainly beast under tow and brought it into the 79th Street marina. It was planned to turn it over to a commercial rendering plant for destruction and disposal, but the Army lighter involved was unable to lift the whale up to the plant's dock.

Escorted by the Coast Guard cutter *Point Batan*, the Army tug *Gorham* towed the whale out to sea for final disposition.

The Navy entered the picture at this point in the person of Lt. A. J. Blansky, an explosives expert and a team of three assistants. He was given the responsibility of destroying the bulky beast.

His first concept (Plan A) was to blow the whale up by placing explosives inside his body. The great mouth was hauled open by means of cable, but the charges could not be forced down the whale's throat.

Plan B was put into effect immediately.

- (1) Holes were drilled into the whale's side.
- (2) Steel spikes were forced into the holes.
- (3) Granulated TNT was packed into five lengths of "hose".
- (4) The five hose lengths were lashed between the spikes, and, just to make sure,
- (5) Twelve haversacks filled with TNT were suspended from the whale's side.

As the fuses were sputtering, a staff correspondent of the Herald Tribune who happened to be along overheard one of the Navy men say:

"If properly placed this is enough to blow down the George Washington Bridge."

About twenty minutes later, a long wait for photographer Ted Kell who had kept his finger on the shutter of his camera all the time, she blew.

"Sighted whale. Sank same," came over the radio from the Coast Guard cutter.



Photo by Ted Kell courtesy New York Herald Tribune

THAR SHE BLOWS—The end of a whale whose body had floated into New York harbor.

"Beautiful," said the Navy Lieutenant.

"This was a whale of a job," a Coast Guard spokesman added.

The *Point Batan* stayed around a while to pick up pieces but the largest that could be found was a five-foot hunk of whale hide.

LAUNCH....

(Continued from page 4)

under the ship. At the climax of the chant they heave — and the prop goes flying. Following them close, a worker daubs the bared area on the hull with anti-fouling paint which dries even after the ship is in the water.

The last props are removed a few moments before the ship is to start its slide down the ways. When that moment arrives all that holds the vessel on the ways are thin steel plates attached to the incline. As the count

down begins workers burn the plates away. A foreman watching this process knows almost exactly when the plates will part. An instant before he sounds a buzzer on the launching stand and the sponsor is told to swing the bottle of champagne.

"I christen thee . . ." is the usual sentence as the sponsor lets go. Almost simultaneously the ship begins its slide. Once under way, it is usually impossible to stop the huge mass until it is in the water.

Attached to the cradle are tons of heavy chains which go down the ways and into the water with the ship. The function of these chains is to slow the ship as it splashes into the water and, if the basin is narrow, swing the vessel either up or down stream. Before the sounds of the cheering and whistle-blowing have died away, a tugboat takes the newly born ship in tow and maneuvers her into an outfitting basin.

In the ensuing months the vessel is completed as she rests in the water — her natural element. The work after launching generally includes the installation of passenger and crew quarters plus decorating and furnishing them. It also includes testing of the machinery which was installed while the vessel was on the ways. For passenger vessels, it may also include construction of some of the superstructure topped off with the placing of smokestacks.

Despite the most careful preparations for a launching unexpected developments may crop up. When the Grace Line's cruise ship *Santa Paula* was launched January 9, 1958, at the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company's yard in Virginia, Mrs. Richard M. Nixon, wife of the former Vice-President of the United States, swung twice but failed to break the bottle of champagne. It had been very cold during the previous night and the wine had frozen solid. A shipyard worker aboard the vessel quickly hauled the bottle up to the main deck and broke it before the ship hit the water.

During World War II, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt missed the aircraft carrier *Yorktown* in the same yard. The bottle swung like a pendulum as the ship slid into the Jamestown River.

The practice of attaching the bottle

(Continued on page 15)

It's 'Over and Out' For Waterfront 'Toots'

By NICHOLAS G. PITARYS
Staff Reporter Portland Press Herald

The whistle dialogue between towboat and ship, among the most familiar sounds of the waterfront, has been reduced to an occasional "peep" by the force of modernization.

The "peep-peep—toot-toot" that uniquely told of a tug hard at work has been replaced by a silent but more efficient close-range radio system.

The docking pilots, who take command of both tugs and the vessel they're docking or undocking, now issue their commands via a walkie-talkie with a base station on the tugs.

Previously, the docking pilot aboard the ship would signal his commands to the tugs by giving a specified toot or toots from the vessel's big steam whistle. The tugs would acknowledge the orders with an equivalent number of "peeps" from their "peanut" air whistle positioned on the forward end of the main stack.

To some landlubbers the resulting "peep-peep — toot-toot" symphony was only an obstacle to a good night's sleep. To others, it was music of the best kind.

With the new radio set-up the docking pilot now simply says: "The *Richard Moran*, back off a little," or "The *Thomas Moran*, move up a mite." The *Richard* and the *Thomas* are Central Wharf Towboat Co. tugs.

The occasional "peep" is emitted these days by the tugs only to acknowledge receipt of commands.

Capt. Edwin McDuffie, one of the docking pilots, says it was decided to retain the "peep" for acknowledgment because its simpler.

"It's rather awkward for the tugboat skipper to go through his intricate maneuvers and at the same time control the radio; it's much simpler for him to give a little tug on the whistle string," he said.

The maneuvering operations have become so silent that a ship's agent recently expressed concern to Capt. McDuffie about the delay in getting his ship docked, not knowing that the ship had been docked a few minutes earlier with the radio set-up.

"Like a lot of waterfronters, he was depending on the whistles and toots to tell him that his ship was docked," McDuffie chuckled.

The horn and whistle code of the pilots was a complicated one.

A mouth or police whistle was used by the pilot to signal the tug operating on the bow of the vessel and the vessel's steam horn was used to signal the stern tug, which is usually farther from the bridge. The signals were the same for each.

Here's the code: One short blast or whistle meant come ahead, slow; three or more short blasts or whistles meant come ahead full; one long blast or whistle meant stop; two long ones meant start astern; several short blasts at this point meant full astern; when backing full, a single short blast meant stop engines.

One long blast or whistle followed by two short ones meant release ship, the job's done and so go home.

The radio has several advantages besides silence. It is more dependable — the whistles some times freeze up and fail. It allows the pilot to give more specific commands. It also gives the pilot direct contact with the towboat office where another base station is located.

(Continued on next page)

The toot from tankers and freighters, left, and the responding peep from tugboat whistles, center, have been replaced here by radios like the one being used by Capt. Edwin McDuffie.

The Toot . . .

. . . The Peep . . .

. . . And the Radio

By Staff Photographers Merrill and Johnson



TOOTS....

(Continued from page 8)

Docking pilots in New York and up the Delaware River also have turned to radios.

The system is working out so well that the harbor pilots, who handle the big ships down the harbor, are considering using the sets and tying them in with the towboat system.

The efficiency of the system was demonstrated by Capt. McDuffie when he put the tanker *Mobil Oil* through Portland Bridge on her way to sea.

On the quiet bridge of the *Mobil Oil* only the steering commands of Capt. McDuffie broke the silence. Occasionally, he would drop his head to the walkie-talkie hung around his neck, give a short command to a tug. The shrill "peep" from the tug was the only indication of activity.

After the ship had passed smoothly through the draw with only a half-dozen feet to spare on either side, one of the veteran crewmen commented that "as many times as I've seen this done, I always still get a thrill out of watching Capt. McDuffie do his stuff."

The ship's whistle still is used to signal the bridge. Three long blasts is the command to the bridge crew to open the draw.

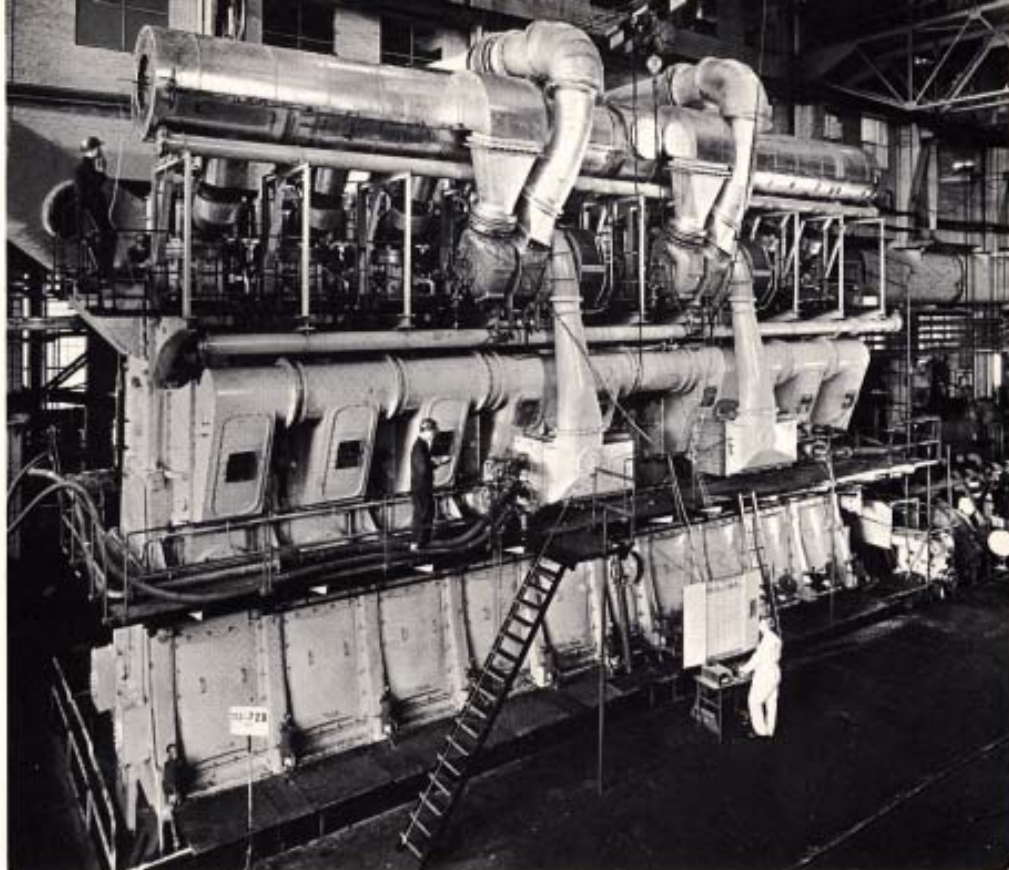
(Editor's Note: We reproduce this interesting story from the Portland Press Herald, Portland, Me., with their kind permission. It was one of the last of many fine ship news stories written by Nick Pitarys who died January 23 of a heart attack. His passing is a matter of keen regret to the various tanker crews calling at Portland, not to mention the Moran men of the port.)

More Information

Dear Frank:

On the Picture Page of the Fall 1964 TOW LINE you have a photo of Miss Vibeke Maersk-Moeller and the ship *Vibeke Maersk*. I don't think that all readers will grasp that this vessel is actually named after her, for she is the granddaughter of the Danish shipowner A. P. Moeller and the daughter of his son, McKinney Maersk-Moeller; we live quite near to them...

GREG ANTOINE MOLLER
Hellerup, Denmark



BIG PUSH — The first of the two propulsion motors for the new passenger ship under construction for the Swedish American Line. The engines are of the single-acting, two-stroke, crosshead type with turbo-charge. They develop together 25,200 effective horsepower or 30,000 indicated horsepower. The engines are being built by AB Gotaverken, Gothenburg. The new ship is the third of the Swedish American Line's passenger liners to be equipped with diesel engines of the Gotaverken type. The Swedish liner is building on the Clyde at the famed John Brown Shipyard. She will have a gross of 24,000 tons when completed late this year.

Emmet J. McCormack

Emmet J. McCormack is dead. His passing February 24 at the age of 84 closes the book on a career of unique human and business interest. Mr. McCormack was the co-founder with the late Albert V. Moore of the Moore-McCormack Lines, one of America's greatest steamship enterprises. The son of Irish immigrants, his business acumen saw him rise rapidly from messenger boy to tug deck hand to ferryboat operator to coal entrepreneur to steamship owner. He was a close and intimate friend of the late Eugene F. Moran, Sr. and of his father Michael Moran for all their business lives.

Favorite Captain

Dear Mr. Moran,

This is just a note to thank you for being so kind to us. You have sent your magazine TOW LINE to us for over three years and it has given us much pleasure as our great interest in school is ships, especially Cunard ships and as you tow them in and out of their berths in New York we are interested in you.

We think that some of your ship pictures are lovely and we have some of them on our class room walls. We liked too your progress report on the Narrows Bridge. In design it is rather like our new road bridge across the Firth of Forth.

At the moment our favourite Cunard Captain is Staff Captain on R.M.S. *Caronia*, which incidentally is our favorite ship. When you tow her out, as we've no doubt you will, will you say 'hello' to our Captain for us — give him our love and wish him a good voyage. His name is Captain Ashton Irvine.

ISABEL WALLIS
St. Elizabeth's School
Stockfield, Great Britain



FAMINE RELIEF — During the last few years the C-4s were often used in various international relief programs. Here one sails for the Congo with a cargo of powdered milk for famine relief. Some 60 of these 522-foot vessels were built in the war shipbuilding program. They were originally designed not as troopships but as intercoastal lumber ships, the service in which Calmar's six are now being used.



CALMAR....

(Continued from page 3)

Break-bulk ships are those that carry several types of bulky cargo.

The six vessels were all built during the war as troopships, although their

NOW — The *Marymar* as she looks today, following her conversion at Bethlehem Steel Company's Key Highway and Sparrows Point yards in Baltimore. Her sleek lines almost completely disguise the C-4 troopship hull (see above). The four tall cranes in the background are part of the pier installation, although the *Marymar* has two 25-ton whirley cranes of her own on her long foredeck. The rebuilt vessel is owned by Calmar Steamship Company.



basic design was that of an intercoastal lumber carrier. The *Marymar* arrived in New York shortly after the *Calmar*. She and the four remaining conversions were rebuilt on the East Coast. All six ships were acquired by Calmar from the Maritime Administration.

The new Calmar fleet with their old names are listed as follows in the order of their scheduled completion:

Calmar ex General O. H. Ernst
Marymar ex General J. R. Brooke
Pennmar ex General G. O. Squier
Seamar ex General T. H. Bliss
Portmar ex General Omar Bundy
Yorkmar ex General H. L. Scott

As built during the war, these 522-foot-long liners had a gross tonnage of 13,000 tons each, a beam of 71½ feet and a draft of 24 feet. They were designed to carry about 3,200 troops and had a steaming radius of 15,000 miles.

They all had extensive war service.

The *Calmar* and her five newly-rebuilt sisters were all from the Richmond, California, shipyard of the Kaiser Company. During their conversion all troop accommodations,

armament and life saving gear were removed, along with 3,000 tons of fittings and steel forming bulkheads and decks. All except one of the tween decks were removed, as was the bridge and forward superstructure.

A new bridge aft was built on a completely altered, modernistic superstructure, five decks high. A new funnel casing was built, considerably higher than the old squat stack.

The new silhouette features five very large king posts, one far forward, two athwartship at a point halfway between the forward king post and the after bridge, and two aft of the stack, also athwartship. Two others are built into the bridge house. Eight large cargo booms are supported by these seven king posts. These are in addition to the two 25-ton whirley cranes.

John Kerr and A. F. Cherney, vice presidents of the Calmar Steamship Corporation, played host to a party of visitors after the *Calmar* was docked at Port Newark. John Bull, our president, and your editor were among the appreciative guests.

Messrs. Kerr and Cherney, as well as Captain Charles W. Doane, the





Calmar's red-mustachioed master gave the "well done" to Captain Bob Neilson, Moran pilot who ably shoe-horned the 522-foot *Calmar* into a 550-foot space between the ship *Araluen*, of London (with a black swan figurehead on her prow) and the Italian cargo liner *Carlin Fassio*, boasting eleven stripes of color on her smokestack.

It was Captain Doane about whom the famous "heat lightning" story has been so-often told. He was aboard the Liberty ship *Pierce Butler* off Africa in World War II when a nearby merchant ship blew sky high.

"What's that," inquired young Second Mate Doane of his captain the famous Captain George Moody (father of Captain Steve Moody, Calmar's present marine superintendent) as the exploding vessel lit up the southern sky. Captain Moody replied: "Oh, that, that's just heat lightning."

And so, the next day, when their own ship was struck simultaneously (and fatally), bow and stern, by two torpedoes, the Second Mate was overheard to say:

"We have just been hit by heat

lightning."

Captain Moody's response was not recorded.

The new superstructure includes an air conditioned pilot house, galley and crew quarters.

Three of the four holds on each vessel were lengthened: No. One to 107 feet, and Nos. Two and Three to 110 feet.

New piping, electrical wiring and ductwork were installed.

Main engines on all six ships were inspected and overhauled. Their hulls and decks were scraped and painted.

The *Marymar* (ex *Brooke*), *Portmar* (ex *Bundy*) and *Pennmar* (ex *Squier*) were taken from the Maritime Administration's National Defense Reserve Fleet in the James River, Virginia.

The *Seamar* (ex *Bliss*) and the *Yorkmar* (ex *Scott*) came from the government's reserve fleet at Olympia, Washington. The *Calmar* (ex *Ernst*) was formerly in the Suisun Bay California, government fleet.

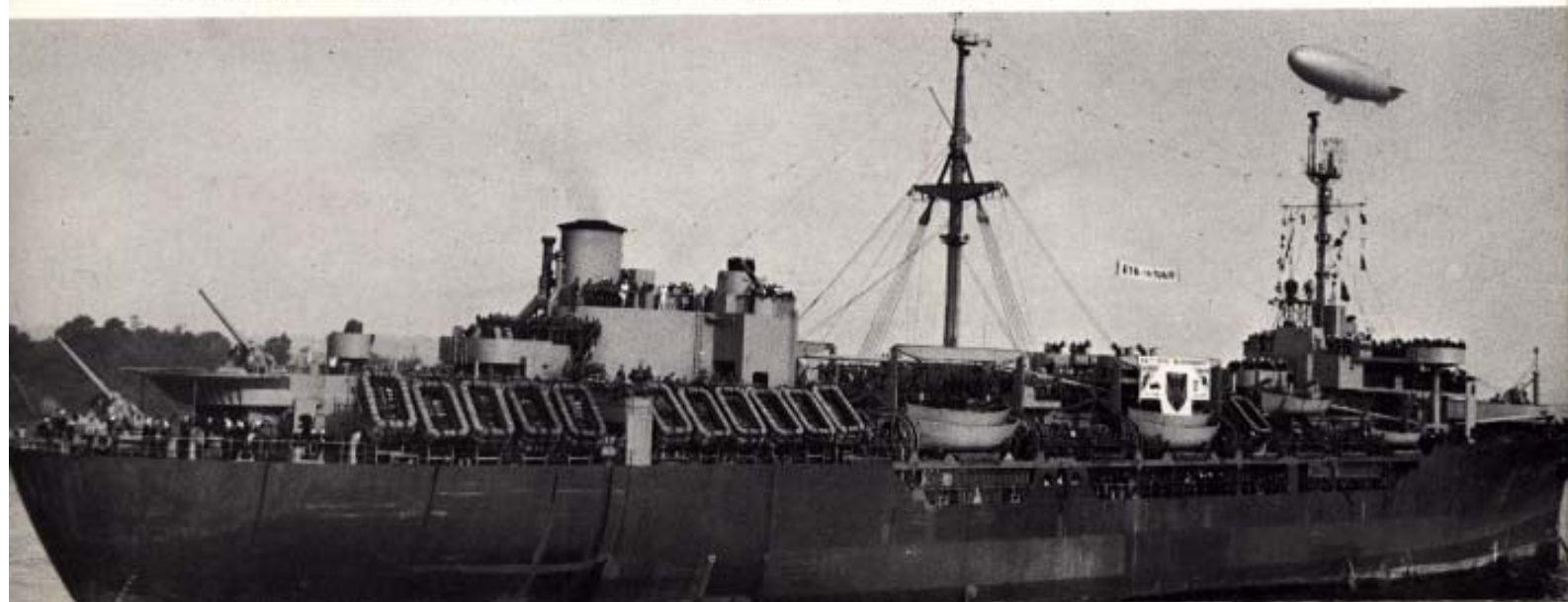
The *Calmar*, first of the new fleet to enter New York, brought a cargo of wood from Williams Harbor, Gray's

NEW OUTLINING — Shown high out of the water on an inspection run with no cargo, the new *Marymar* may be seen here under her new colors and as completely rebuilt for the Calmar Steamship Company, a subsidiary of the Bethlehem Steel Company. Ultra modern in her new design, the six Calmar conversions are seen as concrete evidence of Calmar's faith in the domestic shipping and the intercoastal trade.

Harbor and Port Gamble—5,590,000 board feet.

She made her entrance amid a fleet of small craft, including a number of Moran tugs. She was later assisted to her berth at Port Newark by *Patricia Moran* and *Julia C. Moran*.

THEN — Her decks crowded with troops, a blimp overhead, anti-aircraft guns ready and countless liferafts poised for emergency use, the *General J. R. Brooke* sets sail during World War II. She has been completely transformed to enter Calmar's intercoastal break bulk trade, and is now one of the world's most modern turbine bulk cargo ships. She has been renamed *Marymar* (see above); and entered service last January.





Pacific Tugs Very Unlike Boats Here

BY ALLAN KELLER

(Editor's Note: Allan Keller, New York World Telegram and Sun columnist, and his lady recently took a cruise on the broad Pacific. We asked Allan to jot down his comments on Pacific tugs and how they worked in contrast to those in New York. We like how he writes, and know you will too.)

TWO DAYS BEFORE we made landfall at Hong Kong a typhoon had roared in from sea, scouring across the crown colony, killing people and washing the shacks of refugee squatters off the hillsides. Junks and sampans, wrecked by tidal waves, still lay in broken splinters on the beaches.

On board the P & O—Orient liner *Oronsay* we had felt the outer fringes of Typhoon Ruby but aside from her kicking up a choppy sea, we were undisturbed. It wasn't until we slid into the harbor between Victoria Island and Kowloon on the mainland that we even realized how severe the punishment had been.

The pilot came aboard at 7 a.m., a small Chinese who had to stand on a box to get a good view over the rail of the flying bridge. But what he lacked in size he made up for in easy knowledge of the tides and currents, and in a booming voice.

Oronsay is about 700 feet from stem to stern and her 27,000 tons make her one of the largest vessels in regular service in the far Pacific. She stuck up out of the water like a skyscraper on its side, offering a lot of surface for the winds still coming in out of the northeast.

Engines at a quarter speed forward, we followed the channel toward our dock, threading our way between freighters, motor junks loaded with fish from the China Sea and bobbing sampans, flitting about like water bugs on a New England millpond.

The Old Man on the bridge didn't like the wind, nor the crowded waters nor the appearance of a lone tug. Standing out of the way in the wheel house, I gathered the impression he would have liked to see four or five tugs, but he never said a word.

Signaling for dead engines, the pilot slid easily to a point off the end of the

dock, giving the wheelsman orders for hard right rudder. On a quiet, windless day, the ship would have "turned the corner" without difficulty, her port bow nudged by the puffing tugboat. But this wasn't a windless day. The *Oronsay*, with the momentum of 27,000 tons and a winds of 15 knots pushing on her starboard stern, drifted beyond the pier.

The pilot pulled the whistle cord like a boy playing motorman on an old trolley. Not liking what was going on he hurried to the wing and shouted down to the tug captain, far below. It was a little like comic opera stuff, except that the *Oronsay* was still sliding sideways toward another pier.

At this juncture the Old Man took over. The engine room telegraph got a quick workout. New commands went down to the tug and the liner's own men put lines ashore. Hawsers were pulled in and secured to bollards on the pier. Using her own engines, helped when possible by the midget tugboat, the *Oronsay* worked herself up to and alongside the pier.

All this maneuvering took the better part of an hour and passengers grew impatient. Nothing angers a passenger more than to be within speaking distance of a pier and have to wait for the gangway to be swung out.

As I watched all this from high on the ship's bridge I couldn't help but

think of similar occasions when I had been on one of the Cunard *Queens*, the *United States*, the *Constitution* or the *Brasil* and had marveled at the ease with which these ocean greyhounds had been docked.

The answer was obvious. New York's tugboat companies had supplied ample power by sending all the little boats necessary. They may have been small in size but they surely could push with their oversized engines.

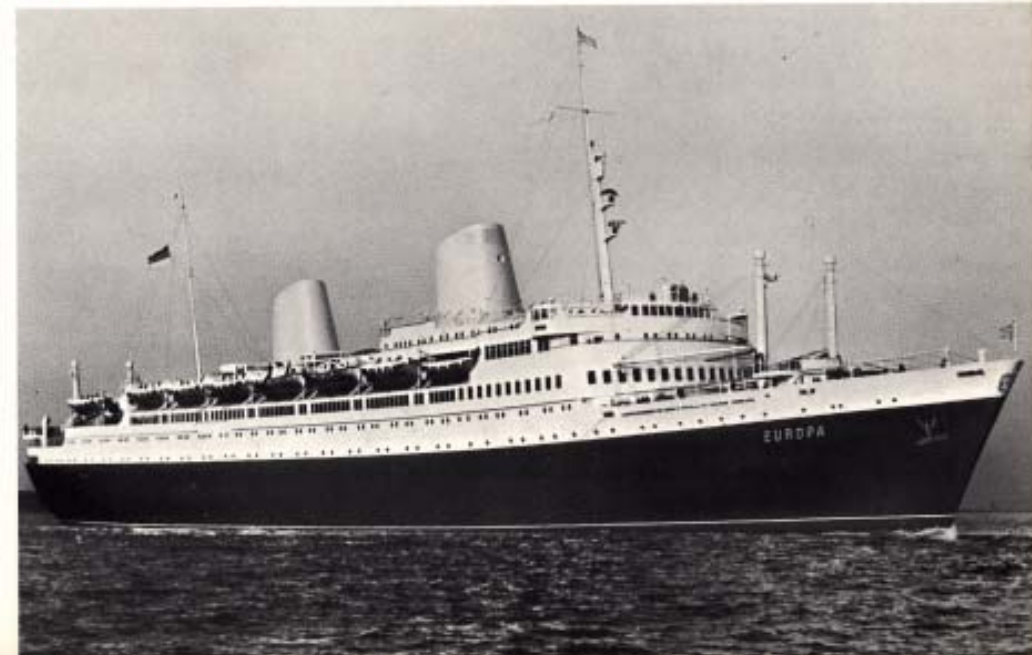
Ship masters have to take many facts into consideration when docking and undocking in Pacific ports in Asia, Australasia and in the islands of the Orient. Most harbors are serviced by only a few tugs, and even those lack the power common to the craft in East coast ports in the United States. There is sometimes a language difficulty. This can be easily overcome when all goes well, but when tide and wind combine to buffet oversized ships in narrow waters tempers grow taut, decisions must be made in the flick of an eyelash and translating orders from one language to another is a ticklish trick.

Nothing I've said here should indicate that a skipper takes a ship into any other port than an American only at the risk of great danger. This isn't true.

All the good sailors do not live in

(Continued on page 15)

NEW EUROPA—The North German Lloyd has released this photograph of how their third passenger liner will look when painted in Lloyd colors. To be named *Europa*, the new addition to their fleet will be sailing in service with the company's *Bremen* and *Berlin* in late 1965, operating between New York, Cherbourg, Southampton and Bremerhaven and on cruises. The 21,164-ton liner will have a black hull, white superstructure and buff funnels when she becomes a part of the NGL fleet. She is presently the Swedish America Line's *Kungsholm*. The SAL announced recently that their new flagship will be named *Kungsholm*, keeping this famous name on the Atlantic.



Brenet's Christmas Cover Print Hailed

THE RESPONSE to TOW LINE'S Christmas cover, the Albert Brenet painting of New York harbor, has been heart warming. All of us at Moran are grateful for the kind comments that it has provoked.

We would like to share with you a few sentences from the hundreds of letters received:

"One of the greatest joys of my 71 years . . ."

John C. Niedemair, Washington D. C.

"One of the most captivating views of the harbor . . ."

E. T. Costello, Secy. Board of Pilot Commissioners

"Fascinating cover . . ."

George Champion, New York

"Striking indeed . . ."

A. E. Schumacher, New York

"Qualities of color and activity so vividly captured . . ."

David Rockefeller, New York

"Exquisite . . ."

Jeff Skinner, New York

"Outstanding . . ."

A. E. Bjorkner, Central RR of N. J.

"Something one can not take one's eyes away from . . ."

H. L. Bantelman Jr., Yonkers, N. Y.

"Most appealing work . . ."

F. N. Christopher, Atlantic Companies, N. Y.

"Best yet . . ."

William Leavy, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.

"Recreates magic of harbor . . ."

Jack Williams, Elizabeth City, N. C.

"Outstanding . . ."

Ken Fawcett, Port Huron, Mich.

"Lovely . . ."

K. L. Cox, McCalla, Alabama

"Wonderful . . ."

Wolf Strobel, Hamburg, Germany

"Greatly impressed . . ."

Mrs. Allan C. Hoffman, Fairhope, Ala.

"Excellent . . ."

H. Moonis, Raytown, Mo.

"A delight . . ."

R. C. Harrington, S. J., Omaha, Neb.

"Splendid Brenet Christmas cover . . ."

L. L. van der Bant, Holland

"Brought back fond memories . . ."

R. J. Blinson, Salt Lake City, Utah

THE 'Q4'

"I am sure that we will be proud of a ship which will not only be profitable to the Company but will also be a credit to Britain," said Sir John Brocklebank recently when announcing that the Cunard Steam-Ship Company Limited had signed a contract for the construction of their new superliner.

"I know that John Brown and Company will build such a ship," he added. The famous firm of John Brown and Company, Clydebank, Scotland, was the builder of the two largest liners in the world today, Cunard's *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*.

Designed both for North Atlantic service and for cruising, the new ship is expected to be delivered in May 1968. Her basic particulars call for a ship of 960 feet in length and a tonnage of about 58,000 gross. She will be able to carry 2,000 passengers in three classes, will be fully air-conditioned and fitted with stabilizers.

"Today's announcement of the signing of the contract for our new passenger liner is important on several counts. To us in Cunard it confirms our intention to stay in the forefront of the North Atlantic trade, possibly the world's most important shipping route and certainly the most internationally competitive," Sir John said.

"Equally it confirms the importance we attach to the dictum that if any new passenger liner is to pay her way she must be versatile and flexible in operation. Cunard design teams have put months of hard work into the creation of a design which is forward looking in every aspect."

"Beautiful . . ."

Mrs. June Hennig, FMC, Wash.

"Beautiful picture . . ."

Robert L. Gray, Ashland, Ky.

"A beautifully done impression of one of the most gorgeous views . . ."

Lewis C. Paine, Jr., N. Y.

"One of the finest . . ."

G. Rogers, Columbus Line, N. Y.

"Masterpiece . . ."

J. A. Muller, Maritime Overseas Corp., N. Y.

"Especially attractive . . ."

R. F. Lynch, Socony Mobil Oil Co., N. Y.

"Vivid illustration . . ."

G. C. Wiswell, Jr., Marine Contracting, Inc., Southport, Conn.

"Most striking . . ."

P. J. Clausen, Trinidad Corp., N. Y.

"Striking . . ."

A. L. Harben, Cunard Steam-Ship Co., N. Y.

The supply of Christmas TOW LINES was exhausted in one month, and only a few of the cover prints are still on hand.

The Board of Commissioners of Pilots of the State of New York are planning to have the painting blown up as a mural.

UNUSUAL PICTURE — Together for one of the rare occasions in their lives, the twin Moore-McCormack Lines luxury liners *Argentina* (left) and *Brasil* steam down toward the sea on a cold morning last December. Undoubtedly among the most luxurious cruise liners ever built, this lovely pair of white lady liners are of ultra modern silhouette.

The *Argentina* was bound out on a Caribbean cruise, while the *Brasil* was beginning a regular cruise-voyage to South America.



YEARS 50 AGO

(Source: New York Maritime Register)

JANUARY 6, 1915—*Mohawk* (tug) was destroyed by fire at Camden, N. J., night of Jan. 3. The first American sailing vessel to be chartered to take a cargo of cotton from this country to Bremen in many years is the American ship *Vincent*, of 1776 tons. She will load at a Gulf port soon.

JANUARY 18, 1915—New York, Jan. 11—Str. *Bayamo*, headed for Genoa, was in collision Saturday night, about eight miles off Sandy Hook, with a war vessel, supposed to be a British cruiser. The *Bayamo* has a hole eight feet wide stove in her port side.

JANUARY 27, 1915—Norfolk, Va., Jan. 24—Schr. *Mary L. Baxter*, Port Tampa for Baltimore, is reported by wireless to have been derailed in a gale last night, crew of nine taken off by SS *El Valle*, from Galveston for New York. The *Baxter* is anchored in Lat. 36 27; Long. 74 54, her foremast broken off at the deck and main, mizzen and jigger masts about 15 feet above deck. She lies in the track of North and South-bound vessels, and very dangerous to navigation. Balt. Md. *Washington* (SS), from Honolulu for Phila. and New York, was in collision shortly after midnight Jan. 25, when off Fenwick's Island lightship with schr. *Elizabeth Palmer*, from Portland for Norfolk. The steamer was struck amidships and sank shortly afterward. One of her crew was drowned and the remainder reached the lightship in their own boats. The schr. filled and lies with decks awash WSW of the lightship. Her crew was taken off by str. *Hamilton* and taken to New York.

FEBRUARY 10, 1915—The United States Revenue Cutter Service, organized when Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury, passed out of existence on Jan. 29, and was replaced by the United States Coast Guard. The law recently passed by Congress and signed by President Wilson merged the Revenue Cutter Service and the Life Saving Service into one organization.

New York, Feb. 7 — Bark *Padang* (Nor.) from New York for Freemantle, reported by the Coast Guard to be anchored inside the bell buoy off Galilee, N. J., was taken in tow by tug *M. Moran* and pulled 10 miles further off shore at 4:30 P.M.

MARCH 17, 1915—New York, Mar. 13—Str. *LaGascogne* (Fr.), which arrived today reported Mar. 9 at noon in a NE gale, with heavy seas, the forward smokestack was carried away, going over the starboard side and crushing the rails. Newport News, Mar. 10—The North German Lloyd str. *Prinz Eitel Friederich*, Capt. Thierichens, which was converted to an auxiliary cruiser at the outbreak of war between Germany, Austria and the Allies, arrived here today; she landed 247 seamen and 86 passengers. After seven months at sea she is in need of extensive repairs. She carries a crew of over 400 men.

EARL C. PALMER

LAUNCH....

(Continued from page 7)

of wine by a long lanyard to the stem of the ship goes back to 1811 shortly after George VI of England introduced the first lady sponsor. Previously men had traditionally performed the bottle-breaking and wine-tossing ceremonies. One of the gentler sex aimed so poorly that she hit a spectator instead of the ship and there was a consequent suit for damages — to the man's head, not the ship.

On some occasions high winds spoil the launching gaiety. A big ship without internal power to give it direction is similar to a huge sail. It could get away from the most powerful tugboats waiting to take it into tow and who knows what damage would follow as the wind tossed it against anchored craft or shore installations. Sliding launchings seldom take place in high winds.

When this condition occurs, the ceremonies are generally held anyway but the launching itself is postponed until a more propitious time.

(Concluded in our next issue)

PACIFIC....

(Continued from page 13)

New York, Boston or Long Beach by any stretch of the imagination. I watched ships being handled in Sydney, Australia, and Auckland, New Zealand, with ease and quiet efficiency. In Yokohama, while the tugs seem larger than normal, the power plants are actually smaller, but the Japanese handle them neatly. Honolulu, where navy ships have always given tugs, naval and civilian, plenty to do, poses no problem.

There's still enough blue worsted and gold braid in my makeup, left over from four year's duty in the last big war, to make me realize how very lucky shipping interests using New York harbor really are. Tug and towing work here is big business, and it's run the way most other big business is run in this biggest of all big ports.

RECOMMENDED READING

NOW HEAR THIS! By Rear Admiral Daniel V. Gallery, U. S. N. (Ret.). Published by W. W. Norton, New York, 1964. Price: \$3.95.

ANOTHER "Mister Roberts", this work will have you laughing from beginning to end. It is written in a thoroughly professional manner, and is filled with one-two punch humor; it's exciting, a bit ribald, delightfully satirical where it should be, and all-round good fun. The book is a series of 13 tales about the fabulous exploits of one John Patrick Gioninni, Bosun's Mate 1/c, aboard the fictional carrier *Okinawa* during a cruise to the Mediterranean. The cast of characters includes "Fatso" Gioninni's cronies such as "Beer Bottle" Bates, "Satchelraft" Anderson, and "Scuttlebutt" Grogan. Special targets for barbs are navy lawyers, top brass and officious young officers.

A key to the hilarious tone of the book may be had in the brief author's note which follows the highly-complimentary introduction by Herman Wouk. This note begins: "I resent Mr. Wouk's implication, or more accurately, his flat statement, that this book is a pack of lies. At least one of the incidents related herein happened exactly the way I tell it. (Well — almost exactly anyway.)" We are pleased to note that the copy we used to review this book is autographed and dedicated to "Rear Admiral Ed Moran" from "Dan."

SHIPPING, a part of the "Know Your America Program" of the National Geographical Society, by Dr. Donald J. Patton. Published by Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Garden City, N. Y., 1964.

A 64-PAGE BOOKLET distributed as a part of the National Geographic Society's educational program, this comprehensive but brief and attractive publication contains many pictures made aboard our tugs, and several featuring Moran craft. Dick Hanley, who is responsible for many of the photos, spent some time aboard Moran tugs during the work's preparation. Designed to show the value of ships to America, the booklet would be most useful to schools.

THIS WAS CHESAPEAKE BAY, by Robert H. Burgess. Published by Cornell Maritime Press, Cambridge, Md., 1963. Price: \$10.00.

AN EXCITING, fascinating, beautifully-illustrated book, this work is a grand example of what a dedicated, knowledgeable enthusiast can do in the field of maritime history. With good end papers, and a substantial index, this over-sized book has much to offer the scholar and the seaman-reader. The author, who took many of his own photographs, is curator of exhibits at the world-renowned Mariner's Museum Newport News, Va., and is a recognized authority on vessels of the Chesapeake.

One Storm At Sea Equal To One-Half Million Atom Bombs Every 24 Hours the Storm Exists

MAN AND THE SEA have been natural enemies ever since the earliest days of navigation. And during this entire period, the old Titan Sea God Posiedon, as Greek mythologists called him, or Neptune, as the Romans chose to identify him, has been pretty much the supreme ruler.

Though man has been unable to stay the hand that shakes the trident and brings the storms which, through the centuries, have claimed many ships and their precious cargoes and the lives of many of their crews, there is some evidence that man, in this modern day of scientific development, may one day gain the upper hand on the old sea god.

A glance at a globe will quickly develop that the extent of ocean surface is about three times as great as the land. Average height of land over the globe is 2,200 feet or 366 fathoms. (There are six feet to a fathom.) The average depth of the sea is 2,000 fathoms or 12,000 feet.

In the earlier days of navigation, mariners put to sea with their hearts in their mouths. Old sea charts were embellished with submarine volcanoes, sea monsters, giant whirlpools and destructive water spouts. Pioneers of discovery had as many imaginary foes to contend with as any that really existed. Oceans were looked upon as barriers between nations.

Meteorological conditions over the vast ocean areas are somewhat conjectural, but we do know that weather changes may be attributed to the difference of temperature at the poles and at the equator. The seas are fickle and terrifying, and in their incomparable moments of majesty can be tremendously destructive. Waves are an enigma. In their full fury they have been known to rise to as much as 70 and 100 feet in height from trough to crest.

Each year in each of the world's oceans, about 150 low pressure systems occur and between 30 and 60 of them become storms. And each storm packs the wallop of one-half million atom bombs every 24 hours it exists. A storm is a safety valve which helps keep the atmosphere from becoming overloaded with energy from the sun. If the atmosphere did not erupt into storms, we would ultimately boil or bake.

Men of the sea are dreamers with a feeling of mastery over the elements. Theirs is a feeling of exultation in the glory of the conquest of the sea. Each day and night on the high sea is different. There are periods of supernatural calm, blue skies, red skies, gales of incredible violence, dense fogs, blind-

ing snowstorms, hidden reefs — all part of the continuing struggle of man against the sea.

Undaunted by these elements of peril, the sea is magnificent to the men who go down to the sea in ships. They will tell you of the beauty of sunrise and sunset and the wonderful formations of clouds that can nowhere better be observed than at sea where the view is from horizon to horizon. To stand on the bridge and feel the pulsations of the engines as the ship moves safely through the night is an unforgettable experience. While men stand watch on the bridge, in the engine room and at lookout stations, still others sleep in peace.

No longer are oceans barriers between nations. Instead, they now form an important means of communication providing for the interchange of vast quantities of goods moving over established world trade routes. Improved weather reporting, resulting from man's greater knowledge of the elements and to some extent from the weather satellites which have been lofted high into the heavens to spy on the old sea god, are making the seas safer than ever.

Today, as one moves from port to port, viewing the wonders of the world and the works of man, one can in the mind's eye share with the ancient mariners the awe that was theirs in first beholding the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World.

(Editors Note: The interesting and well-written essay above is reproduced by kind permission of Lykes Fleet Flashes, edited by Larry Guerin.)



A Newly-Discovered Ocean Animal Type

THE DISCOVERY of a new type of ocean animal which has no mouth, gut or anus was made public recently in 'Oceanus', publication of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute.

Called a pogonophora, the animal was identified by a Russian who made known that he has found two basic orders of pogonophora, five families and about twenty genera. He was awarded the Lenin prize for the discovery, said by some to be the most important event in zoology in the last half century.

The pogonophora, which lives deep in the ocean sediment in all parts of the world, was discovered by Professor Artemi Ivanov, of the Leningrad University, who has sailed aboard the USSR Academy of Sciences research vessel *Vityaz* on several of her voyages.

Animals of the pogonophora group are somewhat like small worms. They have no digestive organs, and need no mouth or anal opening. They feed through specially large cells making up part of their tentacles. These absorb food from the environment.

Professor Ivanov has shown that the pogonophora organisms are an independent group close to the type known as chordates.

As far back as the 1920's pogonophora were found, only to be thrown back into the sea. Biologists of the day called them "gubbins" or sea "fibres".



YOUR EDITOR was mulling over TOW LINE matters recently and thinking how lucky he was to have such a stupendous view (just about the same view as Brenet painted for our Christmas cover) when he was roused by a call from the dispatchers office, down the hall.

"Got a story for you," barked Everett Merrill, sorting assignment cards with one hand and holding a telephone receiver to his ear with the other.

"The *Moira Moran* has just pulled a burning barge out of Newtown Creek . . . Socony 33, and she is going back in to get the barge *Ivor* . . . There's a big fire at the fat plant there.

"Maybe you'll want to call the papers . . ."

"Chester Wee is at the wheel on the *Moira*, she's Earl Allen's boat you know . . . That's all I got."

We called the wire services and the newspapers, but except for some TV and radio references we got very little notice. The heroic rescue by a policeman in a helicopter who saved two men on the plant's roof, moments before it fell in, took the headlines.

There was a single paragraph in the

Of Course

Would it be possible for another outfit named Moran to subscribe to TOW LINE? This was a "P. S." to a recent letter asking for Brenet prints.

"Once in a while I have the opportunity to read a copy of TOW LINE, which I discover in one of the downtown Los Angeles offices," the letter began. It was from C. V. Moran, president, Moran Motors, Inc., El Monte, California. He's now on the list, of course.

Long Island Press story that covered our part in the episode. It read:

"Boats anchored in the creek were pulled away from the building, which was shooting huge tongues of flame into the air. The dense, sweet-smelling smoke could be seen for miles."

The fire was at a fat-rendering plant, one of the largest in the nation, on Railroad Avenue between Newtown Creek and Greenpoint Avenue in Long Island City. Newtown Creek divides Brooklyn from Queens.

Three fireboats were among the 35 fire fighting units called to the scene.

FRED COSEGLIA, head of our purchasing department, got an interesting Christmas present. It was a wooden block with his "family crest" painted on in green, orange, gold and yellow, with a touch of red and black. Done by his sister Rose Sanicola and Peter, her husband, it is their idea of what Fred's crest should be. In the shape of a shield, of course, the crest is divided into four quarters, the whole nobly outlined with plumes and heraldic ornamental devices. At the top left is a house, emblematic of Fred's own home. At the top right a black ram, suggesting Fordham, his university. At the bottom left, is the initial "C". At the bottom right a small two-stacked boat with the letter "M" clearly showing, for Moran, of course.

JOHN PANGIS, that wonderfully cooperative gentleman in accounting, also received an interesting Christmas card. Sent by S. Imasaki, of Nihon Senpaku Kaisha, noted Japanese tug company, the card features the 1964 Olympics which were, of course, held in Tokyo. Included in the card was another card explaining the XVIII Olympiad commemorative souvenir

stamp sheet, one of which was attached. It boasted five brightly-colored stamps. Very attractive. We hope John doesn't remember to ask for it back.

Many men aboard Moran tugs have artistic talents. We have on hand several outstanding water color landscapes by Mate Frank Knutson, some excellent cartoons by Captain Jens Halling, and two well-done pencil sketches by Dispatcher Dan Jones. Some time ago we added to this cache two felt-tip pen sketches by men aboard the *Moira Moran*. One is a scene off Finmark, Norway, showing small fishing coasters against a background of high mountains. It was sketched for us by Otto Thoresen, the Norwegian chef who boasts a French accent. The other is a fine view of the "Domtoren," a bridge in Utrecht by Deckhand Frank Janse.

COINCIDENCES never cease. We had a visit recently from Captain Merritt E. Carpenter, and over a cup of hot coffee learned how long a chain reaction may be.

The first link was a Moran art print. Many of you will remember it, for it was one of our most popular paintings by Charles Evers. It showed the *Diana L. Moran* entering the beautiful har-

500 Park

Five Brenet paintings, a Charles Evers original, our waiting-room model of the Eugene F. Moran, Jr., and Jeff Blinn's excellent film about the *Edmond J. Moran's* historic tow to Holy Loch, Scotland, all these were on exhibit for 30 days at 500 Park Avenue. The show was sponsored by the New York Power Squadron, and occupied the entire ground floor of the Pepsi Cola Building. The Brenet's exhibited were of the following ships: *Export Banner*, American Export Isbrandtsen Lines; *Media*, Cunard Line; *Gorredyk*, Holland - America Line, and *United States*, United States Lines. The Evers original showed the *M. Moran* off Diamond Head, Hawaii.

bor of Curacao and was widely distributed in 1958.

Captain Carpenter's wife saw the print and liked it. She is the second link in our chain. Captain Carpenter, incidentally, is a ferryboat master on Lake Champlain, and a TOW LINE reader. For most of the season he is aboard the *Grand Isle*.

"I often see Moran tugs," he told us, speaking particularly of friendships that he had developed with the late Captain Charles M. Parslow, of the *Sheila Moran*, and Captain Marshall Rodden, of the *Mary Moran*, as well as Captain Joseph Chartrand, also of the *Mary*.

Captain David Higbee came up to Lake Champlain for a while and ferried with us in the summer," he added (Captain Higbee is a veteran of many Moran long-distance tows.).

Captain Carpenter was in New York for a very special reason. With the ice covering Lake Champlain, he was embarking on a "busman's holiday", a cruise aboard the North German Lloyd's great luxury liner *Bremen*. Guess where to (among other spots)?

Curacao, of course, and all because of our 1958 art print!

CHEF HENRY SUAREZ, relief man aboard the *Christine Moran* and many other Moran boats, passed away late last January. We sat with his wife, Julia, his son, Hank, and his brother-in-law, Luis, and heard his life's story. He loved the sea and was its servant since the age of 12 in Spain.

While we talked a little grey poodle licked our hand. They called him "Troubles" because he was given to Chef Suarez when his troubles really began 16 months before his death. The snuggly little animal had loved the dying, cancer-ridden man and had been his closest companion. He missed him very much.

Chef Suarez was born in 1897 and first saw maritime service in the engine room. His love for cooking turned him, however, to the galley, and he saw service in countless American ships from the days of World War I on.

"He did more cooking than I did when he was home," his Spanish-born wife said. "Cookies by the ton."

"He was always a stickler for

'We Can Add Little'

Tugmen were still telephoning, still stopping by on their day off to offer blood donations for their friend and former shipmate. They hadn't yet learned that Captain Sigurd E. Andersen died the week before Christmas — before the operation could be performed.

Sig was one of the most promising young men working in Moran's offices. He was assistant fleet personnel manager under Irving Miller — also his friend. His abilities and good nature had won him many friends and steady advancement in the fleet. This culminated in October 1963 in his transfer from the tugs to accept new responsibilities in the Personnel Department — responsibilities that he carried with ease because he liked the constant friendly contacts with tugmen.

Captain Syvert Syvertsen, a veteran Moran skipper who plied the Staten Island Kills with young Sig as his deckhand in the '50s had only praise for his attitude and quickness of mind. Sig eventually became Mate on the old *Ned Moran* and Master of the *Martha Moran*. He soon gathered wide experience throughout the harbor relieving on most of the new tugs.

Sig was also an artist in his spare time — but few knew it for he was a modest fellow — and painted many seascapes which he was to exhibit at Cape Cod last summer.

Since his death on December 18 TOW LINE has received many letters expressing sympathy to his lovely wife, Lucille, and their two children, Susan 15 and Robert 13. We can add little to these kind expressions to a young family whose father was born on the twelfth of May, 1925. Our grief is too great.

cleanliness," young Hank interposed. "He was a hard worker on his ships, wasn't afraid to get on his knees. He loved ships, that man."

His first large passenger ship was the *Potomac*, formerly the German liner *Neckar*. He was her Chief Steward and survived a disastrous fire aboard her. Other ships he served aboard were the *West Isleta*, the *West Cawthon*, the *Lake Jerveton*, the *Western World*.


Chef Suarez's closest call came with the Farrell Line's *City of New York*, famed motor liner. A hungry guncrew came aboard for the voyage to Africa and Chef Suarez fed them in the first class dining saloon, for no other eating place was available. Given a stinging tongue lashing by the captain for using this dining location, he decided that was enough and left the ship.

Some week's later the company called him to ask him to go out again with the *City of New York*. They said she would have a different master. He agreed. This was on Saturday. The next day the ship was torpedoed off the New Jersey coast. Many of his old shipmates were lost.

"He had to be on ships, he loved them so," his son said.

"He was always laughing," Luis, the brother-in-law added.

We went over old picture albums.

FLANKED BY GOODWILL — Joseph C. Finnegan, senior Moran tug dispatcher before his retirement, was tendered an honorable send-off luncheon at the Downtown Athletic Club December 22. Pictured here, flanked by messieurs Thomas E. Moran and John S. Bull, presidents of the Moran Towing Corporation and the Moran Towing & Transportation Company, respectively, the 'old pro' is receiving the accolades of some two dozen friends and former co-dispatchers. 



Here was Chef Suarez with Mrs. Agnes S. Morrow, mother-in-law of Mrs. Lindbergh, who had frequently been a passenger on freighters with him. Another picture in his engineer officer's uniform, and many others were there.

"He had a wonderful funeral," Hank said. "There were 60 floral pieces, 100 Mass cards, 20 cars in the motorcade."

"Troubles licked him on his forehead just as he died," he added. "We never used to let Troubles come into the living room, but now we give him the run of the house."

Deck Hand Richard Sarenko, of the *Moira Moran*, was pictured in the World Telegram and Sun the day the new *American Racer*, of United States Lines, made her maiden arrival last fall in New York. He was shown (in a five-column cut, no less) on the stern of the *Moira* waving to the new automated cargo liner.

The *Carol Moran* picked up a Brooklyn Bridge leaper on January 11 who had jumped 133 feet into the East River. He was turned over to a Coast Guard cutter and rushed to the Battery for artificial respiration, but did not survive. The *Carol's* feat was mentioned in the Herald Tribune the following day by reporter Milton Lewis.

Jens Halling

The sudden and tragic death Feb. 6, of Captain Jens Halling at the wheel of the tug *Nancy Moran* is cause for sadness. Captain Halling was one of our most noted skippers, and a friend to all. As we are at our deadline, it is impossible to prepare and fit in an article befitting Captain Halling's stature. We are pleased to note that his substantial obituaries made full mention of the notable rescue achievement that was his in August 1962 when he saved 125 men, women and children who had been without food or water for four days from the 58-foot Haitian sloop *Seaflower*, described in our September 1962 TOW LINE, with pictures in our issue of March 1963.

SIDE BITTS by Jeff Blinn

AGAINST A BACKGROUND of yellow, blue, white and pink cards stuck in wall-to-wall racks, we "sat in" for two months with Moran's able and amiable Manager of Fleet Personnel Irving Miller — through winter's closing of the New York State Barge Canals and the year-end holidays.

Telephones jangled constantly in reflection of the seasonal shift into winter operations and the desire of tugmen to trim the Christmas tree ashore.

Among things observed, we found that crewing our big tugs required a Jim Farley memory and a waterfront priest's patience.



Irving Miller

of authority as master, mate, pilot or engineer they must be carefully considered each time a tug is crewed for a new assignment. Cooks, deckhands, daymen, oilers or able-bodied seamen — each is placed where the shoe fits in Moran's extensive fleet.

"What's new" is no mere rhetorical cliché in Irv's department. Today's harbor tug may have tomorrow's tow to Timbuktu. That's the business. Intra-office orders to "crew-up", "double-up", "single-up" or "tie-up" tugs ping-pong along personnel's wire with the men's own requests for individual attention. As Irv would say: "Everyone's problem is personnel's."

What doesn't enter by telephone or on the stand-by VHF radio link in Irv's office is funneled in by mail. There are payrolls to check against tug logs, forms to fill out for federal, state or local agencies and letters to write of endorsement or of condolence. The "fleet postoffice" has temporary sanctuary there — letters, packages, bags and bundles arrive daily for distribution to the men afloat.

Tugmen drop in for a friendly greeting or, bearing personal problems too vital for letter or telephone, a man-to-man conversation. Heads of other Moran departments stop by — our insurance and claims man, Joseph Meseck, is not an infrequent caller. Seamen "on the beach" wait to catch Irv's eye. They want work and receive every attention short of their objective. They must go to the union for the job.

Contractual questions and problems receive their initial, oftentimes final, ironing-out with the tugmen's union over Irv's desk.

Irv's shoulders are broad, his sense of fair play is strong and his tact is gentlemanly.

The problems, the measure of his responsibility, are all resolved. It's not always easy, he will tell you, but the proof of his abilities lies in the respect the industry holds for "Moran men".

In classic understatement Irv allows that memorizing some 500 names (the average number of tugmen employed by Moran in New York) of Finnish, Danish, Polish, Spanish, Norwegian, Scotch, German, Irish, Italian, Hawaiian, Chinese, English and Dutch extraction — and, we've probably missed a few — is the easiest part of his task.

The colored cards, neatly arranged by crews under each tug's name, denote each man's bailiwick: galley, engine-room, pilot-house or deck department.

The licenses held by "licensed men" are as varied as a good cook's menu.

As they spell out each tugman's limit

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A. Brénet →
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