

"Ere I thought you were buying the beer?"

"I am. 'Ere's another just to keep you talking. What about the other Jack Dustys then?"

"Oh, the nuts and bolts outfit. Well, of course, in my job I didn't have much to do wiv 'em but it's only a small ship so I got to know 'em pretty well. The bloke in charge was CPOSA Mick MOTTASHED. Great big fellow. This was his third trip in the ship so 'e knew the job back to front. Always chasing round after the waffoos and their air stores. 'Eard him once say that if it wasn't for that lot - 'ed have a good number. He had 2 killicks too, Jeff BAXTER who used to look after all the messtraps and loan clothing. All the cold weather stuff y'know, for when we were down the ice - furry 'ats, white sweaters, balaclavas an' all that. The other LSA was Stewart NEVILLE-RUTHERFORD. 'Stewpot' they called 'im because 'e used to perform a lot on the SRE programmes, that is when 'e wasn't studying for 'is GCE exams or 'is POs course. They 'ad some big storerooms though cos there's no Dockyard or anything down South."

"I see mate, so you were in quite a big department. And the stewards too I suppose. Did you have Brit ones or were they locally entered like on my last ship?"

"Well, I don't know about Brit ones. I do know the PO Steward was a Geordie - named 'George' MULCAHY. Used to give the stewards rocks, but I 'eard he was the greatest in the Wardroom. Really he was a good bloke all round and so were they all. They 'ad a special little air-conditioned mess all to themselves. The killick there was also the Captain's Leading Steward, 'Mac' McLEOD. Used to spend all his time in the Captain's caboosh so I didn't see much of 'im. Then there was Leading Steward 'Bas' KELSO - I over'eard one of the Officers once say he was the only Steward. he'd ever known to keep the Wardroom books correct. There were 2 other killicks too who picked their rates up onboard, Jan JOBSON and Chas COOPER. Jan was a great keep-fit man, always flogging 'imself to death doing press-ups and all that on the flight deck. Chas's missus had a baby whilst we were away so 'o reckons lets going to be more busy when 'e gets 'ome than 'e was on board. Then there was a little Steward called SUMMER. Everyone knew him and called 'im 'Sums'. 'E appeared in that pantomime I was telling you about as 'Vera Lynn' - 'e didn't 'alf look comical an' walked around the ship for weeks singing all the songs. The boss presented him with an award for the 'Best Early Morning Tea Wetter' and he was dead chuffed - everyone else said 'well, 'e 'ad to be good at something!' But all the same 'e was a good laugh and the Officers fought so too. Hey, isn't it your round for the beer, mate?"

"Yeah. That was the lot then, eh? How many in the department altogether?"

"Well, counting the Boss, the Canmen, the bootie chef and me, 24. So it was one of the biggest onboard."

"I see. So while you're drinking that beer, tell me - was there much chance to get ashore when you were down South?"

"Well, some of the fellas did. Bill Richardson and Taff Magill went off on one of those survey parties; living in tents amongst the penguins for 2 weeks and coming back smelling like one. The PO Chef and Bas KELSO went ashore one day too with some geologists and got stranded on some remote island because of the bad weather. They got lifted off the next day by helicopter but I think they were beginning to wonder if their number was up. I went off for a couple of weeks in South Georgia diving - that was cold I can tell you, and most of the others got up in the helicopters for a jolly or something similar at some stage or other. In fact I think the S & S were into everything at various times, the whole while we were away".

"What are they going to give you at the end of the commission then?"

"There's a ship's commission book, 'Line Book' they call it, and my boss the PO Caterer has produced it all. It's taken up a lot of 'is time and 'e's 'ad to get every department in the ship to write their own record of what 'appened. 'E didn't ask me, 'cos if 'd did I'd 'ave 'ad a few things to write about the S & S, but 'e knows I can't spell: Hey, mate, we're here; we've arrived in Smoke. Be seein' yer:"

"One last thing before you go. What happened to yer hair, Duds?"

"Shaved off, mate, but don't worry about that - just make sure you pay for all that beer I've drunk. As I've been telling you - I 'ad a good run on ENDURANCE and I learned a lot from them olf S & S boys, particularly one thing"

"What was that then Duds?"

"Never buy you own beer !!! See yer!"

THE MEDICAL STAFF

DOCTOR AT SEA OR CABIN TWELVE LOWER LEFT BUNK

The Medical Department of the ship comprised in the 1974-75 Season of one Medical Officer - Surgeon Lieutenant Alan J BRAY - wart charmer of great renown and POMA Richard (Scouse) MAINWARING - sherpa extraordinaire. Both of the staff had considerable experience in Arctic climates and their joint interest in exposure made them the originators and sole shareholders of the Canvas Bath (Top Left Port Side Hangar Company. Both also had had training in Dental Surgery and the Medical Officer's anaesthetic knowledge was to be repeatedly called on once we had left the South American mainland. The 2 compartment Sickbay and ward are well stocked and we have the capability for X-Ray, Dental therapy and operative surgery. With the forthcoming refit improvements in the ward should make access better.

The years work commenced on 17 May 74 when the POMA joined from Seafield Park and began the mad rush to get everyone medically and dentally fit and in date for vaccination against smallpox, inoculations against typhoid, yellow fever, work etc. In fact he was so busy he could only afford make and mends in the afternoons. the MO joined late in July after shepherding a group of 16-18 year old school leavers on an expedition in Arctic Norway. Prior to his leaving the Commando Training Centre Royal Marines, he had been properly indoctrinated at Seafield Park in the way his POMA intended to run the department. Leave, ordering last minute stores, Leave, redesigning the Sickbay, Leave, First Aid Lectures and Leave all preceded the week of sea trials. Like the true blue, loyal matelot and friend POMA Mainwaring immediately went on leave again during the sea trials week.

After learning a few basic nautical terms to enable his day to day existence to proceed normally the MO, in calm seas, quite enjoyed sea trials where his vast seamanship knowledge was repeatedly called on as Second Officer of the Watch. Sea trials over the ship went to show Portland what it was all about.

Seeing as how the Executive and Engineering worlds were going to put us through our paces it was decided to put the top hat on it all and give everyone a cholera jab on our way to the work up. In a Force 8 gale we managed to inoculate 2 persons at once by standing them side by side and using a long needle - economy is our watchword. On the whole the DISTEX proved a fairly good exercise. Despite the First Aid Parties only being partially trained, they dealt very well with the 17 casualties provided and great credit is due to the First Aid Section Leaders, PO STWD MULCAHY and PO CA SAWYER.

Suddenly it was the Ship's Dance, the joint Commissioning and Families Day, somewhat marred by a serious accident and the MO's wife seeing him sail away into the distance spattered with bloodstains. A friendly tug boat quickly brought him back although his method of transfer was somewhat unorthodox. Very many thanks are due to the Royal Marines for catching the bespectacled doctor as he jumped from the bow fender back onto the ship.

Finally 3 Oct arrived and we deployed south. During the entire commission there has been a very close liaison with the Ship's Flight and the presence of the MO in crusaders rig on the flight deck was a common sight. So much so in fact the Wardroom were blessed with the following poem:

'And did these feet in ancient times
Walk upon Georgia's mountain green?
And was the lamb of Hippocrates
Upon ENDURANCE's flight deck seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our various ills?
And was an immersion bath builded here
Among these satonic hangar mills?

Bring me my crutch of burning gold!
Bring me my scalpels of desire!
Bring me my stethoscope! O' clouds unfold!
Bring me my enema of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my syringe(?) sleep in my hand
'Til we have built immersion baths
Throughout South Georgia's pleasant land.'

Apart from a research interest in the treatment of exposure the Medical Department evaluated the clothing of Flight Deck Ratings. Later in the season we were to appreciate more the value of MEDIVAC winching and High Line Transfers practiced en route.

In nearly every port permanent dental fillings were performed by local dentists and the Medical Staff were lucky enough to be shown round several sanatoria. Our thanks are due to LA William (Snaps) TIMKEY, the ship's only professional photographer, for his co-operation and results recorded in print form. For him the memory of Salvador Tropical Diseases Hospital will remain forever.

All visits were enjoyed for the most part and we were made most welcome in Stanley where the Hospital Staff and POMA 'Jethro' YOUNG (of NP 8901) in particular were a great professional aid to our small department. In fact 4 Ratings were hospitalised in Port Stanley at various times during the season.

During the visit to South Georgia and whilst the ship was attempting to survey Cooper Bay in bad weather the POMA Scouse (Crag Rat) MAINWARING was sent ashore for 2 weeks (with shouts of "If I wanted to do this I would have joined the @!t! Girl Guides!!!) to take part in a touch of skiing, climbing and falling (he, of course, excelled at the latter with the ship's Detachment of Royal Marines. Thanks for the one piece recovery were mainly due to Lieutenant S P (only another hundred metres HILL RM, and Sergeant W H (shall we have something to eat while we are waiting for supper to cook OXBERRY RM.

The MO was detached to work for the Falkland Islands Colonial Medical Service as the 'Flying Doctor' for 22 weeks whilst the ship was surveying in the North West Islands. This task he revelled in and it is a well known fact that no warts now exist in the Falkland Islands. During this period he also gave birth to a Christmas baby - wait a minute, that's not right! - he delivered the Christmas baby. The MO's place was taken over onboard by Lieutenant Commander C B ERRINGTON RN, the First Lieutenant (a most amazing faith healer).

During our time in the South Shetlands the Medical Department was involved in a couple of mercy dashes. A single casualty who had sustained a bad shoulder injury required 2 operations for which Surgeon Lieutenant Alan (try and count to 598) BRAY RN rendered the anaesthetic using MEA(P)1 'Nobby' CLARKE's patent adapter circuit. On 20 Jan the MO was flown by helicopter to the American Research Vessel HERO to whose small quarterdeck he was winched to provide immediate medical aid. The elderly patient was later transferred to the Russian Bellinghausen Base where more definitive surgery and X-Rays were carried out. The second mercy dash, somewhat distorted by international relays of communications, was to provide anaesthesia during a replaster and manipulation. procedure.

On returning from the frozen South 2 of the ship's company were hospitalised at Port Stanley and the MO, as the only anaesthetist available, stayed while ENDURANCE picked up the new NP 8901. Whereas the elder patient fully appreciated the premedication, unconscious period and results of his operation he found the 14 mile route march that followed a rather unusual form of post operative physiotherapy. His was to be the last laugh as the MO and the younger patient plodded on in odd boots and blisters visiting lonely camp settlements and the nature reserve at 'Volunteers'.

The return on ENDURANCE was closely followed by the Stanley Race in which POMA (David Bedford) MAINWARING starred, he came a close 27th, and barely flinched when the MO suggested he might like to accompany the Marines on a 60 mile march from Darwin to Stanley while the ship completed the Governor's Tour and the MO held clinics at each settlement for people, horses, hens etc. After a stormy passage ENDURANCE returned to Port Stanley where a much lighter POMA related his everlasting love of hill walking as he tried to remove his boots from heavily blistered feet.

Now as we finally sail North to Montevideo vaccinations and innoculations are again in date, unfortunately the weather was not very rough at the time of performing.

Our sincere thanks are due to all those who have helped our department, particularly the Staff of the King Edward Memorial Hospital in Port Stanley, POMA YOUNG of NP 8901 (74/75), LA TIMKEY our radiographer and moral booster, and MEA(P)1 CLARKE - Medical Technician par excellence.

THE ELECTRICIANS

"NEVER IN THE FIELD OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING HAS SO LITTLE BEEN DONE BY SO MANY FOR SO LONG!"

The 1974 refit ended in the same mad rush for the WE Department as it did for the ME Department. Many items of equipment such as the SATNAV Aerial, the Davit Control Panels and a considerable number of assorted motors and starters were not returned to the ship on time; and consequently the Completion Date and Sea Trials period had to be altered accordingly. However, due to both the efforts of the department and a certain amount of good luck, the ship was ready electrically (mas o menos) to deploy on 3 Oct 74.

On 4 Oct, the big run down period commenced!

The stratagems involved were of such a complex nature and furthermore are still covered by the Official Secrets Act that they can only be touched upon briefly in the article. However, the general plan of attack was as follows:

The first priority on leaving Portsmouth was to ensure that none of the heaters and as few of the lights as possible were working throughout the ship - after all, where better for a 'greenie' to lurk than in some cold dark corner of the Galley or the Junior Rates Dining Hall?

Next on the agenda, having taken due note of the rising temperature as we proceeded southwards towards DAKAR, was the complete failure of all messdeck 'fridges, the Scotsman and the majority of the accommodation ventilation fans.

It is worth digressing at this stage to mention one incident which surprisingly escaped the attention of the Theatrical Critic of the Red Plum at the time, and that was the drama of the Helicopter Starting Equipment which worked perfectly, until a helicopter was attached to the other end. This problem was admirably tackled by WEO, brandishing a 4BA past participle and the Flight Commander, armed with the future conditional of the irregular reflexive verb "to be caught short". As a result, this minor defect was soon reduced to a major catastrophe! But for the timely intervention of erstwhile OEMN 'JC' COPE, who was fortunately on 10 minutes sabbatical leave from RADIO 171, no further flying would have taken place this season. So remember that, the next time you feel kindly disposed towards him?

Anyway, back to the plot! Apart from the continuing saga of the fridges, lights' fans etc, the idyllic, soporific passage from DAKAR to SALVADOR passed quite uneventfully. The only sound to be heard throughout the ship was the plaintive voice of REA Vic Pack crying in the wilderness:

"TESTING MAIN BROADCAST - 1 2 3 4 5.

5 4 3 (prompt) eh 2 1 .. TEST COMPLETE"

After a few days rest and relaxation in Salvador, during which time they all behaved as the true reprobates they really are, the gentlemen of the WE Department set about their various tasks with their usual flair, vitality and enthusiasm. It was a sorry sight indeed that greeted the eyes at the 0800 muster that morning in the electrical workshop - those who had remembered how to reach the workshop looked more dead than alive: one can only hazard a guess as to what the rest were like! After a quick 'pep-talk', however, they soon pulled themselves together and proceeded to do absolutely nothing for the next 3 weeks.

It was also about this time that the problem of the James Caird echo sounder arose. It is much to his credit, that CEA Mick Leach armed only with an out-of-date copy of "Everything You've Always Wanted to Know About Echo Sounders - But Were Afraid To Ask", laboured, without sleep or food, for 37 days before eventually arriving at the solution one crisp fine Saturday (or was it Tuesday?) morning at Grytviken. All this in spite of being plagued by his phantom hernia - well it was nearly Christmas, after all!!

(There is no truth whatsoever in the rumour that the subsequent, untimely demise of the James Caird was the result of Chief Leach's endeavours to prevent the recurrence of that particular headache! This can be verified by the "Sound of the South in the South" himself, as he just happened to be 'sounding' in the South by himself at the time.

At the time of writing this article, with the joviality of Christmas in Stanley and the bestiality of New Year in Mar-del-Plata both safely behind us now, I find myself looking forward to the more serious business of the 1975 Refit. So, in a more serious vein, let me point out some of the problems that we, in the WE Department, have to face in ENDURANCE. The WE Department commitment onboard the ship comprises the following:

1. SATNAV.
2. All MCO Equipment.
3. APT System.
4. DECCA TM829 Radar and PRA.
5. Mk 23 and Anschutz Gyro Compasses.
6. Arkas Autopilot.
7. 5 Echo Sounders and PDR.
8. Mainbroadcast and SRE.
9. Telephones.
10. Main Generators.
11. Conversion machinery.
12. Helicopter starting/servicing equipment.

13. Battery charging arrangements.
14. Approximately 120 major items of rotating machinery.
15. Innumerable small items of electrical equipment excluding the unknown number of shavers, tape recorders etc which no-one bothered to submit for entry into the Private Electrical Equipment Log.
16. All lights and fittings throughout the Ship (count them sometime!).
17. Approximately 250 miles of wiring (probably a conservative estimate!) and much more!

Then consider that all the above is maintained by this enigmatic group of individuals known as the 'GREENIES', and comprising:

- 1 somnambulist, 1 DJ; 1 comedian; 1 prematurely-aged 19 year old;
- 1 lumberjack; 1 FID; 1 brain surgeon; 1 zombie; 2 idiots, 1 raving lunatic;
- 1 large paper-weight and 2 amateur electricians!

So the next time you stumble across a couple of scruffy-looking characters lurking in the aforementioned cold, dark corner, TAKE PITY ON THEM - ONE OF THEM MIGHT BE ME!!

THE MARINE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

The Marine Engineering Department consisted of the following personnel:
Lieutenant B SWALLOW RN; CMEA(P) K BEALES (CMECH W
MEA(P) M MARGETTS; MECH I T RYCROFT (MEA(P) D RUTLAND)
MEA(P) D CLARKE; CMEM J IVES; MEA(H) P RANDALL; MEA(H) J LUFF;
LME I THOMPSON; IME A KNOWLES; IME E BLANCHE;
MEs J FREESTONE; K BRADBURY; W McCARATHY; A KING; M AYRES; G PARRY;
D JENKINS; S HAYWARD and C HARDY.

Most Commissioning Books usually report that the Commission started - well with our department there was never a beginning - we just carried on from 'last trip'. The ship arrived in Portsmouth on Thursday 16 May and this is when our Commission really started. The next day we were found busy de-fueling, Diesel, Lubricating Oil and AVCAT. Two or three of the lads went on draft when we arrived and left the rest of us to look forward to the new faces that would be joining us for this commission and also to welcome the happy, cheerful, hardworking Dockyard mates, as they arrived to rip the engine room apart and other machinery spaces.

The refit progressed with more items coming out of the ship than expected as more defects were found. We all moved off the ship as she went into Dry Dock and some went to live at home, others got a Departmental Flat whilst the remainder lived in the RN Barracks. It didn't seem very long before machines started to come back on board and sometimes with less parts than when they had left the ship!! but these were found - they had been mislaid in the factory!!! We had to have some hotel services back in working order in late July, such as the freshwater system and the galley steam, as some of us had to come back and live on board with, air hoses, painters, wood polishers and a hundred and one other Dockyard workers - it was a shambles - but it didn't take long for us to settle down again although we didn't like the way we were living.

At last in the beginning of September we screwed down the fuel tank lids all ready to take on diesel fuel and lubricating oil, preparing for Generator Trials on 1 Sep. At this time there was a labour dispute in the Dockyard and a lot of work seemed to come to a standstill, but we managed to get all the Generators running on time and the local trials successfully completed. Next came the Main Engine - all systems were tested and we prepared to run it, but had a worried half hour when we could hear the starting air escaping every time we opened the air start valve. We found that the after supercharger had lubricating oil trouble and also that it had been erected wrong, so to our dismay it had to be taken out of the ship and back to the factory so we were delayed sailing on trials.

We were all hoping that the delay would mean the cancellation of the Portland Work Up but no such luck. The main engine was fixed at last and a basin trial was successfully completed. We sailed on 16 Sep but did not get far as we got tangled up with a buoy whilst 'swinging' the Compass and so back to the wall we went. Next day we tried again and at 2000 that evening we started a 2 hour full power trial and this was completed at 2330 after a few minor mishaps and the main engine was running like a well oiled sewing machine.



OBEY Telegraphs



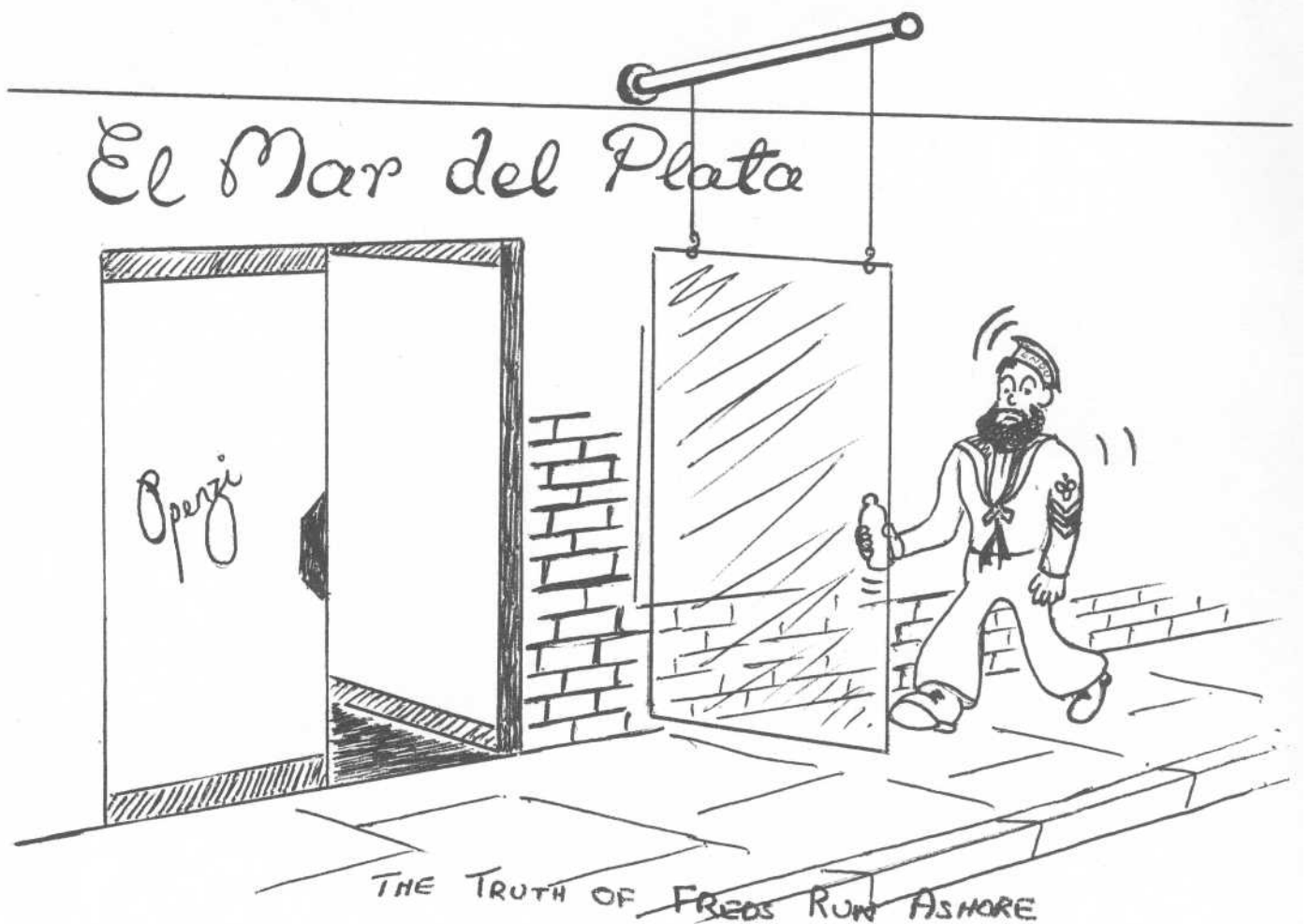
FINISHED with main engines

Off we went to Portland and we caught a nice bit of weather off the Isle of Wight and a few of the lads kept looking for something in a bucket or that's what it looked like. Portland gave us what stick they could but we fought them well and we left there after the week a fully worked up and happy department. The evening of 1 Oct was the Ship's Dance which brought on a few headaches for the Commissioning service and to take the families to sea the next day, and that evening the department said farewell to Wives, Girlfriends and families.

We flashed up and went Auxiliary on the morning of 3 Oct and got rid of our umbilical cords attaching us to the Dockyard wall, and this is how we would remain until we got back to Portsmouth. For the LMEs and M(E)s it meant 6 months of continuous watchkeeping to keep the ship adequately supplied with lights, heating and cooking steam and hot and cold water. A few hours of the trip we were without steam, in the tropics the cold water was a little warm!! and in the colder climates the hot water was not so hot and some days it was perfumed with diesel fuel but on the whole the department kept up their high standards of the hotel services.

Two days after we had sailed "Charlie" the freshwater evaporator fell ill and had to be put to bed, and after a long exhausting time and when the Sun was at it's hottest, and come to that, so was the engine room, 'Nobby' Clarke and his team of merry men brought him back to life and the freshwater rationing books were returned to the store. We had a few snags but nothing really serious, when the bridge asked for 'revs' they always got them and sometimes a few extra. We did get a red face in Montevideo and South Georgia when the telegraph rang and the main engine wouldn't start, but with a good kick it sprang into life and we found this was due to the air start valves sticking.

We arrived at Mar-del-Plata at the end of December and we got cracking on the Main Engine top overhaul, this we managed to crack in 2 days and now we were already to celebrate the New Year, Argentine fashion. One rotund fellow thought it was Easter and tried to roll back to the ship as if he was a hard boiled egg. The 'Godfather' of the M(E)s swore blind that somebody lowered a glass door in front of him as he walked along the pavement and the 'Grandfather' of the M(E)s opened his mouth when he should have been listening. In Mar-del-Plata a few of the department took 2 days leave and others laid on the beaches ogling the bikinis that were laying everywhere.



'Kelper' Ayres stayed in Stanley at one period of the trip when he was boat party and Jinx missed Mar-del-Plata of all places, when he was detached on another boat party in the Falkland Islands. When we arrived in the Antarctic all the department became 'happy snappers' with all the gears!!, except for George McCarthy, because he never was in gear!! Our great Antarctic Explorer, 'Scott' Parry went on a boat camp and for his services he was awarded the Antarctic Endurance Medal for allowing the "James Caird" to be washed high and dry on the beach and written off as a wreck' therefore saving Pete Randall and John Luff many hours of work.

Whilst we were away from home, hobbies were numerous MEO took up building a wooden boat, but was chocker when he found there wasn't a bath on board to float it in, Ken Beales couldn't stop eating and this took all his time up. Terry Rycroft made a smart speed boat, much to Nobby Clarke's disgust because he wanted the desk in their cabin to make plastic models. Mick Margetts and 'Burl' Ives were plastic model makers also and they both made tanks, then they had a battle with them and Mick's tank ran over 'Burl's' one and crushed it. Thommo was the ship's Philatelist, dealing with letters and stamps from all over the world and when he wasn't doing this he was finishing off making an Axminster Carpet!!! The rest of the lads were competing for the 'Golden Pillow Award' - there was some dispute who it should be awarded to, but Rip Bradbury is awaiting some 'Fairy' Prince to kiss him and wake him up!

We have now got to Montevideo to pick up Ken Beales relief - Bill Thompson and also Terry Rycrofts - Dave Rutland, then it's down to Stanley again to change over the 'booties' stationed in the Falklands, then back to Montevideo to allow Ken and Terry to go home. Ken was well liked as all the department called 'goodbye'!!! when he left. Now its home to our wives, girlfriends and families and for some its to look forward to another trip but for a lot of us it's to say goodbye to our mates and to go on draft

To finish with a few interesting facts about the performance of the department:

- a. We have not (YET) broken down.
- b. The telegraph rang 2,391 times and disturbed our dreams.
- c. We used 1,077½ tons of diesel.
- d. We made 1,616½ tons of freshwater.
- e. The propellor turned 2,317,728 times.

