

# TOW LINE *Winter 1965*



## ON THE COVER—



ong tows have been one of our company's specialties for many years. As far back as the Spanish American War Moran was known for its outstanding accomplishments in the field of ocean towage. In 1929 our successful tow of the dredge *Tempe* from Cartagena, Colombia, to Norfolk, Va., a distance of 2,053 miles, was hailed because of the precision and dispatch with which it was made. It took 12 days, 15 hours and 10 minutes.

Our beautiful cover painting this issue, done by Charles G. Evers, depicts another milestone in this record of long-distance towage. Shown is the *M. Moran*, first of our fleet of six 3,500-horsepower tugs. She is passing Diamond Head, Honolulu, and her tow line is taut with the bulky weight of a \$4,000,000 power plant named, by coincidence, *Resistance*. The tow was from Port Arthur, Texas, to Pusan, South Korea. The round trip voyage totaled 22,000 miles! (Prints in full color suitable for framing are available for those sending in their request by mail — telephone requests can not be handled.)

Today, with our various new giant barge towing assignments and because of the crisis in South East Asia, our tugs are spread out all around the globe. Three of them passed one another in the Suez Canal while this issue of *Tow Line* was being prepared for the printer.



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# TOW LINE

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 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.  
 Cable Address: MORANTOW

Frank O. Braynard, Editor

Jeff Bliss, Associate Editor

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## KEEL PLATE LAID FOR WORLD'S LONGEST BARGE

**T**HE KEEL for the world's longest barge was laid in Baltimore November 4. Thomas E. Moran, President, Moran Towing Corporation, officiated at the brief ceremonies. The 475-foot-long barge will carry sugar on the Caribbean-to-United States run.

Several days later, two more new barges to be towed by our tugs entered New York from their builders' yard and immediately were loaded with coal. They are owned by the Connecticut Light & Power Company and will supply this great company's Connecticut plants with "black gold" from the south, via railroad coal terminals in New Jersey.

These three new barges illustrate forcefully the renaissance of the barge-tug team in ocean and coast-wise service, a field in which Moran has pioneered as witness our services performed for the Atlantic Cement Company and the Eastern Gas & Fuel Associates.

The new sugar barge will extend this revived barge concept to a deep-

*(Continued on page 6)*



**KEEL LAID** — Evidence of the renaissance of the tug-barge team in deep-sea shipping, the keel laying of our new sugar barge. This new giant, when completed early in 1966, will be capable of carrying 17,500 tons of sugar. She will be the longest barge ever built in the United States, and probably in the world. In the upper view we see (left to right) Erik N. Dunlaevy, assistant secretary of the Caribbean Barge Corporation; James H. Morris, general manager, Sparrows Point Shipyard, Bethlehem Steel Co., and Thomas E. Moran, president, Moran Towing Corp.



## The Great 'Mayday' BLUE STAR Hoax

(Editor's Note: The New York office of the Coast Guard was asked recently by headquarters to prepare a summary of incidents in which false alarms had been made with an estimate of the cost involved. One such hoax took place in 1955 and involved our tug, the *Nancy Moran*, a completely innocent party, we hasten to add. This is that story. The episode cost the taxpayers \$100,000.)

At 2:15 A.M. on July 7, 1955, the New York tug *Nancy Moran* radioed the Coast Guard that she had picked up the following radiotelephone message.

"Mayday, Mayday. This is fishing vessel *Blue Star*. Struck a log, taking on water. We're 55-miles South South East of entrance to New York harbor."

Two Coast Guard planes were dispatched and were over the area by 2:50 and the Cutter *Gentian* and two smaller vessels from the North Jersey coast were en route to the reported position.

The skipper of the *Nancy Moran* reported that subsequent reception from the *Blue Star* was poor, but that he made out that she had a hole in her stern, had shipped five feet of water, was wracked by an explosion in her engine room, and that 18 of her 21 "passengers" were in the water without life jackets.

The voice from the *Blue Star* then said his craft's only lifeboat had burned and all the life jackets with

it. The voice was highly nervous and at one point screamed and said:

"I can hardly speak, the smoke is choking me, I'll have to jump."

Radio contact was lost. For nearly an hour the planes searched, finding nothing.

One last message was heard at 3:50 A.M. It said:

"Submarine is surfacing about 350-yards off port bow. Coming alongside, proceeding to take survivors aboard. (Pause)

"It is not an American submarine. I don't think they'll let me talk any more."

As the planes circled dropping

**CAPTAIN JOSEPH MAZZOTTA**, USCG, the new Captain of the Port of New York, came up from the ranks. He began his 38 years of continuous service by enlisting in 1926 as a seaman, advancing through various ratings and becoming a commissioned officer in 1941. In the opening stage of World War I, Captain Mazzotta served as executive officer of the Coast Guard's Ellis Island training station. After a stretch aboard the famed liner *Manhattan*, then the transport *Wakefield*, he was assigned to command an LST, participating in the North Africa, Sicily and Southern Europe invasions. Since the war he has served in New York, Greenland and Alaska. He is entitled to wear the following medals: American Defense, American Campaign, Good Conduct, European-Middle East, Pacific, Victory and National Defense Service.



parachute flares the dawn slowly came over a rolling sea. Visibility was good, but as the sun rose fog developed over the area. There was nothing unusual in sight.

Three - thousand, seven hundred square miles of ocean were criss-crossed by rescue vessels and aircraft throughout the day and the following night. Finally, at 9:30 A.M. on the next day, the Coast Guard called the whole case a "fake." And a highly expensive fake it had been, involving not only all the available aircraft and Coast Guard surface vessels in the area but also ships and planes assigned to the Navy's Eastern Sea Frontier.

Two Long Island youths, one 16 and the other 21, were picked up by Nassau County police on the evening of July 8, and in signed confessions they admitted the entire responsibility. They had broken into a fishing boat in Rockaway Inlet and used her radiophone as a stunt following a tour of local taverns.

(Continued on page 17)

### Happy Birthday

The United States Coast Guard celebrated its 175th anniversary last Fall. Happy Birthday! Created by Congress in 1790 to purchase and equip 10 vessels for "securing the collection of revenues," this branch of our armed forces has grown in size and area of service ever since. Today there are 17 Coast Guard cutters helping halt infiltration of men and weapons from North Vietnam into embattled South Vietnam. First known as the Revenue-Marine, the Coast Guard has had a long tradition of assisting the U. S. Navy in times of stress.

### Jubilee Publication

"The year was 1865.

"The place: Kristinehamn, a small town on the shore of Lake Vaner, in Sweden.

"The ship: A wooden trading ketch, the *Mathilda*, of roughly 80 tons deadweight.

"The boy: one Axel Brostrom, a 27 year-old ex railway brakeman . . ."

And so begins the jubilee publication commemorating the centenary of the great Brostrom shipping organization, known the world over. The beautiful book, richly illustrated and with many full color pictures, is indeed a collectors item.

Another similar graphic presentation illustrates the wide variety of enterprises, including shipyards, represented by the Brostrom group. A limited edition of this work was published. The book is not for sale to the general public. To Brostrom and all its affiliates, Moran is happy to extend its congratulations and best wishes for the future.

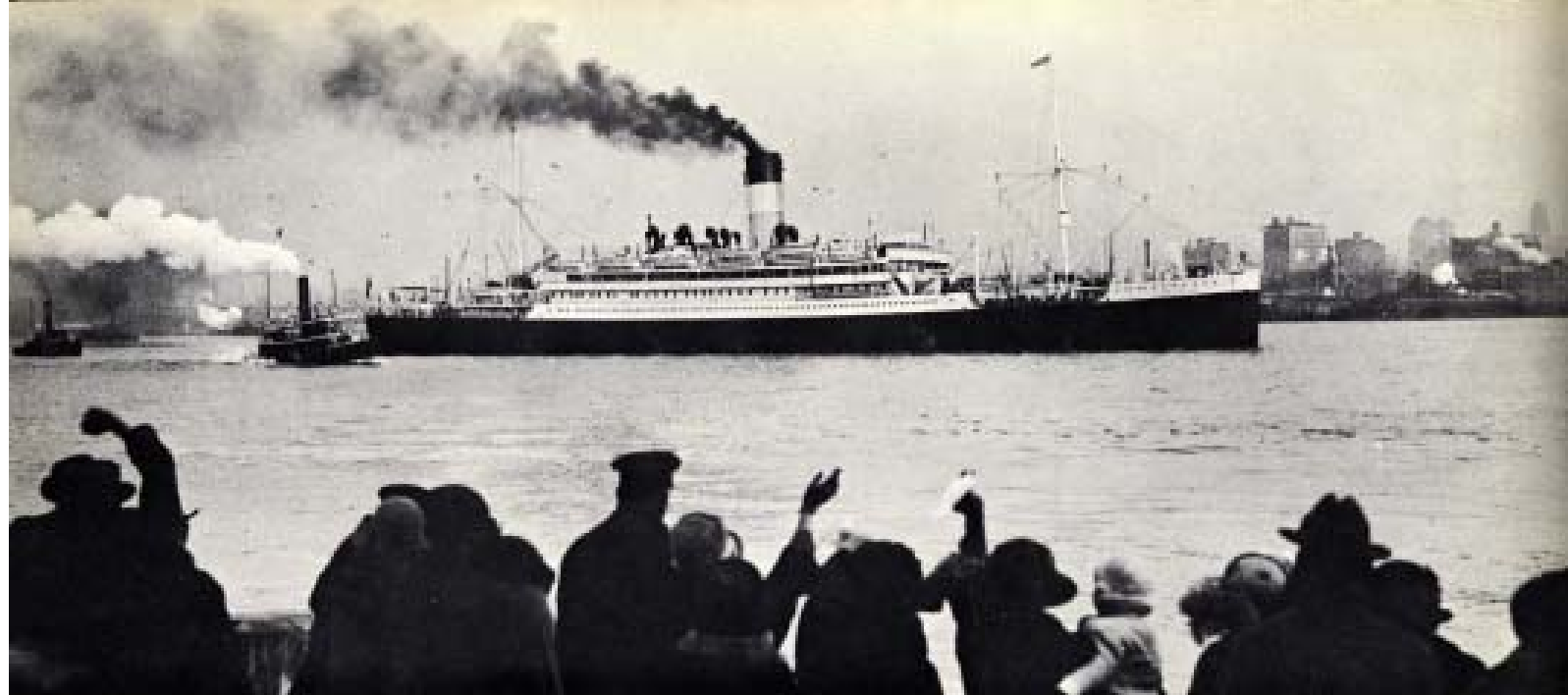


**ANOTHER NEW BARGE** — This is the first of four new coal barges built for the Connecticut Light and Power Co. by the Wiley Manufacturing Co. Trim and strong, she will be able to carry approximately 5,500 tons of coal. With her sister barges, she will serve between the New Jersey railroad coal terminal area and Connecticut ports, via Long Island Sound. The four new barges were designed by G. B. Drake, Jr., of New York. Each is 290 feet long, and has a 60-foot beam on a maximum depth molded of 19 feet, 9 inches. Of all-welded steel construction, they have a notch in their stern for our tug to push. The expansion of off-shore barge-tug enterprise is one of the notable trends of the last four years, and is an evidence of the resurgence of this form of water transportation. Two of the new barges entered service in November.



**NEW AWARDS OFFERED** — Holding symbolic check for \$1,000 scholarship award are (left) Captain Grover Sanschagrin, Jr., and Rear Admiral Gordon McIntock, USMS, Superintendent of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, L. I. Captain Sanschagrin is chairman of the sponsoring committee made up of Moran decking pilots. Sons of Moran tugboat men and of deceased tug men will be eligible for the one-year Kings Point award, to be given on the basis of the highest score in the Academy's entrance examination. If there are no Moran applicants, sons of members of Local 333, United Marine Division, National Maritime Union, will be eligible to apply. The award was worked out in cooperation with Captain Joseph O'Hare, president of Local 333. With Captain Sanschagrin on the committee are Captains C. W. March, Edwin W. Erikson and Ray Polissant.





## Great Liners of the Port of New York – No. 1

(First of a Series)

**MAIDEN VOYAGE** — The *Voltaire*, one of the port of New York's most interesting and well known ships of the past, shown on a clear December day in 1923 sailing on her maiden voyage to the River Plate region, on South America's East Coast. One of the largest passenger liners owned by Lamport & Holt, great British ship line, the *Voltaire* long served on this run. Before her first sailing she was open to the public for a two week period, being visited by thousands. On her first voyage she carried 300 passengers and a large consignment of mail and cargo. This 13,000 gross-ton liner later served as a cruise liner out of England. Ships of this famous line were named after famous artists and writers. Their smokestacks, unusually large for that day, were black, white and a light blue.

## BARGE....

(Continued from page 3)

water route. The 1,800 mile route is the longest regular tug-barge service ever proposed by Moran. The new craft will measure 475 feet in overall length, making her over 50 feet longer than the next longest American barge now in service. She will have a depth of 35 feet and a beam of 75 feet.

She is being built by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation's Shipbuilding Division, at their Sparrows Point, Maryland, yard.

When christened early next year, the new sugar carrier will be named *Caribbean*. She is now known only as hull number 4610 of the Sparrows Point Shipyard of the Bethlehem Steel Company's Shipbuilding Division. She will fly the houseflag of the Caribbean

Barge Corporation, a Moran affiliate.

The barge will have a capacity almost twice that of the standard Liberty ship, or 17,500 tons. The cement barges we tow for the Atlantic Cement Company have a capacity of 15,000 tons on a length of 420 feet.

One remarkable detail of the new sugar barge-tug combination is the fact that the tow will be able to be accomplished at the speeds of close to 10 knots. One of Moran's new 3,500-horsepower tugs will be assigned to this task.

The barge is expected to be completed early in 1966. She will bring raw sugar from Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic to points along the eastern seaboard.

The new 5,500-ton coal barges being built for Connecticut Light and Power Company by Wiley Manufacturing Company, Port Deposit, Maryland, are equally remarkable, although not of record breaking size.

These new barges have a fine, clean-cut appearance. Each has a molded length of 290 feet, with a beam of 60 feet and a maximum depth molded of 19 feet, 9 inches. Of all-welded construction, they have a 10 foot, 6 inch-wide notch at their stern for the prow of the tug. Official welcoming ceremonies for the first two barges were held on November 26 in Norwalk, Connecticut. (See picture on preceding page.)

## Christmas

Again its time for Yuletide

The New Year close at hand  
Why those thoughts run through  
our mind

We all should understand  
For all the blessings we received  
Throughout the year that's  
passing

And may the years that follow  
Bring peace that's everlasting.

*Norman Kellerman, Moran Dispatcher*

## Pacific Raft Sails Down East River

**A** SAGA IS ENDED, the raft is in her final resting place, the modern Ulysses is home.

The raft is *Age Unlimited*, and it is firmly embedded in concrete at the Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Virginia. The 20 by 34-foot vessel carried lone adventurer William Willis 10,800 miles, in two legs, from Peru to Samoa to Australia.

Moran is happy to have had a small part in making this extraordinary maritime epic a reality. Way back in 1963 we brought the then-shiny and new raft down from its Passaic River birthplace to the side of Grace Line's freighter *Santa Margarita* at Port Newark.

The Grace Line carried Captain Willis and his raft to Callao, starting point for his voyage, his second trans-Pacific venture alone on a raft.

When the *Pioneer Mist* of United States Lines brought the now-battered but much-honored raft home last winter, our tugs towed her down to the Battery and around the Statue of Liberty so that press photographers could photograph Captain Willis under sail to their heart's content. They did. We then towed her up to City Island. All these moves were proudly recorded in **TOW LINE**.

Last October 17, Moran again had a chance to assist William Willis. We towed the raft down from City Island to the middle berth, south side of the 33rd Street Pier, Brooklyn, directly across from the Farrell Lines' *Australian Surf*. Farrell had agreed to carry the historic craft to Newport News for

enshrinement at the museum there.

The tug was the *Claire A. Moran*, sturdy 85-footer under the command of Captain George Fagerstrom. We made it up the East River to the Minneford Yacht Yard in a little over two hours. There your editor joined Captain Willis and his wife aboard the raft, forgetting to bring overcoat and hat in in the process.

As the afternoon passed, the raft, the gallant veteran of everything the great Pacific could throw at her slapped along quietly in the swirling wake of the trim little *Claire*. Most of the thin palm tree deck matting had been torn loose when the raft smashed and crashed her way over the 100-mile wide great barrier reef north of Australia, and so the waters slopped up and over the thick wooden deck planks.

We sketched from this angle and that, making ten drawings before the bright red sun set over New Jersey and we passed through Buttermilk Channel and turned into the maze of Brooklyn piers just south of Eric Basin. Bill Willis and his wife were wonderful company, and we were especially glad that Bill had brought an extra coat along, and also a cap.

Rear Admiral Irvin Stephens honored William Willis on October 28 by presenting him with an honorary sail-

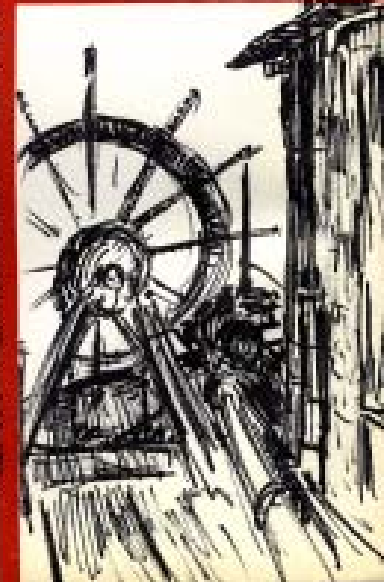
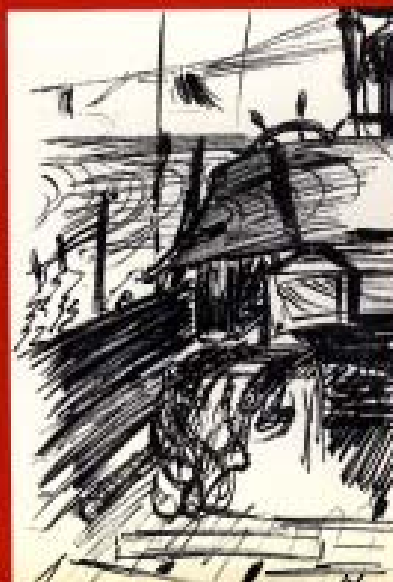
### Kungsholm's Master

The Swedish American Line has announced that Captain Per-Erik Sjölin will be the commander of the new *Kungsholm* which will enter service early in 1966. Captain Sjölin assumed command of the new liner shortly after he left the bridge of the *Gripsholm* on October 1. The *Kungsholm* is receiving her finishing touches at the Clydebank yard of John Brown & Company. Marine Engineer Eric Rosen will be chief engineer of the new *Kungsholm*.

ing ship master mariner certificate. Admiral Stephens, who is the Commander of the Third Coast Guard District, hailed the trans-Pacific mariner's fortitude at brief ceremonies in his office at the Custom House.

CLAN MacLeod Item — November 1 at University Hospital, Manhattan, Sarah Walker MacLeod born to Valentine and Malcolm W. Our friendly colleague's first-born weighed in at 6 lbs. 3 oz. Mother and daughter returned home to 530 East 23 Street, Manhattan, November 9. Mrs MacLeod is the former Miss V. V. May of London says **TOW LINE** item in September '63 issue. Congratulations!

**ON THE RAFT** — Four felt-tip pen sketches made while towing the trans-Pacific raft of William Willis down from City Island to the Farrell Lines pier in Brooklyn last October. The first sketch (far left) shows the *Claire A. Moran* from the deck of the raft. Note the triangle-like bowsprit forward below which the sheet hawser was made fast. The round object at the right margin is a barrel. The second sketch is a look aft, with the Bronx approach to the Throgs Neck bridge in the background. The raft's wheel may be seen just above the log dugout, which rested on a box forward of the little deck shelter. The third drawing is looking forward again with Long Island in the background. The raft's planks are wet with the spray. The fourth sketch was made just forward of the deck shelter.



## Famous Steamer Is Rescued by Moran

SOME 1,350 SIGHTSEERS aboard the Hudson River Day Line flagship *Alexander Hamilton* got more than their money's worth last fall near the end of the cruising season.

"Extra thrills and chills climaxed a cruise last night," is the way the Sunday News described what happened.

"Tugs Save Boat's Day for 1,350," their headline ran in bold type. Moran tugs, that is.

The grand old excursion boat, last side-wheel steamer in service anywhere in the coastal waters of the United States, was nearing the end of a day's voyage on the Hudson. Suddenly a log became jammed in one of her two great paddle wheels. It could not turn.

The problem of driftwood is a major one for all vessels in the port.

The *Alexander Hamilton* came to a slow stop, turning toward the New

### Missing — A Brick

The brick your editor picked from the rubble of the first Moran headquarters (being demolished) on old South Street is missing. It made a very fine paper weight, but, unless one knew that it came from Michael Moran's old 14 South Street office, its historic significance might possibly be missed. At any rate it is gone, probably "cleaned up" while he was on vacation. Fortunately, in moving his desk, your editor found a fragment on the floor, so the old headquarters is still with us in fact as in spirit.

York shore. She drifted gently downstream, "while kids on board thrilled to the sight of an air and water rescue armada which soon surrounded the craft," the News story by Thomas Toolen and Richard Henry relates.

"The tugs *Nancy Moran* and *Carol Moran* reaped the glory," this ac-

count continues, "as sleeker vessels of the Coast Guard and Police Department hovered nearby."

The big excursion craft, her two buff stacks wafting thin streamers of smoke upward in the sunset sky, gently ran aground at 225th Street, off the channel connecting the Harlem and the Hudson.

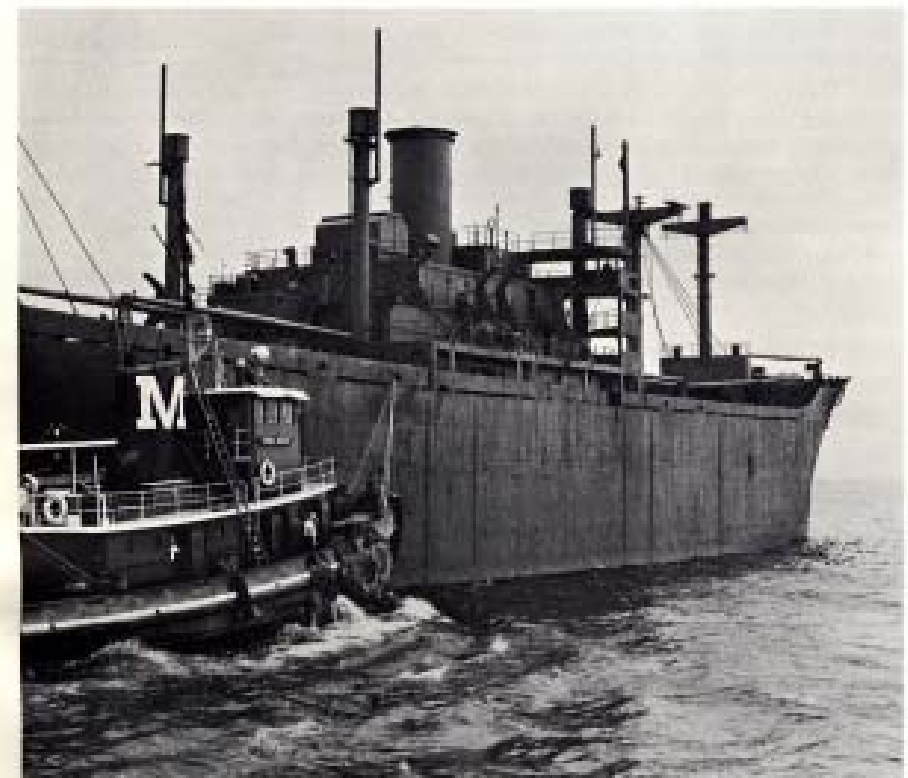
This is the choppy, narrow area called the spitting devil by early Dutch settlers. The name stuck. The Dutch for spitting devil is, of course, Spuyten Duyvil.

Captain Lars O. Thorsen on the *Carol* and Captain C. W. Morch on the *Nancy* were in the Edgewater, New Jersey, area. Spotting the plight of the great white *Alexander Hamilton*, a vessel beloved by all boat people, they hurried to her aid.

Two police harbor patrol launches and a Coast Guard picket boat were sent to help, but, as the newspaper account puts it, "the tugs beat them to it."

The *Carol* and the *Nancy* took charge and by 8 P.M., one hour after her normal docking time, had the *Alexander Hamilton* safely alongside the pier.

**THEY SERVE AGAIN** — Another Victory ship being brought out of lay-up to serve her country, the Cuban Victory underway down the Hudson to New York, with the *Maira Moran* at her starboard quarter. The Maritime Administration is responsible for the reserve fleet maintenance program that has kept ships like this in reasonably good condition for just such emergencies as the current fighting in Vietnam creates.



### Thank You

Gentlemen:

At about 2 PM Oct. 22, 1965, we had a pier fire at the bottom of North 11th Street. At the time of this fire we had tied to the pier in question Brooklyn Eastern District Terminal Float No. 18. This float was pulled from the pier by our Tug *Intrepid* out into the stream. Float No. 18 was afire and your Tug *Maira Moran* assisted our tug in handling Float No. 18 and in putting out the fire about the float.

On behalf of my company, I would like to extend my thanks and appreciation to your company and in particular, your crew aboard this tug for their expeditious assistance at a time when we were in trouble.

Realizing that this type of assistance is not unusual for the Moran Towing Company, it is still gratifying to know that this unsolicited help is available when one is in trouble.

Again, I say "thank you very much".

F. F. DAYTON

Superintendent, BEDT



# Number Six

**S**HE SAT THERE, POISED beautiful and ready. The brand new *Cathleen E. Moran*, 108-feet of power and faith in the future, our sixth 3,500-horsepower tug. New York harbor is her goal, and at press time (for this issue of TOW LINE) she was just about ready to make her triumphal entry into the port.

But our story is of the launching on that wet and warm day last September in the friendly city of Savannah, Ga. On hand were a large assembly of people. From N. Y. came the launching party led by Thomas E. Moran, President, Moran Towing Corporation; his charming wife and their daughters Cathleen and Barbara. The tug is, of course, named in honor of Cathleen, who is 16 years old. Barbara A. Moran, age 13, was the happy choice as sponsor.

Elmer D. Walling, Manager, Construction and Repair Division, was also there, as was your editor, who has many pleasant associations with Savannah.

That morning it rained with wild abandon, soaking the stucco on the old William Jay Mansions of Savannah and submerging the ancient Belgian block streets surrounding some of that city's oldest squares. It didn't look good for an outdoor ceremony.

So intense was the downpour that "it almost launched the city of Savannah" itself, quipped columnist Frank Rossiter in his account of the launching for the next day's Savannah Morning News.

Fortunately, however, moments before the 2 P.M. launching hour, the sky cleared and the sun came out. All nature smiled on the new White "M" tug.

She looked tremendous, rising on her launching ways on the banks of the Savannah River, not far from where General James Edward Oglethorpe had come ashore to found the colony of Georgia.

Employees of the Diamond Manufacturing Co. who built the sturdy new craft were gathering to watch the launching. Many brought their wives and children; some even carried babies on their shoulders. This was a great event for them, for Diamond and for Moran.

Diamond Officials on hand included Bernard F. Diamond, company president; E. R. Stuber, who presided, and Roy Holliday, yard manager. Edward Hurts,

*(Continued on page 14)*

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**ANOTHER LAUNCH** — The launching party, below, at the christening at Savannah last Sept. 2 of the *Cathleen E. Moran*. Left to right: Mrs. Thomas E. Moran, Mr. Moran, Barbara Moran and Cathleen Moran. To the right, the 3,500-horsepower harbor tug splashed sideways into the Savannah River. Chalk up another big splash for Moran.

Photos Courtesy Jim Bison, Georgia Ports Authority



## THE NEW YORK STATE BARGE CANAL DOWN 'THE FLIC

BY JEFF BLINN

"JERRY, Let's do a pan shot from up there while the light is right. John, try the sound of the traffic, and that motorboat coming up the river."

Speaking: Joseph Michaels director-writer and narrator of NBC News up from New York City with his camera crew to film and write a show for their daily news program, 'Sixth Hour News'.

Jerry Yarus' camera swept the wind ripples in the river and came to rest on a canal tug and barge moored to a dock. John Singleton's microphone caught the thump-thump of the bridge traffic and the gentle lapping of the water. Overhead, billowy puffs of white clouds scudded toward the eastern horizon and the strong rays of the sun ricocheted off oil storage tanks to rebound in splinters on the shimmering surface of the Mohawk River.

From the stern of the tug *Agnes A. Moran* deck-hand Jack Wyatt looked up from his casting to wave at the camera crew on the bridge, and again sent the lightweight plug singing across the water.

Up front, barge *Socony-Mobile #126* was rhythmically pumping the last of her 17,300-barrel oil cargo into the company's tank farm at Schenectady, New York.

Barge-Captain Pete Petersen flicked finishing touches of light grey paint to the barge's deck plates while bargeman Ole Olsen checked tanks, bending the sun's strong rays into their depths with a hand mirror.



AL...

## HT' WITH N.B.C.

The show conceived by NBC would be their reporter's impressions of the Erie Canal as it is today, pinpointing that portion of it which lies between Albany and Schenectady. The distance can be covered by highway in a half-hour; it is considerably more by barge. The canal, its growth and its deterioration, its beauty and its worth, would be brought to the NBC television's six o'clock viewers. We waited.

### Getting Set

In the tug's pilothouse, oblivious to the throb of pumps and blare of radio, Captain Harold Stensland, Mate on the *Agnes*, was completing notations in her log. She had come up from Socony's Albany terminal the previous night.

Stensland is a veteran boatman who is as versatile as they come. With decades of experience he's at home almost anywhere on tugs — the Great Lakes, the Hudson River, the Atlantic coast or New York harbor. He had joined Captain Torbjorn (Tom) Sorensen in spelling some of the *Agnes'* regular crew only that morning.

"Soon's the barge takes on enough water ballast to clear the bridges, we'll be on our way", he said.

By now the TV crew had taken to the tug's galley for noon chow. Chef Walter Welm, alerted to his guests, had prepared extra helpings of roast lamb, vegetables, soup, salad and fruit — his usual Thursday fare.

"Look-a there!", cried the first to step out of the galley. Painted high on the hewn stones of an abutment supporting the bridge embankment were the words 'High Water Mark, August 22, 1938'. A good fifteen feet above the present level of the river, these words told of floods. With bridges scarcely that high above normal flow, it takes little rise to stop all traffic. The mark was recorded on film and the TV crew trooped to the barge.

### Return to Albany

"Tighten up on the starboard cable, and make it fast", Stensland called to deckhand Lee Eysturlio. "O.K. Now the port side."

Lee, using the tug's capstan, took up on the two steel wires running from the stern corners of the barge to the after bits on the tug. This tightening snuggled *Agnes'* bow more solidly on the stern notch of *Mobile #126*, providing better control in steering.

Barge lines were cast off; the *Agnes* nudged with her bow, watched by TV's eye, the barge was eased into the river. The time: 1315.

*Agnes Moran's* hydraulically-operated pilothouse, retracting before each low bridge and popping up like a Jack-in-the-box after passing under, fascinated the NBC crew.

"Do it again", they asked after we had cleared the first bridge. It was explained that without this arrange-

(Continued on page 12)

**PHOTOS, UPPER LEFT TO LOWER RIGHT:**  
"NBC's Jerry Yarus pans slowly the beauty around him; barge, Socony-Mobile #126 pumps out the last of her cargo at Schenectady; Lock No. 7 stands to the right of a long spillway; the *Agnes A. Moran* and her tow drops at a steady rate, twenty-seven feet."



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## BARGE CANAL...

(Continued from page 11)

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ment more time would be lost in ballasting the barge deeper to allow the man in the pilothouse a clear view of the canal ahead.

### The Scenic Route

"Now THERE'S a farm!"

Director Joseph Michaels was pointing to a Grant Wood landscape: barn, silo, house and sheds all red-painted and nestled into green hills above a wide bend in the river. On the left bank, like dragonflies, three seaplanes tilted. A flow of black paint on cardboard tacked to a tree offered, 'Rides \$3'. High cliffs of crumbling, dark sedimentary stone rimmed the next bend, small islands headed upstream, and a solitary pleasure boat without a name returned our wave.

The big eye of the movie camera, on tripod legs at the barge's bow, panned slowly the beauty around it. John's microphone caught the cry of a noisy bird and the muffled movement of ripples angling shoreward.

Nearing the end of a two-mile run, we slowed for our first lock. Set to the right of a long spillway, its approach guarded by a traffic light now on green, the single lock stood with its upper gates open. It will drop the tug and barge twenty-seven feet in five minutes.

### Lock No. 7

With deckhands checking her forward movement by easing lines looped on lockside bollards, the barge's bow stops a dozen feet from the closed lower gates — leaving just enough room for the split gates to swing inward. *Agnes'* stern will now barely clear the sill of the upper gate when she is lowered.

The lock grounds are neat with close-cropped lawns, the lockhouse is freshly painted and, as an added touch, the state and national flags fly over the catwalk spanning the waterway. The lockmaster, having spied the camera crew on the barge, brought out his own small movie camera and is taking pictures of them taking pictures of him.

Meanwhile he has closed the upper gate and, figuratively, pulls the plug.

The water rushes out. So controlled is this exodus of water that the barge and tug do not surge forward but drop vertically at a steady rate. Within the lock, as tug and barge drop, little waterfalls spring out of depressions, tiny rivulets shoot out from the exposed depths and the drip-drip of moisture from the rough concrete walls strangely echo out all other sounds.

TV's camera is at ready when the huge lower gates swing slowly inward to reveal the panorama of another long stretch of canal. Again the *Agnes* nudges ahead.

### 'The Flight'

On the anchor windlass at the bow of *Mobile* #126 in dark tie and sportcoat sits Joseph Michaels, one knee crossed over the other, writing the story he will narrate to his audience. "... Erie contributed much to the development of the nation... now would like to see this waterway improved... but, it remains a beautiful part of Americana."

Set in a gorge above Lock No. 6, two huge guard gates hang poised to slice off the river's flow should floods threaten the downriver communities. Their vertical-drop walls stand sentry at the top of "The Flight" — a series of five locks comprising the greatest sudden change in elevation on the Erie, 170 feet in a little over a mile.


"Leaping Lizards!", someone exclaimed from the bow of *Mobile* #126 as we approached the closed lower gate of Lock No. 6. "Take it e-a-s-y." On the other side of the foot-thick gate the picturesque countryside widened like a Vista-Vision movie and the approaches to Lock No. 5 lay thirty-three feet below. In the far distance the land fell away toward Lock Nos. 4, 3, and 2, each dropping the level of the canal by thirty-four feet or more.

Each locking was methodical: slow approach, snub the lines, close one

(Continued on page 12)

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**TOP TO BOTTOM** — "The canal lay thirty-three feet below; gates open, *Agnes* eases ahead to the lock; to the right were the old steps of the original canal, Joseph Michaels narrated his final impressions above the Troy lock."



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## BARGE CANAL...

(Continued from page 12)

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pair of gates, release the water, open the lower gates and ease ahead.

On leaving the last lock in the flight, the camera crew turned their lenses aft. There, beyond the lock's well-kept grounds and to the right were the old steps of the original canal opened in 1825. Looking incredibly narrow alongside the 45-foot wide 'new' lock, the tiers of white stone with a steady flow of water dropping from level to level could be mistaken for a decorative waterfall on some squire's vast estate. It was hard to imagine it part of a commercial waterway, certainly not the one trod by the founder of our company, Michael Moran, shortly after its dedication.

"Those are hand-cut blocks", said one locktender. "And in as good a condition as when they were laid", he added looking with emphasis at his own crumbling cement lock barely fifty years old.

### Working Against Time

Captain Tom Sorensen, as familiar with the New York state canal system as with his driveway at home in Brooklyn, relieved Harold Stensland for the evening and night run to Albany. Master and First Class Pilot of 'bays, sounds and rivers', Tom knows every step of the way.

"You first learn the places you can't go with a barge or tug", he told us as we swung into the Hudson River above Troy, New York. The wide confluence of the Mohawk and the Hudson rivers where one channel leads to the Northern or Champlain Canal and another to the Erie prompted the question.

Splitting dark ripples shore to shore the barge shoved on toward the Federal Lock at Troy, the last 14-foot drop before Albany. Winding up the day's labors, NBC's crew were busy racing the sun on the bow. With the tops of the trees on the west bank cutting the rays of the setting sun, Jerry Yarus was having trouble getting the right light for filming the closing scene of their program —

Joseph Michaels narrating his final impressions from the forward corner of the barge.

"John, bring that light closer", he called to John Bolz who was providing a fill-in light on the shadow-side of the narrator's face.

"Hold it up," cut in soundman John Singleton, "there's a space coming up between the trees."

With a few re-takes for safety's sake, the final bit of footage was run, the final bit of copy recorded and, for TV's viewers, the story on the Erie Canal was finished.

### Load for Burlington

"Look at the idiot!", exclaimed Captain Sorensen slowing down. A small power boat was crisscrossing the barge's bow in the darkness north of Albany.

"What they don't seem to realize is that if their engines should stop they don't have a prayer", he pointed out, "those small boats just stop dead in the water, they don't drift." Tugmen, navigating narrow canal, wide river or bustling harbor are, perhaps, the most safety conscious of all mariners. They move the country's water-borne commerce.

"Got some tide running here", Tom announced as he swung toward the east bank and eased the 300-foot length of tug and barge in an arc to the west bank terminal of Socony Mobile Oil Company below Albany. Time: 2110.

"We load for Burlington", shouted Barge-Captain Petersen as TV crew, cameras, lights, recorders, film cases and all the audio-visual trappings poured on to the dock.

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**BIG BEAUTY** — The new refrigerated motorship *Pacific Ocean*, largest reefer in the Swedish merchant marine, shown making her maiden arrival at New York last September. The 500-foot vessel is part of the Atlantrafik Express Service, operating on the line between Australia and the East Coast of North America including the Great Lakes. Garcia & Diaz are the New York agents. The *Pacific Ocean* was built in Gothenburg. She is of 8,700 deadweight tons and has 17 refrigerated cargo compartments totalling about 380,000 cubic feet bale capacity. The 19-knot craft was designed with special regard for the Great Lakes trade, her unusual transom stern permitting greater cubic in the aftmost compartments and bigger deck space for mooring equipment. Her accommodations are air conditioned, with many luxuries. Each officer's cabin, for example, has its private bathroom. The wheelhouse has a 360° view. Automatic data-logging apparatus for the refrigerating machinery will insure the most efficient handling. She is an outstanding new vessel.



## How I Would Love To

Dear Frank:

Several years have passed since I talked to you about the tall ships visiting New York harbor . . . News from the homeland being scarce, it was with great interest that I noted *Nancy Moran* has been sent to Portland, Me. Fond memories. My grandfather, as I may have mentioned, was engineer on the Portland tugs for a little over 50 years, his last boat being the *Casco*, if memory serves me correctly. And, now, his nephew, Capt. Edward McDuffie, Sr., is, and has been for some time, senior captain in the little fleet and, according to the paper, will bring the *Nancy* to Portland to replace the *Thomas E. Moran* on which he was skipper. I would be particularly interested in obtaining a copy of the *Tow Line* which featured the *Nancy* on the cover. And, for that matter, if I could be added to your distribution list, life would be a bit more full here. Coming from a seagoing family, I find myself becoming slightly dulled by the catamarans and outriggers one sees here all the time. Drop out and see us and sketch one for your next book!

W. M. JOHNSON  
*Kwajalein, South Pacific*

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## NUMBER SIX...

(Continued from page 9)

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our permanent representative while the *Cathleen* (and her sister tug the *Marion Moran*) were being built in Savannah, hovered around inspecting this and checking that.

The tempo of the moment rose perceptibly as the hour of the launch approached. The launching party made their way on planks laid over the wet sand toward the high wooden christening platform. They paused for photographers, who ducked here and there around the shoring and under the giant crane at the bow of the *Cathleen*.

Cathleen and Barbara smiled and shook hands with yard officials. With their parents, they climbed to the top of the platform, posing for more pictures (including several by your editor which did not come out).

The countdown began, as two workmen applied two red-orange acetylene torches to the last remain-

ing steel brace holding the huge tug to her riverside birthplace.

Barbara took a practice swing with a gaily wrapped christening champagne bottle. She smiled and waited. The crowd was hushed.

Then everything happened at once.

The moment arrived, the countdown was completed, the two burning torches singed through the thin remnant of steel, the hull was free and began to move, Barbara said the magic words and made a mighty swing and it was all over.

A cascade of boiling white foam greeted the new tug as she slid sideways into the water; foaming, and misting up to the top of her gleaming deep-red pilot house. Two strings of colorful signal flags slapped in the breeze as the *Cathleen* proudly righted herself, waterborne at last and looking every inch the typical rugged power package that one expects a Moran tug to look like.

From nowhere a huge bouquet of red roses appeared for Barbara, complementing her maroon and white-print, orchid-decorated blouse.

As smaller tugs, whistles saluting, scooted out to take the new pride of the Moran fleet into the fitting out slip, Barbara and Cathleen again smilingly posed, this time at the water's edge with the new beauty floating in the background.

Moran's first two 3,500-horse power tugs were the *M. Moran* and the *Esther Moran*.

"Maneuverability plus great power are the two basic requirements we laid down when first considering this new class of vessel," Admiral Edmond J. Moran, Chairman of the Board, said when the first of the 3,500-horsepower tugs were pioneered by our company.

Twin propellers and twin rudders make these vessels capable of turning in their own length. The propellers measure 10 feet, nine inches in diameter.

The *Cathleen E. Moran* is also powered with twin, 16-cylinder diesel engines built by the Electro-Motive Division of General Motors. Like other Moran tugs she will have direct pilot house control of her engines.

We congratulate Cathleen Moran for the new tug named for her, and a hearty "well-done" for Barbara too.

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**IMPORTANT MOMENT** — John C. Gorman (left), vice president, Farrell Lines' traffic department; J. B. Davies, editor, Australian Consolidated Press; H. C. Menzies, senior Australian trade commissioner, and C. Carlton Lewis, executive vice president, Farrell Lines, gathered together last Sept. 28 aboard the *African Meteor*. They are celebrating the initial sailing in Farrell's Australian/New Zealand service. The *Australian Galaxy*, which made the first voyage, sailed full-and-down under the command of Capt. Henning F. V. Osterbye.



## Mooremack Trains Young Executives

ONE REASON WHY Moore-McCormack Lines is regarded as one of America's most enterprising and far-sighted ship lines is its highly-successful executive training program.

"Fourteen out of fifteen is an extraordinary good batting average," said Edward G. Gillen, personnel manager in his 16th floor office at 2 Broadway.

"That's how many of our trainees have made good since our program began at the end of 1961," Ed added.

With us at the interview were the latest pair of young trainees: Arthur K. Forester, age 27, of Stamford, Conn., and Thomas B. Ellsworth, age 26, of New Canaan, Conn.

The course, if that is what you may call the basic training period, lasts from five to seven months. The young men follow, step by step, a remarkably-complete 95-page mimeographed manual covering all phases of the famous company's operations.

Beginning with the personnel department itself, the guide takes the trainee through offices handling freight sales, traffic, rates and conferences, receiving and delivery, bills of lading, freight cashier matters, and so on down the line to advertising, public relations, trade development and marine personnel.

Then the trainees are given temporary assignments for seasoning, so to speak. They are still in the "look-see" period, Ed said.

Some go abroad for a while. There is one in Rotterdam, one in Gothenburg, one in Copenhagen, another in Montevideo, and one in Buenos Aires.

Moore-McCormack's 42 ships operate on five trade routes under four service names. The five routes are: U.S. Atlantic Coast and East Coast of South America, U.S. Atlantic Coast and South and East Coast of Africa, U.S. North Atlantic Ports and Scandinavian-Baltic Areas, U.S. North Atlantic Ports and Belgium-Netherlands, and U.S. Pacific Coast and East Coast of South America.

The four service names are, of course, the American Republics Line, serving South America; the Robin

Line, Africa; the American Seantic Line, Northern Europe, and the Pacific Republics Line, on its route from the nation's West Coast.

Trainee Forester earned his transportation know-how as the embarkation officer of the 2nd Battalion of the 8th Marines, a part of the 2nd Marine Division. A graduate of Syracuse University, his hobbies are hunting and enjoying the summers on Nantucket Island. He loves ships.

Trainee Ellsworth has had ships in his blood since his earliest days. A member of the Steamship Historical Society for years, he has put in five summers at sea aboard merchant ships and is a graduate of Yale University.

Moore-McCormack is fortunate indeed to have both of these young men.

When President Johnson went to Liberty Island last October 1 to sign the new immigration law into effect, Moran had a part in the operation. The night before we took 22 National Broadcasting Company TV men over to set up their camera equipment. We maintained a shuttle service between the Battery and the Statue of Liberty all that night and much of the following day on this account.

## Memo: Small World Editor/Tow Line

THIS IS A SMALL world . . . the world of boats and shipping.

Those of you who read our last issue may remember the little yarn near the end of the book about the last cargo shipped up the Hudson on a permanently registered sailing ship.

The ship was named the *Emma C. Berry*, and on this hangs our tale. One of Tow Line's best friends, one whose name is familiar to every Tow Line reader and to nearly every one in New York shipping circles called and had this to say:

"That little schooner was built by my great uncle . . .

"She was ordered from the shipyard by my grandfather,

"And named for my mother."

Guess who?

Captain Earl C. Palmer, formerly tug master, formerly Moran executive and now editor of our column entitled "50 Years Ago."

Captain Palmer's uncle was Robert Palmer, whose Noank, Conn., yard built the *Emma C. Berry*. The grandfather who first owned her was John H. Berry.



The old *Edmond J. Moran*, a steam tug, shown in the Hildebrandt dry dock at Kingston, New York. The little craft, long since scrapped, was a far cry from our deep-sea *Edmond J. Moran* of today. (Editor's Note: We propose running additional "tugs from the past" from time to time and would welcome contributions. We thank John Grady, of our staff, for this fine snapshot.)

## RECOMMENDED READING

*A TUGMAN'S SKETCHBOOK*, by Frank O. Braynard. Published by John de Graff, 34 Oak Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y., 10707. Price: \$8.00.

(Editor's Note: In that your editor is the author involved here, he sought out help with this review, asking another tug enthusiast — Brooks Atkinson, long the drama critic of the *New York Times* — to favor him with a review, no holds barred. We are grateful to Mr. Atkinson for the following review.)

SINCE FRANK O. BRAYNARD has been in love with ships all his life he is fortunate in the nature of his occupation. He is editor of *Tow Line* and public relations manager for the Moran Towing & Transportation Company — a huge business organization that still manages to feel romantic about ships.

"A Tugman's Sketchbook" consists of 125 drawings of tugs, ships and the New York waterfront, done with a felt-tip pen by a man of unconquerable enthusiasm. The felt-tip technique is ideal for mass, form and design — the dramatic contrast between the little deck of the *Nancy Moran* and the towering splendor of the *France*, the blunt practicable bow of the *Diana L. Moran* under the tall, lean bow of the *Queen Mary*, the sweeping overhang of the port bow of the *Leonardo Da Vinci*, the seven golden stars of the funnel of the *Zion*, the hideous squalor of Newtown Creek, the grimy disdain of the dumping board at 37th Street and the East River.

"A Tugman's Sketchbook" as a whole admirably conveys Mr. Braynard's knowledge of ships and the raffish glamour of the waterfront. His romanticism is well taken. "Ships live," he says. "Their size, strength, unity and ability to withstand the elements, to shelter their crews, to serve — these attributes create for them almost human character."

I also am a true believer in the civilization of ships, and some of Mr. Braynard's sketches give me a twinge of nostalgia. Was it really necessary to deprive the North Atlantic of the beauty and pride of the *America*? An admirable ship, both in looks and ability. She came to a humiliating end because of a labor dispute. Under a different name she now steams between Greece and Australia. And what a pity that the *Stovangerfjord* had to go into the discard. The oldest passenger ship on the North Atlantic, she was also the most comfortable in a sea way. She had character; she cannot be replaced by a ship that is more sophisticated.

Although these observations are beside the point, they are provoked by the exuberance of Mr. Braynard's book. For he believes in the gallantry of ships and his felt-tip pen memorializes them by sketching the patterns of the water as well as the elevation of hulls and the modest demeanor of tugs,

*MODERN MARINE ENGINEER'S MANUAL, Vol. 1 (2nd ed.)* — revised & enlarged by Alan Osbourne. Published by Cornell Maritime Press, Cambridge, Md., 1965. Price: \$15.00.

THIS IS A well-illustrated and indexed reference work and encyclopedia of information required by marine engineering personnel on shipboard, in the classroom and in naval architect offices. Its 1,184 pages stress the new science of automation, with special sections on safety, materials, pipe fittings and packing, lubrication, bearings, pumps, thermodynamics, combustion, gas turbines, boilers, condensers, feedwater systems, reciprocating engines and mathematics.

*NAUTICAL DICTIONARY, Volume 1, Maritime Terminology*, by P. E. Seglitzas. Published by American Elsevier Pub. Co., 52 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y., 1965. Price: \$25.00.

ONE OF A SERIES of multilingual technical dictionaries relating to science and industry, this 577-page work is a monument to maritime learning. It is in

**STARS AND STRIPES** — The American flag flying proudly at the stern of the great white lady liner *Constitution*, of American Export-Isbrandtsen, berthed at Naples with two other liners. The picture, by marine artist George Tomaro, presents an interesting composition, with the bow of the *Achille Lauro* liner *Roma* framing the left margin and the grand old Italian Line motorship *Vulcania* creating the lower background. It is interesting to note that these two Italian passenger liners also once flew the flag of the United States. Can any of our *Tow Line* readers remember the names they had as American ships?



English, French, Italian, Spanish and German. It gives terminology used in the merchant marine, by naval architects, marine engineers, ship line people and in yachting. Individual volumes on ships and their equipment and on marine engineering will follow. A Greek naval officer and maritime editor all his life, Captain Seglitzas was well-equipped to undertake this lifetime task.

*PORTS OF THE WORLD — 1965, 19th Edition*. Published by John de Graff, 1965. Price: \$20.00.

A REALLY fascinating armchair-tour is yours with this massive, 710-page book. Ports you never heard about, little bits of information about ports you may know well, quantities of facts are attractively presented here, with cost figures, channel and port diagrams and the like. A special section on oil bunkering ports, and another on currencies and exchange rates are included.

*HUDSON RIVER DAY LINE, The Story of a Great American Steamboat Company*, by Donald C. Ringwald. Published by Howell-North Books, 1050 Parker St., Berkeley, Calif., 94710. Price: \$8.50.

A LONG-NEEDED, eagerly-awaited and tremendously satisfying work, this book is a must for all lovers of steamboating! Scholarly and yet most interesting, this over-sized volume is beautifully illustrated with a grand selection of old prints, photos, posters. The "white flyers" of the Day Line have been known the world around. As historian Ringwald notes in his preface: "no one had seen America until he had seen the Hudson River, and no one had seen the Hudson River properly unless he had done so from the deck of a Day Line steamer." This still holds true, and it is a pleasure to welcome such a fine book with the hope that it may serve to attract attention to the fact that the Day Line is still very much in business.

*INTERNATIONAL SHIPPING & SHIPBUILDING DIRECTORY, 1965, TANKER DIRECTORY OF THE WORLD, 1965*, both distributed in America by John de Graff. Price: \$16.00 (each).

TWO LARGE BRITISH works, these volumes contain much of value to the practical shipping man. The *Shipping & Shipbuilding Directory* was formally the *Shipping World Year Book*. Its 618 pages, indexed both for firms and for ships, while primarily British oriented, provide a wealth of general and statistical information. The *Tanker Directory*, edited by John Fordree, gives further evidence of the dominant role being taken by the tank vessel in many areas of maritime enterprise. It includes a wide variety of source lists, and splendid statistical and pictorial sections.



## One Picture the Work of Many, Many Hours



**A** PICTURE IS SURELY worth a thousand words, but have you ever thought of how much time goes into making a good picture?

The splendid double-page inside front cover photograph of *Texaco Topics* (No. 4, 1965) took many hours of painstaking planning in advance spanning a period of six weeks. Here's a run down of what was involved.

Conversations with 32 people, from city officials to policemen on the beat, by Fred Beck, editor of our sister house magazine . . .

Acquisition of a "Street Fair Permit" so the cameraman could photograph from a 12-foot step-ladder in the middle of the street next to Pier 90's north bulkhead.

Three days on the telephone before H hour . . .

All this for a picture showing the cooperation of Moran and Texaco in the undocking of the Italian Line's superliner *RAF-FELLO*, shortly after her maiden arrival in New York.

The tug was the *Nancy Moran*, and her skipper Captain Bill Morch.

The Texaco tank truck, driven by R. J. "Ron" Zellmer, had just completed a delivery to the new 46,000-ton liner.

The photographer was Joe Baker and his picture was seen by more than 40,000 readers of the *Texaco* house magazine.

The title given to the fine photograph in the *Texaco* publication was "Picture of Luxury and Necessity."

We are delighted to be the "necessity" in such a shot.

## 50 YEARS AGO

(Source: New York Maritime Register)

**OCTOBER 6, 1915** — The Fore River Shipbuilding Co. has been awarded a contract by the Texas Oil Company for the construction of two tank steamers. They will be 415 feet long with 56 feet beam and 33 feet of depth. Their gross tonnage will be approximately 9,100. *Horace A. Stone* (schr.), at Jacksonville Sept. 30th for Porto Rico had a topmast shattered by lightning while in tow in the St. Johns River, Florida, Sept. 29th. *Isabel* (steamer) from New York for South Norwalk, struck a sunken obstruction night of Sept. 28 and sank in ten feet of water off Shippan Point, Conn.

**OCTOBER 14, 1915** — *Bassline* (tug) went on the rocks and sank off North Brother Island, New York on Oct. 11th. Lewes, Del. Oct. 6 — Tug *Coastwise*, which arrived at Delaware Breakwater at 8 AM towing barge *George Moon*, reports barge *Schuykikk*, which she also had in tow, sprang a leak and sank at 2:00 AM yesterday off Winter Quarter Lightship.

**OCTOBER 20, 1915** — The Merchant and Miners Transportation Co.'s steamer *Allegheny*, which has been sold to the Cayamel Fruit Co., of New Orleans, has been delivered to her new owners. She will be employed between Honduras and Gulf Ports. Barge *Tunnel Ridge*, which went ashore off Peaked Hill last April was burned October 13, and barge *Coleraine*, which went ashore at the same time was burned October 17 by the wreckers to get them out of the way of barge *Manheim*, which is nearby, in order that the *Manheim* could be floated. New York, Oct., 16 — A pilot house marked *Dova* drifted ashore 1 mile south of Hatteras Inlet life saving station on Oct. 15, apparently from barge *Dova*, abandoned Oct. 3rd Southeast of Fenwicks Island Shoal lightship.

**OCTOBER 27, 1915** — The steamship *Floridan* built by the Maryland Steel Co., for the American-Hawaiian S.S. Co., was launched at Sparrow's Point on Oct. 16th. She has a carrying capacity of 10,000 tons and a speed of 12 knots. She is a duplicate of the steamship *Washingtonian*, sunk off Fenwicks Island by collision with schooner *Elizabeth Palmer* some time ago.

**NOVEMBER 3, 1915** — The 36th Annual Commencement exercises of the New York Nautical School were held Oct. 30th in the New York Maritime Exchange, owing to the detention of the schoolship *Newport* at Balboa as a result of the slides in the Panama Canal. The forty-three members of the graduating class were examined on the ship before they left for New York on the Steamship *Panama*. Commodore J. W. Miller, Chairman of the Board of Governors, presided and presented the diplomas.

EARL C. PALMER

## HOAX....

(Continued from page 4)

The Coast Guard noted that the messages they sent were received, "by a quirk of atmosphere," only aboard the *Nancy Moran* and a pilot boat off the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. Neither receiver could get a strong

enough signal to turn on direction finders to fix the location of the originating radio.

The boy involved received a suspended sentence, and the older of the pair was sentenced to a Federal correctional institution for two to six years of treatment, training and schooling.

His mental capacity, the judge ruled, had not been fully developed.



**I**T WAS AROUND NOON last November 22 and the tug *Julia C. Moran* was waiting for a tanker off Staten Island. A small pilot boat launch, the familiar *West Bank* was approaching the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. Suddenly flames were seen spurting from the launch. Captain Bob Hayes on the *Julia* moved quickly, he headed out toward the burning craft, reporting his action to dispatcher George Minton at the same time. George immediately notified the Coast Guard and the Fire Department and asked the help of his mate — Jack Richards.

They sent the *Maira Moran* to the scene. She was in the Brooklyn area at the time. They also started the *Michael Moran* in motion toward the rescue area from her location in the Kills. The two other boats weren't needed, as it turned out, for the *Julia* got to the spot first and found the *West Bank's* crew of two standing on the prow of their burning craft. George Minton got a blow-by-blow description of what went on from the *Julia's* radio telephone. The pilot launch was a mass of flames as the *Julia* maneuvered around to pick her men off. They scrambled to safety with the nimbleness of mountain goats. Meanwhile the fire hose was working from the tug. It took about 20 minutes for it to get the fire down so that another Sandy Hook pilot boat, which had arrived on the scene, could take the burned-out craft in tow.

As the tow made its progress toward the pilot station at Pier 11, Staten Island, the *Julia C. Moran* remained alongside helping to keep the fire under control. Robert Dean and Bill Chambers were the two men rescued. Well done *Julia*, and nice going George.

ROBERT M. LOFTUS, manager, harbor sales, spoke not so long ago before the Propeller Club of the New York State Maritime College, Fort Schuyler, on the subject of the super barge. He also showed Jeff Blinn's new moving picture about our giant cement barges filmed on the voyage described in the latter's "Side Bitts" column. Mr. Loftus is a graduate of Fort Schuyler.

TWO MORAN TUGS went to assist the Fire Department in putting out a roaring pier fire in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn last October 22. John Grady, on our dumpboard at 37th Street and the East River, saw the flames and warned your editor's neighbor Eddie Johnson, assistant to Eugene F. Moran, Jr. Ed called Dispatcher George Minton who alerted Captain Dan Bodino on the *Maira Moran* and Captain Ray Poissant on the *Thomas*

*Moran*. A barge alongside the Brooklyn Eastern District Terminal started the blaze which was gotten under control by our port's fine fire fighters in no time at all.

JOHN WHITE, of our purchasing department, passed around some extra fine cigars last September, your editor being the grateful recipient of one, by way of announcing the arrival of a daughter. She was born at Cross County Hospital, Yonkers, September 11 at 0030 hours, weighing 7 lbs. 4 ozs. Her name: Martina Margaret White. Welcome aboard Martina.

You have heard of what the busman does on his holiday. You have seen us writing about the artist Albert Brenet. Did you ever expect to hear of Brenet writing about Moran. Well, he has done so, and a very fine article too. An enthusiastic article it is, with the noted painter's own pictures of the *African Neptune*, Farrell Lines, and his *Mormacplen*, of Moore-McCormack. Both paintings have been our covers. Six other sketches of Moran tugs and men are included. The article is about New York, and was published in "Neptunia", the outstanding quarterly of the Marine Museum of Paris. Your editor visited this magnificent museum last summer and was delighted to see a large number of very fine Brenet originals.

**CHEERFUL GOODBY** — Mrs. Charles (Joan) Taunton has had to leave us, and for a very good reason, a baby. Here she opens some of her "good-by party" presents back in our accounting department. Standing around her (left to right) are Diana Weidman, Fred Morgano, Marion Pyle, Jo Ann Bell, Virginia Sepe (your editor's right hand gal) and Margaret Craig. Joan was in her 14th year with Moran. She leaves behind her bright young nephew, our smiling office boy Eugene O'Donovan.



## 'Despite the Reprimands'

Gentlemen:

Much water has gone over the dam since I walked ashore the last time. During World War I, I was chief officer on the *Eurona*, of which Captain H. C. Jefferson was master. Later I was transferred to command the USAT *Chincha*. . . . In 1919 Captain Jefferson was promoted to general superintendent (Green Star Line) and I was taken ashore for his position of marine superintendent at New York, which I held until the company was dissolved. I then took command of the American Tobacco Company's *Norlina*. . . .

Recalling my years at sea brings a great sense of pleasure and a feeling of a job well done, despite the reprimands sometimes received from the "Old Man" for being over-zealous . . . very likely I deserved them.

I recall that the services of your tugs were frequently required in docking my ship at New York. Ah, those tugs have long since gone to the junk yards and more modern ones with greater horsepower have taken their places. . . .

Well, so much for the reminiscing of an old sailor — seventy-eight years old. After my retirement, a trip to Nova Scotia convinced me that was a good place to end my days, so here I am, hunting, fishing, making models of clipper ships and wood carving, and in my moments of resting, back again in shipping circles with *TOW LINE*, for which you have my sincere thanks.

CAPT. CHARLES B. KENNEY  
Thomasville, N. S.

## 'Read By All'

Dear Sir:

I am the master of the tug *Moorabool* in the Port of Geelong and while handling a deep draught tanker through the approach channels recently some copies of *TOW LINE* were put aboard the tug amongst other books. These were most popular and have been read by all our crew. I wondered whether you could forward a copy to me when they come out periodically . . .

I am enclosing a photo of *Moorabool*, which may interest you. The tug has been in service now for two months and was built in Adelaide, South Australia . . . It is the first large tug in Australia to be fitted with a GM 16 cylinder engine. All best wishes to the Moran tug company and personal.

CAPT. JOHN FREEMAN  
Geelong, Australia

## SIDE BITTS by Jeff Blinn

**T**HE MILKY WAY stretched diagonally to our course, a southerly wind had freshened considerably and we could feel the gentle, cushioned heave of the deck as if we were walking on sponge rubber. Out of the darkness, from the middle of this vast, steel plane — one sixth longer than a football field including the end zones — we could hear the faint throb of electric generators from one direction and the muted sound of waves split by the bow in the other. All else was hush.

We boarded the giant cement barge *Adelaide* twenty hours before in New York and within another sixteen we would see her made fast at the Atlantic Cement Company's big storage facility in South Norfolk, Virginia.



As we walked forward we could see the erratic path paved on the crests of choppy waves by a searchlight beam from the tug *M. Moran*. It stood watch the night on her tow line and the boiling wake beyond. From the bow of the barge our eye followed the links of an anchor chain fed through a chock set in its center to where a shackle held them taut to the towing wire which dipped into the dark flow of water.

In darkness too we had watched that wire being shackled-in in New York's Upper Bay. There the *M.* had moved from a pushing to a towing

position for the ocean leg of the voyage. Tomorrow, in Chesapeake Bay, she would shift back again for the two-hour push to Norfolk.

Only days before we had seen her push the *Alexandra*, a sister barge, 114 nautical miles up the Hudson River to the cement company's loading docks. In less than an hour the *M.* had turned her barge around in the river, docked her and was underway downstream with yet another barge, the *Angela*, loaded with some 15,000 tons of cement.

But we had observed similar, efficient arrivals and departures at the company's distribution points from Boston to Miami and had been aboard the *M.* and her counterpart the *Esther Moran* on several coastwise trips. We were aboard when the *M.* pushed the loaded *Angela* all the way to Boston from her Hudson River loading docks and then docked her in a snowstorm in 1962. We now wanted the 'feel' of the big barge at sea.

Like some huge flatiron the *Adelaide* was pressing an 80-foot swath down the ocean's back. From the stern we could see the white caps of the wind-whipped waves struggling against the turbulent smoothness of the dark water strip whose marginal edges ran parallel as far as the eye could see.

We mounted a low deckhouse and looked forward. Beyond twin rows of half a hundred round loading scuttles and above the slightly inclined forecastle the mast lights of the *M. Moran* waved and bobbed, disappearing and reappearing with the slow pitch of the barge's bow.

We could feel the throb of diesel engines below whose task it was to keep a constant current on the *Adelaide's* ship's-service line which powers the navigational lights, the automatic anchor winch, the ventilating system and other safeguards.

We were alone and yet not alone. *Adelaide* seemed perfectly able to take care of herself at sea however long the voyage. With her size and weight she did not have to fight the elements, that was being done for her by the bobbing powerhouse up ahead.

With utmost confidence in both sturdy vessels, the competently manned tug and the unmanned barge, we turned-in for the remainder of the night.

