TOW LINE

Fall 1971

ON THE COVER—

A PROMINENT FEATURE of Hapag-Lloyd's fast, North Atlantic containerships — *Mosel Express, Weser Express, Alster Express* and *Elbe Express*—is their extra high forecastle, which stands out in this colorful Tow Line cover painting of the *Mosel Express* by artist Albert Brenet.

The containerships' extra high forecastle is designed to protect, in heavy seas, the deck-stowed containers — limited to two-high stacking as a general practice.

To assure smoother sailing for all cargo, the big vessels are equipped with innovative, self-adjusting fin stabilizers.

In this on-the-spot painting, the *Mosel Express is* 'topping off' at her Elizabeth-Port Authority berth prior to a regular Friday sailing from New York to Northern European ports.

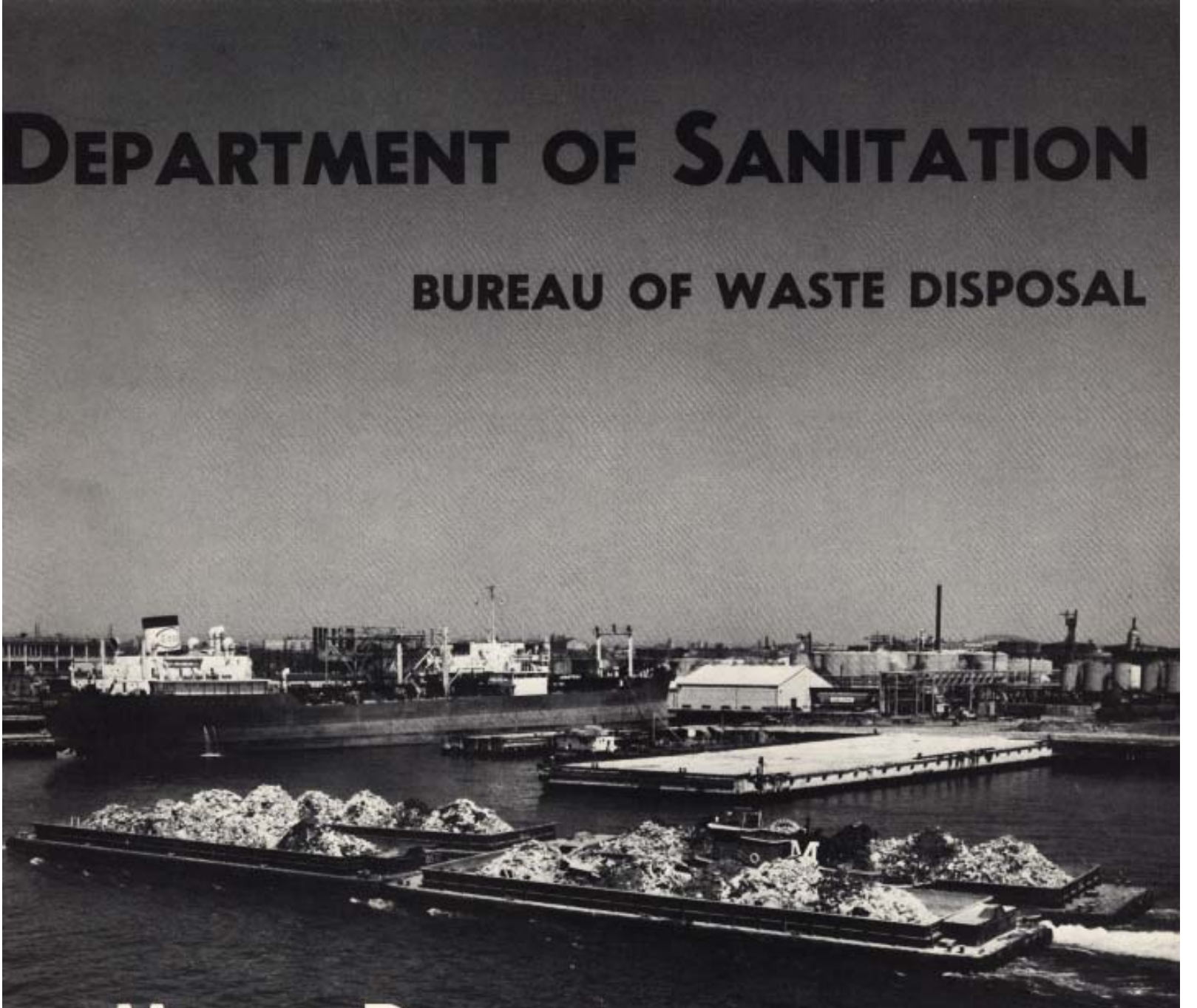
Hapag-Lloyd's future plans include expansion of their North Atlantic containership run to six vessels.

Artist Albert Brenet at work painting the *Mosel Express* at the Hapag-Lloyd Lines' terminal in the Port of New York.

IN THIS ISSUE

DEPARTMENT OF SANITATION

BUREAU OF WASTE DISPOSAL



MARINE DIVISION

TOW LINE

Vol. XXIV, No. 3 *Published by* *Fall 1971*

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Department of Sanitation, Bureau of Waste Disposal,

MARINE DIVISION

"LEAVING 135TH STREET with the *DS-51*", reports the voice of Captain Chester Skoldberg of tug *Barbara Moran*.

The call is received 'loud and clear' over the Sanitation Department's Marine Transportation Division radio at Fresh Kills, Staten Island.

"Ten four", responds veteran tug dispatcher Artie Smith in the radio code words for 'message received and understood'.

The dispatchers' modest office is a fully-enclosed cubicle perched on the corner of the roof of a cavernous building used as garage, storeroom and repair shop for huge bulldozers, earth movers, cranes and other outsize equipment of the Department of Sanitation's Bureau of Waste Disposal and as offices for the supervising personnel.

The room is reached by climbing a series of dusty, iron stairs. Its view is panoramic through iron-framed windows and its atmosphere is one of closed-in isolation heightened by the steady hum of air-conditioners. The sharp, sudden voice of the radio, the jangle of telephones, the scratch of a pencil and the steady perk of a coffee pot are familiar sounds we identify with tug dispatching.

"The action is here", states Frank Weierich, the energetic and enthusiastic Supervisor of the Marine Transportation Division. His long career with the Department of Sanitation began on its tugs.

Supervisor Weierich had returned from inspecting two new refuse barges just delivered from their builder's shipyard in New Orleans.

"We chose this site as our headquarters not for its comfort or convenience in commuting from home, but because this is the ultimate destination for all the Department's barges", Frank explains.

"We can see the tugs arrive with the loaded ones. We can see them placed and shifted under the diggers and we can see the empties depart."

Russell Tremaine

Disposal's Nautical Fleet

As a part of Chief Russell Tremaine's Bureau of Waste Disposal, the Marine Transportation Division is responsible for providing, maintaining and operating a fleet of 52 open-top barges in the transportation of waste material collected by the Bureau's Marine Transfer Stations to a huge, 3,000 acre 'land reclamation project' at Fresh Kills.

Almost half of New York City's daily average of some 23,000 tons of debris, including incinerator residue, is trucked to strategically located Marine Transfer Stations in the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Manhattan.

Upon arrival at two Marine Unloading Plants at Fresh Kills the refuse is transferred from barge to huge, Athey wagons, towed to a planned and prepared strip of land, dumped, bulldozed and sprayed with a disinfectant (orthodichlorobenzene), compacted by heavy equipment and, finally, covered with a two-foot layer of fresh earth.

Refuse Without End

Maintaining an uninterrupted flow of barges between the Marine Transfer Stations and the Marine Unloading Plants is of prime concern to Supervisor Weierich.

The Marine Transfer Stations require a constant supply of empty barges to assure the vast Bureau of Cleaning and Collection and other users of the facility a steady return flow of empty trucks.

The two Marine Unloading Plants at Fresh Kills require an uninterrupted flow of refuse-laden barges to assure their continuous land-fill operations.

Through all the seasons of the year, and in spite of fog or other weather conditions which inhibit the movement of barges through the harbor, the City's refuse must be disposed of without stop—and in a sanitary manner.

The Role of Tugs

Since September 30, 1968, when the City abandoned its own fleet of tugs for economic reasons, towing refuse barges under private contract has proved to be both dependable and advantageous.

The cost of marine transportation of the City's refuse, acording to a Department of Sanitation spokesman, is a small fraction of the per ton cost when transported by truck.

It is Chief Russell Tremaine's Operations Control Office at 125 Worth Street, Manhattan that plans the logistics for the entire Bureau of Waste Disposal, and orders for the daily requirement of refuse barges are issued from there. But the daily average of 36 barge movements is planned by the Marine Transportation Division's dispatchers and the three Moran Towing Corporation's tugs follow their orders.

"They report *on time* every Monday morning", Frank cuts in on our thoughts, "to whatever spot we had scheduled for them the night before."

The Department of Sanitation's Marine Division works a six-day, 'round-the-clock week with Sundays

off—if bad weather, holidays or some other weekday loss of time doesn't occur.

"If it's low water at Fresh Kills that Monday morning", Frank continues, "they may be all ordered to transfer stations."

Tide plays a large part in the planning of tug and barge movements throughout the harbor, especially in the East River where the tide runs strongest. To move against the tide is to operate inefficiently.

"There's the *Martha (Moran)* with four loaded ones", as Artie indicates the tug and barges coming down Arthur Kill through the window to his left.

On the dispatcher's desk, between the radio and three telephones, is a chart marked off in squares bearing the numbers of each of the division's barges and penciled notations of their locations.

We also note three log books with the familiar names of *Barbara Moran, Marion Moran* and *Martha Moran* on their covers. The work these tugs do is carefully recorded.

"I've had calls from tugs saying they were stuck at a certain point in the harbor, in fog", Supervisor Weierich smiles.

" 'It's clear here at Fresh Kills,' I would say, but I'd hop in the car and drive down to the area. Sure enough, there'd be a pocket of thick fog at that spot and I'd have to make other plans."

Barge Maintenance Unit

Half of the Marine Transportation Division staff of 27 men is assigned to the Barge Maintenance Unit. This is an especially trained "flying squad" constantly available for emergencies, should a barge be in danger of sinking or on fire.

Trained in the technique of damage control, welding and minor repairing to the fleet of barges, they work wherever the barges may be. They supply lines to the Marine Transfer Stations and to the barges for use in their towing and shifting and, periodically, prepare barges for major shipyard work.

Fire is a real danger in the transportation of the City's refuse. Smouldering material is almost impossible to detect before it is dumped into a barge. Marine Transfer Stations and Incinerators wet down the refuse and residue with sprinkler systems but smouldering debris may still be aerated during the barge's journey through the harbor and begin burning. The Barge Maintenance Unit is called.

Barge sinkings are a rarity for barges are frequently inspected and the maintenance unit is always prepared to apply emergency measures. But they receive hard and constant use. Everything from wrecked automobiles to refrigerators and corrosive materials are dumped daily into their waiting holds. To protect their vulnerable inner-bottoms, which receive the brunt of dumped loads as well as the blows of the digger bucket in unloading, steel rails are installed athwartship and the whole coated with tar.

Quick Turnabout

From our vantage point in the dispatching office we watched the *Martha Moran* swing her four barges heaped with refuse around the S-curved entrance to Fresh Kills from the Arthur Kill waterway and neatly position them in a spot under the Plant 1 digger—the emptied barges having been moved forward out of the way.

"That's Plant 2, beyond the bridge", Frank Weierich points to a low bridge spanning the waterway about a half mile away.

We see what appears to be a new highway bridge. But there is no highway, only land-fill areas on both sides. Built some time ago, it is still waiting, we presume, for the coming of Staten Island's new West Shore Expressway.

"There's hardly enough room under it for a loaded barge", he continues, "and it limits the height of your towing tugs."

The load height of refuse on the barges is controlled by the Marine Transfer Stations who are aware of two considerations: the limit placed upon the height of the tug's pilothouse by the Fresh Kills bridge—the tug captain must be able to see to navigate—and the prevention of debris being blown overboard into the harbor while in transit.

By this time the *Martha* has finished the placing of the loaded barges and is passing under the bridge to Plant 2, a mile away, to pick up

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arine Division . . .

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pties for the return trip to the arine Transfer Stations.

Marine Transfer Stations

We were with the very congenial nior Superintendent of the Depart-ent of Sanitation's Marine Transfer ations, Edward Stevens, when tug *'arion Moran* arrived at the North ore station at College Point with o empty barges.

Against the roar of the nearby La-uardia Airport traffic, sanitation en at the station were busy winching fully-loaded barge out of its north ide loading berth to make room for he empties.

"It's easier here (shifting barges) han at some of the stations where the ide runs fairly strong", the superin-endent comments.

We were engrossed watching the skillful use of several lines and a power winch to apply force and lever-age in swinging the cumbersome barge out of the slip and nestling it along the face of the dock. It would be a risky procedure for an inexperienced line-handler.

Captain Peter Gale, on duty on the *Marion Moran,* then placed the two empty barges, end-to-end, into the vacant loading berth and made ready to tow a pair of loaded ones south.

Marine Transfer Stations, an important part of New York City's Department of Sanitation, provide a convenient means for the disposal of refuse trucked by its Cleaning and Collection Bureau, other city departments, state and federal agencies and private concerns.

Each Marine Transfer Station is similar to the other. There is a roadway ramp access for trucks, a scale for weighing the truck and load, openings or pockets in the floor of the building through which the refuse can be dumped into the waiting barges below and ample turn-around space for returning trucks.

"We have 125 men and 50 officers in the Division of Marine Transfer Stations", Ed Stevens continues, "and eight out of nine stations working six days a week."

The West 59th Street Station on the Hudson River needs repair but two others serve the west side of Manhattan: West 135th Street and Gansevoort Street Stations. There is another station on the East River at East 91st Street.

"The Greenpoint Station on Newtown Creek, which takes the adjoining incinerator's residue, gives us our heaviest loads", Ed says as we note a shower of 'Park Department green' (grass) going into the half-empty barge in the southside loading berth. "But this station (North Shore) comes in a good second."

The North Shore station is the only one in the Borough of Queens and the South Bronx station, just across the wide expanse of the upper East River, is the only Marine Transfer Station in that borough.

"Most of our stations handle about 150 truckloads of refuse a day", Superintendent Stevens continues, "which fill 1½ to 2 barges, and five marine stations take incinerator residue."

The Bureau of Waste Disposal employs some 870 sanitation men and officers in its eight incinerators located in Brooklyn, Queens and Manhattan. Incineration, which reduces the original volume of burnable waste by almost 80% is the most costly method of disposal.

Increasing scarcity of potential landfill sites and the prohibition on dumping municipal refuse at sea by a 1934 Supreme Court decision demanded the use of incineration.

"Our newest Marine Transfer Station, built in the early 1960's, is in southwest Brooklyn at Bay 41st Street on Gravesend Bay", Stevens informs us, "and, like Greenpoint, its adjoining incinerator's residue is carried to Fresh Kills."

At Hamilton Avenue on Gowannus Creek another new incinerator is serviced by the Marine Transfer Station at 52nd Street, Brooklyn.

We watch the *Marion Moran* leave the busy North Shore station with her tow of loaded barges bound for Fresh Kills, 24 miles by water away.

Marine Unloading

The Bureau of Waste Disposal's Marine Unloading Division has the primary responsibility of unloading the refuse barges at Fresh Kills, conveying the debris to designated fill areas, dumping, bull-dozing, disinfecting and covering with a layer of fresh earth to contours established by engineers of the City's Department of Parks.

This Division also prepares the site for filling by draining ponds, digging and maintaining some 15 miles of drainage ditches and by building its own roads and wooden bridges to provide access to active banks.

Maintenance of the Marine Unloading Division's equipment, huge Athey wagons, tractors, bull-dozers, carryalls, cranes and hoisting machinery, is done in its own shops. Parts that are unobtainable elsewhere are forged, machined and replaced with minimal interruption to unloading operations. Tools are more often made than purchased and surplus sales throughout the city are combed for useful supplies.

Supervising Superintendent Bill Criaris, a 28-year veteran of the Bureau of Waste Disposal, is responsible for the 400-man Marine Unloading Division. He joined the Department of Sanitation in the early 1940's and looks as fit today as when he passed the rather severe 'Superman tests' required by the Department at that time.

"The city ceased dumping refuse far out at sea in 1934", Bill informs us, "and filling at Fresh Kills began in 1948.

"Original plans called for this project to be completed in 1975 but, as things now stand, we are asking for more elevation from the City Planning Commission", he continues.

Refuse from our growing city has increased greatly and possible land-fill areas are practically non-existent. One foot of elevation in the Fresh Kills land-fill will add another year to the dumping operations.

Except for the actual working areas, much of Fresh Kills is green with a flourishing coat of growth supporting an increasing population of desirable wildlife. Bright, yellow sunflowers grace the older dumping areas during the summer months and pheasants or quail may be seen scurrying into the underbrush in the fall.

The City's refuse makes fertile soil and even the waters of Fresh Kills are recovering from the onslaught of industry decades ago.

"Fresh Kills used to be an excellent crabbing area", Bill Criaris points out, "and now they are slowly but decidedly returning. The waters here are now full of 'killies' (kilifish), which is a welcome improvement."

In the movement of refuse from the Marine Transfer Stations to its un-

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The Versatile Cranes of M. J. Rudolph Co.

"SURE, GO RIGHT DOWN TO THE PIER", was the cheerful response of Captain Dino Savastio, Marine Superintendent at the busy Moore-McCormack Lines' 23rd Street, Brooklyn terminal, "and you'll find the *R-12* working the *Mormacvega,* on the south side."

The *R-12* is the newest, largest, fully-revolving floating crane in New York harbor and the 'flagship' of the M. J. Rudolph Company's fleet of floating cranes.

Our serious 'crane watching' began after the *R-12*'s arrival in New York from Port Deposit, Maryland where the Wiley Manufacturing Company built the huge, steel barge upon which it was erected in 1970.

At the former Brooklyn Army Base, now a commercial ship terminal, we had first watched the mighty *R-12* lift heavy locomotives from railroad carfloats. It carried them easily and deposited them gently on the deck of a huge ship, reaching to both its on-shore and off-shore sides.

We had stood on a dockside at Port Newark, mesmerized by the *R-12*'s rhythmical swing of its big, 12 cubic yard capacity clamshell bucket as it ceaselessly unloaded a giant ore carrier.

On another day we crane-watched the *R-12* clamorously grapple a mountain of scrap iron into the cavernous holds of a great bulk carrier at the Elizabeth-Port Authority terminal —at a rate of 350 to 400 tons an hour, we were told.

But ground level viewing at a distance was not enough. Our admiration for the machinery of the *R-12*, for the work it was able to do and for the skill required of its operator, soon demanded a closer look.

We petitioned James Rudolph, the young vice-president and secretary of the family-owned bulk stevedoring

company, at his Sackett Street, Brooklyn office and received permission to board the *R-12*.

A Bird's Eye View

Our day of boarding was in August. The versatile *R-12* had been assigned to discharge deck cargos of 20 and 40-foot containers from two of Moore-McCormack Lines' new, modern, combination cargoliners.

A Moran tug had earlier placed the bright, red-painted *R-12* alongside the *Mormacvega* so its black, 120-foot boom soared over the stern deckload of containers, stacked three high.

"So you want to see how it's done from my seat", greets John Giordano, the *R-12*'s stocky crane operator as we clamber down a ladder reaching over the side of the *Mormacvega* to the steel deck of the crane barge below.

When John Giordano boarded his first Rudolph crane in January 1961, he came with twenty-two years' experience in the operation of cranes and other construction excavating machinery. As the Rudolphs added new cranes to their fleet, John was assigned to operate them. He 'brought out' their *R-5* and *R-6*, both diesel-powered floating cranes, each with a lifting capacity of 45 tons. With the new *R-12* John can now lift 80 tons or more.

We climbed a verticle steel ladder to the crane's operating cab, the height of a four-story building, where we could watch the longshoremen working on the *Mormacvega*. They had just begun to remove the sea stays from the deckloaded containers, freeing them for lifting.

"This is a great crane", John exclaims, waving his arm at the tall boom towering above us, "designed with great lifting power and great span."

Pointing below, "The boom's heel pins are 34 feet above water level", he continues, "which gives the boom more than 150 feet of height and the ability to reach all the way across the decks of most ships."

This long reach of the *R-12*'s boom added to its unimpeded 360 degree swing (a basic design requirement of all Rudolph floating cranes) allow an

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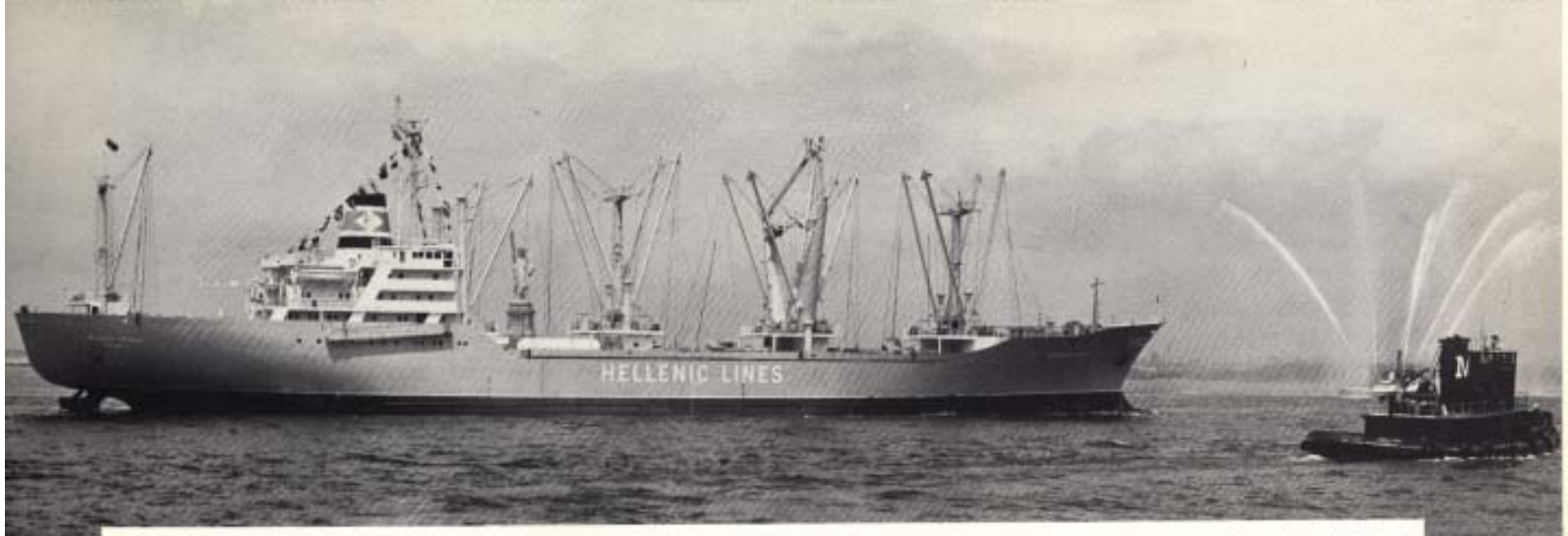
SHIPS in the NEWS

RHMS ATLANTIS, newly rebuilt, redecorated and staffed under Chandris America Lines' successful concept of luxury shipboard holiday living, followed her maiden New York arrival (June 29) with a series of week-long cruises to Freeport and Nassau. Termed by her proud owners "The Cruise Ship of the 70's", the former *President Roosevelt* of American President Lines, continues Caribbean area cruises from Freeport, Bahamas during the winter and spring months with connecting charter flights to major North American cities. Among the *Atlantis'* New York Harbor Welcome greeters (photo, right) were John S. Bull, President Moran Towing & Transportation Company; Howard C. Miller, Vice President, International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation (Chandris America Lines affiliate) and James C. Murphy, President, Chandris New York, Inc.



TWELVE NEW CARGOLINERS to join the Hellenic Lines Ltd. fleet by the Fall of 1972 were led by the 14,800 dwt *Hellenic Pride*'s maiden arrival in New York August 2nd. While equipped to carry 152 cargo containers, the 20-knot *Hellenic Pride* is primarily designed for general, refrigerated and liquid cargo. A 100-ton-capacity Stulcken crane is provided for heavy lifts. Five similar motorships are on order from the Wartsila Shipyard in Turku, Finland and six will be constructed at the Hellenic Shipyard in Piraeus, Greece. All vessels are to be air-conditioned and fitted with first-class accommodations for twelve passengers. Among the officials greeting the *Hellenic Pride*'s arrival in New York from tug *Teresa Moran* (photo, below) left to right, C. N. Velokas, Inward Traffic Manager (Eastern Area); A. Voulgaris, Operations Manager; P. G. Callimanopulos, General Manager of Hellenic Lines, Ltd. and Edmond J. Moran, Jr. of the Moran Towing & Transportation Co., Inc.

M.S. RIO DE LA PLATA (photo below) received a New York harbor welcome July 15. The 10,900 g.t., general cargo vessel is the first of fourteen new cargoliners to join the Empresa Lineas Maritimas Argentinas during the next two years. Captain Mario Franzini, General Delegate of the line, expects the second vessel, the *Rio Parana*, to make her debut by the end of this year.

Marine Division . . .

(Continued from page 7)

loading at Fresh Kills, the Bureau of Waste Disposal is especially careful of accidental spillage into the waters surrounding New York. It is almost impossible to completely control wind-blown losses but at Fresh Kills a new recovery operation will soon be underway.

At the moment of this writing Superintendent Criaris is awaiting delivery from England of an especially-built barge, designed to retrieve refuse in a perforated bow scoop. Called the *Water Witch,* its use at Fresh Kills should greatly improve the waterway's ecology.

The Diggers

The 'diggers' are stationary cranes housed with their machinery at the waterside of Plant 1 and Plant 2. The cranes, with their 10-cubic-yard-capacity buckets attached to steel cables, are of sufficient height, reach and swing to unload the refuse barges on one side and to load the huge Athey wagons on the other.

"Our Plant 1 digger was electrified in 1958", states Criaris, "but the steam-powered digger at Plant 2 is a real collector's item."

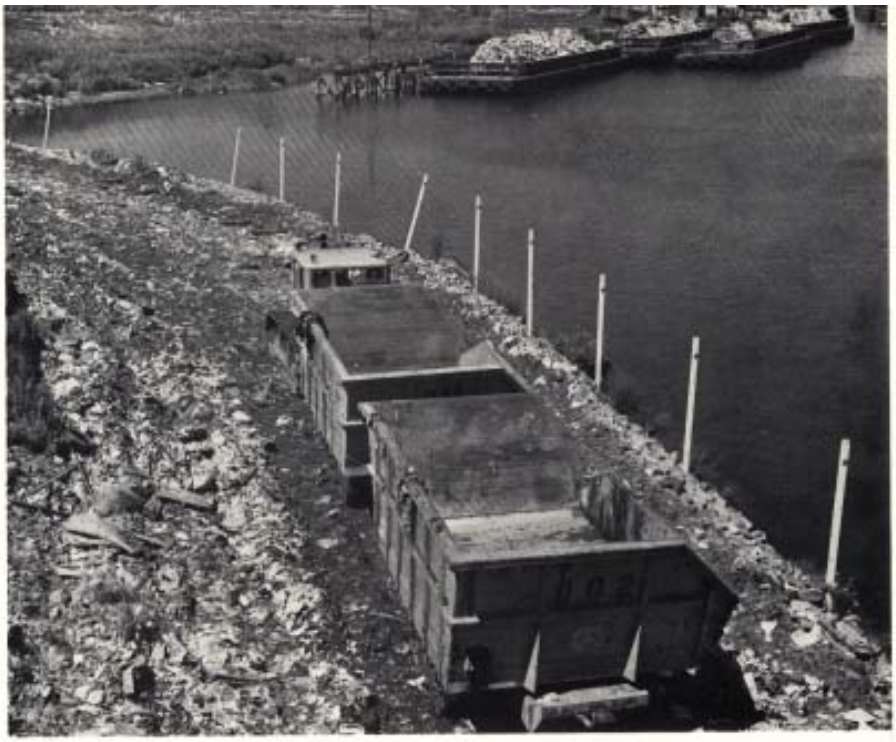
Lettering cast into the massive, iron base of the machine, we noted later, identified it as a product of *Lambert Hoisting Engineering Company, Newark, N.J.,* a long extinct concern.

The hoist was used, we were told, on Rikers Island during the construction of LaGuardia Airport—opened by the City of New York December 2, 1939—and, later, in the creation of Great Kills Park on Staten Island.

Two men with the title of 'Captain-Engineer' operate the Plant 2 digger; one digs the refuse out of the barge and the other swings the load over to the waiting Athey wagons, working in perfect unison. The Plant 1 digger has a single operator.

Athey wagons have a capacity of 60 cubic yards of refuse and, at each plant, two are towed at a time by tractor to an 'active bank' more than a mile away and hydraulically dumped.

Weather is not much of a factor in



the Marine Unloading Division's operations, according to Supervising Superintendent Criaris, with one exception—fog.

"When we have a thick fog, especially at night", Criaris admits, "the tractor operators are hard put to find the dumping point. They shut off their engines and listen for the sound of the bull-dozers. Sometimes they have to give up and walk back to the plant following their own tracks"

Looking Ahead

At the present time at Fresh Kills a new bulkhead is being installed at Plant 1 and a cat-walk for Plant 2. A new and more modern digger is in the planning stage for future operations.

"We would like to dredge out the straight channel into Arthur Kill", asserts Criaris, "and eliminate the S-curved channel, now used by the tugs. We could then fill in and create a considerable new area of land."

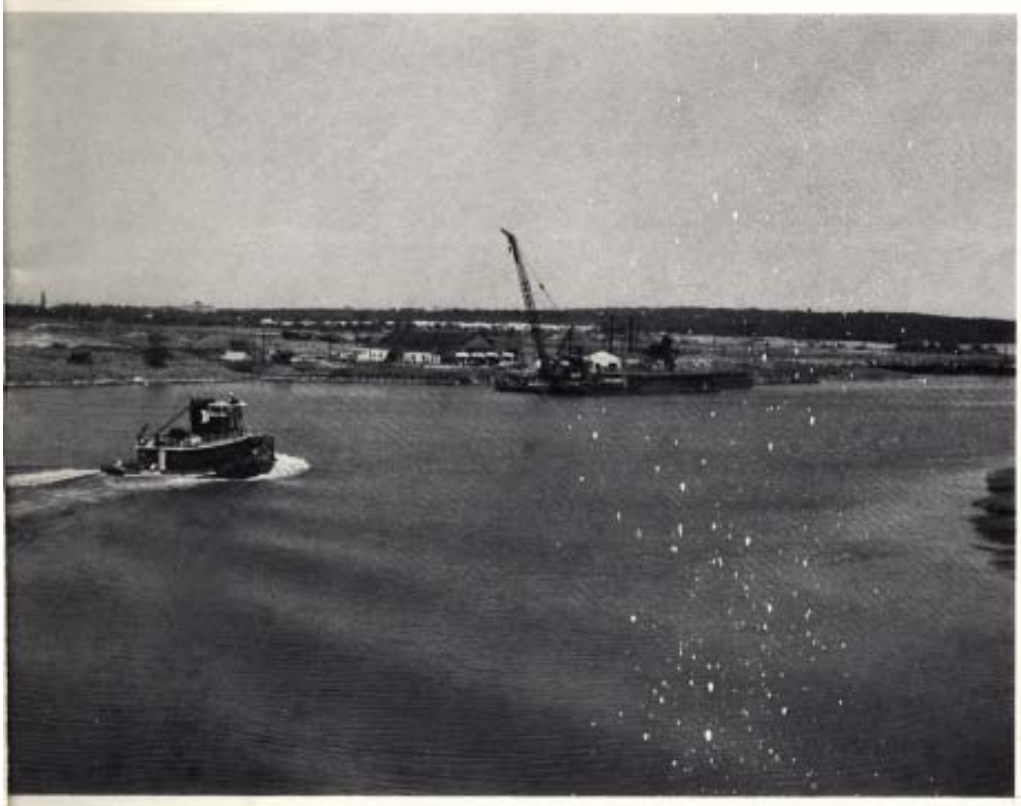
The area of land would include a low, marsh bank called the Island of Meadows which has no useful purpose at present.

This drive to create new real estate by filling in lowlands has added some 11% to the land area of New York City over the years. Refuse fill created Flushing Meadow Park, site of the World's Fair, Orchard Beach and Great Kills Park. Much of the John F. Kennedy International Airport and LaGuardia Airport is land fill. Real estate of enormous value in Downtown Manhattan has been and still is being created by land fill.

But large areas available to the Department of Sanitation's Bureau of Waste Disposal are fast disappearing. Fresh Kills on Staten Island, Pelham Bay in the Bronx and Fountain Avenue in Brooklyn may all be fully filled by 1975.

Alternate means of refuse disposal is being explored on all fronts: haulage to more distant landfills, abandoned quarries or mines; development of more efficient and cleaner incinerators; composting for use as land fertilizer; compacting for use as building blocks and many other ideas which, up to now, are either too costly, unacceptable to ecologists or undeveloped by technologists.

Whatever the solution may be, the hard-working Department of Sanitation and its Bureau of Waste Disposal and, we hope, the service of Moran tugs will continue to keep New York City a better place in which to live.



RECOMMENDED READING

THE LIBERTY SHIPS by L. A. Sawyer and W. H. Mitchell. Published by Cornell Maritime Press, Inc., Cambridge, Maryland 21613, 1971. Price: $10.75.

IT SEEMS A CENTURY AGO but America's great shipbuilding effort of World War II is only three decades past. It is now history and well worth recording. This new Sawyer & Mitchell book is an excellent beginning for a study that may well produce hundreds of future books. Over 2,700 Liberty ships of all types were built—the largest shipbuilding effort of all time. This work is a catalogue of these ships (nearly every one) as they were produced by many old established yards and by the new shipbuilding plants created to build them. British authors Sawyer & Mitchell deserve a hearty 'A' for their effort in tracking down these 'ugly ducklings', as President Franklin D. Roosevelt first called them. The book's historical introduction describes how the 1936 Merchant Marine Act laid a good groundwork for the wartime ship construction program and tells how the British-designed 'Ocean' type vessel set the stage for the American Liberty ship effort. It is unfortunate that the design work and other substantial contributions made by William Francis Gibbs to both the 'Ocean' program and the Liberty ship effort was not more widely publicized. Gibbs' work in establishing standards, handling purchasing and planning for the entire Liberty ship program is not widely known. But it was vital to the success of the effort. Sawyer & Mitchell summarize the long range importance of the Liberty ship in this way: "The Liberty ship is the type of vessel which, in its hundreds, is accredited with saving not only Britain, not only the Allied cause, but the whole world from disaster—for there was a grave fear that the war might be lost simply because Allied lifelines were stretched almost beyond limit owing to an insufficient number of ships." Fifty good photographs, three excellent side elevations and deck plans and a good index add depth to this study. Many of the 2,700 Liberty ships are merely listed, their final fate given where it was known by the authors. Others have expanded paragraphs of history. Little of the wartime exploits of the vessels is given but many are followed through their various owners, hull modifications or complete reconstructions to their final fate. The Liberty ship named for the founder of the Moran Towing Corporation, the *Michael Moran,* is listed with fate 'unknown'. If the authors had been on TOW LINE mailing list, they would have read in one issue that the *Michael Moran* was eventually loaded with unwanted ammunition and deliberately sunk by the Navy June 21, 1958—a sad end for a worthy vessel.

F.O.B.

Cranes . . . .

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exceptional operating flexibility over a wide variety of assignments.

"The *R-12* is powered by two diesel engines", John adds, settling into his 'catbird' seat of almost unlimited visibility.

"Power for our hoisting comes directly from a 16-cylinder, V-type engine of 650 horsepower. The swing is electric and a 6-cylinder engine runs a generator to power the swing motors."

Through John Giordano's glass-enclosed operating cab we could look down on the deck of the *Mormacvega,* across the wide shed of the 23rd Street pier to Manhattan's skyline in the distance or up the two-part cable to the tip of the boom.

Across the slip behind us was the marshalling area for the Moore-McCormack Lines' containers we were about to unload.

Communication: the Key

"On this kind of work I take my orders from the signalman", John nods toward a figure wearing a protective helmet standing below, "who is a longshoreman winch operator."

The signalman raises his arm vertically over his head and, making the motion of unscrewing a lightbulb, signals the *R-12* into action.

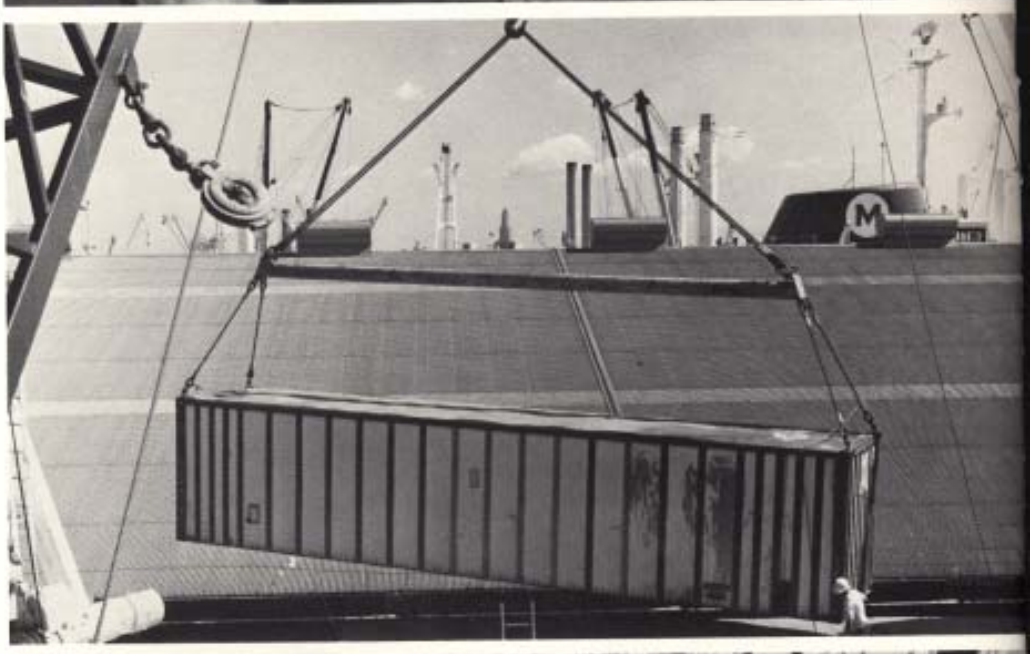
A 'spreader'—a simple tool for lifting cargo, made up of a steel bar and short lengths of cable—has been attached to a hook on the crane's two-part block at the dockside and is raised to the top of the uppermost container on the *Mormacvega*'s deck.

John Giordano, in his lofty cab, sees and interprets the slightest finger movements, the arm movements and the body gestures of the signalman with uncanny accuracy.

"There is no language barrier in my line of work", John explains, although we were aware that gestures, not words, were the coin of waterfront communication.

However, there are 'dialects' even in this visual communication.

"On a job like this, unloading a ship, I might get a new signalman every hour", John mentions a 'problem', "and the new fellow may be



more or less emphatic with his hands. And when they forget to take off their work-gloves, it's a different ball game."

The small cargo hooks attached to the spreader have been secured into the corner fittings of a 40-foot container by longshoremen who scramble off on ladders. The signalman again raises his arm, the *R-12* snorts into action and the container, which may contain 30 tons or more of cargo, is raised high over the deck.

All of the big *R-12*'s movements are controlled by activating an array of knobs, levers, buttons and a pair of foot pedals—all within reach of the seated operator in the glass-enclosed cab.

On the ship's deck below, the signalman gestures the container across the width of the *Mormacvega*, and John Giordano cautiously swings the great crane, continues to lift the container and lowers the long boom simultaneously.

The tall exhaust pipes of the *R-12*'s diesel engines roar, the crane tilts slightly with its steel barge and the operator—sitting like an organist at a console—moves arms and legs to the rhythm of the work. Some controls, electrically operated, function silently but others, motivated by compressed air, hiss under their own dimension of sound.

The signalman's arm, now outstretched and motionless, stops the boom with its dangling container over a narrow area between the side of the ship and the pier shed.

Below our line of sight from the *R-12*, a wheeled van chassis had been driven onto the edge of the pier and was waiting to receive the 40-foot container.

Although now hidden from his view, John Giordano slowly lowers the container onto the four positioning pins of the chassis by accurately 'reading' a series of hand signals relayed from below.

"Under ideal operating conditions, where we have a lot of room and everything clicks", John turns with a smile, "we can discharge 22 containers an hour, easily."

The engines of the big *R-12* alternately roar and purr as container after container is lifted, placed on a chassis and driven to Moore-McCormack's marshalling yard.

We watch John Giordano's hands work swiftly and the crane respond gently to the weight of each box. We see the long boom relax after each transport and return quickly for the next.

The scene is one of synchronous efforts of men and machine and, as we conclude our 'crane watching' of the *R-12*, we wonder where we'll find M. J. Rudolph's 'flagship' next.

Moran tugs transport the huge crane, usually at night, (and are aware that the high boom must be lowered to clear the Brooklyn Bridge, for instance,) to the location of each new work assignment—somewhere in the Greater New York port area.

"I never know what the *R-12*'s going to be doing next", John shakes our hand during a pause in the work, "but they usually tell me where to find her."

Celebrated Shipmasters

A WHITE-CLAD FIGURE strides smartly down the gangplank and disappears in the far shadows of the long pier.

The early morning New York air hangs heavy over Pier 90 after a summer's night shower and the strong, red-with-white-'M'-on-their-stacks Moran tugs have returned to other chores in the North River.

Excited sounds escape from the bright interior of the resplendent *Oceanic* and we catch glimpses of souvenir-laden passengers soon to make their reluctant departure at the end of a West Indies cruise.

Learning our purpose for being at dockside, a Home Lines' official turns and remarks, "He always telephones his wife when he arrives in port. He'll be right back."

It was Saturday morning. Saturday afternoon the popular *Oceanic* would sail again to the West Indies. The time in port is short.

Ten minutes later we were in the neat, office-sitting-room accepting a *cappuccino* from the Master of Home Lines' flagship, *Oceanic*.

Captain Giovanni Ruffini is a warm, gracious host whose father was a harbormaster in Southern Italy where Giovanni was born in 1914.

"My father wanted me to become a diplomat," recalls Captain Ruffini with a smile, "but I preferred the sea from the beginning."

Summer vacations from school were spent on or near the water culminating in an apprenticeship on an Italian, three-masted schooner at fourteen.

"I remember the schooner's semi-diesel engine. Its two cylinder heads had to be heated glowing red with a blow torch to reach combustion. Once started, it would move us along about six knots."

After graduating from the famous Leghorn Naval School in Tuscany, Italy and receiving a Maritime Commerce Degree from the University of Naples, Giovanni Ruffini served as an officer in the Italian Navy and, later, advanced to First Officer in the Merchant Marine.

It was as First Mate that Captain Ruffini joined the *Argentina* (former Bergensfjord) of Home Lines in 1946.

Capt. Giovanni Ruffini

"I will celebrate my 25th Anniversary with Home Lines on September 23rd," Captain Ruffini proudly announces, "and it has been a very pleasant association."

In three years he was named Master of the *Argentina*, becoming at the age of 35 the youngest Master of a trans-Atlantic passenger liner at the time.

But a special niche is reserved in his memory for his next command: the *Atlantic*. An American girl with the attractive name of Daria Muzyka, a passenger, ignited a new passion in the seafarer's life in 1954. They married on September 16, 1955 in New York.

The Ruffini's are apartment dwellers who regard 'just being at home' a vacation, although 'when school is out' Mrs. Ruffini and the children may join the Captain on an *Oceanic* voyage.

"My Nina is fourteen and John is thirteen." Captain Ruffini explains that 'Nina" is the feminine equivalent of 'Nino,' a name which he carried through childhood. And, of course, 'John' is the Americanization of Giovani.

"Nina is now in Genoa visiting my father," Ruffini adds.

Home Lines' *Homeric* became his command in 1955 and in 1961, the *Italia*, two great ships holding fond memories for thousands of passengers.

Perhaps the captain's proudest moment came when he brought the splendid, new *Oceanic* into New York on her maiden arrival April 14, 1965.

"New York is one of few ports in the world where a ship master doesn't worry about tug service," Captain Ruffini smiles, "Moran tugs were there to greet us and have rendered excellent assistance ever since."

The Captain's pleasure in music is symphonic and, although he plays no musical instrument, he once organized an orchestra for local entertainment.

For many years the Captain has been an accomplished amateur photographer, developing and printing his own photographs aboard ship. However, his voyages over the past ten years have been in the cruise trade with only two trans-Atlantic crossings, leaving little time for the pursuit of his hobby.

Captain Ruffini's second language is French (although his English is impeccable) and he is conversant with Spanish. He is an avid reader but not of fiction, preferring to keep pace with current events, history and politics.

Still mindful that the Captain's time in port is short we conclude our interview on a note of nostalgia viz. Italy.

"My last visit to Italy was three years ago," Captain Ruffini sighs, "and I think it's about time for another one."

ASHORE AND AFLOAT

EDWIN 'DUTCH' HEISER was pleasantly surprised when he discovered that the flags decorating tug *Marie Moran* from stem to stern were in his honor.

'A maiden arrival of a new ship,' he thought all that morning as he went about his usual chores as deckhand on the *Marie Moran*.

Shortly before noontime, as the *Marie* pulled into Pier 1, North River, Dutch tossed a line over the bulkhead bollard still thinking, "Now we're going to take aboard a welcoming party for the new ship."

It was the crew of the *Marie Moran* who planned and kept secret their small party for an esteemed shipmate who was about to retire after nearly fifty years with the Moran company.

First of the 'welcoming party' to arrive from shore was one of Dutch's shipmates from 'the old days,' Captain Joseph O'Hare, President, United Marine Division, Local 333, NMU—the tugmen's union.

Soon to follow were Martin J. Carroll, Vice President, Moran Towing Corporation and George E. Minton, Jr., Ass't. Manager, Harbor Operations.

"Dutch," called out Captain Jimmy Smith, Mate on the *Marie Moran*, "comb your hair and come back here on the stern."

A few gift-wrapped packages lay on the top of a line box.

Dutch looks at his shipmates, from one to the other of their broad grins.

"My gosh," he exclaims, "the flags, they're for ME."

Nearly fifty years ago in 1922, a young man of seventeen stood idly gazing at the tall sailing ships—still berthed at South Street in New Yorks East River—when he felt a tap on the shoulder and heard a gruff voice in his ear.

"Know how to fire a tug, son?", asked the engineer of the coal-burning tug *Schnectady*, tied alongside Pier 5.

"Sure," quickly responded Edwin Heiser.

That quick answer marked the beginning of a long and mutually rewarding relationship between the prospering Moran Towing Company and the ex-farm boy from Pennsylvania who knew what he wanted.

August 31, 1971 Edwin 'Dutch' Heiser retired, looking as fit as most men a decade or so younger than his sixty-six years. A modest man, he allowed us a few glimpses into his early life.

Dutch was born in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania (July 31, 1905) into a large family of farmers. His grandparents had settled into the picturesque area from Holland.

But very early in his life Dutch found farming not to his liking.

"I wanted a bicycle," said Dutch, recalling the straw that broke his family ties, "but my father said, 'Definitely, no'."

Undaunted, young Edwin hired himself out, bought the bicycle and pedalled away from parental restrictions. The year: 1919.

(Continued on page 18)

CAPTAIN JOSEPH O'HARE, President, United Marine Division, Local 333, NMU presents the union's 'Golden Retirement Union Card' to Edwin 'Dutch' Heiser aboard tug *Marie Moran* as shipmates ashore and afloat look on. In photo, from left to right, are Peter Perrotti, Captain Joseph O'Hare, Martin J. Carroll, Edwin 'Dutch' Heiser, George E. Minton, Jr., Captain Jimmy Smith, Captain James Monahan and Chief Engineer Gunnar Johansen. Photo, above, 'Dutch' displaying the symbols of his trade: a golden chipping hammer and wire brush.

"I rode for three days," Dutch continued, "all the way to Huntington, West Virginia."

A temporary job as a carnival tent man and Crack-the-whip operator ended with the news that Henry Ford was paying five dollars for an eight-hour day in a city up north called Detroit.

"My contribution as a mold press operator," he grinned, "was the right, front fender of the 1920 model."

Boarding a small passenger ship in Detroit, Dutch and a friend fell down a laundry chute in their search to avoid paying passage.

"Not very smart," Dutch admitted, "but it was the first ship I had ever been on and I thought all doors led to rooms."

Initiated, as it were, to shipboard life, Dutch took a job as coal-passer on the side-wheeler *Shenandoah,* owned by C. & D. Line of Buffalo.

A berth as fireman on the *Isphiming,* a Great Lakes ore ship of the Cleveland Cliff Steamship Company was a 'fine job'—only he missed the ship in Buffalo.

The young mariner's next port o' call was New York City where he became a Moran tugman, found the work and friends to his liking and never 'missed the boat' again.

Dutch's first decade with Moran's off-shore tugs took him to foreign ports for the first time. At times he was away from home port six months or more.

From fireman he became oiler on the newer Moran tugs and in 1928 switched to decking on the *Eugene F. Moran,* the type of work which became his preference.

In 1932 Captain John Sahlberg (See TOW LINE, Spring '71) and Dutch took a drive in the captain's new Ford V-8. They included a visit to the Heiser farm at Gettysburg. It was Dutch's first visit since he rode away on his bicycle in 1919.

With his position as a regular crew member on a Moran harbor tug secure in 1934, Dutch married the former Margaret Lucey and made his permanent home in Brooklyn.

The Heisers have no children but "The Luceys and the Heisers are both large families; we don't get lonesome," he allowed.

CHRONOMETER—Representing Moran Towing were Martin J. Carroll and George E. Minton, Jr.

TUG 'DUTCH'—Captain Joseph O'Hare admires 'Dutch's' mantelpiece model of a tug.

BAROMETER—Captain Jimmy Smith and wife, Eunice, wish 'Dutch' fair weather on behalf of his shipmates.

TWICE TEN—Or double decade might be a proper designation for twenty years when presenting the Moran Service Award to a deserving young lady. In any event, Miss Jean Cuff receives the double congratulations from John S. Bull, President (right) and Lloyd R. Graham, Vice President of the Moran Towing & Transportation Company.

REYNOLD L. ARATA, Assistant Manager of Moran's Personnel Department, and the former Doris Brady of Little Falls, N.J. were married August 14 (Reyn's birthday) at the First Presbyterian Church of Rutherford, N.J. The happy couple made a New England tour their honeymoon before settling-in at the family hearth in Little Falls at 12 Woodlawn Terrace.

RICHARD JAMES DEELY, Assistant Manager, Seaboard Division of the Moran Towing Corp., and his bride of a year, the former Diana Dismuke, became proud parents September 8 at New York Hospital. Weighing in at 8 lbs. 13 oz., Richard William Deely has added a new dimension to life at the Deely residence: 150 West End Avenue, New York City.

FRED J. COSEGLIA, Moran's Purchasing Agent, and his wife, the former Margaret Neafsy, became proud parents for the third time August 13 with the arrival of Michael Edward Coseglia at Staten Island Hospital. The new son weighed in at 8 lbs. 13 oz. As pleased as the parents were his big sister, Diana, age 11 and brother, Fred, Jr.

ROLL 'EM—"Mio nono nacque in Firenze", voiced Captain Arthur Biagi, master of tug *Cathleen Moran*, as Italsider (Italian television) shot a scene in the East River near the Brooklyn Bridge. The tug was engaged by Miss Anna Maria Ambrosi to film lower Manhattan's skyscrapers last July. The line that Captan Biagi's grandfather was born in Florence, was just an added fillip to the script.

EUGENE F. MORAN AWARD—At the United States Merchant Marine Academy of Kings Point the Eugene F. Moran Award was presented to Midshipman Jonathan Wright by Lloyd R. Graham, Vice President, Sales, Moran Towing & Transportation Company, June 7, 1971.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