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Central Pacific Edition
M/V Mermaid Vigilance
Contact: Ops Center

Editor in Chief:
Dave Jourdan

Contributors:
Spence King
Marika Lorraine
Sue Morris

Director of
Photography:
Bill Mills

Complaints:
Cap'n Joe

Layout:
Bethany Jourdan

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Opening Night

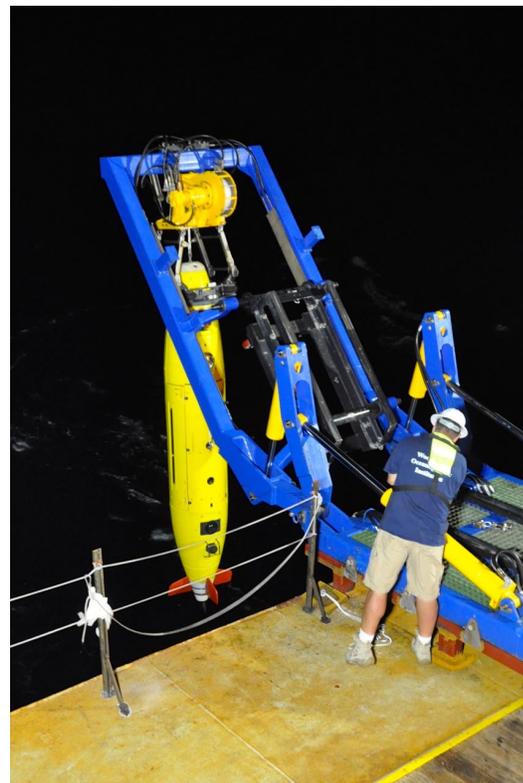
Mermaid Vigilance Arrives in Operations Area

Our week-long transit has brought us to a featureless spot in the remote Pacific where the Amelia Earhart search will finally resume. Last night at around 2000 local time *Mermaid Vigilance* reached our first transponder deployment point, and a baseline of two beacons was dropped. We spent the next two hours surveying the baseline, then the REMUS AUV was lowered off the stern. A smooth night launch was followed by hours of waiting as the AUV dropped to the bottom more than 18,000 feet below and began its assigned search pattern.

The REMUS OPS team was pleased with the event, and are certainly happy to be able to start collecting data. Many slow, long hours will follow as we patiently track the vehicle's progress and await completion of the pattern.

The AUV is expected to surface late afternoon, scheduled to ensure our first recovery since sea trials a week ago will take place in daylight hours. Meanwhile, we will plan to lay and survey additional transponders and continue to add to the search pattern. As soon as REMUS returns and is safely lodged in its cradle the "pit stop" will begin. Data download will commence,

batteries will be swapped, and the vehicle will be prepared for another launch.



Name That AUV Contest!

The contest has finally ended and all returns are in. The winning name is.....

REMUS!

Honestly, the judges were underwhelmed with the suggestions, and after all, the name has served well for 223 dives so it's probably bad luck to mess with it.

Words of the Day. Because many of our crew are from Indonesia, here are a few useful phrases to help bridge the language barrier.

Selamat pagi ~ Good morning

Selamat sore ~ Good evening

Terima kasih ~ Thank you

Apa kanar ~ Hello

Hovercraft saya penuh dengan belut ~ My hovercraft is full of eels

Plan of the Day February 26, 2017

- 0900** SEA School: Ops Ctr. Tom D.
- 1000** Daily Progress Meeting. Ops Ctr.
- 1100** Bar-b-cue, aft deck.
- 1500** SEA School: Ops Ctr. Tom D.
- 1600** ET AUV Recovery.





One of the highlights of an operation is shrinking styrofoam cups. Sea pressure at the ocean floor in our operations area of over 8,000

pounds/square-inch will squeeze all the tiny air bubbles that make up a styrofoam cup. Once the cup has collapsed, there is no way for the bubbles to reform once it is



brought to the surface. The result is a perfect miniature of the original.



Cups ready for squeezing

Down to Rockland Way

While a fishin' outa Portland on the ol' Eastern rigged draggah *MustHe* (not her real name, it's just what we called her — her registered name on her State-o-Maine paper is *Why Must He Suffer*) we'd often steam down the coast aways to work the channel between Maine and Nova Scotia, a disputed borderline at the time but generally reliable for fair to middlin' fishin' on black-backed floundahs. Well we had a breakdown — not unusual on the ol' *MustHe* — and was forced to veer off into Rockland t' fetch a part and get her fixed up some.



A Cap'n Joe Sea Story

Young Manley Doherty was the skipper and a very able (if somewhat excitable) fisherman. I was deckhand/cook. Enoch Johnson sailed as the engineer, of sorts, and Old Man Manley (yes, Young Manley's pa) was aboard as the twine man. He was my mentor and a highly respected net guy up and down the whole New England coast. He was simply the best. But like a lot of fellas in the fish biz Ol' Manley tended, on occasion, to over indulge in the demon rum and thus generally didn't have many long term berths. So that's how he ended up aboard the ol' broken-down *MustHe* with his son. Old Man Manley called Young Manley "Boy."

We rounded the Rockland Harbor sea jetty at about 0900 and shortly after were made all fast at Frank O'Hara's fish dock. We all had our chores: Capt'n Manley was going to head to the Greyhound Bus Station to get the needed condenser part that his wife, Miss

Betsy, was sending up from Portland (Manley had called her via the marine radio operator). Enoch was going to see if he could scrounge up some oil diapers and a few extra rags. I was going to the store to buy some more salt pork. I thought I had enough but wasn't going to take any chances as this is used in about 92 ½ % of my fixin's.

And, on very direct orders to Old Man Manley, Young Capt'n Manley said: "Pa, you stay aboard. Work on that cod-end, it needs some seizing re-done. Don't leave now for any reason. We'll all be back by noon and we're shoving off then so you stay aboard, ya hear?"

Well you can kinda guess what happened next: We all returned shortly after 1100 and Old Man Manley was not to be seen. We did a search of the *MustHe*, and she being just shy of 72 ft. of wooden fish boat the search didn't take all that long. Young Manley was up the ladder two rungs at a time and just a cursin' a somethin' fierce all the while as he was headin' right two-blocked to the Hotel Bar (it opens at 0600 to accommodate the local tradesmen) to fetch his Pa. But Old Man Manley t'weren't there neither! Back to the *MustHe* comes Young Manley still a cursin' up a gale-o-breeze but not quite as loud as before having got a bit winded on the roundtrip, I suspect. Soon as Young Manley is back aboard he goes into his captain's mode: "Fire her up, Enoch, we're outa here, ta hell with that damn ol' man anyway!"

Legends are born like this: We cast off from Frank's fish dock and headed outbound past the

Rockland Harbor sea jetty. Enock Willard and I were getting a mug-up in the galley. Just as we rounded the jetty Old Man Manley comes in through the hatch, soaking wet, and says: "Damn! I wish you fellas had backed her off a might, I had a hell of a time catching you!" I think at the sight of the Old Man, Enoch keeled over and I was taken some hard astern myself. I finally managed to stammer: "Manley you mean to say that you jumped off that quay and swum aft'a us and hauled yerself aboard?" And Ol' Manley smiled at us and says: "Aya, I's here ain't I?"

This story spread down the coast quicker than a dungeon-blue-thick o' fog on an easterly breeze.

... to be continued.

MERMAID CLASSIFIEDS

PERSONALS 100

SEEKING INVESTORS for Wahoo Sushi Restaurant. Make a bundle! It'll be fantastic! Interested parties with cash contact Chef Jan-Pieter, Galley, any time.

WANTED 200

SEA STORIES for *Meridian Passages*. Yarns, tales, anecdotes, ditties, short sagas, poems, legends, fables, and allegories all welcome. Alternative-facts accepted. Call Dave 4031 or send straight to NAS.

FOR SALE 400

CLEARANCE! Must go! Survival bracelets. Sue, nights on talkie CH-3344.

LOST & FOUND 500

FOUND: Hat & sunglasses. Where I left them. Dave

LOST: One anklet sock, answers to "Puma." See Sallie at 4061.

Place New Ads by Friday – ed.