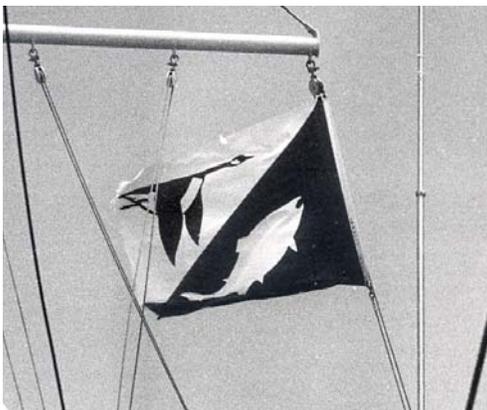


Decommissioning of NOAA Ship *Albatross IV*, R342



Albatross IV arriving at Woods Hole, November 22, 1962

Northeast Fisheries Science Center Pier
Woods Hole, Massachusetts



November 20, 2008
In the 46th Year of *Albatross IV*

Order of Events

- 0945: Musical Introduction by Navy Band Northeast.
- 1000: Arrival of Official Party. (Please Rise)
- 1005: Presentation of Colors, National Anthem and Invocation. (Uniformed Personnel are requested to remain covered.)
- Invocation led by LCDR Patrick Niemeyer, CHC, USN – Chaplain,
US Coast Guard Sector Southeastern New England
(Please be seated after the Invocation).
- 1015: Speaker: Dr William Brennan, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Oceans and Atmosphere and Acting NOAA Administrator.
- 1020: Decommissioning Ceremony (Please rise when the Ship's Colors are Struck.)
- 1035: Speaker: Dr Nancy Thompson – Director, Northeast Fisheries Science Center.
- 1040: Speaker: RADM Jonathan W. Bailey, NOAA – Director, NOAA Office of Marine and Aviation Operations and the NOAA Commissioned Corps.
- 1045: Plaque Presentation & Closing Remarks.
- 1100: Reception in the Miags Room at Marine Biological Laboratory's Swope Center.
- 1300: Tours of *Albatross IV* – please meet at the Gangway and await escort by one of the Ship's Officers.



Table of Contents

Guests of Honor/Speakers	4
“NOAA Ship <i>Albatross IV</i> : The End of an Era”	7
First and Last Captains’ Biographies	9
Lineage of CO’s, CME’s and Crews	11
First & Last Crews	14
Significant Dates	16
Total Sea Days	17
Facts & Figures	19
Sea Stories	23

Program Written/Compiled by: Linda Despres, NEFSC Biologist & ENS Jonathan Heesch, Operations Officer, NOAA Ship *Albatross IV*

Guests of Honor



William J. Brennan, Ph.D., Acting Under Secretary of Commerce for Oceans and Atmosphere and Administrator of NOAA.

William J. Brennan has dedicated his career to marine and environmental policy matters at the state, regional, national and international level. In June 2008, President Bush appointed Brennan the Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Oceans and Atmosphere and Deputy Administrator of NOAA. In this role, he is responsible for managing NOAA's science and operational programs.

Previously, Brennan served as NOAA's Deputy Assistant Secretary of Commerce for International Affairs. In this role, he led NOAA's international efforts associated with the global oceans, atmosphere, and space. These efforts helped us to better understand and predict changes in the Earth's environment, conserve and manage coastal and marine resources, protect life and property, and provide decision makers with reliable scientific information.

Since 2006, Brennan also has served as acting director of the U.S. Climate Change Science Program, the interagency program that coordinates and integrates scientific research on changes in climate and related systems. CCSP is composed of thirteen federal scientific agencies and integrates the planning and budgeting of federal climate and global change activities.

Bill Brennan began his professional career in 1977 with NOAA's Fisheries Service at its Woods Hole, Massachusetts, laboratory where much of his time was devoted to cooperative international fisheries research. In 1983, he left NOAA to take a staff position in the U.S. House of Representatives working on issues before the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee. In 1987, he was appointed to a cabinet position as Secretary of the State of Maine's Department of Marine Resources. In 1994, he opened a private consulting firm, providing marine and environmental policy guidance to businesses and governments. During the same period he held the position of Professor of Ocean Policy with the Corning School of Ocean Studies.

Bill Brennan holds a B.S. degree in marine biology, an M.A. degree in marine policy and a Ph.D. in ecology and environmental sciences. Brennan, his wife Heather, and their three children reside in Maryland.



RADM Jonathan W. Bailey is the director of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration Commissioned Officer Corps and NOAA's Office of Marine and Aviation Operations. He was appointed by Secretary of Commerce Carlos M. Gutierrez on October 1, 2007, after nomination for the position by President George W. Bush, confirmation by the U.S. Senate, and subsequent promotion by the secretary to the rank of rear admiral.

In his 29 years of service, RADM Bailey has had a balanced operational career, with seven years of sea duty aboard the NOAA ships, *Peirce*, *Whiting*, *Rude* and *Heck*, and *Gloria Michelle*, and almost nine years of flight duty piloting NOAA's *Shrike*, *Turbo Commander* and *Citation* aircraft.

As a senior officer, RADM Bailey served as Executive Director to the Deputy Under Secretary for Oceans and Atmosphere. He served as Director of the Commissioned Personnel Center, where he directed the management of a complex system of policies, including compensation and benefits. RADM Bailey played a critical role in developing innovative strategies to improve the NOAA Corps workforce. These strategies included the establishment of NOAA Corps core values, new officer evaluation and billet systems, deployment of technological improvements, and new training modules to educate officers and civilian supervisors about NOAA Corps policies. He served as the chief of NOAA's National Ocean Service Remote Sensing Division, where he led technology advancement in the simultaneous collection and processing of digital aerial photography, airborne laser data, and airborne imaging spectroscopy for NOAA's shoreline mapping and the Federal Aviation Administration's Airport Survey programs. At the time of the September 11 terrorist attacks, he oversaw NOAA's aerial- and ground-based mapping operations that aided search and recovery efforts at the World Trade Center and Pentagon. He received the Commerce Gold Medal group award for technical skill and coordination in 2002 for his role following the attacks.

RADM Bailey has an M.S. in aeronautical science, a B.S. in natural resources, and an associate degree in fisheries and marine technology. He is a graduate of Harvard's Senior Executive Fellows and The Art and Practice of Leadership Development programs.

RADM Bailey lives in Maryland with his wife Cindy and their three sons.



Nancy Thompson, Ph.D., is the Science and Research Director of NOAA's Northeast Fisheries Science Center, headquartered in Woods Hole, Massachusetts. She has also served as Science and Research Director of NOAA's Southeast Fisheries Science Center, and as the Director of the Office of Science and Technology for NOAA's National Marine Fisheries Service. Thompson is an adjunct professor of marine biology and fisheries at the University of Miami's Rosenstiel School of Marine and Atmospheric Sciences, and a fellow of the Cooperative Institute of Marine and Atmospheric Science at the University of Miami. She received her Ph.D. in biological sciences and her M.S. in zoology from the University of Rhode Island, and she has an undergraduate degree from Duke University.



NOAA Ship *Albatross IV*: The End of an Era

By: Ensign Jonathan R. Heesch, NOAA

For forty-six years the name *Albatross IV* has been synonymous with fisheries research on the Atlantic seaboard. From “Hatteras to Halifax” many have found the semi-annual appearance of this ship a familiar and welcome sight off of their coast. The internationally known *Albatross IV* has collected the largest and longest set of data on various fish and invertebrate species along the East Coast of the United States. This data is the basis of a multitude of scientific papers and is one of the data sets used as a basis for fisheries regulations in the Northeast.

Albatross IV was the first purpose-built stern trawler in the world, and when commissioned in 1963, she was the premier fisheries survey vessel. Built specifically for the US Fisheries Commission by the Southern Shipbuilding Corporation of Slidell, Louisiana, in 1962 she was sailed by her first master, Captain Walter Beateay, from Louisiana to Woods Hole, Massachusetts, to begin service to her country.

Arriving at the Northeast Fisheries Science Center under Full Dress and gleaming in pristine majesty on a cold, cloudy Thanksgiving Day in 1962, she gracefully slid into Great Harbor. Excited members of the lab staff left their warm homes and loving families to be there to greet her. This was the beginning of a long and loving relationship between Lab and Ship.

Through the years there have been many changes. The Bureau of Commercial Fisheries became the National Marine Fisheries Service and fell under the overarching umbrella of environmental stewardship that is now the National Oceanic & Atmospheric Administration. *Albatross IV* has taken multiple trips to the yards to receive a number of physical modifications. These modifications enhanced the ship’s ability to complete her mission, and also provided a more welcoming and hospitable environment for both scientists and crew. The largest modification was the enclosure of the upper deck and winch controls in the mid-1970s. This change led to the creation of today’s computer room, ET shop, ship’s office and lounge.

Albatross IV has supported many different NEFSC missions, but her bread and butter has always been the Bottom Trawl Survey. Now, after two years of preparation and calibration work, the survey is ready to be turned over to NOAA Ship *Henry B. Bigelow*. Thus ends of a long and illustrious line of ships that have carried the name *Albatross*.

In 1883 when US Fisheries Commission Steamer *Albatross* was launched, she too was on the cutting edge of technology in both nautical and scientific frontiers. She sailed along not only the East Coast of the US, but down the entire coast of South America, through the Strait of Magellan, and north towards the Galapagos. She continued her survey around the Pacific with stops in San Francisco, Anchorage, Honolulu, and throughout the Philippines and Japan. After a brief stint in the Navy during the Spanish-American War, she returned to Woods Hole to sail in the service of fisheries science where eighty-eight years and three weeks ago she was decommissioned at the same location where the heir to her name, *Albatross IV*, will undergo the same ceremony today.

In between these two illustrious ships were *Albatross II* and *Albatross III*. Unfortunately, neither of these ships had the chance to serve their nation for as long a

period as their descendent, or in such grand and adventurous assignments as their predecessor.

This brings us to this most somber of days. Truly, with the conclusion of this ceremony we will see the end of an era. The *Albatross* line of fisheries research vessels will always be remembered throughout the annals of scientific history. *Albatross IV* alone has contributed over 17,166 samples to the Smithsonian, Yale and Harvard University collections, in addition to 182,355 samples given to said collections from her predecessors. Much of the documentation of *Albatross IV* and even portions of her physical being, will be preserved at various locations including the Northeast Fisheries Science Center, Marine Operations Center – Atlantic, the National Archives, the Smithsonian Institution, and the NOAA Library.

While the preservation of her operational history and the measurement of her accomplishments as a whole are important, none of them can compare to the emotional bond established between *Albatross IV* and her loving crew and scientists. Through the years, *Albatross IV* has touched many lives in a multitude of ways: loves-hates, marriages-divorces, births-deaths, hirings-firings and so many friendships that have endured far past the boundaries of the ship itself; friendships as limitless as the ocean upon which she sails. Yes, this mass of steel, wires, machinery and fluids has been pivotal in many person's lives.

The tradition stands since the dawn of seafaring to refer to a ship in the first person, as if she was an entity unto herself. I do not believe that it is the ship herself that becomes her entity but the people who sail her. All of their combined efforts come together in order to bring her to life, to fire off her mains, to steer the intended course, to set the net off her stern, to process her catch for the advancement of science; oh yes, as she sails off into history all who have sailed aboard her can rest assured that they are as much a part of her, as she is of them.

Adieu, fair lady of the sea, as we hope to sail aboard you upon our arrival at Fiddler's Green.



The First Captain

The first captain of *Albatross IV* was Master Walter Edward Beateay of Concord, Massachusetts. Captain Beateay started out his seagoing career young, when at the age of 13 he shipped out with Captain Coffin, a dory fisherman out of Boston. This was his initial call to sea, which lasted for the rest of his life.

As he matured, he attended Massachusetts Maritime Academy, where he trained aboard the square rigger *Nantucket*. Upon graduation from MMA, he received his master's license, which allowed him to sail any size vessel afloat, upon all seas.

During World War II, Captain Beateay served as a Commander in the US Navy, in both the Atlantic and Pacific theaters until he was severely wounded in battle. After extensive rehabilitation he returned to the civilian world.



He purchased a 187-foot trawler named *Pan Trades Andros* and sailed her out of Gloucester, Massachusetts, hauling an average of 300,000 pounds of fish per trip.

In between these grand fishing excursions he sailed with the Mystic and Isthmian Steamship Lines as a deck officer. His final position, which lasted for 17 years, was Master of *Albatross IV*.



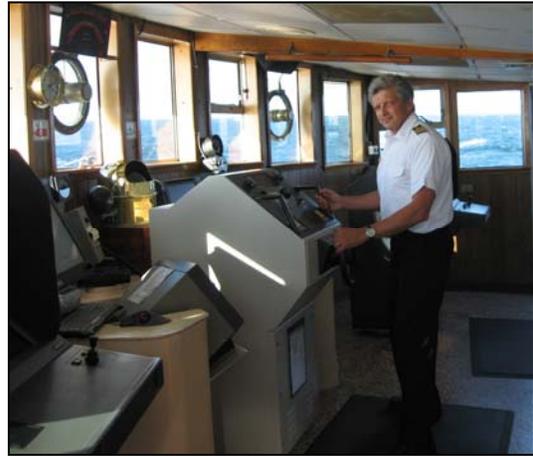
The Last Captain

The last captain of *Albatross IV* is Master Stephen Price Wagner of Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Captain Wagner comes from a long line of mariners and from the time he completed high school onwards, he has pursued his love of the sea. Upon graduation from high school, Captain Wagner sailed with the Sea Education Association from Woods Hole to Spain, then to Puerto Rico, and back to Woods Hole over a period of two years. From there he moved on to attend college at the Florida Institute of Technology, where he received his degree in marine technology.

In 1977, he joined NOAA, working aboard the NOAA Ship *George B. Kelez* as an ordinary and later, able-bodied seaman. Eventually he worked into the position of quartermaster and also became a NOAA diver. *Kelez* was involved in bottom sampling and ecosystems monitoring all along the eastern seaboard of the US.

In 1981, Captain Wagner transferred to *Albatross IV* where he continued working as a fisherman, skilled fisherman and NOAA diver. Through 1988, he participated in the Spring and Autumn Bottom Trawl Surveys as well as Bottom Coring and Mud Sample Surveys, and the first ever Pilot Whale Deployment.

He finished out this first stint on the *Albatross IV* with a Mid-Atlantic Ridge STACKS Cruise before heading down to the Gulf of Mexico to support an



Ecosystems Monitoring Cruise for The Southeast Fisheries Science Center.

In mid-1989, he transferred to NOAA Ship *Delaware II*, also out of Woods Hole, and worked on Benthic, Clam, Longline and Bongo Cruises. Captain Wagner earned his 1600 Ton mates license in 1995 and soon thereafter began augmenting as an officer throughout the fleet, sailing on NOAA ships, *Whiting*, *Oregon II*, *Ronald H. Brown*, *David Starr Jordan*, *Miller Freeman*, *Rude* and *Ferrell*. He returned to *Albatross IV* as the operations officer in 2001 before becoming the executive officer on *Delaware II* in January 2003.

Throughout this time, he continued to upgrade his license, and in September of 2005, he took command of NOAA Ship *Albatross IV* to serve as her last master. Upon decommissioning, he will return to *Delaware II* to sail as her master, a position that he has held since June of 2008. He plans to retire someday, if NOAA allows it!

Lineage of Commanders, Chief Marine Engineers, and Crew

Captain	Served	Officers
Walter Beateay*	1963-1979	R Cusick*, J Stimbaris*, R Grant, J Miller, D Fox, F Dezendorf
Michael Fleming	1979-1980	D Fox, R Pawlowski
A.Y. Bryson	1980-6/82	D Fox, T Meyer, C Gross, R Smolowitz
Ronald Smolowitz	7/82-12/84	T Meyer, Gross, J Bortniak, E McDougal, J Moakley, J Herkelrath
Carl Berman	1/85-12/86	J Moakley, J Herkelrath, D Smehil, E McDougal, G Bill, J Rivera
Frank Arbusto	1/87-7/89	D Smehil, C McLean, J Rivera, G Bill, B Lake, Cirillo, C Cudaback, A Hrusovski
Dean Smehil	11/91-3/93	L Consiglieri, P Celone, D Maragni, M Lemon, J Morenz, C Moore, M Gallagher, J Maddox
Gary Bulmer	4/94-8/96	D Sutton, J Maddox, J Meigs, C Koch, L Redmond, D Gruccio, E Hawk, J Moakley, S Wagner, P Celone
John Moakley	4/95-3/99	D Sutton, J Maddox, J Meigs, C Koch, L Redmond, D Gruccio, P Gruccio, C Daniels, D Zezula, J Michalski, M Abbott, S Wagner
Derek Sutton	9/96-11/00	J Maddox, M Abbott, D Gruccio, P Gruccio, J Michalski, D Santoro, S Wagner, S Sirois, C Daniels, D Zezula, S Beckwith, S Wingerter, M Williamson
Peter Celone	7/99-1/03	M Abbott, S Beckwith, C Daniels, D Zezula, S Wingerter, P Gruccio, J Taylor, N Lawrence-Slavas, S Suk, S Wagner, J Crofts
Michael Abbott	2/01-5/05	S Beckwith, P Gruccio, D Zezula, S Wingerter, J Taylor, S Wagner, J Illg, E Bohaboy, N Lawrence-Slavas, S Suk, J Crofts
Jack McAdam	9/03-4/05	E Bohaboy, J Appler, P Murphy, D Orr, J Crofts, P Gruccio, D Lee
James Illg	4/05-9/05	J Appler, P Murphy, D Orr, K Zegowitz, D Lee
Steve Wagner	9/05-11/08	J Appler, P Murphy, K Zegowitz, C Daniels, C Skapin, C Meckley, J Heesch, D Pratt, P Langlois

Chief Engineer	Served	Engineer Department
Elisha Winslow*	1962-1977	K Webber*, Chris?*, L Laughead*, A Benevento, R Landry, D Frazier, J Hough, T Dipietro, O Hamblin
Eddie Allen	1977-1979	J Hough, R Webb, O Hamblin, J Kelley, B Larrabee, E Baumberger, B Carroll
Joe Hough	1979-1982	R Webb, D St Cyr, J Fitzgearld, L McDaniels, O Hamblin
Ralph Webb	1982-1989	J Fitzgearld, L McDaniels, J Kelly, J Teagan, D Perry
Kevin Cruse	1991- 2008	J Fitzgearld, L McDaniels, J Hurder, C Hersey, R Wint, S Pacuska, O Thompson, G Abney, T Gibson, A Butterworth, J Enright, M Herod, E Armstrong, S Webber, A Goldberg, A Lallier

Chief Bosun/ Lead Fisherman	Served	Deck crew
	1963-1979	L Welch*, N Vadala*, J Benham*, J Ferreira*, R Grant*, A Jones*, B Clapp*, T Frontiero*, T Doucette, S Chermosino, G Tonneatti, P Testaverde, F Vadala, S Reed, M Botelho
Tom Frontiero	1980-1982	M Botelho, B Sylvia, J Oman, S Wagner, G Wollam, S Berry,
Sam Reed	1983-1989	G Wheaton, K Rondeau, R Greenfield
Manny Botelho	1985-1989	J Oman, B Ransom, S Berry, C Baker, T Souza
Manny Botelho	1991-1994	T Alvernaz, T Viera, J Cravo, W Amaro, B Cardoza, H Bower,
Ken Rondeau	1991-2006	T Romao, J Barbosa, G Magan, A Brunette, G McLean, J Burke, E Armstrong, C Fontozzi
John Cravo	1995-1995	J Saunders, D Roberts, E Foster, D Sousa, W Smith, J Voltee, S Webber
Tony Alvernaz	1996-2000	E Wilder, D Lee, S Jones, C Harvey, D Delgrosso, A Biscaia,
Tony Viera	2000-2008	P Langlois, C Cartwright, L Luis, C Mayo, A Morrow, S Schroeder,
Lino Luis	2006-2007	S Flavin, R Rozen, AValentin, J Jorell, S Jones, K Perry, M Conway,
Peter Langlois	2007-2008	A Martin-Fischer, S Flavin, R Rozen, C Coonce, J Gunter, S Alicandre, T Wilson

Survey Technicians

Bill Brennan	1980
Helen Gordon	1980

Chief Stewards	Served	Assistants:
Jack Merchant *	1962-1978	T Marston*, J Hughes*, A McGuiness-Barker*, R Eldridge, G Houston, R Rondeau
Mel McCray	1979-1983?	J Brown, H Seviour, B Nasson, K Rondeau, K Bowden, R Rondeau, J Braxton

John Braxton	1983?-1989	B Nasson, N Agrillo
John Braxton	1991-1995	K McCloskey, J Nelson, R Greenfield
Richard Whitehead	1995-2000	J Nelson, J Holland
Jerome Nelson	2000-2006	M van Buskirk, A Burke, C Coonce
Mark van Buskirk	2005-2006	
Carl Coonce	2006-2007	B Schoon, L Reed
Bruce Schoon	2007-2007	C Coonce
Russell Van Dyke	2007-2008	R Covington, L Reed

Electronic Technicians	Served
John Fliss	1976-1980
Tony Cherry	1981-1981
Tim Burrell	1984-1989
Don Byrd	1985-2000
Rick Miller	1987-1989
Tom Spivey	1992
Bruce Stone	1992-1994
Jim Johnson	1994-1995
Nick Presivich	1995
Bobby Yates	1995-2002
Henry Jenkins	1995-2007
Neil Lynch	1996-1997
Richard Holley	1998
Nevajo Lumsden	2003-2004
Billy Dowdell	2005-2006
Dean Winkfield	2006
Tony Van Campen	2006-2008

*original crew

The First Crew

Captain
First Officer
Second Officer
Chief Marine Engineer
1st Assistant Engineer
2nd Assistant Engineer
Chief Steward
Second Cook
Messman
Messman
Oiler
Fisherman
Fisherman
Fisherman
Fisherman
Fisherman
Fisherman
Fisherman
Fisherman

Master Walter Beatteay
Robert Cusick
John Stimbaris
Elisha Winslow
Kenny Weber
Chris ?
Jack Merchant
John Hughes
Andy McGinnis-Barker
“Tiny” Marston
Leroy Laughhead
Lee Welch
Tommy Frontiero
Nick Vadala
Jerry Benham
Joe Ferriera
Robert Grant
Amos Jones
Bill Clapp



The Last Crew

Commanding Officer
Executive Officer
Operations Officer
Junior Officer
Chief Marine Engineer
1st Assistant Engineer
2nd Assistant Engineer
Chief Boatswain
Chief Steward
Electronics Technician
Lead Fisherman
Second Cook
Junior Engineer
Wiper
Fisherman
Fisherman
Fisherman
Fisherman

Master Stephen Wagner
First Officer Donn Pratt
ENS Jonathan Heesch
Third Officer Pete Langlois
Kevin Cruise
Charles "Chuck" Hersey
Ashley Lallier
Antonio Viera
Russell Van Dyke
Anthony Van Campen
Todd Wilson
Randy Covington
Orlando Thompson
Abraham Goldberg
Carl Coonce
Joshua Gunter
Joe Flora
Steve Alicandri



Significant Dates

November 4th, 1961 – Hull Uprighting at Slidell, LA
(*Albatross IV* was initially built upside down so there was no “keel-laying” ceremony, per se. Instead she was turned upright.)

April 19th, 1962 – Launching at Bayou Bonfouca, LA

November 22nd, 1962 – Arrival at Woods Hole, MA

May 9th, 1963 – Commissioning at Washington, D.C.

May 13th, 1963 – First Operational Cruise from
Woods Hole, MA

November 24th, 1991 – Returned to Active Service at Woods
Hole after being deactivated in late 1989.

November 3rd, 2008 – Last Operational Cruise from
Woods Hole, MA

November 20th, 2008 – Decommissioning at Woods Hole, MA



Total Sea Days

This is a compilation of the top 228 (by virtue of sea days) scientific staff and volunteers who participated on all the various types of cruises completed by the *Albatross IV* from 1963-2008. Names were obtained from cruise reports (when available)...at least this is an indication of the minimum amount of research effort that was documented aboard this vessel. A total of 2409 individuals spent 83,246 staff days at sea or, in other words, 288 staff years during the 45 working years of the *Albatross IV*. One hundred seventy-eight individuals recorded over 100 days at sea. The top 50 individuals (highlighted in yellow) contributed 22,526 days at sea or, put another way, 27% of the total amount of sea days was completed by 50 individuals.

A			
Alexander, Robert	161	Almeida, Frank	157
Allen, Arthur	144	Anderson, Jacquelyn	495
B			
Bailey, Frank	341	Brady, Lawrence	570
Berrien, Peter	120	Brennan, William	100
Blott, Alan	101	Broughton, Elisabeth	307
Bolz, George	272	Brownell, Stephen	137
Bowman, Raymond	337	Bruno, Ralph	185
C			
Callahan, William	278	Chevrier, David	131
Carter, Alan	603	Clifford, Roger	575
Chase, Peter	218	Cohen, Edward	109
Chase, Philip	387	Col, Laurel	122
D			
Densmore, Dana	268	Despres, Linda	972
Dering, Gilbert	171	Dohrman, John	277
Dery, Louise	121	Dube, Gregory	108
E			
Ellis, Steven	123		
F			
Fields, Brenda	136	Finneran, Thomas	127
Fields, Janet	241	Fitzgerald, Robert	148
Figuerido, Brenda	147	Flescher, Donald	638
Finan, Doris	396	Foster, Harold	268
G			
Gabriel, Wendy	127	Green, John	143
Galbraith, John	637	Greenfield, Richard	244
Gerrior, Patricia	134	Griswold, Bernard	111
H			
Halpin, Robert	137	Hersey, Patricia	154
Hansford, Dennis	396	Hersey, Robert	457
I			
Idoine, Josef	112		
J			
Jarvis, Lara	129	Jensen, Henry	621
K			
Kane, Joseph	599	Kircun, Jakub	328
Keith, Charles	284	Kirschner, Ronald	122
Keith, Nathan	108	Klibansky, Nikolai	144
L			

Laughton, Thomas	237	Lewis, Barbara	252	Lough, Gregory	158
Lawday, Lewis	206	Lewis, Rhett	103	Lucey, Sean	258
LeBlanc, Philip	167	Livingstone, Robert	291		
Levesque, Erin	115	Long, Alicia	190		

M

Mahoney, John	124	McCuish, Celeste	105	Michaels, William	285
Mansfield, Bridget	117	McEachran, John	140	Montiero, Eva	458
Mantzaris, Christopher	112	McHugh, Nancy	452	Morris, Thomas	454
Marak, Robert	316	McIntosh, Kevin	283	Morse, Wallace	100
Marion, Scott	108	McKenney, Thomas	112	Mountain, David	202
Maurer, Raymond	100	McMillan, Donald	211	Muchant, Cynthia	140
Mayo, Ralph	301	McNamara, Scott	217	Musick, Jack	116
McBride, Holly	233	Merry, Harold	176		
McBride, Margaret	162	Messersmith, John	161		

N

Neill, Arthur	102	Newell, Clifford	178	Nickerson, Samuel	662
Nelson, David	139	Nichy, Fred	435	Nicolas, John	484
Nelson, John	162	Nickels, James	155	Nordahl, Victor	524

O

O'Brien, Loretta	192	Ohleth, Kris	124	Overholtz, William	225
O'Gorman, Joseph	194	O'Neill, Elizabeth	116		

P

Parrack, Michael	100	Perkins, Herb	111	Potthoff, Thomas	184
Patanjo, Daniel	228	Phoel, William	139	Pregracke, Sarah	107
Peltier, Nancy Lee	154	Pitman, Galen	106	Prezioso, Jerome	664
Pentilla, Judith	167	Poshkus, Arvidus	288	Pritchard, Elizabeth	102
Pereira, Jose	196	Potter, David	207		

R

Radosh, David	211	Rowe, Stacy	345		
Ropes, John	173	Rowinski, Yvonna	115		

S

Sagar, Heather	122	Silva, Vaughn	291	Steinback, Scott	119
Schlitz, Ronald	246	Silverman, Malcolm	432	Stern, Herbert	140
Shepherd, Gary	156	Silverman, Myron	334	Stoddard, Ruth	181
Shepherd, Nina	746	Smith, Brian	142	Sullivan, Loretta	109
Sherburne, Stuart	101	Sosa, Avis	220	Sutherland, Sandra	123
Shook, Geoffrey	164	Sosebee, Katherine	345		
Sibunka, John	707	Steimle, Frank	133		

T

Terceiro, Mark	248	Thornton, Grace	102	Twohig, Patrick	626
Thoms, Andrew	193	Toner, Margaret	142		

U

Ujita, Hideto	152	Underwood, Melanie	149		
---------------	-----	--------------------	-----	--	--

W

Waring, Gordon	131	Wigley, Susan	273		
Wells, Alyce	240	Willis, La'Shaun	116		

Z

Zdanowicz, Vincent	149	Ziskowski, John	303		
--------------------	-----	-----------------	-----	--	--

Facts and Figures

Of the original scientists and *Albatross IV* crew members who made the first autumn bottom trawl survey from 13 November – 16 December, 1963, the following can still tell us stories of the ship's early days:

Scientists	Crew
Raymond Fritz	Robert Cusick (1 st officer)
Albert Jensen	Lee Welsh (fisherman)
Bradford Brown	Kenny Weber (1 st engineer)
Cliff Newell	Andy McGuinness-Barker (messman)
James Crossen	
Robert Marak	
Robert Livingstone, Jr	
Fred Nichy	
Sam Nickerson	
Bruce Burns	
Patrick Twohig	

Number of years that scientists and crew members have sailed aboard *Albatross IV*.

Jerry Prezioso	scientist	39 years
Linda Despres	scientist	34 years
Bruce Burns	scientist	32 years
John Nicolas	scientist	30 years
Ken Rondeau	crew member	25 years
Chuck Hersey	crew member	24 years
John Sibunka	scientist	21 years
Jay Burnett	scientist	21 years
Susan Wigley	scientist	19 years
Kevin Cruse	crew member	18 years
William Michaels	scientist	18 years
Gordon Waring	scientist	16 years
Betsy Broughton	scientist	15 years

Top Twelve Species by Weight (kg) for all *Albatross IV* Surveys

Spiny dogfish	1,525,203
Sea scallops	314,963
Haddock	249,935
Little skate	220,544
Winter skate	191,050
Atlantic cod	147,077
Acadian redfish	133,704
Smooth dogfish	94,594
Silver hake	85,652
Longfin squid	84,892
Atlantic croaker	73,501
Butterfish	64,971

Top Twelve Species by Number for all *Albatross IV* Surveys

Bay anchovy	7,605,605
Starfish	4,966,789
Sea scallop	4,446,639
Longfin squid	4,128,520
Butterfish	2,162,009
Striped anchovy	1,975,147
Spiny dogfish	1,217,802
Silver hake	1,038,316
Scup	1,037,050
Round herring	683,756
Atlantic herring	615,308
Atlantic croaker	529,747

Number of specimens collected by all research vessels with the namesake *Albatross* since 1883 and stored at:

	Smithsonian	Harvard	Yale
<i>Albatross</i>	163,304	3,116	3,569
<i>Albatross II</i>	-----	11,772	-----
<i>Albatross III</i>	199	167	228
<i>Albatross IV</i>	539	16,513	114

R/V Albatross IV Scientific Effort for all cruise types, 1963-2008

Estimated total mileage (based on survey tracklines): 655,272 = 14,562 Miles a Year

Total Number of Stations: 41,276 = 917.2 Stations a Year

Total number of Food Habits samples: over 500,000

Total number of Age & Growth samples: over 854,000

Total number of uniquely identified species: 613



Record specimens and catches

- Largest catch of a single species (weight):
12,251 kg (27,000 lb) of spiny dogfish in 1983
- Largest catch of a single species (number):
253,571 bay anchovies in 2002
- Largest total catch (weight):
18,276 kg (40,000 lb) in 1990
- Largest specimen:
440 cm (14.3') basking shark
- Oldest aged fish: 58-year old redfish (48 cm)
- Oldest aged invertebrate: 221-year old ocean quahog



Sea Stories

Preface

The following is a collection of stories, poems and random thoughts that a variety of people who have sailed aboard the *Albatross IV* throughout the years were willing share with their fellow sailors. This is a subset of many memories that were documented, but due to space limitations, could not all be printed in this venue (some stories were also edited for clarity and brevity). It is anticipated that the full collection will be published at a later date. If these stories remind you of ones that you would like to also share, please submit them to Linda.Despres@noaa.gov Thank



to
(some
you
you.

In the Beginning....

I remember that I was just a kid on that wintery day when the *Albatross* came in. The ship was gleaming white and Dad was so pleased to see it.

- Dave Graham, son of Dr. Herbert Graham, former NEFSC Lab Director, Woods Hole, MA

Thanksgiving Day morning, 1962 was a red-letter day for everyone at the Woods Hole Fishery Lab – the new research ship *Albatross IV* was scheduled to arrive for research service in the North Atlantic Ocean.

Since 1959, when the venerable *Albatross III* was removed from fishery research service, we the staff at the Woods Hole Fisheries Lab, had been directed to compile lists of equipment and capabilities required of the proposed *Albatross IV* to perform as a first class research platform. The officers of the bridge, staff of the engine room and electronics department, fishermen, water chemistry scientists, galley and dining facilities chef, and all collectors of biological samples were required to submit lists of any new ideas or equipment that should be considered as vital to the successful operation of the new ship. Once these lists were compiled and passed along through channels, the responsibility for further action was passed to the bureaucrats in the Gloucester, MA, Fisheries Regional Office and the Central Fisheries Office of the Department of Interior in Washington, DC.

After the money for construction of the ship was in sight, it became time for the politicians, high-ranking bureaucrats, boat building facilities and many other interested parties to join in the procedures to be followed in determining, where and when the new ship would be built.

We at Woods Hole were used to hearing ship building names like Bath Iron Works in Maine, Boston's Four River shipyard, Bayonne, NJ, Norfolk, VA, and names around the Great Lakes. Instead, we now heard Pascagoula, Morgan City, Slidell, New Orleans several others that required our checking the atlas to determine where they were located.



and

There were also rumors such as: "Not really a shipyard," "They build very good shrimp boats," "They build them upside down in a field next to a bayou and when the welded hull is completed, they flip them over then slide them into the bayou where they do most of the finishing work." "By the way, the fellow who is boss in one of the yards is dressed in a cowboy hat, khaki shorts and cowboy boots."

flip
do
who

After weeks of dickering between New England and Gulf Coast politicians, it was decided that the contract to build the *Albatross IV* would be awarded to the boatyard in Slidell, LA, and the man in charge was "The Cowboy!"

Woods Hole Fishery Lab Director Herbert W Graham, naturally was deeply involved in assuring that the ship project would go well. He appointed Arthur Posgay, our sea scallop expert, who had previous engineering

experience elsewhere, to be our “Clerk of the Works” to keep an eye on the progress of construction for Dr Graham. Similarly, Jim Crossen, our Electronics Engineer, who had served aboard *Albatross III* in that capacity for several years, was directed to observe the electronic installations going into the ship. This meant that as the months passed, both Art and Jim spent a lot of time at the shipyard with the new ship.



When it came time for the 187-foot welded steel hull to be turned over, Graham, Posgay, and Crossen were on hand to watch the delicate process. To their horror, in the middle of the flip-over, the machine operators lost control and the whole load crashed to the ground! All was not lost however, because any damage to the huge egg-shell hull was repairable and was readily fixed. (Any damage to the lab observers was not permanent either, as both Dr Graham and Jim Crossen will be here at the Woods Hole dock to participate in the retirement of the *Albatross IV*. An added footnote is that on December 18, 2008, a few weeks from now, Dr Graham will celebrate his 103rd birthday and is still living in his home in Woods Hole!)

As work progressed on the ship, the crew was assembled and each department was activated, so soon the *Albatross IV* was livable and ready for her sea trials. She had been moved from the bayou into a nearby dredged ship canal. The bow-thruster and kort nozzle as the propeller-rudder assembly was new and mysterious to Captain Walter Beatteay, but was a marvelous tool in the hands of the trial skipper, the colorful “Cowboy.”

Art Posgay, who was aboard for the sea trials told me, “The Cowboy” ducked into the pilot house (he was 6’2” tall, rangy and relaxed). Dressed in his usual attire, he perched himself on one leg at the helm, signaled to the engine room for the power he wanted, and with the bow-thruster and kort nozzle working perfectly, eased the ship away from the dock as smoothly as I have ever seen. I never saw anyone master the *Albatross IV* the way The Cowboy did!!!”

Now with all of these events behind us, we were once again on the Woods Hole Fisheries dock watching the first arrival of, a new ship, the *Albatross IV*. Dr Graham, and Art Posgay had gone out earlier in the small runabout, *Merlu*, to board the ship, and were now in Vineyard Sound preparing to enter between Nobska Point and Naushon Island into Woods Hole Harbor. At this point, the sky was cloudy, but it was not raining. The ship looked beautiful against the darkening water and sky, and her distinctive profile stood out majestically.

The ship turned into Woods Hole passage and Captain Walter Beatteay, without “The Cowboy” at his side, began his slow and tentative move towards Woods Hole. At this point, the skies opened and it started to rain. The closer the ship came towards the dock, the harder it rained, and even those of us in foul weather gear were getting damp. As the weather worsened, the crowd on the dock began to thin out. By the time the *Albatross IV* laid alongside the dock, almost all of the ship celebrants had retreated to their cars and many with wet and cranky children had set off for home.

- George Kelly, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

On February 23, 1960, the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries issued a contract to the Dwight S. Simpson Co of Boston, MA, to design RV *Albatross IV* to conduct fisheries and oceanographic research in the Northwest Atlantic. In June 1961, a contract was given to Southern Shipbuilding Corp of Slidell, LA, to construct *Albatross IV*.

On April 19, 1962, at 3:00 p.m., *Albatross IV* was launched into Bayou Bonfouca. Dr Graham, Arthur Posgay and Jim Crossen of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, Woods Hole, and others witnessed the launching as the shipyard superintendent, Mr Cunningham, with his cowboy hat on, dashed aboard to help plug up a leaking valve in the hull.

In the months to follow, the new crew of the *Albatross* began arriving from Woods Hole, Gloucester and Boston....Captain Walter Beatteay, his 1st mate, Bob Cusick, and Chief Engineer, Winslow. I recall meeting some of the crew at the New Orleans airport. Arthur Posgay and I were headquartered at the small motel, Fountainbleu, in Slidell. Chief Steward Jack Merchant, arrived in New Orleans, but we didn't hear from him through the weekend. By mistake or "design," Jack holed up in the very hotel, Fountainbleu, in downtown New Orleans! Lee Welch, fisherman, arrived at the airport with "Tiny" (cowboy hat and all).



fancy

were

the

Much of the summer of 1962, Arthur Posgay and Jim Crossen on duty at the Southern Shipyard, observing and testing equipment (Posgay on the winches and other oceanographic equipment). The ship was completed in October 1962.

In October 1962, a meeting was held aboard the *Albatross IV* at Southern Shipyard. In attendance were Mr Selegman (shipyard owner), Mr John Gharret (Regional Director of BCF Gloucester), Dwight Simpson (architect's representative), Stan ?, Ken Lawrence (Procurement Office, Washington, DC), Jim Crossen, Capt Walter Beatteay, Chief Elisha Winslow and others. The meeting was for the purpose of discussing a list of deficiencies prior to acceptance of the vessel.

The meeting was concluded when a telephone call came in from Washington (Senator Stennis of MS had intervened) to accept the ship, as is, and to make preparations to sail to Woods Hole. Mr Gharrett told Arthur Posgay and Jim Crossen to fly back to Boston with him (Posgay and Crossen had planned to sail back with the *Albatross IV*).

Jim had been assigned as the Radiological Defense Officer for the Department of the Interior in Region 1 (New England). There was a plan in the event of a "national disaster" to implement the use of Geiger counters in all fishery labs. At about the same time frame, things were heating up in Cuba. On October 18, 1962, conversations were ongoing between President Kennedy and Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko. On October 27, 1962, President Khrushchev proposed a Turkey-Cuba trade off. On Cape Cod, the US Air Force was escorting Russian ships sailing down the East Coast to Cuba with supplies.

Permission was given to allow *Albatross IV* safe passage around the Florida coast and up the East Coast to Woods Hole. On a rainy Thanksgiving Day, 1962, Dr Graham, Arthur Posgay and I had planned to meet in Woods Hole to greet the new R/V *Albatross IV* in Great Harbor. Dr Graham and Posgay did, in fact, motor out in the *Merlu* (Dr. Howard Tait's boat) to the anchored *Albatross*. I arrived albeit a few minutes late and joined several members of the fisheries staff on the dock. Perhaps an hour later, the *Albatross* hoisted anchor, and with the bow thruster in gear, tied up to the relatively new "Mishara Co" constructed dock. A few dozen greeters stood in the light rain and excitedly 'oohed and aahed" at the brand new 187' research vessel.
- Jim Crossen, retired Electronics Engineer, Woods Hole, MA



We arrived at the dock on Thanksgiving day, 1962. In April 1963, they sent us to the Anacostia Navy Yard in Washington, DC, for commissioning ceremonies. It was a great affair, and it went on all day. We had strung up a net, and had many exhibits of what we do, and the crew explained to the visitors what we would do. Many Washington officials, senators, and members of the House of Representatives came, and feasted on the best fish meals that you'd ever tasted. The NMFS had a corps of cooks who concocted recipes for a magazine that was put out

by the service, and they set up tables in many places throughout the ship - they were a great bunch. When Stuart Udall came aboard, I spent a lot of time showing him the ship and the gear. He asked me, as he had several children, if he could bring them down to see the ship when things quieted down, and I told him, "sure." Later on he came back with them, and they had a great time. Some of them were holy terrors (typical boys) - they were even climbing the mast!! Now, in the fall of 2008, I was watching the Jim Lehrer show on PBS, and they were interviewing three newly elected Senators - one of them was Mark Udall. I believe he was one of the Udall boys who came on the ship. He's the spitting image of Stuart!!

- Robert Cusick, former First Officer, *Albatross IV*

The People

In the Spring of '65 (April – May) I sailed on *Albatross IV* as a student bridge cadet from Southern Maine Vocational Technical Institute. This was an honor as these trips were reserved for seniors and I was a freshman. The cruise was a 19-day Plankton Survey. Jack Colton was chief scientist, Bob Marak, Ruth Stoddard, and Sam Nickerson were scientists on board, plus there were others. I stood the 12 to 6 watch with Bob Grant, who was the 2nd Mate. Pat Twohig was the electronics engineer. Pat fine-tuned the radio direction finder so that I could use it for navigation purposes. Nick Vadala (fisherman) instructed me on several occasions during the cruise on wire splicing. I did not sail on *AL IV* again until the seventies. However, I was employed at the fisheries lab at Sandy Hook, NJ, since 1966. To think so many people spend their working life in traffic going to a job, then in a cubicle doing something they don't like, all in the name of money, and then go home in the evening to the TV tube. We are truly a fortunate few that did not go through life like that and LIVED a better life.

- John Sibunka, retired Fishery Biologist, Sandy Hook, NJ

In the early days of the *Albatross IV*, Captain Walter Beateay enjoyed traveling through the Cape Cod Canal. As we approached the Massachusetts Maritime Academy from the south end of the canal, he would give a loud toot of the ship's horn, principally to signal the houses on the cape side of the canal of our presence. That horn blast alerted the residents of the homes to our presence and resulted in their appearing out on to their porches and lawns, young and old alike, to give a friendly wave to those of us on deck.

- George Kelley, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

There used to be a steward on the ship who was just a tad simple. Back in the day, he used to go up and down the hall blowing a whistle when meals were to be served. It tended to be quite annoying at times. One time a certain rascally chief scientist decided to even the score and filled the whistle with some crushed cooked peas. When he blew the whistle, was not a pretty sight. Didn't hear much more of the whistle a while.

-Gary Shepherd, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

Linda Despres continues:

Gordie was the guy who blew the whistle...then it was the bell.....

Gary Shepherd continues:

If I recall, Nicholas also took the clapper out of his bell!

Jerry Przioso continues:

More pleasant memories for me include Gordy, the messman, summoning us to dinner with his bell, which eventually was replaced with a whistle when someone hid the bell. (I much preferred the bell!)

Jim Crossen continues:

One time (actually, it was almost every time) Gordie served the captain a bowl of soup, holding on to it with his thumb inside the bowl and the rest of his hand cradling the bowl. The captain said, "Gordie, your thumb's in my soup." Gordie replied, "Don't worry, Captain. It's not that hot."



to
it
for

I was always doing something wrong out there and Nick Vidala would yell at me for it. I'd feel bad about it, but then his brother Frank would take me aside and whisper, "Don't feel bad, he yells at everybody like that!"

- Jerry Prezioso, Fishery Biologist, Narragansett, RI

When Linda Despres went on as chief scientist, she would bring flowers for the main lab – nice homey touch.

- John Sibunka, retired Fishery Biologist, Sandy Hook, NJ

We once took a difficult employee aboard who was quite disruptive to the rest of the crew. She took to throwing dishes, frisbee style, at Chief Steward John Braxton. Remembering that Braxton was a boxer in the Navy, wise crew members restrained "John-John" from any direct retribution, and I, as XO, confined the troubled crew member to quarters, after terminating employment. Highly desiring an immediate offloading of this person, I consulted the CO and he (Frank Arbusto) let me put a zodiac over the side at 0300, miles off of Long Beach Island, NJ, which was the ship's closest approach to land for days. Kenny Rondeau, Chief Boatswain, and I took the difficult employee to land. We arrived at Barnegat Inlet at about 0500, just before first light, and surprised ourselves and the jetty fishermen when we powered up a big light to see where we were. Twenty feet in front of us were about two dozen fishermen standing on the jetty; we could hear the surf, but scarcely see it. So we landed the employee on the beach, and turned back toward the ship, ridding *AL IV* of a great disruption and minimizing lost time from Operations. The ship kept sampling while we were on this mission. The whole crew lined the rail as we came back along side, no one having gone to bed for fear of missing a detail of this adventure. Ken will always be a hero for sharing this experience.

- Craig McLean, former Executive Officer, *Albatross IV*

There's a photo in Pat Twohig's possession that predates my *Albatross* years: Jack Merchant in bed with his toupee off and his teeth out.

- Don Flescher, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

Linda Despres continues:

I can also see Jack Merchant without teeth and toupee (Bill Clapp was also famous for not wearing his teeth either). Bill could look pretty mangy on the boat, but when he and Jack came off the *Albatross IV* in any port, they looked like they owned it by the way they looked and dressed (all clean shaven, smelling good, hair and teeth in place and in their best Sunday clothes).

Nicknames were very common:

Frank "Pinky" Bailey

Lou "Speedy Gonzales" Lawday

Bob "Bones" Livingstone

Bob "Daddy O" Edwards

Joe "Ferocious" Ferreira

Jerry "Tiny" Benham

Pete "Flash" Testaverde

Art "Spider" Posgay

George "Feathers" Kelly

Bruce "Blinker" Burns

Paul "Golfballs" Galtsoff

Ray "Sting Ray" Fritz

Marv "Grossbeak" Grosslein



Ed "Handyman" Handy
 Roland "Uncle" Wigley
 Dick "Prince Valiant" Hennemuth
 Cliff "Tippy" Newell
 Ron "Dutch" Schultz
 John "Bongo John" or "Sibongo John" or "Hurricane John" Sibunka
 "Trapper" John Maddox
 John "Hooter" Hurder
 Ray "Belly" Bowman
 Jim "Fitz" Fitzgearld
 Lewis "Macadoo" McDaniels
 Dave "Dr Dirt" Radosh
 John "Ace" Nelson
 "Uncle" Don Flescher
 David Miller was known as "Schweppes"...haven't the faintest idea why.
 - Bob Marak, retired Fishery Biologist, Narragansett, RI
 - Pat Twohig, retired Electronics Engineer, Woods Hole, MA
 - Bruce Burns, retired Fishery Biologist, Narragansett, RI

Laura Stanbrough (Dave Miller's daughter) continues:
 Dad would occasionally grow a goatee (because a full beard didn't work well for him) and he resembled an advertising character in a campaign for Schweppes featuring an English "Colonel" holding a bottle of Bitter Lemon. He also used to laugh at the fact that with a goatee he would be addressed as "Dr"(as in PhD) and without it, just as Mr Miller.

The "cookie lady" from Maine who made many trips very interesting.
 - Ray Bowman, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

Captain Beatteay was quite a character. He was fond of telling sea stories from his days as a merchant mariner - and I think he also smoked those big cigars. You learned that the vessel slowed when he was having his meals, but 'full throttle' ahead as soon as he went on the bridge.
 - Gordon Waring, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

It's Thursday afternoon. We have completed almost 300 tows to sample scallops from Cape Hatteras to Cape Cod. Today will be our last full day at sea; we return to Woods Hole, MA, early Friday morning. I am of course looking forward to getting back to land and eventually back home to North Carolina, but I am immensely grateful for this experience.

During our introductory meeting at the start of the cruise, our ship was compared to "a city at sea." I've thought about that a number of times. All the normal services provided by municipalities must be duplicated on board a ship: electricity for heating and cooling, fresh water for drinking and washing, food supplies to last for the duration of the cruise, waste disposal, emergency services, communications, even entertainment. Then, too, this is a city on the move. It takes brain power to know where we are and where we're heading at every moment in time. And it takes mechanical power to keep us moving through the water.

I would suggest that it also takes a considerable amount of people-power to keep this city-at-sea operating at its fullest capacity. And I've witnessed this sort of people-power consistently aboard the *Albatross IV* these past 15 days. Organization, planning, and procedures govern nearly everything. Officers, crew, and scientists know what to do and what not to do, and all of this works to achieve the overall goal of gathering the data necessary to continue this study of scallops that started back in 1975.

But beyond merely following procedures, I've also witnessed something else among the individuals on board this vessel that makes work progress smoothly: simple courtesy. People are quick to offer a helping hand. "Thank you", "Excuse me", "Let me help you with that", as well as unspoken gestures of consideration, are plentiful. Everyone seems fully aware that we are, literally, all in the same boat out here, and getting along is an important aspect of getting the job done.

So, as I approach the end of this experience, I am grateful to all those who made it possible: the NOAA Teacher at Sea Program and its administrators, as well as the officers, crew, and scientists aboard the *Albatross IV*. Thank you all for the valuable work you do, and thank you for allowing me to be a small part of it.

- David Riddle, Teacher-at-Sea, Polk County, NC

Even at sea, we are touched by life's circle...I remember personally telling Paul Wood that he was a grandfather for the first time (before email existed). We've taken off officers and crew members who were about to be fathers...sometimes sooner than they thought they would be. Tommy Frontiero, the ship's first lead fishermen, passed on while working on the ship's back deck. I have also assisted in distributing the remains of two shipmates: Bob Hersey, a Woods Hole scientist, whose son is currently the first engineer aboard the *Albatross IV*, and Jack Merchant, the first chief steward aboard this ship. A few years ago, Captain Steve Wagner was asked to take Jack's remains out to Georges Bank. On the next trip that Steve and I were on together, we read a poem and scattered Jack's ashes....I think some are still in the rigging.... circle of life of a sailor.

- Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

I also recall we had lots of tear-ups on that trip and on many days the scientific party was on the back deck helping the fishermen mend the nets (i.e., we would load needles or hold sections of nets while they repaired the holes). This was one of the best opportunities to get to know them.

-Gordon Waring, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA



the





“Mac” McDaniels, and the *Albatross* have played an important part in my family lore. My wife Heather and I grew up in Castine (only about 4 families with kids our age) and we had been together, but unmarried, for about 10 years during the time I worked in Woods Hole. One summer when I was on the *Albatross* as a wage marine fisherman (or maybe it was when I was a survey tech) was the summer that they celebrated the 200th anniversary of the USS *Constitution* and we brought the *Albatross* to Boston to be part of the celebration. We docked it on the pier adjacent to the *Constitution*, which I well remember because I was the helmsman at the time. The captain was giving me rudder commands, and he just about put the *Albatross* through the side of the *Constitution*, which would

certainly have been an ignominious end to Old Ironsides -- especially on her birthday. In any event, Heather came down to me during our port visit and we were sitting on the aft deck with just chatting about stuff, and out of the blue he says to me, "Why don't you grow up and be a man and marry Helter (that's what



visit
Mac

Mac

called Heather)." Well ya know, his comments stuck with me and I worked it over and over in my head during the next cruise out and when I returned, damn if I didn't ask her to marry me. So, you see that the *Albatross* and Mac have had a big influence on my life -- I still call her Helter.

- Bill Brennan, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Oceans & Atmosphere and Acting NOAA Administrator

Women at Sea

Sixty years ago, Rachel Carson, who was then working for the Dept of Interior, was asked to write a story about the work going on at the Woods Hole lab. Arrangements were made so that she would sail aboard the *Albatross III*. There was another woman who was scheduled to sail with her, but at the last minute couldn't go; therefore Rachel couldn't go either. There's an interesting note written by the chief scientist in the cruise results of cruise 11, 1948...the trip that Rachel didn't go on: "The strong relief expressed by practically all members of the scientific staff when they learned that female observers would definitely not accompany this cruise might be of some interest. Their presence in the intimate confined living quarters set aside for scientists, without specific provisions for privacy, would have been resented." One year later, in 1949, Rachel found another roommate, Marie Roddell, and together they created the opportunity for other women to follow. Rachel went on to write several well-known and nationally recognized books. Marie wrote about her *Albatross* adventure in the October 1950 edition of "Frontiers" magazine. It stated, "We were the first women to spend more than a few hours aboard, and I do not know who was more doubtful about what was to come -- the crew, the scientists or we."

- Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

In 1968, I got my first job in Woods Hole, much to my delight. I would have been happy just xeroxing (women's lib had not yet kicked in!), but I was fortunate enough to end up working up data for Marv Grosslein. After a month or so, he asked if I would be interested in going on a short cruise. I picked my jaw back up off the floor and stammered a quick yes. Judy Penttila and Brenda Byrd also got asked and happily agreed, and then we were assembled in Marv's office for a bit of a talk. Some time before us, a young woman whose name I never found out had gone out, and there had evidently been some indiscretion. The grapevine later told us that she had run off with one of the crew



members during some port call (to Alaska, I think!), but I don't know how much of this was exaggeration. At any rate, it put a stop to the women-at-sea idea. Marv told us that we were sort of a ship-test, and that if we messed up, it would mess up women after us for a long time. Only, being Marv, he said it much better than that. We were suitably impressed, and determined to do our very best. The men on the ship were really gracious for the most part, considering what a big change it was for them. Some of them said they liked it better, because their shipmates showered and shaved more, and the ship didn't stink so much! Those who considered us "jinxes" (occasionally heard) just left us alone initially, but most of them came around. The Falmouth Enterprise wrote an article (with picture!) about us that summer, but unfortunately I don't have it. Anyway we must have done OK, because I made two more cruises that summer, and now, it seems there are more women than men on most of them!

- Jean St Onge Burns, retired Fishery Biologist, Narragansett, RI

My first cruise aboard the *Albatross* was a gear comparison cruise back in the summer of 1968, along with Jeanne St. Onge and Brenda Byrd. The crew members were friendly, but didn't interact too much with the scientific personnel unless it was work related. It was quite different when I went out on a regular survey cruise as the only female aboard. There was supposed to be another female going too, but at the last moment, she couldn't make it. Herb Stern was the chief scientist for that cruise and he gave me his stateroom, while he moved below deck with the other members of the scientific crew. After my first attempt to "sleep" in that stateroom, with the bunk board in, I knew why he said he didn't mind giving me his room. The *Albatross* always did roll a lot! The fishermen and other crew members were all very friendly to me on that cruise, to the point where it was difficult to find any time alone (except in my room) to sit and read without being interrupted by someone coming over and asking how I was doing. They were all concerned that I was lonely since I didn't have another woman there to talk with. As you mentioned -- I felt like I had been "adopted" by the crew of the *Albatross* and that feeling continued through all the many survey cruises that I participated in.

I really enjoyed my times at sea aboard the *Albatross* and was grateful for the support that Marv Grosslein, Dick Hennemuth, Herb Stern, and many others gave me through those years. It was on a survey cruise with Herb Stern that I was given the position of watch chief -- the first female to serve in that roll on a survey cruise (I think that Ruth Stoddard was the first female watch chief on a plankton cruise.).

- Judy Penttila, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA



When I came to the lab in 1973, there were other pioneering women who had preceded me aboard the *Albatross IV*: Ruth Stoddard, Judy Penttila, Jeanne Burns, Pat Gerrior, Louise Derry, Susan Eddy, and Judy Brennan-Hoskins. If one wanted to go, three of us had to go because a three person cabin had to be full. The original Gloucester Italian and New Bedford Portuguese crew members gradually became accustomed to our presence...they either ignored us since it was bad luck to have women on board, adopted us as either another daughter or granddaughter or had less than admirable intentions which we learned how to quickly deflect. As the original fishermen retired, younger men came on board, and I distinctly remember one fisherman being disappointed that the next group of scientists coming aboard were going to be all men. The crew were now used to seeing more women at the lab and at sea and they didn't mind us being around. In 1976, I became the first female chief scientist during a bottom trawl survey and it was also the first time

women scientists outnumbered the men....we were nicknamed the "Magnificent 7 + 6" and it made headlines in the local newspaper! Aboard the *Albatross IV*, women have since worked in the galley, engine room, as deckhands and as officers.... hundreds of women have sailed on this vessel in the intervening 46 years...we had a slow start but we're making a spectacular finish!

- Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

In the 70s, NEFSC designated the first woman chief scientist. It was a trawl survey on *AL IV*. The chief scientist was Linda Despres. I was on that cruise.

- John Sibunka, retired Fishery Biologist, Sandy Hook, NJ

I've got no qualms about having ladies aboard at all.

- *Albatross IV* crew member, 1980.

I know a positive relationship will develop once we get out to sea and work together as a team.

- *Albatross IV* Captain, 1980.

The Food

Having to eat ice cream, cereal and toast when the food was less than appealing...knowing what the menu would be just by the day of the week...sneaking a peak at the next day's menu, which was in the printer at night...always getting squirted by lobster juice when the crustacean was on the menu (even though I never ate it)...sitting at the end of the table and wondering how much food/drink would end up in your lap when the ship took a roll...taking over the galley in the middle of the night to make pizza (Jerry Prezioso style)...working the midnight shift and eating everything not locked down to stay awake... anything from tinned sardines (who knows how long they were around) on crackers, cereal, sandwiches, pb & crackers, steam plate leftovers, soup, ice cream...Jeff Taylor – the first to bring an espresso machine aboard – he was everyone's friend! CO Gary Bulmer prohibiting popcorn because he did not care for the smell, which permeated the ship... remember when the galley freezer was locked and we did not have free access to ice cream?...cookouts on the back deck.

-Nancy McHugh, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA



Another memorable event that stays in my mind was when we had Kathy McCloskey on board for several trips as cook. She was the best! In the days before Kathy, terrible food was served. Kathy was a breath of fresh air! She used to make the best pancakes, muffins, breads, and any other baked goods; and she was majestic with the fresh fish we would catch. She was sorely missed by all the crew!

- Pete Celone, former Commanding Officer, *Albatross IV*

I can still see Jack Merchant sitting at the officer's table every night trying to figure out what the menu would be for the following day but every week it was the same

menu....Monday was steak, Tuesday was chicken, Wednesday was pasta, etc. He would work in the galley with a cigarette in his mouth, flicking ashes on/near the food and have his hands wrist deep in dough. He loved to bake and made the BEST homemade donuts (only during calm weather), foot long chocolate éclairs and frisbee sized cream puffs.

-Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

On one of Mel McCray's early trips as chief steward, he cooked up a mess of lobsters...being from the south and used to adding spices (probably Old Bay) to crabs, he thought he would add spices to the cooking lobsters. The fishermen (all New Englanders) almost killed him and watched him every time thereafter so that he wouldn't add anything to the lobsters.

- Joe Hough, former Chief Engineer, *Albatross IV*

Shoreside Communication

The post office was still around and back in the 70s that was the only way to get a hard copy to the vessel. Then came fax machines and overnight delivery. We actually had to wait for signed cruise plans to show up overnight before sailing. Now you can scan and e-mail documents to the ship. I wonder how Columbus did it with none of this stuff.

- Jack McAdam, former Commanding Officer, *Albatross IV*

Back in the early years, when you went out to sea, you used to be able to get away from the everyday problems of work, home and the world (before email, cell phones, and satellite TV). When we left port, we had no communication with the outside world until we came back, or if we had some inshore stations, we could pick up a local TV channel (I remember modifying my cruise tracks a few times to swing closer to shore for Sunday afternoon or Monday night football games). Each day at 0900, the *Albatross IV*, Wiskey Mike Victor Foxtrot (WMVF), would call Kilo Alpha Charlie (KAC) Woods Hole to transmit scientific traffic, and at the end of the two week period, to also call in time and attendance and the food order. When we returned to port, it often felt like we had been on the moon since we weren't aware of what had happened while we were away and it took us a few days to catch up.

- Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA



Entertainment

Back in the 70s we did not have VCR, satellite TV or computers. Entertainment was reading or playing cribbage. Film reel with a movie projector was introduced around this time. A bed sheet was hung in the officer's/scientist's mess and everyone crowded in to see the evening movie. Popcorn was made by the galley crew to enhance viewing enjoyment.

- John Sibunka, retired Fishery Biologist, Sandy Hook, NJ

I remember showing a 3 reel movie and the ending

showed up on what we thought was reel two. That's right; we had one more reel to watch but we never realized that we had shown them out of order. That shows you how good the reel-to-reel movies were.

- Jack McAdam, former Commanding Officer, *Albatross IV*

I definitely learned (and learned well) the fine art of pegging from the old fishermen - Sal, etc.

- Robin Griswold, Fishery Biologist, Narragansett, RI

On a lighter side, once folks got their sea legs we could avail ourselves of the ship's entertainment 'penny poker' at the round table in the SMOKE filled lounge. While I participated in that activity a few times, I spent more time low profile, horizontal, position in the oceanographic lab.

- Gordon Waring, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

I got to see Jacques Cousteau's film "The Silent World", which I thought was a very appropriate film for a cruise!

- Jerry Prezioso, Fishery Biologist, Narragansett, RI

With only one (usually horrible and/or horrible) movie to watch each day, cribbage and conversation were the two main ways to entertain ourselves. Many remember the tournaments, the cheating, the cussing and the stories that were exchanged during those times of playing either singles or doubles. Cards would be slapped down hard on table to emphasize a point (or two). There always seemed to be a crib game going on in the mess rooms and we would have to break a game up to sit down for a meal or to watch a movie.

- Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA



in a

the

Watch Schedules

The hours from 12am to 6am were outstanding for me. I would go back to the stern and sit and enjoy the quiet and peace of the time. Except in rough weather when I would wonder what am I doing out here? During that time period, the daily ship's activities would be over and it was quiet. There is nothing like it. Every now and then Joe "Ferocious" Ferreira and several other fishermen would clean some fresh scrod and fry them for all on the watch. The galley would be clean before Jack Merchant got up to begin breakfast.

- Ray Fritz, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

Science at Sea

During certain MARMAP cruises, the Manomet bird observer on board would take the rescue boat out with a crew member and a scientist to collect samples of sea birds for food habits with a shotgun. Now that was different!

- John Sibunka, retired Fishery Biologist, Sandy Hook, NJ

One of my favorites is when we found a dead whale that had been chewed on by a few sharks that were still circling below, and we were asked for a pectoral fin. We settled for putting John Galbraith, the chief scientist in a harness and lowered him down armed with a hack saw to cut a hunk off.

- Peter Langlois, 3rd Officer, *Albatross IV*

Officer Denny Fox's, idea of 1.5 knots (the speed for a bongo net always seemed a bit fast - we used to kid about the bongos skipping a'top the water when Denny was driving.

- Robin Griswold, Fishery Biologist, Narragansett, RI

A few years ago, we were doing some deep water stations and got big haul of a species of gulper sharks that had not been previously described in the northwest Atlantic. Needless to say, John Galbraith was very excited. There were about 25 of these sharks,



tow)

this

and

amidst them all was a complete port-a-potty! Kind of the ying/yang of survey tows.

- Gary Shepherd, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

There were dogfish catches, maxing out at 25,000 pounds. Trawl liners shredding, winches straining. Years earlier there were large catches of cod and haddock. The replacement of dogfish for cod and haddock (biomass flip) over a series of years was something I witnessed...dramatic and sad. I recall a 12,000 pound catch of sea robins. There were some species we tried to keep from killing:

-sturgeons

-striped bass. I recall one large catch of striped bass. I believe we got them all weighed, measured and thrown over before any died.

-whales. Even after decades of going to sea, I never failed to be highly impressed at seeing them... magnificent life forms.

- Don Flescher, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA



Having been influenced by Willi Bemis, then at University of Massachusetts, Amherst, to look into NOAA/CMER funding of my interests in vitellogenesis, I was really excited to look directly at lots of fish ovaries when I went out on my first couple of Groundfish Surveys on the *Albatross IV*. In the spring of 1988 on Leg IV, my first cruise on the *Albatross IV*, we came upon a big hagfish and I thought, without looking at a book, "What do their ovaries look like?" After opening it up, I found some lozenge shaped structures that were about an inch long and I thought, "Wow, are these metanephric kidneys?" Going to the books as a last resort, I found that they were not kidneys or even ovaries; they were the anomalously large oocytes of the hagfish. I went further in the literature to find the first

descriptions, which I thought might be in some German morphology journal, but to my surprise the first mention of these strange oocytes was in one of the earlier issues of *Science*, reported by the original *Albatross* on one of her trips through the Panama Canal to Monterey Bay, where the oocytes of the hagfish were finally documented.

- Joseph Kunkle, Professor, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, MA

When my daughter, Caden, was attending 2nd grade/Navesink Elementary School, I approached her teacher, Mrs. Melissa Ford, with the idea of having the kids write short bios on waterproof paper, stuff them in wine bottles and cork them, and I would arrange for the bottles to be tossed overboard during the 2000 Spring Groundfish Survey (we were in compliance with trash overboard regs!). I shipped the bottles to Linda Despres. She transferred them to John Galbraith (chief scientist, Spring Groundfish Survey). John jettisoned the bottles at station 1, Hudson Canyon, off the NJ coast.

Some thirteen months later, the first bottle washed ashore at the resort beach between Carcans-Plage and Hourtin (near Bordeaux, France). This bottle was found by two young sisters (Karel and Tea Leenhouts) from Holland, who were on "holiday" with their parents. Alyx Wolfe was lucky second grader from Navesink. Unfortunately, she had moved to Alaska before the postcard arrived.

In 2004, the second bottle washed ashore in Cuba. That's four years afloat!! The young Cuban father wrote Mrs. Ford great letter, and included a picture of his young son as well the original bio--classic 2nd grade thoughts.

- Don McMillian, Fishery Biologist, Sandy Hook, NJ

Being on the *Albatross IV* WAS a powerful sea experience me! For two weeks in July, 2007, I took part in the North Atlantic scallop assessment survey. My worst fear was getting seasick, but I didn't get sick at all! Sailing across the vast ocean was surreal - could you tell it was my first time



the

a
as

for

out

in the middle of the ocean?! The beautiful sunsets, the cruise and container ships sailing within viewing distance, the dolphins jumping around the ship, and the opportunity to take closeup shots from the bow of a sunfish sailing around a floating, dead basking shark were awesome!

The crew was so friendly, they made me feel welcome from beginning to end. They were willing to answer any questions I asked them. The food was delicious - better than I eat at home! Cookouts on the stern of the ship were such amazing memories of the yummy food and hanging out (sitting on buckets) with the crew having a great time. The staterooms were comfortable. It was kind of weird watching waves crashing outside the peephole window while taking a shower, though. Last, but not least, I enjoyed the scientific research. I always wanted to be a marine biologist growing up, but switched gears to teach science in a museum setting. It's so much more amazing to study ocean life up close and personal than in a classroom. In bright yellow waders and boots for 12 hours, we rummaged through loads of sand dollars, quahogs, and rocks to find the treasure - scallops! We also conducted counts on skates, sea stars, monkfish, and crabs - true predators of the scallops! It was messy and tiring, but lots of fun and I learned so much! I wouldn't trade this experience for anything! Thank you for this opportunity!

- Susie Hill, Education Specialist for Nauticus, Norfolk, VA

Creating a 'chain gang' to move boxes from the scientific freezer in the winch room to the main deck...who made those boxes so heavy?!...before the days of the flash freezer, we had to lug samples down below after every station...leaning up against the stack in the wet lab to warm up...getting attacked by the slimy gloves strung up by the stack...trying to get the floor clean in the wet lab...the old wooden secretary aft of the hood...catching so many dogs that the net could not be brought onboard....crawling inside the net to pull dogs out...the lead fisherman playing, "Who Let the Dogs Out" when we had a bagful...the annoying pitch of the jilson when we were trying to work up fish on the back deck...watching the fish from the bag fall all over the deck instead of in the checker...getting covered in cold spray when working at sampling location 3... bruised legs from getting pinned by sliding baskets when the seas were less than optimal...having to remove wet gear while in the middle of processing to get the trawl log on the bridge...I remember chasing a \$10k Marel scale around the back deck when it became unleashed in heavy seas and nearly going overboard in the process.

- Nancy McHugh, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

October 7, 1999, while chief scientist on the Fall BTS, I received word from the lab to locate and retrieve a satellite buoy which had released from an entangled right whale (#2030). The buoy had been attached to the whale for twenty days. Try looking for a 14-inch diameter white ball in the ocean! Success was achieved 76 miles E of Barnegat Inlet, NJ. We located it using satellite positions and pings transmitted from the buoy. The skeleton of this whale is now on display at the Paleontological Research Institution in Ithaca, NY.

http://www.priweb.org/whale2030/whale_tale.htm

- Nancy McHugh, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

Bad Weather

I sailed on the *Albatross IV* twice. I was supposed to go a third time but the poor old girl broke down. Anyway, I am so grateful for having had the experiences on the *Albatross*. The chief scientist on both my trips was Jerry Prezioso from Rhode Island. He was very patient when it came to teaching me "the ropes." Everyone on board was terrific and I learned so much! My most memorable experience was: we hit the tail end of a much weakened tropical storm, and trying to remain in my bunk while sleeping was, well, challenging! I face-planted myself on the bunk and tucked my hands and feet around the corners of the mattress. The next morning the crew were referring to their rooms, which were forward, as the "zero gravity" rooms because they were actually being tossed in the air. Not much sleeping that night!

- Christine Burger, Teacher-at-Sea

One trip I was on really brought home how powerful the sea can be and how insignificant we can be. We were out on the Northeast Peak of Georges and the weather was turning nasty. Seas were running 12 to 15 feet and we had the net out and hung up. Every time we went down in the trough cables would go slack; when we came up on the crest of a wave they would go taut and vibrate like guitar strings.



the

Eventually the cables pulled one of the massive bronze blocks out of the A frame and the cable whipped over and bent the angle iron legs on the checker. Luckily no one was on deck at the time or they would have had their legs broken. We eventually pulled loose and had to steam back to Woods Hole because we had no spare block aboard.

- Jose Pereira, Fishery Biologist, Milford, CT

There were some times when I felt uneasy. Waves breaking over the wheelhouse. I trusted the officers to bring us through. Still you can't help wondering.

- Don Flescher, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

My first trip on *AL IV* was as a bird/mammal observer from Manomet; never thought I'd come back as a deck officer. One nasty trip we were making for Penobscot Bay in really bad weather, taking water over the stern routinely; some tears of fear were shed among the embarked party. With great relief we rounded the point of land that gave us a lee at the bay's entrance. We dropped the hook up near Searsport, and the hook dragged. We noticed it in barely enough time to move the ship, but did get a good look at the TV in the house behind us.

- Craig McLean, former Executive Officer, *Albatross IV*

One of the first tasks I had to deal with was a fast approaching Hurricane Floyd (September 1999), with a track expected to come right over Woods Hole. I remember Jack Moakley coming into my office and saying something like – “You better get outta' here because the storm is fast approaching!” So we did get underway that afternoon, quickly, and headed up to the Coast Guard dock in Boston. We got there probably in the nick of time. I remember the rain coming down horizontally and trying to maneuver the ship with its underpowered engines! It took a while, but we finally got tied up and spent the night. The next morning, after getting cannolis (in the North End), we headed back to Woods Hole. That was a little premature, because Cape Cod Bay was lit up - white caps everywhere. It was probably blowing about 35-40. Fortunately there wasn't much of a sea, and we were able to slowly get back to Woods Hole without much of a problem. A lesson learned by a new commanding officer - pay attention to weather reports!

We also spent many days on the hook in Provincetown. We didn't go ashore, but at least we didn't have to deal with the weather and sea conditions.

And then there were the days out on Georges in the middle of the summer when the fog was so thick you couldn't see the bow of the ship from the pilot house! Listening to that fog horn drove us crazy!

- Pete Celone, former Commanding Officer, *Albatross IV*

I went on that one trip in October, 1995. Linda Despres was Chief Scientist. We had a storm warning and went into Portland, ME, until it passed. My memory is filled with the young crew members who, when we left Portland and rode up and over the huge storm waves, leaped into the air from the bow as we went up and dropped way down onto the deck as the *Albatross* fell into the troughs. Fun stuff.

- Dave Crestin, retired Fishery Biologist, Washington, DC

My first cruise on the *Albatross IV* was in 1969. I was a 19 yr old sophomore COOP student from Northeastern. I remember going out on the back deck with Sam Nickerson, who was my mentor, and being amazed at seeing it snowing sideways across the back deck as we headed out to work. I felt like the little kid in "A Christmas Story" who had so many clothes on he couldn't put his arms down!

- Jerry Prezioso, Fishery Biologist, Narragansett, RI



Joe Miller was the captain on the first trip I ever took on a NOAA vessel. The first trip is one of those things you never forget. Eleven days on Georges Banks in rough seas is something to remember. My first cruise was in Oct., which is not the best weather month of the year, but it's not the worst either. The part I most remember about the trip was the very first night. I was bunking

with another novice from the Gloucester Lab and the ship was held in port because of the high winds and rough seas. They decided to sail around midnight. We were safely, or not so safely, tucked into our bunks. I was in the top bunk and there was no chicken bar...or at least I didn't find it...so I tucked the blankets in and slept with my knees bent to help hold me in the bunk as the ship rocked. Around two or three in the morning (who knows for sure, it was very dark in the cabin), the ship suddenly changed course and it rocked furiously. We could hear everything crashing in the galley and/or storage room. The PFDs fell from the top of the cabinet and the strobe lights started flashing. It was an eerie feeling in the pitch black with the blue strobes flashing and the sounds of everything crashing. What a way to start off a trip. I imagine others have had worse first nights, but that was bad enough for me and my bunk mate.

- Barbara Jobe, retired Safety Officer, Gloucester, MA

I distinctly remember sitting in the scientist's lounge during a big swell. I had to prop my feet up on the coffee table to keep myself from falling through the starboard window on a thirty degree roll.

- Andy Thoms, former Biological Lab Tech, Woods Hole, MA

On my cruises on the *AL IV*, I learned just another use of duct tape. A whole roll of "grey" duct tape will keep a plastic cup of colored sugar water (insert color of the week here) stable on a table top under most conditions on Georges Bank.

- John Rosendale, Fishery Biologist, Sandy Hook, NJ



Albatross IV

What about that guy (one of the scientists) who consistently opened the refrigerator door on the down roll and everything inside would spill out on to the deck? He'd do that two or three times a day.

- Steve Pacuska, former Engineer, *Albatross IV*

In '88 during a storm the ship took a 30+ degree tilt; the story is that Scott McNammara was in the shower at the time.

- Tamara Holdsworth-Davis, Oceanographer, Woods Hole, MA

Scott McNammara continues:

I remember that we took a huge roll and almost didn't come back. I was in the shower and ended up on the toilet.

During one of the bottom trawl surveys, while we were operating around Yarmouth, NS, a storm came the coast. While we will often ride out gales; we run from storms. We thought it was going to be the typical one day deal, so we decided to anchor in Saint Mary's Bay (on the northwest corner of Nova Scotia),

In the '80s & '90s I was on her a good bit of time...been through some bad storms with her, like being out on Georges Banks when "The Perfect Storm" hit, (the one they made the movie about). I remember I was down in the radio room and Jose Riviera, who was navigation officer, was in the chart room just above me and we could see the storm coming across the water. Some scientists were begging Captain Carl Berman to put them ashore so they wouldn't die. We had ice building up on the hull and it was pretty nasty, but we finally made it into Nova Scotia for a few days to lick our wounds.

- Don Byrd, former Electronics Technician,



up

which promised to be very protected from the easterly winds which were forecasted. Well, the winds ended up being from the northeast (not good) and the storm lasted three days (lots of antsy and angry people making less overtime). Anyway, the anchor held firm, and on the third day we weighed anchor to finish the survey. With the anchor detail on the foredeck Chief Bosun Rondeau called up to the bridge and said, "Captain, you had better take a look at this."

When I got down there, I saw that the ship's riding pawl (a ratcheting mechanism intended to keep the anchor chain from being pulled out of the ship) had been peeled back from its mounting point on the foredeck. It looked like the bent back top of a sardine can. No one knows when it happened, but it did open the port side crew's head to the wind and rain - no one seemed to notice. The deck crew and engineers quickly sealed up the hole with damage control wedges, caulking and plastic bags, then we went on our merry way to finish that leg of the survey. Derek Sutton, former Commanding Officer, *Albatross IV*

Linda Despres continues:

After that storm, I sent the following email to WBZ, Boston TV station, after the weatherman indicated that this was not a storm to worry about:

To Barry Burbank:

I was listening to your weather forecast Saturday evening when you said that "We don't have to worry about this front as it's going out to sea." As a sea-going scientist, I would like to gently remind you that there are, on any one day, hundreds of hardy souls on fishing, research, cargo, military & Coast Guard vessels who are feeling the effects of those storm fronts that are "safely going out to sea". Ask the Coast Guard in the New England area this past weekend how many times they were called out to save lives under less-than-ideal working conditions. Come to Woods Hole and see the structural damage to one of our research vessels. Come on out with us on a cruise to see first-hand how weather dependent our work is. It is a mind and body numbing experience to try and stay in the bunk or eat a meal or work when the platform you're standing on is heaving and icing up. This is just a heads-up note to let you know that the oceans are not empty when those storm fronts pass through.

Seasickness



Seasickness was my constant companion on these early trips. I was especially susceptible to a combination of motion and the smells of cigarettes, Captain Beateay's cigars, which he always smoked during the meals at the table while we were eating, or the peculiar smell of the ASDC sounding machine, a huge device which sat in a space that later was partitioned off to become the chem lab/CTD room. The machine used heat to make a trace of the sea floor on a scrolling piece of thermally sensitive paper and it smelled weird. I learned that a hand in front of my face was not enough to prevent vomit from spurting out onto the floor as I'd race for the leeside rail outside!

- Jerry Prezioso, Fishery Biologist, Narragansett, RI

On my first cruise, Fred Nichy was the chief scientist. We always had steak the first night out. After we had done a few stations, I saw Fred unplugging the wet lab sink with large chunks of regurgitated steak in his hands. I swore that if that was one of the jobs the chief scientist had to do, I wanted no part of it.

- Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

A seasick coworker who lost their dentures to the toilet.

- Nancy McHugh, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

Evelyn Howe...there's a picture of her, sleeping sitting up, in a corner on the floor, with a bucket on her lap....one unhappy puppy.

- Don Flescher, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

How about the woman who was seasick and had been locked out of the women's bathroom and came running into the men's bathroom only to find Jerry Prezioso already occupying the seat...once he realized what she needed, he apologized for being in the way.

- Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

Jerry Prezioso continues:

I had completely forgotten about that story of me on the toilet, but that is really what happened! Now, thinking back on it, I remember how sick she looked, and I was obviously in the way, so I felt badly. Ah, these fine memories. It is pretty funny looking back at all the things that have happened "way back when"!

It was not easy for me to get cleared to take part in the research, as I am an amputee who lost my right foot in a line-of-duty firefighting injury. I passed all the physicals, however, and was granted clearance to attend. I think I may have made everyone a little nervous, but once they realized I had years of ladder-climbing experience and boatmanship, they became calmer. I was only wary myself about the red "gumby suits" we had to don in the abandon ship drill. It slipped right over my foot, though. No problem! I am not sure, but would like to know if I was the only one to sail aboard the vessel who had one foot...

Another fact that made me second guess my participation on this voyage was that I have motion sickness. Even rocking in a rocking chair makes me nauseous! I did get a prescription from my family doctor for motion sickness patches to wear behind my ear for the entire trip. They need to be replaced every four days and they

make you a little sleepy. I woke up on the ship one morning and checked the patch I was wearing, only to find it was gone. I assumed it fell off in the shower so applied another and went to work on deck. Well, a couple of hours later I was NOT feeling well. I guess was obvious to the crew as one of them approached and asked, "How are those patches working for ya?" I responded, "Not very good at the moment." He, in turn, said, "Well, how many of them do you need?"

Apparently, the original patch had indeed fallen off and restuck to the back of my neck. I was overdosing motion sickness medicine! It took several hours for to fix the dosage and then I could eat again.



I
it
me

on
me

The comradery, food, animals, ocean, sunsets, sunrises... It was truly a life-altering event.

- Jeff Keene, Teacher-at-Sea, Plant City, FL

Assisting those in Need

We were making a tow on the SE part of Georges Bank. The weather was with a calm sea and a thin fog. I was checking the radar from time to time, and I saw a pip on the starboard bow. I wondered what it was since it was so small. I thought that it was an empty oil drum that had washed overboard from ship. As soon as we hauled back, I eased the ship towards the target, and when we got near, I stopped the ship, and coasted up to it. The ship's skipper came up, and I told him what I was doing. Lo and behold, a dory appeared out of the haze with guys rowing it. They were two English men rowing across the Atlantic.



Bank.
was
faint
could
some

haze,

As the dory got closer, we could see the name *English Rose III* on its side. When they drew alongside, we saw two men, both rowing. They said, "I say there, old boy, we left Chatham a week ago, and we think we're caught in a tidal whirlpool- where the hell is the bloody Gulfstream?" I checked the chart and told them to row ENE, and in about 85 miles they should reach the north edge of the North Atlantic Drift Current, and should carry it all the way across. We invited them aboard for a hot meal, but they refused - not cricket, you know! We asked them if they needed anything, and they said that their batteries were ruined by not being in a waterproof box. We gave them a case, in a waterproof box, and were they tickled! That's all that they would take from us, and after a while they said that it was nice chatting with us, but that they must get on with it, and they pulled off into the fog. We wished them Godspeed. That night a gale came up, and we wondered how they'd made out. We read about them later on, when in September, they landed on the coast of Ireland. They were both RAF Commandos, an officer and an enlisted man - Chay Blythe. Blythe later on entered in an "Around the World Race," and wrote a book about his experiences.

- Robert Cusick, Former First Officer, *Albatross IV*

The *Albatross IV* encountered the *English Rose III* at 0900, June 19, 1966, near Corsair Canyon. The 21' dory manned by Captain Ridgeway and Sargent Blythe of the Royal Air Force left Chatham, MA, on June 4 bound for Lands End, England. After we wished them well, they rowed away into the rain and fog at 24 strokes per minute - 70 miles, 128 ° mag. to the Gulf Stream. Without accepting a cup of coffee (rules; don't you know), they hoped to arrive at Lands End by August.

Jim Crossen., retired Electronics Engineer, Woods Hole, MA

During a storm on Georges, we set to jogging for the better part of a day and came upon a Novi lobster boat that was ballasted down, hove to, and broad to the seas. I hailed him on the radio and the captain answered that all was well except for an occasional big one (among prevailing 25-30 foot seas) that spilled their tea. Hours later, a container ship came within a mile or two of us and radioed over to us, asking how we "little guys" were riding in the seas. It reminded me of the compassion of mariners toward each other, and how everything is relative.

- Craig McLean, former Executive Officer, *Albatross IV*



One story that I remember was on a Gulf of Maine cruise. The weather was sunny and the sea was calm. We were far away from the shore. Suddenly, we saw a small fishing boat with two fishermen floating around without the sound of an engine. They approached us and said that they had run out of fuel. We gave them a container of fuel, but they still could not start the engine so we thought that we were going to have company for dinner, but Mark Terцерio "jumped over board" to their small boat and helped them to start their engine and they went away.

- Krystyna Esteves, retired Biological Lab Technician, Woods Hole, MA

Port Calls

Storm of the Century, also known as the '93 Superstorm, No-Name Hurricane, the White Hurricane, or the (Great) Blizzard of 1993, was a large cyclonic storm that occurred on March 12–March 15, 1993, on the East Coast of North America. It is unique for its intensity, massive size and wide-reaching effect. At its height, the storm stretched from Canada to Central America, but its main impact was on the Eastern United States and Cuba. Areas as far south as central Alabama and Georgia received 6 to 8 inches (20 cm) of snow and areas such as Birmingham, Alabama, received up to 12 inches (30 cm) with isolated reports of 16 inches (41 cm). Even the Florida Panhandle reported up to 2 inches (5.1 cm), with hurricane-force wind gusts and record low barometric pressures. Between Florida and Cuba, hurricane-force winds produced extreme storm surges in the Gulf of Mexico, which with scattered tornadoes killed dozens of people. I was on the spring survey with the following individuals when that storm hit: "Uncle" Don Flescher (Chief Scientist), John Galbraith, Marjorie Lambert, Chris Mann, Brenda Figuerido, John Nicolas, Dan



along

D'Entremont, Roger Clifford, Ray Bowman, Betsy Broughton, Vic Nordahl, Jackie Anderson and Mary Beth Heiskell. On March 12, with winds at 32 mph, we tied up in Morehead City, NC, and did not resume work until the afternoon of the 15th. I recall sandwiching 14 scientists in a minivan, driving to a store and pooling all our cash to buy beverages because all power was out, and ATM's weren't functioning. What about workers guiding us around the store with flashlights...the store using calculators to add up the order...car-dancing in the van along the dock...playing pool at the local bar...watching movie after movie.

- Nancy McHugh, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

Captain Joe Miller brought the *AL IV* into Yarmouth, NS, for weather during a late December MARMAP cruise. Some of the scientists purchased a Christmas tree and electric tree lights. When we sailed into Woods Hole, the Christmas tree was fixed to the mast and the lights were lit. It was a sight to see!

- John Sibunka, retired Fishery Biologist, Sandy Hook, NJ

AL IV was working hard in the weather, in winter. A snow storm that wasn't abating wasn't the problem, it was the howling westerlies that were going to follow and make gale conditions for a few days. So, in the night, *AL IV* went into Governor's Island at about 0300, heavy snow. I had to pass my final exam under Captain Frank Arbusto and he had me dock the ship in the only space available, right behind the NOAA Ship *Whiting*, a hydrographic ship. I had to back the ship up-current, and then slide it sideways against the current to put it away. Somehow I made it. When we got to the pier, the *Whiting* guys, a few of them being up on watch, met us with the criticism that we "had a little rust back aft." The lead fishermen (Manny Botelho and Sammy Reed) were offended, and I was proud to offer the observation that, "You have to go to sea to get some rust, which the *Whiting* might try."

- Craig McLean, former Executive Officer, *Albatross IV*

Special Events

In the 80s, during a fire and lifeboat drill on the *AL IV*, in nice weather, I would go off the side of the *AL IV* to demonstrate the effectiveness of the survival suit. Usually two of us performed this task. My partner was generally Steve Wagner, who was a crew member on deck at the time. To get us back on board, Kenny Rondeau, chief bosun, would swing the main boom over and we would hook up the suit lift ring to the boom wire Kenny would then winch us back on board. You can imagine the comments on that one!

- John Sibunka, retired Fishery Biologist, Sandy Hook, NJ

How about the time we were being shadowed by the *DE II* and we ambushed them with water balloons. Malcolm Silverman was on the *DE II* filming us. We ran up a pirate flag and shelled them from in front of the bridge.

- Scott McNammara, Fishery Biologist, Portland, ME



Tamara Holdsworth-Davis continues:

I do remember the *Albatross* launching water balloons at us (on the *Delaware*) one gorgeous flat calm day when we were fishing side by side.

In the early 90s, we had a pumpkin carving contest for Halloween, for which Linda Despres, chief scientist, supplied the pumpkins.

- John Sibunka, retired Fishery Biologist, Sandy Hook, NJ

One day we were making a tow on the SE part of Georges Bank. We had just finished hauling back when one of the sailors came up to the bridge and said that they had just heard that President Kennedy had been shot. I turned on the radio, and the announcer said that he was dead. I ran down to Captain Beatteay's room where he was taking a nap, and told him what had happened. He said, "Take her back to the barn." I returned to the bridge and set a course for Woods Hole. That was one of the saddest days of my life, I had been all through WW II, three years in the Merchant Marine, and one year with the Army Transport Service, and had come through in one piece, and here this young president, so young and full of promise was lying dead in a hospital in Dallas.

- Robert Cusick, former First Officer, *Albatross IV*

Ship Changes

When I first came aboard the *Albatross IV*, it was only 10 years old but it already looked like it had had a hard life. Although I didn't take many inside shots, my mind's eye still can recall what certain spaces looked like. Starting on the port side and stepping into the wet lab, it pretty much was always a wet lab. At one time in the late 70s, we tried to do all of our weighing, measuring and dissections inside this room, so we set up a sloping conveyor system with metal rollers on it so we would push or pull the wire baskets of fish up the sloped ramp and immediately the baskets would land on top of a giant circular scale that was on a pedestal (where the metal table and label printers are currently located against the port bulkhead). The baskets would then be pushed along a horizontal ramp of metal rollers and the cutting would take place in various corners of the room (where the plankton jar cabinet is currently located) and next to the sink. There was also a large multi-shelf stainless steel rack near where our current foul weather gear locker is where all of the empty/full stomach jars were stored. We called it the 'bread rack.' This attempt to work inside didn't work out well since people needed more fresh air, and when whole fish came in, pieces and parts of fish had to go out the double doors; sometimes that caused a basket traffic control problem on the ramps, plus the inside decks got slippery with the gurry and blood (we didn't have non-skid decking back then).

The next room up from the wet lab didn't originally have a table and seating area there...that's where the foul weather gear was stored against the wall adjoining the wet lab. The current dive locker room was originally a dark room for film development, but by the time I got on board, it was the reel-to-reel projection booth which was aimed at the wall behind where the officers currently sit. The wall, and eventually a screen, was used to see the movies we were given (one for each day we were out which was shown twice the same day...2:00 and 7:00 pm). In what is now the chief scientist's office were two low-to-the-ground chairs where the desk currently is. We used to tie them down with net twine to keep them in place. Next to them was a narrow table that a few of us used to take cat naps on. This room also did not have the current seating and table arrangement; when facing the aft deck of the boat from this room, it had a slanted wooden chart table on the right side and an entry way into what is now the CTD room. In between these two rooms was a machine that told us the depth.

Just before going into the mess deck area, there's a small room just forward of the chief scientist's office which currently is called the "Fish Basket," where the safe, a small fridge with soda, and shelves of candy, cookies and chips are available for purchase. This room was originally a linen closet, then a snack bar that was opened after supper for 15 minutes, then a dive locker, and eventually to a 24/7 honor system snack room.

The scientific sleeping areas have stayed the same other than the addition of a berth in the chief scientist's room. The three person room that the junior officers have used was originally the hospital room, which was then transformed into the chief steward's room. The washer and dryer that everyone used was forward of the chief scientist's room (there's now another machine down in the winch room/scientific freezer area).



Going up two levels to where the officers and engineers sleep, the room facing you if you now stop at the head of the stairs and begin to take a slight right to go towards the scientific lounge is where the original scientific lounge used to be...I think it had a couch and a couple of chairs, a bookcase and small TV. As you go towards the captain's cabin, in what is now the medical locker, once was the area where the officers could keep extra food and beverages for their enjoyment. Heading back aft at this level, there were no rooms beyond the current electronics technician's room. That was all open space with a locker area in one section where water bottles were kept, since the 12-bottle rosette system used to be stored at/deployed from this level. This area has been enclosed and now houses a comfortable TV/lounge area, computer and ET working space and an office for the officers. There was also no enclosed area for the winch operator...he was completely exposed to the elements.

Going up to the next level where the gym currently is was once a 'day' room with a couch in it. At the wheelhouse level, the room where all the charts are currently stored was the original chart room where officers

would plot the direction of the next station. The area below the chart room was the radio room (now e-mail transmission room) where daily voice messages were called into Woods Hole. The bridge has had many cosmetic and technical equipment upgrades over the years. The major non-electronic difference is that there was once a couch where the current chart table is located.

There have also been changes to the horsepower of the ship, and the square portholes were replaced with round ones. Derek Sutton has written a comprehensive document on these and many other changes throughout the ship's history. Whatever was done to this ship only enhanced her habitability and productivity over the years. If nothing else, she's been an extremely versatile and sea-worthy ship.

- Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

Technology Changes

Remember those rusty metal baskets that we used hang from a hanging strap with S-hooks that one you were Andy Thoms) or two people could hoist to a suspended and moving metal beam balance scale? You would carefully move the balance weight to record to the nearest whole pound as the whole beam balance (with three foot arm) and pendulum like basket was swaying two and fro in rough seas. The trick was to catch everything on downswing and lift the hanging strap and basket the scale without getting hit in the head (or other body parts) as the balance weight would fall to one and become a living baseball bat. And those circular scales too...if you didn't watch the dial closely, a seemingly 5 pound bucket of fish could weigh 15 pounds (it was a 20 pound scale that went only from 1 to 10 pounds so you would have to see if the scale's pointer did or did not go past the 10 mark). Now with digital scales, we've gone from not being able to measure anything accurately that weighed less than one pound to now being able to weigh young-of-year to one one-thousandths of a gram.

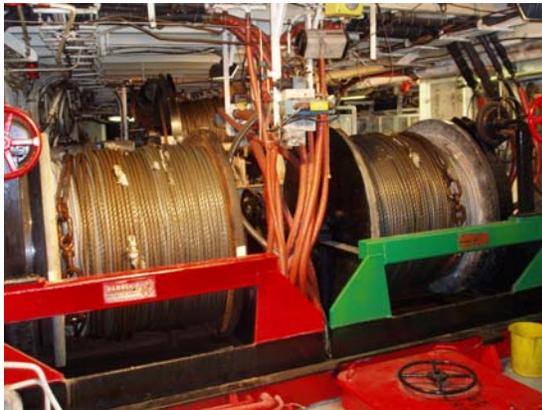
- Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA



to
(if
up

the
off
end

Mechanical Situations



The *AL IV* had quite a few problems with it when it first arrived in Woods Hole (stayed tied to the dock for the first 6 months). It was once suggested that the ship's side be painted so that it looked like Penzance Point and no one would notice that it was at the dock!! When the *AL IV* finally started to go out, the ship's crew had a little jingle that they would sing on their way back to port, "Call Perkins, Fay and Quinn...the *Albatross* is coming in." (Perkins was the Caterpillar representative, Fay was the plumber and Quinn was the electrician).

- Pat Twohig, retired Electronics Engineer, Woods Hole, MA

We were out one time on a gear testing cruise measuring nets when the gantry failed and came crashing down on the aft deck. We spent a lot of time in Newport trying to get it fixed.

- Andy Thoms, former Biological Lab Technician, Woods Hole, MA

Ship sounds....on the *AL IV*, you can't get away from the background noises...you can always hear the engines, and when the winches come on, those can be heard as well as seen (as the lights will dim). This is the ship's way of telling us to get to work. Even the heads have a fan/blower on so there's no escape. We know that this ship is

alive with its various decibels mixed in with the unique sounds emanating from each fish sampling work station as recognition that a fish has been measured, weighed, and sampled (e.g. a ringing telephone, a frog croaking, etc.). Over the years, more sounds have been added (24/7 satellite TV, 300 available movies to watch, satellite radio, plus there are computer games and ipods to add to the mix). What a disharmonious symphony, but it's what makes every ship one-of-a-kind! Whenever we dock and everything is shut down, it's amazing to hear how quiet the ship has become...it's sleeping until it's time to go to work again.
- Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

Non-Mechanical Situations

Around 7:30 p.m., Jamie Pierson, scientist, who was off watch and had the starboard aft stateroom (same as me) came up to the lab and said to me that the state room had water on the deck. I said "The @#!** shower is leaking again." He said no - too much water. And so I went down to check it out. Yes, too much water. Kenny was on watch so I told him and he said "The @#!** shower is leaking again."

I took Kenny down and he said, "Go get the engineer on watch." So down the engine room I went and John Hurder is on watch. I told him about it and he said "The @#!** shower is leaking again." I got him to come up, and he checked out the water in the stateroom. Now there was a little water in passage way too. Hurder opened the door, to Zezula's room, "the old sick bay" on the starboard side the NOAA officers used. When he opened the door, it looked like someone opened the end of a fire hydrant! A solid stream of water was shooting across the room and bouncing off the opposite wall! The look on Hurder's face was priceless. Kenny and I started laughing. John shut the door and did the correct thing. He first shut off the electric power to that room, and then called the bridge to have them change course and reduce speed. The phone was right outside the stateroom door. Dave Zezula was the officer on watch and said, "You've got to be kidding," Hurder said "NO, and it's your stateroom." Pause. "No, I'm not kidding - it's your room!" Pause. "No, I'm not kidding." With that Kenny and I were laughing so hard it was difficult to catch our breath.

Then things happened really fast, and Kenny took charge of the situation down below. The ship slowed and changed course. The porthole was found on Zezula's bunk intact. Kenny had Willie Amaro seal it back into the hull. That's when Willie got soaked by a freak sea coming through hole in the hull where the porthole was supposed to go. Zezula's room was really washed out. Even the dresser drawers were full of water. The crew used the new de-watering pump (the first time too!) to remove the water from the stateroom decks. The two starboard science state rooms had the carpeting taken out. Electric heaters were placed in the staterooms to dry them out. I was able to occupy my room when I got off at midnight! The ship was back to work at full speed by about 9:30 PM that evening.



of
the
to

All the ship's personnel that were involved did a really super job of handling the situation, and Kenny and I got a good laugh to boot. And so went another watch on the *Albatross IV*.

- John Sibunka, Fishery Biologist, Sandy Hook, NJ

Late 80s, early 90s. I'm sitting in the galley, watching Manny Botelho (chief bosun) painting the door frame and door jam of the scientific sitting area. He finishes and tapes a sign on the wall "Caution - Wet paint". Within an hour some knucklehead steps on the freshly painted water tight threshold. Manny re-paints the entire area and puts up a bigger sign saying the same thing. This time it takes only a half hour for some genius to step on the threshold again. Manny re-paints the entire frame and foot threshold for a third time and puts a new sign up which reads. "Please step on the threshold as it has been freshly painted"! And guess what.... nobody stepped on it again! Simple, but funny at the time.

- Don McMillian, Fishery Biologist, Sandy Hook, NJ

Then there was the fire that occurred when we were at Jacksonville Shipyard during the midlife refit. I'm not sure who else was down in Jacksonville - whether Gary Bulmer was there or on leave. I know John Hurder was

there with me. Anyway, I was just coming back from lunch when I saw all this black smoke coming from the vicinity of the *Albatross* on the drydock. That was a crazy scene. One of the welders had left an oxy-acetylene line charged, and one of the lines had a leak. The gas ignited because they had just done some hot work in that space. The whole trawl space was torched. What a mess and what a shock to observe first hand!

- Pete Celone, former Commanding Officer, *Albatross IV*

We were returning home just after midnight; westbound through Great Round Shoals Channel on a clear and beautiful night. The north or south currents in the channel can get quite severe, so the boat has to "crab" 10 or more degrees off course to stay in the middle of the channel; there isn't much room for error. Officer Mike Abbott, and I noticed a lobster boat minding its own business hanging around one of the buoys marking the north side of the channel. Because we were "crabbing" to maintain course, for a short moment it must have looked to the lobsterman that we were heading right toward him. For some unknown reason, he decided to leave the relative safety of being near the buoy, and he putted southbound intending to cross our bow. A non-changing closing bearing had now been established, so a collision would happen unless we did something. For some reason that escapes me, Mike and I decided to nudge the boat a bit left to avoid this guy. This didn't help, so we nudged a bit more left, and then again. Remember, we were in a narrow channel and were restricted to the channel by our draft. We were now well off the centerline of the channel, angling toward its southern boundary while also being pushed southward by the southbound current. Things were now getting a little too close for comfort. Finally, the guy gave his boat some throttle and scooted across our bow while Jorge Barbosa (fisherman and our bow lookout) was yelling down at the lobsterman in Portuguese, and the lobsterman was yelling back up at Jorge. I'm not sure what either was saying, but I'm sure it wasn't nice and may have involved the word "moron" or something similar. I think the lobsterman may have seen God for a moment that night, or he was trying for a "Darwin Award." However, we weren't out of the woods yet. What really saved the day was that Mike was able to focus on navigation while I was focusing on not hitting this guy. I still remember Mike's words: "You still have room to come right," so, on blind faith and confidence in Mike's judgment, we got back on track without further incident. It took us a while to wind down. To appease any concerns, we never lost visual sight of the guy from the bridge as he crossed our bow. This is why I was always on the bridge whenever the ship was in the canal, in Great Round Shoals Channel, in Quick's Hole, north of Nomans Island, or in the Woods Hole Channel. None of these places are really difficult to navigate, but things can go to hell really fast.

- Derek Sutton, former Commanding Officer, *Albatross IV*

Wildlife

It wasn't all bad. Once on an old Northeast Monitoring Program (NEMP) cruise, we were out on Georges in July and it was near sunset and flat calm. The water looked like a mirror. Suddenly, there were porpoises everywhere. There appeared to be hundreds of them and they were headed west, directly into the sunset. We were headed north, I think. They took about 20 minutes to cross our course. As I watched them swim off, one porpoise the tail end decided to take flight, did a double somersault as a grand finale and they were gone. It was an awe inspiring site!

- Jose Pereira, Fishery Biologist, Milford, CT



at

Miscellaneous

Every ship has its own unique "feel" or "rhythm" to it during its good and bad days. Even when tied to the dock, the *Albatross IV* has a slight movement that you don't consciously feel but that your body slightly compensates for. Even on flat calm days at sea, the legs and torso make incremental adjustments, but it's on those snotty days that the whole body gets involved in a battle to either stay upright or horizontal. How many of us have tried to "run" up the stairwell only to feel like either a feather weight one minute and a heavy weight the next? How many times have you leaned over at a 45 degree angle and still been 'standing'? How many times have you had a body check with an unseen protrusion or door knob or low ceiling and either saw stars or nursed a bruise for a week? Ahhh...those are the days! Sailor scars to entertain our shore side family and friends!

How many of you first made the mistake of sitting at the head of the scientific mess table when the ship took a roll and everyone's tall plastic cup spilled its contents and headed in your direction? Some of us got quite good at being able to cut our food, take a bite and hold on to plate, glass and silverware in between rolls. A bowl filled with soup was another challenge. How many of us forgot to latch the mess room fridge door and ended up on our knees trying to catch rolling jars and bottles spilling their contents all over the messy mess room deck? How many times have you had sandwiches for a meal when lunch or supper (as well as dishes) were all over the deck and a blue haze of profanities emanated from the galley walls?

How about those 'magic' drawers that would open in the middle of the night either in your cabin or wet lab and again regurgitate their contents? Ahhh, remember those days when we preserved stomach samples in formalin and broken shards of glass, gooey guts and formalin would be sloshing over the deck...who was the 'lucky' one to be able to hold their breath long enough to clean that mess up? How about waking up in the morning and seeing how your cabin had been 'reorganized'? The engine room must be filled with 'lost' items that never reappeared after particularly bad storms.

How many 'headers' have you taken either in a standing or sitting position? More than once, I've slid across a room in a chair or extended my arms to cushion an encounter with a bulkhead...one such encounter landed me in a Yarmouth, NS, hospital....my shipmates were very grateful that I had sacrificed myself for a port call!

How many sleeping positions did you discover that you could curl, bungee cord, wedge yourself into? Pity the poor souls on those top bunks who also had to fear being thrown over their 'crash' bars! Remember how the conversation of the day centered around how badly you slept or how much damage your room suffered. How many times did you wake during the night to try to find that one irritating item that was somewhere in the cabin which would roll endlessly around? How many times did you think that you saw a fish swim by your shower porthole during that last roll while you're trying to suds up, rinse off and not be hit in the head with shampoo/conditioner bottles or end up with one foot in the toilet?

Then there's the fun of being out on deck, standing in a spread eagle position, with buckets and baskets of fish floating by/bumping in between your legs while you have a knife in one hand, holding on to the fish and measuring board with the other, or with your whole body - and let's just add that the wind is howling, your nose is dripping, and your fingers (& a few toes) are also frozen digits. On top of all of this, you've lost a few people who are trying to find a dry place to quietly heave (or die) or as we, in the business like to say, "chum" their last meal. This is REAL science and life at sea! Who would ever choose to work a 9-5 job on land?

This old vessel with its unique personality and movement has certainly had its share of ups and downs (and side to sides). It has provided countless stories and endless hours of entertainment to thousands of us at sea and on shore. This one has come through every storm and has brought us all home safely for the last 46 years....thank you!

- Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

And on one of our trips through the canal we were pummeled from the Bourne bridge with loaves of bread that the youthful portion of the lab got a hold of to initiate the first trip of someone in the scientific party. I think it was the trip that suddenly we realized there were no lights anywhere...the historic blackout had started.

-Fred Nichy, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

I usually took the fall survey cruises, 6-12 shifts, on Georges Bank or the Gulf of Maine and have vivid memories of:

- Cool clear nights on the fantail with an unobstructed view of the stars
- Gorgeous brilliant blue sky and steel blue water
- Coffee that would make my stomach uncomfortable for first several days
- The miracle of having fresh greens in a salad after 10 at sea



the
days

- In the late 70s, trawling up a halibut that was over 6' long (somewhere there is a picture of Joe Kane standing next to this beauty)
- Rain, wind and cold, but loving being out in the elements
- The smell of haddock stomach contents
- The gorgeous coloration and phenomenal aerobatic diving of gannets
- A stray songbird alighting on the ship for a rest 50 miles offshore and (seemingly) hardcore crew members offering it food and water
- Good, hard-working colleagues and crew
- Chief scientists that kept the ship and cruise objectives on schedule
- Phenomenal watch chiefs who kept the data collection and sample processing running smoothly despite the weird and crazy personalities they had to work with
- Screaming through the Cape Cod Canal, cruising with the tide
- Gumby suit drills
- Showering while braced against the walls of the stall in a storm
- Yarmouth, Nova Scotia
- Anon., Fishery Biologist



Most of the early crew weren't too conversational (except for Tommy Frontiero or Nick Vadala) but they would acknowledge your presence, and I knew that I was finally accepted when I was shown how to make salted cod....leave the skin on your cod fillet and poke a hole in the tail section of the fillet so that you can run a 6 foot piece of net twine through the fillet and tie it on the string. Get your next fillet and about 6 inches away, tie it on. You eventually have a 'clothesline' of fillets that won't bunch up together once the string is hung up to dry. Put enough salt in a barrel of water so that you can float a potato in it and soak your string (make sure you label your strings since a bunch of them go in the brining barrel) for three days. After that, you have to find a dry place somewhere around the ship (the best place was around

the corner where the water bottle rosette was stored...now where the barbecue grill is located). It sometimes looked like a Chinese laundry around the ship and often we had to bend down and around corners so as not to rub up against the strings. We then prayed for good drying weather or else we had to take our lines in at night so that they wouldn't get wet again with dew or spray. I can still see the original vessel's fishermen taking out the pocket knives that they used to do EVERYTHING with and cut a small piece off from one fillet to taste it for just the right amount of dryness. If we were lucky, we could get our strings dried during a cruise; if not, we would have to take them home and dry them there. I remember one time when one of the fishermen was missing some of his strings at the end of the cruise...he was so upset that he took the brining barrel and threw it over the side!

-Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

Ray Bowman continues:

The salted/dried cod fillets hanging all over the aft deck during my first cruises (1975-76), and learning to love to rip pieces off and eat them during the watches.

Gordon Waring continues:

They taught me how to efficiently fillet round and flat fish, and due to the cold weather we salted and hung cod all around the deck.

Remember how a cup of fresh brewed coffee tasted straight out of the pot, or the aroma of bacon being fried in the morning and the 12-6 watch starting to dream of breakfast at 0400? Remember how we would run to one side or the other of the ship to see whales and porpoises leap out or seemingly dance on the water or play tag with the bow? Remember those quiet moments by yourself when you could just think about what you would do or do differently at home or at work once you got back ashore? Remember not blinking while trying to watch the sun set in hopes that you would finally see the 'green flash'? Remember praying that if you got back home safely after a particularly rough cruise that you would never put yourself through another trip like the one you just got

off from, but somehow you signed up for another cruise anyway? Remember cheering when the cod end came up opened or there was a light catch or there was a 30 mile steam to the next station? Remember how cold and frozen your fingers were trying to get that last piece of a broken otolith out in the name of better science or hosing down the bongo nets with water coming over the railings...one hand for you and one for the ship? Remember the taste of a freshly cut scallop? Remember being thankful that you weren't seasick like your room or watchmate? Remember how you enjoyed (most of) the food out there, especially because you didn't have to buy, prepare and clean up afterwards? Remember being thankful when we were finally heading offshore after a series of inshore stations not only to get a break from those endless catches of small fish but also to get away from those nasty, man-eating, piranha-jawed flies that they have down south?

Ahhh....life's simple pleasures....I wonder if those who sailed on the other *Albatrosses* also did the same things or had the similar thoughts...cherish these and other experiences you've had on this ship.

- Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

Poetry Corner

Did ye ever sail the northern sea
Under the Hull and Crossbones
In waters where men should never be
Seeing things men should never see
Under the Hull and Crossbones

There are many misty mysteries
Keep sailors up at night
Be there gold in Georges Bank?
And does Menemsha Bite?

But we followed the lines the computers drew
Captain, scientists, and crew
Fighting the seas and the storms that blew
Not looking for gold like men of old
But 10,000 pounds of dogfish netted
Each load measured and then forgotten
Under the working lights blinding glare
Up to their boots in the fishes there
No joy there if the truth be told

From the frigid seas of Newfoundland
To shores where your boat needed oars
Dodging freighters and tankers
Though the right of way was yours

Through terrible weather and flat calm seas
From hurricane winds to a tropic breeze
We did the work we were told to do
And if we failed, well you-know-who
Would arrive and at the very least
He'd enjoy a Captain's buttocks feast

But it wasn't all bad, as nothing can be
When you're full ahead on a flat calm sea
And the stars cast shadows, they are so bright
And you're out on the wing with a cup of tea
Not a vessel for miles to share the night
And nothing is wrong, and nothing's amiss
Your face drinks in the breeze's kiss
Those are the times that make me smile



Those moments make it all worth while

Now, at the beach, a lovely girl will exclaim on the beautiful tide
And I will nod and explain to her, "It looks better from this side."
- Carl Berman, former Commanding Officer, *Albatross IV*

I'm thinking of BOTH of the girls...

I met them both while a
somewhat lost soul
two beautiful 'women' with
freedom at their feet.

one taught me to listen and observe
collect data
the other
to remember and enjoy what I had.

now, one is moving on towards another
new life
the other,
continuing her path, with inevitable changes.

memories can be powerful enough
to kill for
to die for
to live for...

the boat will continue
to live on
in her own way,
the woman will never be forgotten.

- Thomas Dame, Volunteer Scientist & Teacher, Fall Bottom Trawl Survey, 2007



The Spirit of the *Albatross IV*

by Carl Berman, former Commanding Officer, *Albatross IV*

I see a blonde woman hard on the rail
Her eyeglasses dimmed by salt rime
And those on the bridge and the men down on deck
Know that it's bongo net time

Sometimes the water swirls around her feet
As the instrument's slowly deployed
And regardless of hard rain, snow, high seas, or sleet
(The weather you cannot avoid)

She stands by her post, life jacket in place
Till the net reappears from the dark ocean space
We know that beneath the pale moon or the sun
She remains at her post as there's work to be done



So here's to the men who were our engineers
Who kept the plant running and cut their own gears
Here's to the fishermen working the nets
Who laughed in the face of the green water's threats

And our fine stewards who kept us well fed
(I think I can say, as it has to be said)
That the food was well done and was always quite good
And some of us weighed in at more than we should

Here are the scientists with home pack vans
With bumpers that drag on the road
For when they got home they had big seafood plans
The vans barely handled the load

So there we all were, as diverse as could be
Trapped in a steel box for long days at sea
We completed our mission, whatever the orders
We became lobster counters and scallop meat hoarders
And now that her mission is destined to cease
We always brought *Albatross* home in one piece.

Ode to the *Albatross IV*

By John Sammons, Teacher-at-Sea, Chesapeake, VA

Arrived on early Sunday eve to find the ship was docked,
Passing through the metal gate that I only thought was locked.
Resting from her recent trip, she makes a humming sound,
Waiting for her crew to board and get a look around.



The sun reflects and sparkles in the ever choppy sea,
I wonder what this exciting adventure will bring to me.
The waves come toward the *Albatross* and into the lengthy side,
Feel the rocking back and forth, so hold on for the bumpy ride.
Prepare the dredge and send it forth to bring up another load,
Bring out the baskets and buckets and pads to get in a sorting
mode.

Place the containers on the scale then measure the scallop's shell,
Soon the shift will come to an end with only stories left to tell.

Steaming forward to the station that is just right up ahead,
Six hours is up, and our shift will end, so it's time to go to bed.
Before I rest and take a nap, some chow I would like to eat,
It will be good to rest a little while and get off from my feet.

The food is great, so many choices that we are able to choose,
Just fill 'er up and head to bed and settle for a snooze.
Time to muster and be alert for another shift begins,
Shells and starfish wait for us, along with things with fins.

Pull up a bucket and a pad to sample and to sort,
It's been three days since *Albatross* steamed from the distant port.
Ouch! I bellowed as a scallop clamped onto my finger,
Upon the deck you sort and scoop, but dare not stand and linger.



Let me stop and ponder now about the time I've spent,
 It seems like days and nights have passed, they've come, they've gone, they went!
 Zigging left and zigging right, we have sailed right out to sea,
 It seems so wide and open, such an awesome sight for me.

There's so much to learn from everyone who works upon this ship,
 It's hard to think that soon we'll be halfway through our trip.
 Stand in awe as the sun begins to finally set,
 Awash in orange and red and yellow, it is hard to forget.
 What a lasting beauty as the sky begins to glow,
 Its splendor in the many colors that it will show.
 Waiting for its lasting blaze of light to end the day,
 Now I lay me down to sleep, I ask of Him, I pray
 The heavy dredge is ready for another timely tow,
 Expect to catch the scallops, to the surface they will go.

Dropping to the bottom where its 80 meters deep,
 Spending fifteen minutes dragging and bringing in the keep.
 Then they're sorted on the surface while hiding in their shell,
 The aging/growth ridges on their outside's what they tell.

Working two shifts makes it hard to fully stay awake,
 But ignoring the wakeup call could be a big mistake.
 So much to choose from when it's finally time for us to eat,
 Better be there when it is your time to get a decent seat.

Take a minute or two to rest while the ship is on a steam,
 When it's time to go to bed, enjoy that time to dream.
 Ten minutes to go before it's time for another CTD,
 When the crew will set and drop it down into the sea.
 It only takes a moment for the thing to take a dash,
 To the bottom it will go, watch that it doesn't crash.

Then it's time to drop the dredge and ready for the tow,
 Soon you'll hear them haul it in, and it'll be time to go.
 With just a few days left before we enter the home port,
 We still continue to collect and sample and we sort.

The number of each species catch continues to go up,
 We even brought a dogfish in that was only just a "pup".
 What more can we expect to find within the capture net,
 From this station to the next one, we'll take what we can get.

The time has come to say goodbye to all our friends for now,
 The night watch worked from 12 til six, it's time to take a bow.
 Larry crunched the numbers and helped it make more sense,
 Vic was the head scientist who made things seem less tense.

KB shared her knowledge in a very caring way,
 While Lara measured up the scallops quickly every day.
 Erin took the sign and camera to the pile to pose,
 It was Kris who was in charge and kept us on our toes.
 Nikolai had a funny way of helping us all learn,
 And with that said I, John, must conclude, it's over, let's adjourn!

Albatross Aweigh (To the tune of Anchor's Aweigh)



By: ENS Jonathan R. Heesch, NOAA

Stand NOAA out to sea,
Science our battle cry!
We'll never change our course,
So Haddock steer shy (steer shy).
Roll out the Yankee 36,
Net Doors Aweigh!
Sail on for Fisheries,
And bottom trawl and sort all day!

In Those Days

-Anon

In those days when Georges bank was filled
With Haddock and Cod and creatures gilled,
Some Scientists in search of glory
Collected data to prove their story.
Ideals were high in '62 and with good science and unusual vanity
These fellows felt they'd feed humanity.

So, the infamous three, Edward, Posgay and Merrill
Put together a plan for a spectacular vessel.
Her stern design was pretty new
Though now there are quite a few.
Her labs were adequate, her color white,
And plans for the future looked very bright.
In Cajun country she began
At a Slidell shipyard and on dry land.
When over she rolled to river from earth
She began with a breached birth.



Then off to Woods Hole shore she sped
With Vadala, Frontiero, Merchant and more
Ole Beatey, the bastard, their head.
They studied fish habits and where they do it
Looked in their stomachs and tried to intuit
All of the intimate details and life
Of old man codfish and his sweet wife.
When stocks were diminished, these efforts brought fruit
For they developed a policy to stop their abuse
And presented it to those more obtuse.

But now a forgetful new lot of bureaucrats
From DC to AMC are bailing like rats.
They say she is rusty, her rolls not polite
And through her scuppers, one can see light.
But nobody here, and those in the know,
With their lives in her keeping, believe that is right.
They go on and on being so critical
But under it all, they're just political.
Cuz through thick and thin the old gal comes through
And that in the end is all that rings true.



The Albatross is a bird of good fortune it's said
And those who destroy her bring wrath to their head.
So fellows down south, put this in your logs
You'll find it true tails don't wag dogs!

What will we tell um, us scientists dedicated
 When we are asked on what our data has been predicated?
 With no *Albatross* to provide us credentials
 Who will believe our stock assessment potentials?
 HC & Tom, to name just a few.
 Won't be invited to parties, at least not by the crew.
 We'll all get a rum down at the Kidd
 And toast the old lady of which AMC is rid.
 We'll tell tales remiss and wax sentimental
 For we know that the *Albatross* is transcendental!

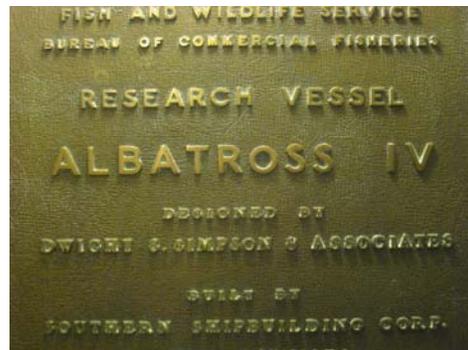
The Lonely Dogfish

By Carl Berman, retired Commanding Officer, *Albatross IV*

I am a lonely Dogfish
 I lived on the ocean floor
 My mother was taken by Fisheries
 My daddy was killed by a door.

I slept on the ocean bottom
 I heard those rollers roar
 Now I'm lyin' here in the checker
 Where my mother went before.

Now why do you trawl for Dogfish
 We're not real good to eat
 All you need is another species
 To make your data set complete!
 So when you're out trawlin' next winter
 On the shelf edge dark and deep
 The ghost of this lonely Dogfish
 Will haunt you in your sleep....



Ode to *Albatross IV*

By Linda Despres, Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

There once was a ship from Woods Hole
 Renowned for the way that she rolled.
 Through the water she flew
 Like a spiral corkscrew,
 To the undoing of many we're told.

She was steered by many a Master
 Who always managed to keep her from disaster.

The first Portugese and Italian crew took her fishing
 And we salute all those who sailed on her and are now missing.

Many a young scientist made their first trip on her
 In shorts, oilskins, blue jeans and fur.

We thought the idea of sailing on a ship
 Was great until the "Alby" took her first dip.

Then we would all scatter to pray at the rail
 And think that we would be better off in jail.



Golfing, cribbage, sunning were favorite pastimes
In between watches and mending the twine.

The old ship would fish on good bottom and bad
And now those days are over and we're all sad.

Because she was our home for many a day
And lasting friendships will never fade away.

The *Albatross IV* will always be remembered long after she's gone,
as her special stories and memories will live on and on.

Last Words from the Last Chief Scientists



I have been honored to sail on her first as a wide eyed kid with no idea of a life at sea, and finally as a chief scientist with many cruises under my belt and the beginnings of a grasp on what actually lives in this northwest Atlantic Ocean ecosystem. I have experienced the elements up to hurricane level, and seen weather of the finest kind imaginable; I have seen tow after tow after tow of nearly identical catches, and I have seen species that turn up once in 45 years of towing; I have met people from all walks of life, some at their very best, others in their sorriest state; I could go on, but suffice it to say that I have experienced all these things in direct association with this vessel. Walking off that gangway for the final time will be a strange feeling for me. I have spent a lot of my life aboard this vessel - I hope that feelings of gratitude for the opportunity will drown out the sadness I know will come. I would like to thank the crew of this trip for working hard to try to make this calibration as successful as it can be. I would also like to thank crews past and present for bringing me home safe and sound - that was not always easy. As well I thank the scientists I have sailed with over the years for their tutelage and camaraderie. I will miss this vessel; it's hard to believe she will sail away and not return.

- John Galbraith, Chief Scientist, Legs I & II, 2008 Fall Bottom Trawl Survey



Seven years ago, I first sailed on the *Albatross IV* as a new employee in the survey branch. My first cruise was a winter bottom trawl survey, during which I quickly learned about rough and cold New England weather. More importantly, on that cruise I got my first exposure to how the ship operated and the important roles that each and every person aboard played. The smoothness of the operation impressed me, as each department quietly took care of its duties and responsibilities, coming together to complete station after station. At least 3 dozen trips later, this seamless ability of the crew, scientists, and ship to work together is still what truly stands out above all else for me aboard the *Albatross*. This ship is a well-oiled machine that has successfully supported many crew and scientists over the years. I am thankful for having had the opportunity to work and sail on such a trustworthy, well-known, and respected vessel.

She will be missed by many, but I have no doubt the stories of life at sea on her will continue.

- Stacy Rowe, Chief Scientist, Leg IV, 2008 Fall Bottom Trawl Survey



There's a well used expression that, "All good things must come to an end" and this is the last call for the *Albatross IV*. For me, it's not only saying good-bye to this ship, but it's also a good-bye to her namesake predecessors. The original *Albatross*, *Albatross II*,

Albatross III and Albatross IV proudly carried on their various scientific missions and will forever be a part of maritime research history. Albatross spent most of its career exploring in the S Pacific and discovered countless new species which currently reside in various museums throughout the world. Albatross IV's primary mission focused on the basics of fish and invertebrate biology, and their distribution/abundance in addition to oceanographic and plankton research which ultimately resulted in the longest running and most respected bottom trawl survey time series in the world!

During this final trip aboard the Albatross IV, I have been saying my long good-bye to her on a daily basis ...it has certainly been a sentimental journey. I am forever grateful to this ship for the many and varied experiences I have had the chance to witness and participate in. I am thankful to the countless people who crossed my wake throughout all these years because of this ship. The Albatross IV may only be made of steel but the people who sailed her, repaired her, and cared for her gave her life and gave me a unique and ever-changing 'family' to work and play with. I will not soon forget the good times and bad, the calm and the storm, the quiet and the noisy, the bitter and the sweet, the cold and the hot, the strong and the weak, the passion and the compassion, the curious and the bored, and the sun and the moon as they can only be seen on an open ocean.

To all of the officers and crew, scientists and volunteers who came before those of us who had the privilege to take the Albatross IV out on her last trip, thank you. We have used her well and it is now time for her to find safe haven in its final home port. As this ship finishes up our Gulf of Maine and Southern New England trawl survey, we paralleled part of the last voyage of the original Albatross which was conducted in the Gulf of Maine in 1920. The final Chief Scientist on that trip was Henry B Bigelow! May those who sail on his namesake be safe and continue to carry on the Albatross legacy that was started in 1882.

There was an Executive Officer, Seaton Schroeder, who spent three years aboard the original Albatross. As he finished his tour of duty in January 1885, he wrote, "It has been an exceptionally pleasant cruise. A safe rule to accept is that a busy ship is a happy one, and the Albatross was not exception. Moreover, besides being busy, we were a congenial mess and did not get tired of each other, as might well have been the case with so much of the time passed in the isolation of the sea. We separated with cordial feelings all around." One hundred and twenty three years later, I can't add much more to what he experienced and said.

It has been my pleasure and honor to sign off as

Linda Despres

Chief Scientist

Final cruise aboard the R/V Albatross IV, 1962-2008

-Linda Despres, Chief Scientist, Legs III & V, 2008 Fall Bottom Trawl Survey

Tributes

It is sad to see the old ship go, but I'm sure that the new vessel will be at the center of many, many stories in the years to come. Hope these memories of mine bring back some good memories to other people who have served aboard the *Albatross IV*.

- Judy Penttila, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

And me, after an early start as a student deck cadet, I went on to virtually spend my career as a fishery scientist with *Albatross IV*. I owe that ship a lot and did a lot of growing up on the *AL IV*. She really made a name for herself in science, and although she is to pass on, she will never be forgotten. I can't think of a better legacy to have.

- John Sibunka, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

IV was the best seagoing experience of my NOAA career. A beautiful sheer and camber her lines, and despite many claims otherwise, comfortable ride and a sturdy ship that served fisheries community and NOAA remarkably well. Thanks for the opportunity.

- Craig McLean, former Executive Officer, *Albatross IV*



AL
to
a
the

What a beautiful looking ship. I had many good times aboard her and owe a lot to her too.

- Ken Rondeau, former Chief Bosun, *Albatross IV*

Goodbye *Albatross* (or as we always called her, affectionately, "All But Lost"). When I retired I started receiving a government pension. When a vessel retires, what does she get? Maybe they will take her out, sink her and make her into an artificial reef. If they sink her, let her have company. Say, next to the *Andrea Doria* or maybe next to the Civil War ironclad *Monitor*. That is a federal marine preserve - so it could be the start of a federal underwater cemetery.

- Don Flesher, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

Bon Voyage *Albatross IV*! May your future be as successful as your illustrious past!! From all of your old ship-mates who once were part of your active life!

- George Kelly, retired Fishery Biologist, Woods Hole, MA

During a few short weeks the summer of 2006, I had the great pleasure to sail with you. You taught me a great deal. I marveled at your non-stop engines, that constant source of energy that led us to also work non-stop. You hummed to me during the midnight shift, in between trips of the trawl net to the bottom of the sea. You provided security as we meet the tail-winds of a tropical storm--and I never felt worried--seasick yes, but not worried. And I simply tucked my blanket tightly under my mattress, and was rolled to a fine deep sleep. You helped me gain some semblance of "sea-legs," as I have never ventured so far from terra firma. Yet you strongly suggested crackers and dry cereal when the sea rolled a bit too much this greenhorn.

You showed me that a real mix of people can come together, carry out specific tasks, and accomplish something significant. You shared your back deck with me as we gazed upon the rising sun together and we both have smiled at the warmth and beauty. You showed the importance of fisheries research for the greater good of mankind and this what you taught me the most. I enjoy eating scallops today knowing that your efforts--your tireless efforts--have made a scallop dinner possible. Who will continue your important work? Peace and love to you--the Fine and Outstanding *Albatross*.

- Joel Jaroch, Teacher-at-Sea, Philadelphia, PA

As we bid adieu to the RV *Albatross III* in 1959, we now also bid adieu to 46 years of faithful and productive fisheries research of the RV *Albatross IV*. We now wish many years of productive fisheries research to the men and women of NOAA and the NOAA Ship *Henry B Bigelow*.

- Jim Crossen, retired Electronics Engineer, Woods Hole, MA

The *Albatross IV* will always be near and dear to my heart because of memories of:

- the scientists I met, shared cruises with and learned so much from, like Don Flesher, Malcolm Silverman, Nancy McHugh, Paul Rago, Sue Wigley, Maureen Taylor, John Galbraith, Vic Nordahl, Stacie Rowe, Chad Keith and...the list is too huge to name all!!! So many cruises, so many great people!

-the crew, who also taught me so much and with whom I shared a lot of good times like Richard Whitehead, Kenny Rondeau, Jorge Barbosa, John Hurder, Tony Vieira, Tony Alvernaz, Orlando Thompson, Jonathan Saunders...again the list is too huge to name all!!! So many cruises, so many great people!

-the adventures: like storms, holes in the hull, broken generators, hydraulic problems, refrigeration problems, stateroom flooding

-the beauty: like sunrises, sunsets, wind on my face, the whales, the birds, and day after day of fog on Georges Bank



for

is



- the hard work (like shoveling rocks and mud overboard at 3 a.m.)
- the fun times (like cookouts, singing contests and dancing on the deck)
- the surprise port calls (like a week in Norfolk)
- the excitement of finding different species of invertebrates and fish
- watch rivalry
- the excitement of leaving the dock with new people having new adventures, and the excitement of a cleaned-up ship returning to port
- scooting around in the dinghy amongst the humpbacks
- feeding the shearwaters
- being gently rocked to sleep by the ship (or being propelled out of the bunk by the ship)

These are but drops in a bucket full of *Albatross IV* memories. If the *Albatross* could speak, imagine the tales that would be told. Adios, Good Ship, and may you forever rest in calm waters!
 - Avis Sosa, VolunteerTeacher, Jakarta, Indonesia

The Millennium Log is a maritime tradition that the first log entry for any new year be something special. I had the duty on December 31, 1999 and January 1, 2000 as the ship sat, dry-docked in a shipyard in Quonset Point, R.I. Below is a transcript of that log:

Saturday 01/01/00
 0000-2400, OOD: CDR Sutton

Here the ship sits in dry dock, alone, exposed, and out of her element as the new millennium starts. It also begins her 38th year of existence. Steam, electricity, phone and the occasional round by the guard service are her only company this first day of the new century. Despite past neglects, *Albatross* is a proud ship; appreciative of the attention she is now receiving to prolong her existence. She will soon stand ready, anxious to safely serve and protect her masters while they valiantly try to restore the ecological harmony of the ocean she is allowed to visit. This is the reward and gift the *Albatross* provides the scientists, crew and officers because it is more noble to give than to receive. Deep down, she knows it is her solemn duty to safely return her passengers to the comfort of their homes and families. Because of the trust placed in her, she will not let them down. 1115 CO aboard; rounds made. 1200 CO ashore.

- Derek Sutton, former Commanding Officer, *Albatross IV*

LOSS FROM THE RANKS

NOAA Ship ALBATROSS IV

Built in 1962 by the Southern Shipbuilding Corporation

A GREAT SHIP AND FRIEND OF MANY THAT WILL BE TRULY MISSED

Crossing the Bar

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

 For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.



- Ken Cirillo, former NOAA Corps Officer, *Albatross IV*

Picture Descriptions

Page	Postion	Description
Cover	upper	<i>Albatross IV</i> arriving into Woods Hole, MA on Nov 22, 1962
Cover	lower L	Dept of Interior, Bureau of Fisheries and Wildlife flag
Cover	lower R	Dept of Commerce, National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration Emblem
2		Raising of the colors aboard the <i>Albatross IV</i>
4		William J. Brennan, Ph.D., Acting Under Secretary of Commerce for Oceans and Atmosphere and Administrator of NOAA
5		RADM Jonathan W. Bailey, Director of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration Commissioned Officer Corps and NOAA's Office of Marine and Aviation Operations
6	top	Nancy Thompson, Ph.D., Science and Research Director of NOAA's Northeast Fisheries Science Center
6	bottom	<i>Albatross IV</i> dockside at the NEFSC, Woods Hole, MA laboratory
8		<i>Albatross IV</i> dressed – July 4, 2008
9	top	Captain Walter Beatteay at the helm
9	bottom L	Captain Walter Beatteay on the bridge

9	bottom R	Captain Walter Beatteay on the back deck
10		Captain Steve Wagner at the helm
14		Group photo of the first crew and scientists on the back deck
15		Group photo of the last crew and scientists on the back deck
16		<i>Albatross IV</i> in Little Harbor preparing to dock
21	L	Checker filled with Acadian redfish
21	R	Baskets filled with Atlantic cod
22		A deck tow of spiny dogfish
23	top	Chief Scientist Linda Despres sorting flowers in wet lab
23	bottom	Hull of <i>Albatross IV</i> being built in Slidell, LA
24		Dr Herbert W Graham, former Lab Director, Woods Hole, MA
25		Fisherman Lee Welch with lobster
26	top	First Officer Robert Cusick at helm of <i>Albatross IV</i> with Secretary Stuart Udall
26	bottom	Transiting through the Cape Cod Canal in the later years
28		Fisherman“Flash” Testaverde in background with cribbage board and fishermanTom Frontiero in foreground at messroom table
29	top	Chief Steward Jack Merchant
29	bottom	<i>Albatross IV</i> on Arrival Day at Woods Hole
30	upper L	Scientist Bill Brennan on back deck
30	upper R	Engineers Lou “Mac” MacDaniels (left) and Jim Kelly (right) in crew’s Mess
30	bottom	Watch Chief Melanie Underwood (foreground) and other scientists working up the catch
31		Fisherman Bill Clapp (left) and Scientist Ruth Stoddard
32		Fishermen Jorge Barbosa (left foreground), Doug Roberts (left center), Willie Amaro (left rear), Chief Bosun Ken Rondeau, Commanding Officer Mike Abbott, Lead Fisherman Tony Alvernaz in crew’s messroom on a special occasion
33	top	Deck crew and scientists playing horseshoes on the back deck
33	bottom	Operations Officer Ensign Jonathan Heesch playing the bagpipes
34	top	Conductivity/Temperature/Depth (CTD) and bongo operations

34	bottom	Variety of deepwater species being sorted
35		Oceanographer Sam Nickerson (with knife) taking scale sample
36		Seas over the rail
37		Seas through a scupper
38	top	The Perfect Storm and an upended chair
38	bottom	Bow of <i>Albatross IV</i> during bad weather
39		A seasick scientist
40	top	A tired scientist
40	bottom	The dory <i>English Rose</i> with two RAF commandos
41	top	The <i>Albatross IV</i> preparing to be towed
41	bottom	Passing Navy vessel on way to port call in Norfolk, VA
42		Easter egg decorating competition
43		Original scientific lounge
44	top	Paper trawl logs used until spring 2001
44	bottom	Powerful port and starboard trawl winches and wire
45		Chief Bosun Tony Viera (standing) mending a net
46		Sunset and seagulls
48	top	Transiting through the Cape Cod Canal in the early years
48	bottom	Scientists Ray Fritz (3 rd from left standing), Sam Nickerson (5 th from left standing), Pat Twohig (6 th from left standing) and Jim Crossen (3 rd from left kneeling)
49		A full checker of spiny dogfish
50	top	Sorting a scallop catch on the back deck
50	bottom	Relaxing on the back deck during a scallop survey
51	top	Preparing a rosette water bottle sampler
51	bottom	Chief Steward Jack Merchant receiving recognition from Captain Joe Miller in galley
52	top	<i>Albatross IV</i> docked at Woods Hole, MA on Nov 22, 1962
52	bottom	Fisherman Bob Grant with lobster

53	top	Scientists working up the catch during scallop survey
53	bottom	Fishermen Nick and Frank Vadala
54	top	Scientist Steve Murawski with swordfish
54	bottom	<i>Albatross IV</i> shipyard plaque
55	top	<i>Albatross IV</i> leaving Woods Hole Harbor
55	bottom	Chief Scientist John Galbraith
56	top	Chief Scientist Stacy Rowe
56	bottom	Chief Scientist Linda Despres
57	top	<i>Albatross IV</i> at sea on a calm day
57	bottom	Sunset through the gantry
58		Chief Bosun Tony Viera (left) with Scientist Avis Sosa (right)
59		<i>Albatross IV</i> and sun setting