

WOULDN'T HE?

"Thanks for the address, Boys. I'm being invalided home next port."
—THE CENSOR

Outward Bound

Being the journal of simple men with simple faith who have set out to fight for a Great Ideal

HOSPITAL

(Rear Entrance)

Why is it soapy water gives a certain artillery "loss" ominous fore-BODE-ings?

No. 1

AT SEA: April 25, 1941

Price 2d.

TO ALL RANKS—

"Your Heritage: To Carry on A.I.F. Traditions"

The period you are now passing through is one of transition, from the things and places you know, to the unknown. It therefore, is a difficult period, and needs some mental readjustment.

One point you must always remember is that a nation or group generally may be judged at times by the actions of individuals, alone and collectively. The good name of Australia, the country we love, is, therefore, in your hands.

Should you go ashore at any port before we finally disembark, or when we do finally disembark, it will be in a foreign country whose manners, customs and laws may not be the same as in your own. Be careful to respect these laws and customs, and conduct yourselves in such a manner as will bring credit on Australia and the British race in general. The thoughtless action of one man or a few men may do untold damage to the prestige of a race which is famous in history for its standard of conduct.

In the last War, the A.I.F. built up a great reputation and great traditions. It is repeating history in this present war; and it is part of your heritage to carry on these traditions. I feel sure that you will not fail.

On this ship, everything is being done for your comfort. Certain restrictions have had to be imposed which might appear to be irksome. These restrictions, however, are essential to the safety of the ship and of your comrades. Your job is to see that such orders are obeyed to the full. Discomfort, at times, must be endured, rather than endanger the safety of lives and ships.

GOOD LUCK!

My aim is to make the period you spend on board as happy as possible. But it is up to you and your mental outlook to complete the job.

My thanks are due to the many officers and ORs who have helped and are helping me in a difficult job.

Good luck to you all; and Bon Voyage!

—OC TROOPS.

ANZAC DAY

April 25, 1915

There shall be no more night for them,
And no more laboured breath;
For they have climbed the silver heights
Beyond the shores of Death.
God makes a wonder of the way
Of those who went from Mudros Bay.
—NX 65238

These Lectures!

I'm satisfied that whoever invented lectures must have had a h—l of a lot of hours to waste in his own life. Now he's wasting hours of ours.

These seem to me the fundamental ideas of lecturing:

1. To prevent over-indulgence in fresh air and sunshine.
2. To bring before the multitude the amount of knowledge that can be obtained from the perusal of long-disused notes.
3. To choose a subject which is easily side-tracked. This eliminates the danger of the lecturer coming to an abrupt end before the hour is up.
4. To pick some hot, airless spot for the lecture and to make people huddle close together. They'll be so uncomfortable that they won't see the flaws in your arguments.
5. Invite questions, never ask them. Nothing is calculated to lower your prestige as a lecturer than to ask the wrong question.

—Sgt. J. HORNER.

'MAN THE BOATS'

Being a Revised Version of S.S.Os.

"Orders will be given from the bridge to 'Man the Boats.'"

"The Military Officer stationed at the head of each companionway will retire to his cabin there to write his last farewell. On his return, he will wait for the long G. He will need to be sharp if the G is flat, or, if as may happen, it is indistinct because of salt water having entered the bugle owing to the bugler's lifebelt being a Hop Cheong—a fizzer."

"On hearing the call, he will send to the ship's Orderly Room for a pad of message forms, which he will not get. He will then despatch a runner (who most likely will be found in the bar), to call for 50 men for the first boat. These will be selected on the 'Housie Housie' system—as your card fills, go for your life."

"After the boat is filled he will assemble the ship's choir (led by Simpson, the singing Sergeant Major, and comprising the Numbers One on unit-gp. shark lists) which will render such appropriate numbers as 'Throw Out the Life-line,' and 'Oh my, I don't Want ter Die, I Want ter Go Home.'"

"It will be his duty to see that everyone left on the ship is drowned, and to report to that effect to the Field Officer of the Day."

THE ARMY QUEUE

When you get up in the morning,
When the decks are all a-dew,
And you're looking for your breakfast,
You must line up in a queue.

If you want to post a letter,
If you want to bid adieu,
If you want to buy tobacco,
You must line up in a queue.

If you feel a bit religious,
Or you want a beer or two,
Or a haircut or a tooth pulled,
You must line up in a queue.

And, if we go to Heaven
Or down under when we're through,
You can bet that while we're waiting
We'll line up in a queue.

Rock-a-Bye Babies: Or Just Swingin' it in Hammocks

If you haven't been down the mine, Daddy, or, to be more more literal, down into the bowels of this (will the censor let me say it?) ship, here are a few tips from the denizens of the murky depths.

To proceed down companionways, grasp handrail firmly with the right hand, step off with the left foot, continue the movements of propelling the body forward, thus—R.H., L.F., R.H., L.F. *ad infinitum*.

One has to be an amateur "Raffles" should he desire to visit the bathroom. The best proved method is to have your mate waken you in the dead of night, creep stealthily to the sanctum, and partake of your ablutions (if there is any water).

When moving into your quarters the best procedure is to untie each hammock, doubling it back onto the wall until you pass, replacing each hammock as you make progress. Adopt the same methods moving out. (The only alternative is to walk on the knees.)

Getting in and out of hammocks is a dangerous manoeuvre. The following method has been laid down by ROs. From out of the luggage rack remove all kit bags, war bags, etc. and build into a platform between two hammocks. Two men then retire by the simple expedient of grasping the hand-rail immediately above, swing onto the platform, steady the body with an abrupt movement, thence into bed.

N.B. It is against SOs to use the rails for swinging into bed, as, obviously, a lot of men swinging on the rails at the one time, exert terrific pressure on the ship's keel, thereby constituting a very serious hazard.

—PIO MERC.

HOLY SMOKE!

You may smoke on the decks in the daylight,
When the curtains of night are withdrawn,
But to smoke in your bunks, well, it's not right,
Nor to sneak a quick fag in the morn.
I've paid so much in fines through this smoke toll
That I'm content now to suck my old thumb,
Blow imaginary smoke through the porthole,
And spend all my money on rum.

—NX 65238.

AVP

(ANTI-VICE PRECAUTIONS)

Anyone sighting the Anti-Vice Squad will give three shrill blasts, hoots or cat-calls, and make for the Anti-Vice Proof Cover, and remain until the "All Clear" signal is given. He will then give three more hoots—to speed the parting pests.

Apologies, Mr Kipling

If you can smoke and not get nabbed at smoking,
Or lie in bed and miss the first parade;
If you can guzzle beer in pilfered pint-pots,
And face your grim-eyed Serjeant unafraid;
If you can make a pile of ill-got winnings,
And even tempt the vice-squad to a toss,
But yet not pay the cost of all your sinnings,
Nor mumble lame excuses to "the boss";
If you can kid yourself you're out with Susie,
And laugh when cobblers tell you that you ain't,
You're not a man, my son, yer blinking idiot,
You're not a soldier, either,
You're a saint!

—NX 65238.

NO CENS(A) BOUT THIS

(Being the only letter that did not blunt the censor's razor).

Peggie darling,

I am writing this letter under a blue sky. I can see the sun. I do not know whether I am on land or sea. Neither do you. If I were at sea, I would say that it is very calm. If I were on land I would still say it was very calm. You will see by the papers there is a war on. There must be a lot of the boys going away. If I were not at home here with you, I would be going away also. There are fairies at the bottom of our garden. Our colonel is a real nut. I'd like to crack him. Be a good girl and please write me newsy letters like I write you. Darling, I'm lonely. I want a WAN.

Love,

HARRY.

P.S. Please don't get cross because there are no crosses. The Censor gets jealous if I send you kisses. He's married.

Here, on the deck, I think of the things that made living worth-while, and that I have left behind. Then and now . . . beauty still, with high moon riding leisurely, track of silver on the water . . . sleek, silent shapes mounted on it as a mirror. But the anomaly of it! Ships carrying men to kill men . . . oh, silent satirical mirth! . . . cellophane around death in the making!

—NX15943 Gar. J. W. CLARKE.

DUG UP BY THE PIONEERS

It's left to the Pioneers to nose out everything. This is what we've discovered:

That beer at 5d. a pint sounds better than it tastes.

That the hundredth man will stick to you to the end of the queue, and after.

That it's easier to get out of a hammock than into it.

That potatoes in jackets might well do the strip tease act.

That lessons in artificial perspiration are entirely unnecessary now.

That, acting upon SROs, we have completed Form BBB-X.49, and therein report that the number of rivets, ships for the use of, is 27,001. These to be checked every day, and deficiencies reported in triplicate to the SMO's Examination Room forthwith.

That if we arrived at every destination reported through the ship's latrino-graphs, we'd have been around the world twice.

My Wife

Sometimes in the silent night
When the world about is still
I see the lovelight of your eyes
And hear your laughter trill.
And on my mouth I feel your kiss,
Your hand held tight in mine
And in my ear you murmur,
"This is love divine."

And when I wake to hear the birds
That serenade the sun,
You hearten me with whispered words
Which tell me we are one.
Where'er I go, the whole way through
I'll cast aside all fears,
Find courage in a woman true
My pal through all the years.

—NX17373 A. R. SUTHERLAND.

First Aussie: "Is this the Indian Ocean?"

Second Aussie: "Sure it is."

First Aussie: "I don't see any b— Indians."

—E. ASHTON, 2-17.

CANTEEN MONTE CARLO

Whatever you want we don't keep it

OUR MOTTO

One pint per man
per hour perhaps

First! NO GAMBLING

Outward Bound

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(Pinched from Ned's notebook)

AT SEA: April 25, 1941

Ourselves

We are beginning to have a suspicion now of what war is. It is continual crossing from one place to another, and back, over dream-like seas; anchoring, or halting, in the oddest places, for no one knows or quite cares how long; drifting on, at last, to some other equally unexpected, equally out of the way, equally odd spot; for all the world like a bottle in some corner of the bay at a seaside resort.

Somewhere, sometime, there will be fighting. In the end, no doubt, our apparently aimless course will drift us through, or anchor us, in a blaze of war, quite suddenly; and as suddenly swirl us out again. And Death and Sleep will bear many a young Sarpedon home.

We go out with absolute conviction of the rightness of our country's cause, and a heart devoid of hate for fellow-men.

It is in this simple faith that we have left behind us the simplicity of the little places and the quiet folk we know and love, and have set our faces towards the illimitable dark.

If we come not home, they shall say of us:

"The feet that ran with mine have found their goal."

The eyes that met my eyes have looked on night.

The firm limbs are no more; gone back to earth

Easily mingling . . .

He wears

The ungathered blossoms of quiet; stiller he

Than a deep well at noon, or lovers met;

Than sleep, or the heart after wrath."

That is all.

—THE EDITOR.

OH, YEAH!

An inquisitive old lady visiting the hospital noticed a Digger with both legs off just below the knee.

"My man, how unfortunate! How did it happen?"

"Well, yer see, it was this way, Mum, I was the right hand man of the right hand platoon of the right company of the right battalion on a 500 miles front, and the general in charge gave the command "'Right Wheel.'" I marked time so long, me flamin' legs wore off." —AN GEE (Group 1).

"Why don't you write to that girl of yours now, Bill?"

"Because her hubby is now the censor for our unit." —"WOE" SMITH.

HERE'S A TOAST

*In a dainty cloak of scarlet
With a cloak of matching grey,
A gentle hand, a patient heart
Makes light our painful way.*

*A breath of home amongst us,
Symbolic of all that's dear,
Perceives us with her presence,
Bringing brightness, health and cheer.*

*So here's a toast to the darling,
May it all prove true;
May her days be full of gladness,
As fresh as the morning dew.*

*May she never shed a tear, lads,
May she never hear a curse,
We'll hold her up to the world, lads,
Our Australian Army Nurse.*

Good Show, Lads!

Congratulations to Jon Cleary for his excellently produced concert programme. Harry Sharpe and Key Hahn in the comedy sketches were responsible for many laughs.

Jock Cameron and chorus, with their rendition of the "Volga Boatmen," and Harry Fox, piano accordionist, provided the star turns.

Park Boys' Ditties

Major Withers is our CO, and treats us rather swell; but he gets leave at every port, and the others ring the bell.

Our adjutant's name is Stanton, and quite a nice chap, too; but if we don't get leave quite soon, he might be in the blue.

Now we've got a quartermaster, McFarrar is his name; and if the tucker's not Al he's the one to get the blame.

We've a Serjeant-Major who's never missed a thing; and I'll tell you all a secret, the boys have named him 'Ming.'

W.O.s Bowen and Wallace—woh!

Small moustaches tried to grow.

Ordnance boys looked on with shame.

Why don't the blighters play the game!

RING-A-ROSY By Our CRICKET EDITOR

The pitch rolled out hard and fast for the boys of the biff, or the boxing finals, or whatever they call them.

Hogg, a midget, opened with a wrong-un on Beaverstock's jaw, which Beaverstock took home with him after the third over.

Brassel, of the ASC, gave Coverdale a lift—in fact, one or two, and made a welter of the welterweight.

Ex-amateur champ, "Tassy" Burke, was a big shot with the artillery when he decided that Hoskins' shooting was more accurate than McCarna's in the middles.

But the "foot-sloggers" got their own back when Davis had the light weights on Berry.

Hefty, but cat-like, Jenkins fired a broadside into Frost. Frost froze in the third.

We are Seven

Major Sollitt rules Group 7 with an air of great compliance: he bosses the gunners down below and lectures with a lordly flow on pure ballistic science.

Captain Hinton, the ex BC, is a man of great attainment; he wields the wand of ASC and taunts the Royal Artillery on matters of "refinement."

Another leader of the Group is a braw mon Captain Banks, who leads the Army Ordnance Corp: could any unit ask for more than Scotch within its ranks.

—GROUP 7.

EMMA GOES WEST

A gallant machine gunner lay dying, the tripod supporting his head. When he raised himself up on his elbow, these were the words that he said: "Take the lock from out of my shoulder: take the fuze from out of my brain: from the small of my back take the barrel, and assemble the old gun again. And give my regards to the CO, and tell the old—from me, that a welcome awaits him in Hades from a gunner of old Emma Gees."

ORDERS! ORDERS!

Whatever it is that you want to find out

Just look in the Ship's Standing Orders.

If you want to go somewhere and you are in doubt,

Just turn up your Ship's Standing Orders.

There's rules, regulations, and paras by miles,

Rosters, appendices done up in piles,

All these together is that which compiles

The things known as Ship's Standing Orders.

There's very few things that you cannot find

By reading your Ship's Standing Orders.

For nearly all things are clearly defined

In the pages of Ship's Standing Orders.

But there is one thing that you'll never find out

No matter how much you may yell or

may shoot,

That is, what the — all this thing is about,

That's NOT in your Ship's Standing Orders.

—"WOE" SMITH.

AND THE MULTITUDE WAS FED ON LOAVES AND FISHES

And it came to pass that the hosts of the Australites went forth to war; and for a space a multitude of them dwelt upon the water in company with an angelic host whose shoulders were winged like unto pips, nay, even unto crowns and pips.

Now, upon a certain night, the multitude were gathered together in the banquet hall for to eat.

And the chief of the angelic host said unto his ministers, "Prepare ye food that the multitude may eat." But the ministers replied saying, "Alas, we have but 20 dozen loaves and a few cold fishes, and what are they among so many?"

Then were the loaves and fishes placed before the multitude; and the stewards did bear forth a strange liquid dark as unto the waters of a cesspool, nay, even unto the waters of the Yarra. And the multitude waxed wroth, and would not eat, neither would it drink.

And it smote upon the table even with its hands, and did shamefully mock the angelic host even to the count of ten.

Now, in a certain part of the banquet hall sat a smaller band clad in white raiment as men who go down to the sea in ships. And a minister of the angelic host spake unto them, saying: "Arise, O Men, and depart from hence! Have ye not dined of your master's substance? Tarry no longer." But they departed not.

And while this strife was waging, there arose a great cry from the band which was clad in blue raiment, like unto the orchid, mystic, wonderful. And the blue orchids did rise exceedingly up in the air.

MIRACLE MAN

And then a miracle was wrought, for suddenly there appeared in the midst of the multitude the Minister of Messing, a priest indeed of the angelic host.

And he spake, saying: "Hear ye, O Men! This vessel was wrought unto the carrying of the rich and luxurious, whose number was not great, being no greater than two thousand. But ye have entered upon it in a multitude. Wherefore, O Men, if ye were to eat your fill, what substance would remain for the angelic host?"

"Consider the Officers of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if the Ack-i-Fuff so clothe the Officers of the field, surely it will fill your bellies, O ye of little faith. Are not two gunners bought for half a sovereign?"

"Verily, I say unto you, even the hairs in your soup are numbered. Have patience therefore, and await food in abundance, for it will surely come to pass."

And the multitude held its peace, and presently the stewards came forth (save one who, stumbling in his haste, came fifth) bearing many loaves and sweet spices and butter, very rare.

And the multitude did eat and were satisfied.

Every night

The tropic sun sneered as it sent its last searing rays across the sea. Men gasped in ungodly relief. Twilight began its friendly advances.

In a large unventilated room aft of the mighty ship men began to congregate.

Deep purpose underlined every face; suspense filled the room solidly, as if it were a material thing.

Covert glances, whispers—eyes forever turned towards the Door—waiting.

Somewhere, someone laughed hysterically, as if pent-up emotions were nearly bursting their dams.

Faces, a sea of faces, sweating in the humid lifeless air. The world stood still as before a momentous happening . . .

Then a roar broke forth from a hundred throats, thirsty throats—as through The Door came "Happy" with the first tray of beer.

. . . And the Sergeants' Mess settled down to the evening worship—of Bacchus! —Sgt. COLBERT.

ORDNANCE LAMENT

We are not really soldiers

We're only make believe,

They give us all a rifle

Our conscience to relieve.

Our ship was built for pleasure

For folk of the idle class

We'll give them back their blinking ship

For just one shore leave pass.

—A77.

Not When Now, but Where?

I know what you want to know. Not "When are we goin' away," but "Where're we goin'?"

Now, Gunner Mullins of our mob, told us last December that we were goin' to Malaya. So I picked up a couple of stray addresses in Malaya—just because Gunner Mullins' uncle "knew one of the heads."

Now I know we're not going to Malaya. So again I hied to Gunner Mullins.

"We're goin' to South Africa, and then we'll march by easy stages (they'd have to be damn easy, I thought) to the Sahara Desert," he told me firmly. "Oh, oatheses and harems," thought me.

But Gunner Thorpe threw a spanner in the works. "We're off to South America, or maybe China," he whispered, adding, "I heard the Old Man telling one of the pioneers that the China needed a clean up."

That fixed me. Now I don't know where I'm goin'. Neither do you. Only I do know that Bdr Harrison is studying up the habits of Eskimos. Iceland or Greenland? Oh, boy, what a break that'd be! We'd have sweaters then, not just plain, ordinary common sweat!

BLACK-OUT SIDELIGHT

SCENE: Boat Deck, for'ard port.

HOOR: 2130.

ATMOSPHERE: Percolated by the intoxicating scent of powder—not gunpowder.

Tremulous Artillery Voice: "Are you there, Dave?"

Dave (rubbing his moustache with his only free hand): "Yes, Barry."

Barry: "Come on, Darling, Dave's up here."

Gunner (in the darkness): "Did you get that letter from the wife yet, Barry?"

"CONSCIOUS OF OUR TASK"

We are outward bound on a mission, and are men conscious of a gigantic task to be performed which will claim from us every ounce of courage and endurance.

The path of Duty is a hard and forbidding way, trodden only by those who appreciate the freedom bought at such a cost. There is no reward for any true man than the sense of having done his duty.

We do not know what lies before us in the way of hardship, suffering and sorrow; but, with hearts made strong by the thought of those dependant on us, we go forward to dare and do. The way we tread may be a path stained with blood and washed with tears, but it will be a way along which Freedom will follow in our wake to light the darkened places of the earth once more.

Men grow by the greatness of their purposes; and, if we can preserve within ourselves the spirit which has led us to a great renunciation, then in the halcyon days of peace, it will be found that we have not laboured in vain.

—CHAPLAIN H. A. DICKSON.