

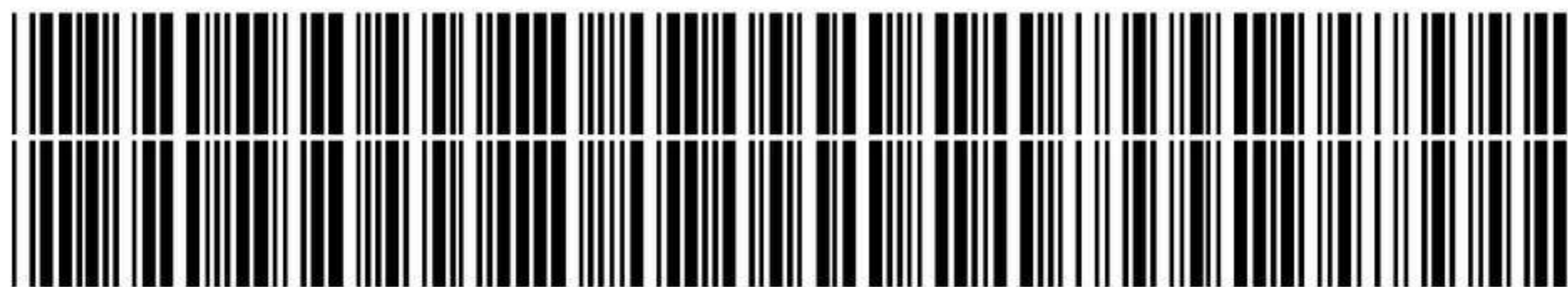
**AWM38**  
**Official History,**  
**1914-18 War: Records of C E W Bean,**  
**Official Historian.**

Diaries and Notebooks

**Item number:** 3DRL606/101/1

**Title:** Diary, February - March 1918

Includes references to visit to the American front, 36th Heavy Artillery Group and No 69 Squadron, Australian Flying Corps.



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No. ~~101~~ <sup>Set</sup> Copy.

Diary

Feb 17 - March I. 1918.

1<sup>ST</sup> SET DIARY No. 101  
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**DIARIES AND NOTES OF C. E. W. BEAN  
 CONCERNING THE WAR OF 1914-1918**

**T**HE use of these diaries and notes is subject to conditions laid down in the terms of gift to the Australian War Memorial. But, apart from those terms, I wish the following circumstances and considerations to be brought to the notice of every reader and writer who may use them.

These writings represent only what at the moment of making them I believed to be true. The diaries were jotted down almost daily with the object of recording what was then in the writer's mind. Often he wrote them when very tired and half asleep; also, not infrequently, what he believed to be true was not so—but it does not follow that he always discovered this, or remembered to correct the mistakes when discovered. Indeed, he could not always remember that he had written them.

These records should, therefore, be used with great caution, as relating only what their author, at the time of writing, believed. Further, he cannot, of course, vouch for the accuracy of statements made to him by others and here recorded. But he did try to ensure such accuracy by consulting, as far as possible, those who had seen or otherwise taken part in the events. The constant falsity of second-hand evidence (on which a large proportion of war stories are founded) was impressed upon him by the second or third day of the Gallipoli campaign, notwithstanding that those who passed on such stories usually themselves believed them to be true. All second-hand evidence herein should be read with this in mind.

16 Sept., 1946. AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL C. E. W. BEAN.  
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February 15th to 17th in black note book, manuscript.

17th (Continued)

In the train we had a number of Americans, mostly Y.M.C.A. representatives. They told us that there are 4000 Y.M.C.A. men in France, and 500 or 600 more are to come. There are certainly a great number - we have seen them everywhere - but one has always to look out for exaggeration here. The Y.M.C.A. are doing a good deal for the American troops which is done by the Government for us-- for example, the canteens are to be run by them.

On arriving at Chaumont we were met on the station by a young officer whom I took to be a lieutenant, but who I realised afterwards to be major -- Major Magruder. He was also meeting Colonel Nolan of their Intelligence Division -- as they call it -- General Staff, and an American bishop, whose name I forget, who also was coming out under the badge of the Y.M.C.A. and who had visited all the English front. We all drove in a car to their comfortable little mess -- a very quiet one.

They had arranged a complete four days' tour for us, but I have to get back to Australian Corps Headquarters on February 21st for a conference of special historians. Accordingly, Major Magruder who took charge of us, led us over to their G.H.Q. in the big French barracks. Lieut. Watson, a Chicago pressman who had charge of the whole of the general arrangements for the press, as well as the responsibility for the "Stars and Stripes" a weekly newspaper edited by a young American officer in Paris and issued weekly to their men, asked us what we would like to do that day. He proposed that we should see the heads of their various departments at G.H.Q. and ask as many questions as we liked. As their G.H.Q. is just in process of moulding itself into a great Army Staff, this was extraordinarily interesting.

We first went to see the <sup>officer</sup> ~~XXXX~~ who is second in command of their Co-ordination Department. The Co-ordination Department is a new branch of the American Staff. In the American Army which fought the Spaniards in Cuba and the Phillipines, there was scarcely any

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Staff work as we know it. These Americans admitted that to us quite freely. Colonel Connor, whom we saw in the Co-ordination Department, told us that in Cuba it was a matter of deep concern whether the American Artillery should be allowed to fire over the heads of their infantry, and finally, in fear of its firing over them, it was stopped from firing at all. They had no adjutant general and quartermasters (A.&Q.) provided as we know it. The consequence is that each little department -- medical, veterinary, each branch of the Infantry, machine guns, artillery, etc. would send in its requirements and demands separately, and all these had to be dealt with by a distributing Army Base. The first reform which they had to undertake in this war was the co-ordinating of these demands through a branch which really corresponds to our A. & Q. It remains a single branch at the division and at the corps; but at G.H.Q. and possibly at Army Headquarters, when they have one, it will be divided into two big branches corresponding to our Quartermasters and our Adjutant General's Branch. This department they call their Co-ordination Department.

Colonel Connor struck me as an able clear-headed man of affairs and I am sure it was most kind of him to give up to us the time which he did. The Departments at G.H.Q. are being re-named. Co-Ordination becomes the 1st Bureau, Intelligence is 2nd Bureau, Operations, 3rd Bureau, and the Personnel, ~~4th Bureau~~ (which does not exist separately from Co-ordination at Corps or Divisions) becomes 4th Bureau.

Most of these officers here were officers of the American Regular Army. I was particularly struck by the way in which they all of them foreshadowed that the finest Army which they would send to France would be the one raised under conscription. <sup>To understand</sup> /This the Americans are raising or have raised, three separate armies. It is very hard to say (and I did not care to ask) how many troops they have sent to France already, but they speak as if the first two armies had been sent across and the third was due to arrive.

The first Army to come was the American Regular Army. The

before the War maintained a small regular force of about 90,000 men. It was the policy of the American Government, which did not like Armies, to keep it split up as far as possible, in small Police posts amongst the Indians or on the Mexican Frontier, or fighting in the Phillipines. The small posts amongst the Indians have occasionally been wiped out owing to this policy. The army has had a great deal of guerilla service in the Phillipines, and most of these men had served either there or in Cuba or on the borders of Mexico. Sometime after the war broke out, the American Government increased this army up to about 150,000 by adding to the enlistment; and at the time when America entered into the war, a further increase had already been authorised to bring the total up to about 300,000. This increase took place as arranged, so that the regular army has for some time been 300,000 strong. Behind the regular army, America had only the force known as "The National Guard". The National Guard consisted of volunteer detachments from the various towns which had obtained leave to raise a small volunteer corps, as much for social purposes and to enjoy a yearly camp and an annual ball as for any other reason. Some of the officers of this National Guard detachment were very keen and attended schools, but a great number of the force was entirely a picnic force. During the war, however the Americans had trouble with General Villa in Mexico, and the Germans were stirring up the Mexicans to raid the United States if the States became involved in the War. As a matter of fact Villa did raid the town of Columba (?) on the American side of the border. (I forget whether this was before or after the war started) Anyway, the Americans had to keep quite a large force along this border, and a great part of the National Guard was down there, as well as a large force of Regulars -- at least 100,000 I believe, in all. This had shaken the troops together and helped them to get through their training in a great degree. Accordingly the Regular Army, and the National Guard Army were ready to be despatched at any no great interval after the States entered the War.

But the great army which the United States is raising is the

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army which comes into being under the Conscription Law, which passed the American Congress not long after they entered the war. The American officers spoke to us with wonder at the ease with which this bill went through. They put it down to its having been passed at the beginning of America's career as a combatant. Under it, all men between certain youthful ~~age~~ ages are liable to service. The actual number of men between the ages laid down in the United States is about 10,000,000. Of these only 2,000,000 are required. Therefore, it is possible to refuse four men out of every five, and this makes the standard of the physique and willingness in the Force itself extraordinarily high. It contains men ~~trained~~ drawn impartially from every colony and from every state. They are not making the least attempt, apparently, to raise a territorial army. The troops in France are not territorial, and they tell me that this new army is not territorial either. They speak of it as "The National Army", and their attitude here is, "You think these troops here already are fine troops; but you wait until the National Army comes along". One of the first steps which was taken in building up the National Army, was to select a number of suitable officers. A large number have been trained from amongst the non-commissioned officers in the Regular Army and a number of others from Harvard and Yale and the universities. The Army now having sufficient youngsters to go on with, I am told that officers in future will probably be drawn almost entirely from the ranks as they are indeed from the Australians and in an increasing measure with the British also.

Of these three armies they speak as though the Regular Army and the National Guard Army were in France (i.e. about 500,000 men) and tell you that the troops arriving here now belong to the National Army (or Draft Army). They pronounce "draft" to rhyme with "shandygaff"

A great portion of the troops in France are certainly engineers who are laying ~~down~~ out the site for their camps, improving the roads and railways -- mostly building. But I doubt if they have really anything like 500,000 men at the front. Most of this Colonel Connor explained to us.

We went on to the Automobile Transport Department, because here, we thought, the Americans would have something new to show us. They certainly did. The number of cars and lorries (they call a ~~car~~-a lorry, <sup>a car,</sup> and a car, an automobile) which they have to a single division, makes you raise your eyebrows. We allow six light cars to each divisional headquarters, none to a brigadier, one or two perhaps to a divisional train - certainly not more than 8 per division. The Americans have 47. They allow six supply companies (all automobile) to each division, four companies of ammunition train and four companies of ~~ambulances~~ ambulance, or - 470 petrol driven vehicles altogether for each division. In their war against Villa, they got into the way of trusting entirely to automobile transport. Their first automobile companies were organised there, and although they entered this war rather short of cars than otherwise. They seem to me to be trusting too much to the automobile for work near the lines. If they ever have to tackle roads like those around Ypres on muddy days, or the other places between Montanban and Flers during the Somme winter, they will find their motor transport break down completely. The only way to avoid this would be to increase the labour on the roads.

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On their entering into the war, the Americans had an ~~idea~~ idea of standardising all their makes of car. They got together the heads of various automobile factories, and they evolved a plan for a "Liberty" car, but either there was a difficulty in getting the machinery, or the delay was too great for they had to fill in with cars drawn from no less than 37 different types. The British Government has just come to their help with 3000 lorries which were finished for the British Army, and which we see running about here with the War Department's big W.D. marked on them. They say that the British Government has helped them in every possible way. This great variety of cars <sup>in</sup> involves a great difficulty. The different transport companies have to send their cars down to repair shops which possess the required parts. Now it would be pretty difficult if all the parts came to one port in France to have them so distributed <sup>that</sup> with each repair shop <sup>could</sup> and repair any one of the

the 37 different sorts of lorries and cars; but the American Staff never knows at which port its ships are going to arrive. There are four different ports at which they commonly arrive, and although they may be told that the convoy which is bringing their stores has started for ~~Nieupert~~ St. Nazare, they may suddenly find that it has turned up at Rochefort. Indeed, I am not sure that, owing to the danger of submarine interference, they are even told at which port the convoy is going to arrive. This must make an enormous additional difficulty for them. Parts of a single consignment of goods may be landed at Brest, another part at Rochefort, another part at St. Nazare, and another part at Bordeaux, and they may even find a difficulty in knowing ~~at~~ which part has been landed at ~~wach~~ place.

Accordingly, as far as automobiles are concerned, they are establishing inland near the coast, a single organisation ~~barrae~~ park, where the different parts of all the various sorts of automobiles are concentrated from all the four ports, and the automobiles put together or the parts classified and distributed for repair. Then an endeavour is made to employ each sort of lorry or car with one particular part of their force so that the repair shops, say, for the northern part of the army may contain parts of a certain class of car, and the southern repair shops may receive those belonging to other makes of car. One can see that the problems of the Americans are much larger than the outsider realises.

In addition to this there are two very heavy problems of transport. In the first place, when the Americans came to France, they found that their calculations of unloading 12 tons per dock labourer per day, were altogether out. They found the French docks fitted only with the most antiquated appliances for unloading ships, and instead of being able to deal with 12 tons, each man can barely deal with one ton. One has in one's mind, that if they visited the English ports also, they would find them scarcely any better fitted - however, I did not suggest this. They are going to install travelling carriers, heavy cranes, etc. in order to increase the capacity for unloading quickly, and this will help to release their



ships much earlier, and increase the tonnage available for bringing their men over here.

The second great difficulty is that of railway connection. We heard down at the Australian Front that the Americans were laying down a complete alternative set of rails from the coast to their ~~ases~~ bases inland. The American Staff tell me that this is not so, but they think that it would almost be worth while doing. The railways are so inadequate, that they believe they will be driven back on bringing a considerable part of their stores across France by automobile - an appallingly expensive and inefficient means of hauling them. I cannot believe that they will be driven to this extreme.

The want of railway transport behind the lines which the Americans are holding, so they explained to us, makes it quite impossible for ~~there~~<sup>to be</sup> any offensive there either by them or by the Germans. Neither side would be able to transport the quantities of material and men which are necessary for a modern offensive. I suppose that there is some truth in this.

They say that the Packhard and Peerless lorries are two of their best cars. These have also been much used by the British.

By the time I had finished with the Transport Staff, who allowed themselves to be cross-examined in the very freest way possible, Cutlack, who had been feeling very seedy, and was scarcely able to leave Paris this morning, told me that he thought he would go and lie down, while I went on to the other offices. He accordingly went off with Lieut. Watson to the Guest House. These oldschools or barracks which the Americans are occupying, are heated up to the same degree of hot-house warmth as the average office or rooms in America, and I don't wonder that poor old Cutlack was feeling cheap. The one main difference between the American and the Australian seems to me to be that the American is an indoor, rather than an outdoor man. Their windows were all shut, the stoves were all stoked up, the heat must have been somewhere between 60 and 70 degrees at the very least, indeed it was more like summer heat in Sydney, and most uncomfortably warm if you were dressed for a winter climate. These Americans do

not look as though they enjoy fresh air in the way in which we do, and they seem to feel the cold considerably when driving in open cars. They say, that during the winter the one hardship which their men had to undergo here was that the supply of fuel for heating the huts in which they lived was apt to be short. Wagstaff told me also that <sup>when</sup> the young American commander or adjutant finds his battalion short of fuel, he did not tackle the shortage in the same business-like, resourceful way in which our Australians did. An Australian young officer who finds himself short of fuel would simply look round to buy a tree or two from the villages and turn half a dozen men on to cutting them down and split them up, paying for it out of canteen or regimental funds. Wagstaff says that the American is not so adaptable as we are in that way.

The next department which I wished to see was the Air Department. They could not however, arrange this as they were moving their headquarters. Indeed, we had struck G.H.Q. at an eventful date in its history. Up to the present the whole of G.H.Q. had been concentrated at Chaumont. Now, however, they are separating the Departments and are wisely sending more than half of them back to the sea or near it - I think at Bordeaux or Nantes. This will clear Chaumont of a lot of office work which could much better be done on the coast - such as the British 3rd Echelon performs at Abbeville-transportation etc. Indeed the word of the day at American G.H.Q. is "lines of communication" It is curious that they are only carrying out so simple a division at this stage.

As I could not see the Air people, little Watson very kindly gave me a lecture upon the Air Service himself. The American War Department had two problems in starting its Air Service - the first to find its officers, and secondly to find the material. For the officers, they hit upon the plan of asking the great American industries and businesses to pick out for it so many youngsters of the right type to be airmen. In this way, it got the pick of the ~~commercial~~ fellows from the big commercial businesses, and the pick of those from the big industrial workshops. The third source was the men who volunteered or were chosen from the Military Forces. I am not sure whether Harvard and Yale did not

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supply a number. Anyway, from these sources they now reckon on drawing 3500 recruits monthly for their air service, out of whom they expect to be able to train 1500 suitable pilots monthly. This seems an enormous provision and gives one an idea of the size of the effort which the States are going to make in the air. A per centage of the 3500 whom they expected to be suitable for the work of pilots seems to me to be rather low, but they may set up a very high standard. In any case, the standard reached by the American airmen with the French Army was, according to Wilkins, of our Flying Corps, the highest in the world. For their machines, the Americans had at the outset of the war no engine which was suitable for military or naval flying. A large number of American machines were ordered by the British or French Governments, but they were found to be defective in their engine power or reliability, and when America entered the war she was faced with the necessity of deciding what engine to adopt. A conference was called of all the chief designers and manufacturers of engines, and they were asked to plan out between them a motor which should be the most reliable and effective possible. They agreed to co-operate in an altogether public-spirited fashion. Finally, the Committee which was drawing up the designs, produced the famous design of the "Liberty" engine. There were to be three types of Liberty engines. One for swift offensive flying; one for slower artillery observation, and a third (I suppose for heavy bombing flights)

By this time, however, it was clear, that there was going to be a very great difficulty in obtaining ships to carry the American men, guns and supplies across the water, and at the same time, feed the Allies. The making of complete aeroplanes in the States and carrying them across on shipboard, involved taking up so much space in the ships as to be out of the question. Accordingly it was decided to have the planes finished, and to a large extent manufactured in England. For this purpose a large number of American operatives have been sent to England and pretty well the whole of the American air mechanics are now training in England. The American machines will be finished off by American

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labour so that the Americans will really be responsible for their manufacture. The pilots are being trained mostly in America and in France.

Meanwhile the work on the Liberty motor is progressing. When the design was completed, the Committee of Manufacturers met in order to agree which of them should undertake the construction of which parts. One great manufacturer undertook to make one part, another, another part. Ford was allotted the manufacture either of the cylinders or of the crank-shafts, I forget which. I have no doubt that working with their national pride to urge them, they will turn out a magnificent motor.

Several other interesting small points struck me during this afternoon. For one thing, the Americans clearly are very anxious to employ the greatest tact in dealing with the French and the English, and are particularly desirous of not offending either, especially the French. They have a real admiration for the efforts which the French have made, but at the same time they speak very warmly of the British. I was particularly struck by the modesty of every man we spoke to. I have not heard yet a single American bragging about what they had done or were going to do, excepting only our old Y.M.C.A. friend in the train, and his mild exaggeration did not amount to much more than a little display of enthusiasm.

Secondly, the Americans clearly lack confidence in their Staff and in their troops to face any fighting of a heavy sort just for the present. I suppose they realise that there is a certain dependence upon them amongst the French and the British in case the Germans attack this year. Possibly they have been asked to arrange some of their divisions to support either army if it is attacked. Anyway one or two of them said to us, speaking with a good deal of anxiety, that their troops could not be ready for any real fighting this year - indeed, not until the Autumn of next year. Their tone was:- "We are quite ready to come in with you this year if needed to -- of course, if there is any danger of your being broken, we must do it at whatever cost, but we are sure that it will involve our untrained troops in very much

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heavier losses than heavy fighting next year would do". Clearly they would look upon it as a disaster. To my mind, and Cutlack agrees, the Americans' troops are far more ready than their Staff realises. What is not by any means <sup>e</sup>ready, and I daresay that is what they realise too, is their Staff. They do not have any false ideas on <sup>the</sup> ~~that~~ score of their own shortcomings.

To-night after dinner at this quiet little English mess, where they seem to be a modest and capable set of officers, and on the whole, a fairly youthful one, I went round to see Wagstaff, now Brigadier-General Wagstaff, head of the British Mission with the American Army. Old Wagstaff would rather be in a fighting job, especially as Brigadier, and seemed anxious lest his present occupation might lead to his being side-tracked. At the same time, he tells me, that he has been splendidly treated by the Americans; that he gets on with them excellently; that they will do anything that they possibly can for him or for our people.

In confidence he told me some very interesting observations of his own. To start off with, he says that one of their big problems is the jealousy with which, say, the Staff of their Regular Army Officers keeps all the main strings in its hand. It is looked upon by the Regular Army as a slight that any of the leading posts should go to men of the newer armies. The Regular Army, Wagstaff says, is not a preserve of the "upper classes" of America, nor yet of the Harvard and Yale men. He seems to think that they get, not only men of a second-rate social position, but men of second-rate ability, as their cadets at ~~Key West~~ West-Point (provided that they get men of character and brains, it is, of course, quite unimportant, from the Australian point of view, whether they get upper or lower class, or middle, or any other class) but Wagstaff knows what he is talking about, and no doubt they have had a lack of the brains and enterprise that you would expect in an American Army)

Wagstaff says that the Key West cadet cannot compare with our Duntroon boys. He says that whereas Duntroon turns out a very good officer, Key West is not one of the best Military Colleges. The result of this and of their rather secluded, isolated life on the Frontier and Indian Posts is that the American R-  
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Regular Staff of officers contains a big proportion of not very capable nor enlightened men. Wagstaff says that a number of men who are occupying high posts at the present moment will certainly have to be replaced sooner or later by the young Harvard and Yale men and business men who are coming in, and that this is ~~already~~ already beginning. But the strong undercurrent of feeling which although it is not much talked about, certainly exists between the new Army and the old Regular Army officers, is an important influence on the growth of their staff and its efficiency at present.

(The soldiers of the American Regular Army are more or less wanderers picked up for four years' service all over America -- mostly youngsters who want to see the world, or adventurous Irishmen who are at a loose end. They are not territorial in any way.

Their discipline, Wagstaff says, is exactly like that of the Australian. Indeed, he said that the two Forces were the nearest thing possible to one another. Their discipline is founded on the ~~personal~~ personal influence of the officer over his men. They have to rely upon the character and personality of the officer, and provided that they get the right class of officer, there is no trouble whatever with their discipline any more than with ours.

(They tell me that the Americans have a death penalty, which we have not)

Wagstaff was quite enthusiastic <sup>over</sup> of the chances of the American Army. He said that the young officer was coming from just the right class of material. He also said that it was noticeable that the Americans were greatly drawn towards the British Army.

Whenever they visited the B.E.F. up north they came back brimful of enthusiasm for what they had seen and the men they had met. So much was this so, that they had to be very careful not to make the French Authorities jealous, and it was most noticeable that they guarded themselves against appearing to take too much advice from the English or pay too much tribute to them for this reason.

At the same time Wagstaff said there was no question that they were being drawn to the English far more <sup>closely</sup> than to the French.

The latest development is that six American Divisions are going to be put in amongst the British Divisions, side by side with them, the American Staff being attached to the British Staff, each officer by the side of his opposite number, for training in all parts of the line. At the same time, in order to distribute their favours evenly, six Divisions are being sent in amongst the French. The Americans are now arriving overseas, Wagstaff says, at the rate of 50,000 per month.

I left "Waggie" late and found our most comfortable Guest House next door to him, at 16, Rue Bouchardon. This house was a meeting place of the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia in 1814, when Napoleon was driven back after Moscow, and it looks like it. There are fine tapestries on the walls; the place is ideally comfortable. Cutlack was already asleep.

I forgot to say that the Americans have far more artillery than we have to their divisions. They have altogether, I think, four regiments of artillery per division. Anyway, their Field Howitzers are 6 inch as compared with ours of 4.5. They have the same infantry that we have at present - 12,000 - but more machine guns.

February 18 One felt to-day as though one had been walking amongst ghosts. Wherever one goes one is struck mor and more by the likeness of these men amongst whom we have been moving, <sup>to</sup> with the men of the old 1st Division at Mena Camp and behind the lines in Gallipoli.

Cutlack and I started early this morning from the Guest House. On getting up for breakfast in the comfortable dining room of this old-fashioned house, with the warm log fire blazing, and the tapestried walls giving the colour to the room of a slab of rich fruit cake; the white china and bright cutlery on the old oak table, and a bowl of steaming rich coffee - not a cup - and any quantity of eggs and bread, and butter, and jam, I found that Cutlack was not yet ready. Going into his room I found that he was not in it, but the sound of voices came from the room next and there he was sitting down lacing up his leggings in front of another fire, in the

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the bedroom of a stout elderly gentleman with a grey moustache and the portly build of a prosperous village tradesman, who was airing his socks by the fire, and chatting to Cutlack all ~~the~~ time. It turned out that this was an American general who was visiting the country. I gathered that he was one of those generals whom they allowed to come out and look at things and then go away again - at least that was one's impression. He certainly did not look the sort of old gentleman under whom you would care to send a Company <sup>to any</sup> in/violent action.

It was the hospitable McGruder himself who came with us on our tour. Why these Americans are so kind to us I cannot imagine, unless it be that the censor has sent a glowing recommendation ahead of us. I noticed that everywhere we were introduced as having been sent from the British G.H.Q.; they knew little of Australia, except that the Australians were good fighters, and that we had turned down conscription about the same time as they had adopted it. One or two of them expressed their surprise at this. Lieut. Watson, I noticed was altogether surprised by the fact that Australia and America had a problem in common in the Pacific, and although I should have thought it was a most obvious and self-evident piece of reasoning, he seemed very interested in it and wanted to have a special talk with me over the matter.

There seem to be very few Americans in this rolling country compared with the number of troops that you see behind the lines on the British Front. That is due largely to the fact that the country is open pastureage and pine-growing and not <sup>the</sup> closely populated agricultural area in which the British are quartered. The villages here have big distances between them, and these distances are full of the most magnificent training ground. It was not, however, until we got to Neuf Chatel north of Langres that we first saw American troops in any numbers. Here it was that as we motored down the hill with the open pasture on either side, we suddenly found on the left hand side of the road a number of groups of men gathered around several machine guns. As the car drew up, a couple of young officers at once left them and strolled over towards us, saluting McGruder as they came up. They wore the same khaki



same khaki as our men, although they call it drab, and they ~~were~~ wore English tin hats. They were big men, above the ordinary height, and the sight of them ~~the~~ took one back at one jump to the picture of many a little group that I have seen on the Desert at Mena and behind the lines at Anzac, gathered around our own machine guns, in the days when the machine gun was a sort of new toy more or less. There was the same quiet or seriousness about their work. The two youngsters might have been Australian officers taken from any infantry regiment in our own 1st Division. One of them was exceedingly like little Moore, who was ~~opposite~~ <sup>beside</sup> me at Lone Pine, and now commands the 3rd Battalion. He had the same quiet manner and the same pride in his small section. He put them through the motions of setting up and firing the gun, taking it to pieces and so forth, as I have seen it done a hundred times. The men were simply racing one another to see who could get through this work the quickest. As we left that small party, after a quarter hour's inspection, one could see where the strength of the American Army lies. Beyond all question it lies in the intelligence of the men, and the keenness and character of the young officers. It was the old 1st Australian Division over again to the life. From there we went to a Brigade Staff in village billets exactly like our own. The battalions were just coming in to their midday meal from their training. Their training is not as hard as that which our men went through at Mena. There was no return to meals out there. But the swing of them, and the make of the men, and the colour of them, and the independent look upon their faces, again reminds one irresistibly of our own men. So did the manner of the young Staff Officer at the Brigade Headquarters. In a village near by we found the Headquarters of the 2nd American Division. An Intelligence Officer of the Division was training four of the young Regimental Intelligence Officers in the lower room of one of the better village houses. The youngsters had schemes to work out and a report to make, and they were tackling it in exactly the same way as our own boys, who are drawn from the ranks do every day in our own units further north. The older man, who was the Divisional Officer, seemed to me too old and too heavy for the work, and also lacked the physique - big enough - but

with a certain mark of self-indulgence about him, I thought, which, if one knows anything, will be fatal in the first few weeks of active service.

The troops of the 2nd Division, which is a regular division, containing a brigade of Marines, were going through a regular scheme of training planned out very similarly to the scheme on which we trained at Mena Camp, but of course, very up-to-date. The Staff of the Division, which was chiefly immersed in the plotting out of this training, was working in this village. Magruder took us up to meet them. They were mostly old Army friends of his, who had either fought with him in the Phillipines, or had known him on some station in America. They seemed to me to belong to that rather uneducated class of second-rate ability which I was surprised to find <sup>so</sup> frequently on the American Staff. They more readily approach to our Police officers in Australia than to any other that I can think of -- rather crude, rough, cavalry sort of type, probably hard old bushmen, but scarcely with enough finesse for a job such as they were undertaking. However, there is no doubt that they, or others, will pull through it well enough.

A part of the training consisted in one brigade relieving another in a set of practice trenches, which had been dug by the French for their own training in this district. At the present moment, a French division was exercising there, but this day the French were to be relieved by an American regiment.

I have not mentioned that the American organisation of Infantry is different from ours. They have regiments of three battalions as the Germans do, so that each regiment of theirs is equal to one of the British Brigades on the modern footing -- for the British are now reducing their brigades from 4 to 3 battalions each. Two of these regiments make a brigade (i.e. six battalions) and two brigades make one division. The Machine gun establishment is to our point of view, colossal. I think it is one company of machine guns with each regiment (if not, with each battalion) and one battalion of machine guns with each brigade; and a divisional battalion as well -- making in all four battalions

of machine gun per division, where we have only one.-- They use the Hotchkiss gun, which is manufactured by the French, or at any rate, is the same as the French use. In addition to this, they have eight light machine guns per company in each infantry battalion, which is twice the number that we have. They can do this, because their light machine gun is far cheaper than our Lewis gun, being the French Chaussard automatic rifle, or some such name. It has a clip of 16 cartridges, if I remember rightly, but one American sergeant whom we saw, told us that the Lewis gun is much the best weapon he has ever used, and he has used both.

We motored towards Neuf Chatel in order to visit the trenches where the relief was going on. At the point where we turned off on the road, there was an American Infantry Camp and we took the opportunity of inspecting it. They live in long wooden huts something of the Swiss chalet build, like those made for our Y.M.C.A in the north. The men all sleep in bunks as on shipboard. They have not been troubled at all with vermin up to the present so far as the men there knew. While at this camp, we saw some of the men at dinner, and I noticed that Magruder passed down the dining room without inspecting them or appearing to break in upon their privacy in any way. This one rather expected, as they would resent it far more than a British regiment, or possibly even than our own men. The Australians would take the appearance of an officer as that of a friend.

The American rations are certainly splendid. Their bread is the whitest I have seen since the war began, and the lightest. Indeed it looks to me like Hovis or some sort of aerated bread. It is better than any bread being used either in Civil or Military rationing at present.

The practice trenches which we visited were a surprisingly large system. They covered the whole hillside of this magnificent country. When we arrived there, we found the French posts all sitting round waiting. They told us that they had been waiting since 8 o'clock this morning for the Americans to arrive, and did not know where the Americans were yet. However, their officers, they said, might be able to tell us. We walked back opposite the communication trenches to the Company Headquarters which was in

proper place with the dug-out and mess-room underground, although of course, not deeply dug in. From there the trench was only partly dug and partly outlined away back to the Battalion Headquarters in the rear. These French had carried out their work in a very orderly fashion and every part of the battalion which we saw, appeared to be in its place, and carrying on exactly as it would in the trenches. At the Battalion Headquarters we found that the Americans had just arrived, and on looking across the valley, we could make them out lines of troops bivouaced at ease under some pine trees. Not far from them a group of officers was standing talking, some French, some American. We made our way to this group. It was the American Regimental Commander, a Colonel Lee, with his adjutant and staff, talking to the French Staff Officer. Colonel Lee struck me as being very similar to one of our elderly, somewhat fussy colonels with whom we began the war and who sometimes have been sent across with our Forces from Australia. His adjutant was a man with a fat chin and rather lazy manner who, I should say, would last in active service just about a month. However, beside them was standing an orderly Officer of the very finest type - evidently one of the newer promotions, a straight, keen, quiet chap, of the sort that is going to make the success of the American Army.

The relief presently started. The troops, I noticed, took up their formation without any fuss or difficulty, a sign of good training. After all, they have had a great deal longer training <sup>already</sup> than our 1st Division at the time of the Landing, and that was good enough for anything. I think it was the 9th Infantry Regiment ~~that~~ We saw the long files streaking over the horizon line after line of men, almost endlessly, with the little gaps between the platoons as you see them on any battle-field. Then we pushed on to Neufchatel for lunch. At lunch at the La Fayette Club, which is the French Officers' Club at Neufchatel, we met one of the American press correspondents - a wild man by the name of Gibbons. I believe that they had some trouble in controlling him at first. He seemed to me to be one of those fellows who if he brought his wild newspaper enterprise into his war correspondent's job to start off with, would very quickly realise that the lives of men depended upon his discretion, and might be

trusted to do anything he could to help not to imperil the boys. Lieut. Morgan, the censor, an old Chicago newspaper man, who knew <sup>Asmead</sup> Bartlet well, came down to lunch with us and we pushed off almost at once to a school for American officers and non-commissioned officers at Gondrecourt.

We were anxious to do the trip quickly and a young American press officer, who was supposed to know something about the way, came with us. We had a splendid Boulevard motor car, but the ~~driver~~ <sup>driver</sup> was a weak-eyed, lanky youth who had no idea of finding his way. What surprised me was that neither Magruder nor the younger officer appeared to have much capacity for finding their way in that country either. After half an hour was gone, Cutlack and I noticed the name of a village that we were passing through, and realised that we were going exactly at right angles to our goal. We had to get them to turn the car round and take it through country paths which were tracked out for them on their map, past Domremy, where Joan of Arc was born, up to the school, where we arrived an hour late. The colonel in charge of the school, and an English adviser, who he appeared to have with him, took us out to see their practice ground, which is an extraordinarily complete one. They have had infantry there practising under a barrage of artillery, or rather watching it at a considerable distance with the explosions on the opposite side of the valley. The American colonel seemed to think that this would be of value by accustoming the men to hear the shriek of the shells passing over their heads, but that is a matter which troops become used to in five minutes in practice. The valuable part, I should say, would be to teach them what their own barrage <sup>looks like</sup> in advance of the day when they will sometimes have to follow one.

They have certainly the finest practice ground that I have seen since I saw the one at Liverpool, New South Wales.

We next visited the aerodrome, where the 1st American Squadron is in training. It was a great surprise to me to know that the 1st American Air Squadron has not yet obtained its machines. They expect to get a French machine shortly. The youngster who shewed us round was quite the right type.- Probably a Harvard boy. They expect to be flying on the front within a month or so, if not

sooner. At dark we returned <sup>through</sup> to Domremy to Neufchatel.

February 19

We set off this morning early to visit the American <sup>front</sup> lines in the portion of the front which they are holding near Toul. I cannot make out clearly how many divisions they have in France. I noticed that 13 divisional areas were marked down on one of their maps. An American division consists of 26,000 troops, and so this would amount to about 300,000 fighting men. At present however, they have three divisions, or part of them, in this part of the line -- the 1st, 26th, and 42nd division. The 42 division belongs to the National Guard Army. They have only one corps in existence at present, the 1st American Army Corps which has its ~~had~~ Headquarters at Neufchatel.

Last night we called in to see Major Williams, who corresponds to our General Staff Officer (Intelligence) on this Corps Headquarters. He was American Military Attaché at Constantinople through the Gallipoli Campaign. We found him in bed with an influenza chill. He told me some most interesting things about the Turkish side of the fighting in Gallipoli where he at times used to face Anzac. He told me that he was very fond of going down to the Turkish trenches near the point where they approached us very close to ours. He used to be lead through a tunnelled hill -- probably Mortar Ridge -- into an observation post, where with a periscope, he used to sit and watch for hours our men and the Turks bombing one another. He said that never a minute used to pass by without some bomb exploding there. Probably there is a little exaggeration in his talk as to the number of visits, but he certainly knew the campaign very well, and remembered perfectly the dates of the different engagements. (I afterwards wrote down what he told me as a separate note)

We particularly wanted to get to the lines. Our Boulevard car, with an electric light over the right shoulder, and electric light over the left shoulder, and an electric light opposite to each of the steps which switched on when the door was opened so that you could see to get in; a grey cloth lining, and a silver umbrella stand, and every comfort that a lady could want when going shopping in 5th Avenue, took us at a good speed on the road to Toul, and

we should probably have had time for a full inspection of the American trenches if, some way on the other side of the point where we lost ourselves yesterday, there had not been a sudden bumping and one of the big wheels bent its rim. A small cheap Dodge car, (they call it "Dadge") was shewing us the way, and was just ahead of us, so the driver tried to catch up with it before stopping. The next moment, the ~~bangin~~ bumping increased, there was a jangle of hoop iron on the road, and past our window ~~skipped~~ sailed our left back tyre going for its life after the car ahead. It gradually caught us up and sailed away up the road as we slackened down. This American car has a neat device in the way of detachable rim, which comes off, to allow the tyre to be removed without taking off the wheel. This had obligingly detached itself at this moment. The tyre came to rest about 70 yards up the road ~~here~~ across a part of a field. I found one of the hoops, after we had searched for it for about three quarters of an hour, but the other hoop was probably miles back on the road to Neufchatel. After at least an hour's delay, our bright chauffeur discovered that he had a second hoop in reserve. The "Dadge" car had disappeared miles over the horizon and we were left to find our way as best we could ourselves. Cutlack and I undertook the guiding of the car by the map, and very late, - about midday, we reached the American Brigade Headquarters beyond Toul.

This was the first time that I had ever been right up to the trenches recently held by the French. What struck us especially was the enormous strength of the French works between Toul and the front which is perhaps 17 miles beyond it. There must be at least ten separate trench systems, some of them consisting of two trenches each with one or two and sometimes three bands of very strong wire entanglements in front of each. I have never seen anything approaching it on the British front or ours. I suppose that these are the switch lines which were made at the time of the German attack on Verdun, which is further up the point of the salient about 40 miles away. At the Brigade Headquarters in a small French village, which appeared to be perfectly quiet, one noticed the same symptoms which used to mark the arrival of new Australian units at the Western front -- the same extreme care on the part of Brigade Head-

quarters that no-one should be seen loitering outside its billets within sight of a German aeroplane, although an aeroplane flying at 15,000 feet could not possibly see them; and the same indifference on the part of the men who, we were told, regarded the arrival of a German aeroplane as a break in the day's monotony and gathered at the entrance of their billets and camps to see it pass overhead.

By the way, it was on arrival at Toul that we passed an aerodrome which was entirely deserted except for a few men who appeared to be fixing the place up for the arrival of some machines and of a new squadron. The place must have <sup>used for</sup> been part of one of the big bombing squadrons of British, French or Italian machines which flies over from here to bomb towns beyond the German border. The Germans had paid it a visit with results such as I have never seen before, but which makes one think of all the reports by our machines of the damage which they have inflicted on the German aerodromes. Almost every single one of the great galvanised aeroplane hangars had been smashed by a direct hit from a German bomb. The mens and officers' huts were some of them riddled with fragments. The place had the deserted look of some town factory where there has been an explosion or a great fire. I never saw an aerodrome so badly "done in".

We found the Dadge car waiting for us here. Without waiting for lunch we pushed on towards the line. We were warned that at a corner about two miles ahead we should come into view of the enemy, and must go slowly so as not to raise the dust. The villages we passed through on this road had been partially strafed, but contained some houses which had not been at all destroyed. A few shells had fallen in recent times on the other side of the road. At the cross-roads where we turned parallel to the line, there were a certain number of American guns elaborately camouflaged, but without much attempt to hide the new buildings or marks of <sup>Traffic</sup> ~~staff~~ around them, which, of course, would give the position away. Indeed, these guns did appear to have been fired at, although the damage was not great.



We turned into a village and there found the Regimental Headquarters. I have forgotten the name of the village, but the next village was, I think, Bernecourt.

The Regimental Headquarters was in the dug out, well made by the French, a little way behind the road under the shelter of some buildings. It seemed a very comfortable place, like most French dugouts are - woodlined, and neatly finished. Magruder found there his old regiment, the 16th. Whilst the Intelligence Officer of the 16th Infantry was being found, these hospitable people sent us across to the officers' mess for lunch.

The colonel of this regiment, although a man, I daresay of 40 or 45 at least, was of a far keener, sharper, type than most of the commanding officers we had previously seen. The mess was in a large ground-floor room of the building, with two big separate tables stuck at an angle across it, and a wooden folding chairs to sit on. A number of young officers were sitting down just finishing their meal of salmon and potatoes and pudding. The scene struck me as one from an opera -- American miners in their mess in Colorado, or something of the sort. There was more ease and informality about it than <sup>in</sup> an Australian, and certainly a British mess, but that was merely in the arrangement of the room. The officers themselves were as like the men of our own Infantry Battalions as two pins.

After a hospitable lunch, the Colonel, back at the dugout, explained to us how the front was held. The Americans are holding it as we are in strong points, separated by lengths of unheld trench. The posts appear to be a platoon strong. The trenches, they said (as everyone always says on taking over new trenches) were in a very bad condition when they took them over, and had needed a great deal of serious work. Evidently the Americans are taking the same text book standard that we used to adopt when experience was young. They have been getting seriously to work and improving the line in every way possible. They looked upon themselves as being saddled with the responsibility of defending this important part of the line -- which is quite the proper spirit although according to all accounts there is the very least danger of its being attacked. Accordingly they have been digging fur-

iously on reserve lines and support lines. There was not time to go to the front trenches, but we could get a very good look from the main support position and so <sup>thither</sup> we went ~~thither~~.

The Intelligence Officer of the Battalion took us. He was the first American officer whom we had met, who was inclined at all to be bombastic, and it was very harmless with him. Only I noticed that when we were standing overlooking the wide valley through which the lines run, and the Germans put over a solitary shell or two on some cross roads about a mile away, he turned round towards it with an eagle eye and theatrical alertness deeply pondering whether that was some signal of the ~~enemy~~ enemy's intentions or more probably to attract our notice to the shells and assure us that shells did fall there. Far away up <sup>the</sup> valley and over the lower hill slopes ran the American front line, with the isolated <sup>height</sup> of Mont Sec across near the further hills, from which position the Germans overlooked most of the nearer line. It was a dull day, but standing in a clump, as we were, opposite the newly made support line and right on top of the hill, facing the enemy, we might well have made an attractive target for a salvo or two of shrapnel. Cutlack, I knew thought so, because he went and sat a dozen paces off to the left of us by the trench side, and smoked his pipe. -- Cutlack doesn't give anything for appearances, and if he thinks a thing is foolish to do, he simply does not do it. Undoubtedly he was right. One could see the lines dimly up the valley and I asked the Intelligence Officer where Noman's land was on the right of us, thinking that one could see the green stretch of it. "There is no Noman's land up there" he said. I looked a bit puzzled for the moment, although I half expected what was coming. "That belongs to the 16th Infantry Regiment" he said sententiously. It is a very old harmless gag, and I have heard our men and officers say the same thing before.

"We gave the Germans such a bad time in those trenches the other day that they vacated them entirely for 48 hours" he said.

I said "My word, that's interesting."

Cutlack, who will never let a statement of that sort pass, insisted: "How do you know that the Germans did not hold their trenches?"

"Our scouts told us" said the Intelligence Officer.

"Oh! How do your scouts know?" persisted Cutlack.

"They were out up to the enemy's wire" said the Intelligence Officer.

"How could they tell from there though?" asked Cutlack.

"Well, they work through the enemy's wire sometimes" was the reply.

"Do you keep a standing patrol in the enemy's trenches?" Cutlack asked.

That flattened the Intelligence Officer. He did not again attempt to fly so high after that, but I noticed as we walked back that he was in friendly talk with Cutlack all the way.

"You were a bit rough on that Intelligence man" I said to Cutlack afterwards, "asking him if they keep a patrol in the enemy's trenches!"

"Oh, no, we sometimes have done that you know," Cutlack said.

And I am blest if I know whether the old chap was serious about it or was pulling the American's leg.

I mention this because it was the only piece of swank that we heard from any American officer during our trip. The Intelligence Officer said that the regiment suffered about four or five casualties per day, which, of course is very light. The German artillery had been registering points around them, and he thought that the Germans were preparing to raid them, which is very likely. The French have helped them freely in the relieving of French units in the line. Amongst other things, they put their colonial French troops (who wear a khaki uniform) into the line before the Americans take over in order that the change of uniform may not be immediately noticeable to the Germans, although the difference in the tin hats must surely give it away.

We hurried back to catch the train at Gondrecourt. We were travelling pretty fast, and as we approached the forked roads about four miles before reaching Toul, we noticed a Flying Corps box car scuttling down the other road very fast ahead of us. At the corner, about a dozen French Infantry men, in their blue great coats and shapnel helmets, were tramping towards Toul. As we came round the corner, some of them suddenly turned and held up their arms to warn us aside. A man was lying on the left hand side of the road. We pulled up at once. The Flying Corps car had stopped 20 paces

ahead of us and the crew were standing up opposite it looking stupidly back at the road. We went across to the man who was lying there, and found an elderly French Infantryman, who had been clearly knocked down by the car as it raced past the corner. The wheels must have gone across his chest and head, because he was bleeding heavily from the mouth and nose and eyes. The French Infantrymen who were very excited, were quite certain that he was dead, but bending over him, I could see that he was still breathing, and his pulse was beating. He seemed too badly hurt to have the slightest chance, but an American lorry coming up at that moment with some youngster who was either a doctor or ambulance man, upon it, took charge of him, and as he was preparing to carry him off on a better platform than our car, we left and went on. As we were leaving, one of the Frenchmen said that these were Infantrymen who were just out of the trenches and going back on leave. Poor chap! I suppose his wife and children would be looking out for his arrival, and be getting ready for him at the very moment when he lay hopelessly done for on the road outside of Toul. One can only be thankful that it was a French car, and not an English or American one which had done the damage. Even to the time that we left, <sup>these</sup> ~~this~~ French motor drivers, although they stopped their car, did not come along to pick up or help the man. I suppose they were afraid <sup>for</sup> ~~of~~ their own skins.

We reached Gondrecourt in time to wait 40 minutes for the huge French baggage trains to pass and our long passenger train to pull up.

While up at that Regimental Headquarters, I took the chance of speaking to one or two of the men, who were leaning,--just as our men would-- against the door of one of the village buildings. They just straightened themselves up when I spoke to them --as our men would. The man who spoke was a sergeant in the American Regulars. He spoke quietly and in a reserved sort of manner, but quite anxious to give all the information he could. The resemblance to our fellows seemed to hold even down to these details. The experience which these troops had had seemed to be mainly in Mexico.

In the train, Cutlack and I got back again to the news of the world.

The most interesting point in the newspapers was that Lloyd George had given an explanation of the reasons why Sir William Robertson had been deposed. It appeared that Robertson had opposed the Versailles War Council altogether. The British Army is mostly enthusiastic about ~~the~~ Robertson, and the newspapers make a good deal of fuss about him. But how any man could oppose the principle of the Versailles Council in favour of the miserable policy of divided scraps and bits and in the interests of the independence of the British Staff, one cannot understand. It is a very big question indeed, and if Robertson opposed the Versailles Council, I don't see what else Lloyd George could do but get rid of him. The sentiment in the Army -- at any rate in the new army -- seems to me to be all in favour of the Versailles Council as a measure which ought to have been adopted ages ago and against which there is absolutely nothing to be urged,

The mere fact that Robertson opposed it, makes it look as though he were one of those old fashioned Army officers, efficient within their limited view, but absolutely lacking in imagination.

We passed through some Russian troops on the way to Gondrecourt today. They were in their khaki or grey uniforms with wide fur shakoes, and they looked merry enough, but one could not help wondering what precisely was their state of mind, because I believe they consider themselves more or less out of the fight here, and when we reached the newspapers, there was the news of the Russian retreat and the capture by the Germans of hundred and hundreds of guns which the British had been slaving themselves to provide for them at their previous Government's urgent request.

In Paris we went straight to the Garde du Nord; had some coffee in the free canteen beneath the station which is run by the British Red Cross for Allied soldiers - and then put up at the expensive and rather shabby Olympic Hotel. The Parisians, with their quick French intelligence, have adapted for lighting their streets, a method which rather impressed one. The lights in a good many of their streets are blue, which is a colour far more <sup>in</sup> distinguished <sup>at</sup> at night than that of yellow or orange flame. I should like to know what

is the actual effect upon the air. The blue lights around the opera look very pretty indeed.

So this ends our visit to the Americans. They are clearly anxious to school their men very thoroughly and not to go in until they are very completely ready. I wonder whether this will result in getting the American at his best. There is something to be said for an introduction to warfare such as our men had at Gallipoli. There, a division with only four months' regular training was rushed into one of the most tremendously difficult fights in the whole war. The men were flung straight into the centre of the very stiffest fighting. The result was that they became used to the very heaviest firing on their first day. They learned to walk about under these battle conditions, almost unconcerned, and when the fighting lightened, the everyday activity seemed to them barely worth a moment's heed. I cannot help thinking that our men owe to this first introduction that easy, fearless, manner which they so noticeably have in action. It may be more natural for the Australian character than to most, but one expects that the Americans having been introduced in the other way -- taught to creep quietly up communication trenches, and never shew themselves, and to regard every small activity as a serious matter, may find it a good deal harder to accustom themselves at first to the far more terrifying experiences of battle. Men trained in that way are apt to take a low standard in the matter of what risks they consider dangerous and worth avoiding.

FEBRUARY 21

We left Paris early this morning by train for Boulogne and at Boulogne found Boddy waiting for us with the car. We reached Fletre in time for dinner. Cutlack stayed in Boulogne to catch the ~~xxx~~ next day's boat for England.

I see by the papers that Lovet Fraser, of the "Times" wrote a letter to the "Daily Mail" lately attacking Robertson. The Northcliffe press has a curious effect upon one. I find that one thoroughly approves of the reasons which led the Government to dismiss Robertson, and yet when you see the way in which the

Northcliffe press attempted to engineer this, and fill in from your imagination the intrigue which goes on in the newspaper office before some member of that mercenary staff is detailed to write the article which is to stab its victim in front, or in the back, or wherever he is most vulnerable, your sympathies automatically fly at once to the opposite extreme. One cannot help feeling that however dull or restricted in his outlook Sir William Robertson may be, he is fifty times the better man than the miserable curs that are yapping at him.

Beaverbrook has just made his appointments to the various branches of his Propaganda Department. I see that he has chosen Northcliffe to help his propaganda in enemy countries; Rudyard Kipling to help it in Great Britain; and Donald of the "Chronicle" to control it in neutral countries. Donald, I should think is ~~the~~ a man with the right morale for this, but Rudyard Kipling's mixture of jingoism and deliberate brutality, which is a pose which he wants to force upon the English, and not natural to the English at all, would be a good deal better out of employment than in it. As to Northcliffe - it seems a bit strange to employ as <sup>the</sup> his man who is to appeal to those friendly to us - that is the socialistic element - in foreign countries, the biggest anti-socialist in Great Britain.

FEBRUARY 22

The Conference which was to be held at Corps Headquarters to-day for the Sectional Histories (i.e. the history of Medical problems, the Artillery problems, the Veterinary problems, and so forth of the A.I.F.) has been indefinitely postponed. Accordingly, I set off about midday to visit our 3rd Tunnelling Company, which Cutlack tells me has done wonderful work in the chalk near Lens and Bethune. I asked Cutlack, when he took over from me, to visit a number of these different units like the Tunnellers and Light Railways and Heavy Batteries (although the latter are now with us) which I had not time to visit myself before, but which have splendid stories in most cases.

The 54th (55th) Heavy Battery was very much disturbed by my report saying that their guns had been lost in the Cambrai fighting.

As a matter of fact, I got this report from their C. O. - Major Bates, who, it turned out, was at the time of the German attack at Cambrai in Amiens, where he had gone to draw pay, and stayed for several days' leave. Bates was not at the fighting himself and the case is now being inquired into. But as a matter of fact, the story which he told me turned out to be perfectly correct. I visited the Battery in Bailleul today, and after a short preliminary sparring, found the officers quite mollified. At the time when my article was written, December 6th, the Battery at first thought that two of its guns had been lost and had recovered with difficulty one of the other two. Later on, they found that their two forward guns were still within reach and salvaged them with the help of the tanks.

We spun across country very fast in our own old car, and actually reached the 3rd Tunnelling Company at Noeux les Mines before they had finished their lunch. Sanderson, their C. O., was travelling to Armentieres that day to see part of the Company. They have an enormously extended front to look after. Two sections at Hill 70, one at Hulluch, and one away up by Armentieres. Accordingly, he asked me to go round with himself and a Canadian General the following day. I chose this opportunity to visit the Canadian Corps Headquarters to get into touch with them about the University which they are running behind their lines. They call it the University of Wimpy Ridge. An officer in the 3rd Signalling Company named \_\_\_\_\_ wrote to me, asking if they could not have something of the same sort started for us. I asked White if I could look into it and report upon it, and he got me this authority from Birdwood. It seemed that the Canadians give their troops lectures, when they are out of the lines. It would be a good thing for our own men if they could have this mental occupation in their idle intervals. I was not sure whether White would favour it, because there is a great deal of military training to be done, but he was favourable from the first. I had an idea that he might look upon it as a distraction from the concentrated energy which ought to be devoted to the war. At Canadian/Headquarters, an officer, Major Daniels, who was dealing with the



University was out, but I saw Wille sden, who is now their official War Correspondent, and who <sup>was</sup> with me as a private correspondent in the trip~~s~~ around the Fleet in November, 1916. Boddy and I hurried from there to the Correspondents' Chateau at Rollencourt.

The British correspondents were as hospitable as ever - good fellows that they are. I found that although they are constantly writing of the German preparations for an attack, they are as sceptical as most of the rest of us. I told them that wherever I had been, I found that although a general attack seemed to be fairly expected, the troops on that actual point could not believe that they themselves were likely to be attacked. This was what I found at Corps Headquarters, and also at the 3rd Tunnellers. Gibbs said "Well, do you know, that has been exactly our own experience everywhere".

Back to the Tunnellers Headquarters.

I forgot to say that at Corps Headquarters last night Coleman told me that General Foott is to come over from England, where he has been head of our Q Branch at Salisbury, to succeed General Lotbiniere, who has been Chief Engineer of the 1st Anzac Corps since it started in Egypt. This is a proper reform. Although Lotbiniere is exceedingly well loved by the whole of the staff, there is no doubt that the post could be perfectly well filled by an Australian, and it is high time that all positions in the A.I.F. which can be filled by Australian officers, should be so filled. We are making a number of temporary exchanges with British Staffs of Junior Staff Officers, but the principle, and the right principle, in dealing with Australian troops, is that a senior appointment should be kept in the hands of Australians. If a position can be found on a British Staff for General Carruthers, either Brand or Gellibrand would be called in to take his place. Birdwood never seems to me to be very keen on Gellibrand, so I daresay that it might be Brand who would be chosen. In any case, one of the two ought certainly to have this position, although Gellibrand would be the far more capable. He is a man who understands the characters of other men more completely than any officer than I know. He goes about quietly amongst whatever units are under his charge, getting to know the officers in and out of himself, and both on and apart

from duty, and sorting out his knowledge of their character and their estimates of their subordinates, until he has accumulated a knowledge of the personnel which is working under him that is far more intimate than that of any other officer in our Corps. For that reason, he is magnificent in any Adjutant General's (A) work. Indeed, his recommendations, so Coleman tells me, are taken by General Birdwood without question in a way in which those of nobody else would be.

General Carruthers, who is a gentleman in the very best sense of the word, from the crown of his curly old head to his finger tips, is not a first rate Staff Officer, and never has been. He is too nervous in his decisions, and perhaps, too kindly and gently inclined. He is the best rider, so Smith says, - and he ought to know - in the whole of our Staff, better even than Birdwood and White. He has a soft heart for all defects and deficiencies and one of the kindest and most generous natures; but it is not really fair to the men and officers throughout the Corps to keep over them a senior officer who is not the best available, and that certainly Carruthers is not. I don't think that for a moment he would claim it for himself. General Birdwood, however, will not change him until he is assured that he will get a position somewhere else that is equivalent to the one which he holds at present. Birdwood is absolutely firm in this matter in standing by his old friends. The result is that neither Colonel Manifold nor General Carruthers, the heads of the Medical & Q Branches of the Corps Staff are likely to leave the Corps, and the work of the Staff undoubtedly suffers.

Our Flying Corps is making a great name for itself. The 69th Squadron, which is now taking photographs for the Australian Corps, is taking the best photographs along the whole front, so Coleman tells me, and he has friends in the Squadron. These old machines (R.E.8s) have been used by them for fighting the enemy, and several times they have "downed" the German scouting aeroplanes. There has recently been a German who has every morning been flying low down over our infantry, annoying them greatly with his machine gun fire. This chap came over at the same time day after day, flying very low. Our Infantry complained and one

morning our observation machines waited for him. Five of them suddenly appeared and pounced upon him while he was at his work. They brought him down wounded. He turned out to be a German baron and is now in hospital. He was a good sportsman at any rate. Instructions were recently issued to ~~these~~ this Observations Squadron that they were not to do any more fighting. Previous to this a report had been issued every week or month containing the number of rounds fired by each squadron and a number of comparisons made, in order to pit the squadrons against one another in a competitive spirit. Our squadron has been consistently heading them in more than one branch of the work, and when the order came out against fighting, so they say, protested, and asked for special leave to continue its fighting. The result was that this order was cancelled, and in the last summary, the Australian Observation Squadron headed the list with 15,000 rounds fired, the next Squadron had fired 5,000. Of course these details come from the Squadron itself and I get them second hand; they need verification, but there must be something in them.

Coleman tells me that on one occasion lately, the Army had been asking for some photographs to be taken of certain positions some distance behind the German lines, which were in the area of the Army Squadrons to photograph. Our Squadron, being a Corps Squadron, did not have to go so far inland. However, when the photographs taken by the Army Squadron were received, they were not satisfactory, and the Army asked our Corps if they would send out some machines to take these photographs. The Australian Squadron agreed, and two machines went out, accompanied by five scouts. The scouts flew high and the photographing machines flew low. When they got well over the German lines, they were met with a terrific fire from the German "Archies". So hot did this grow, that the five scouting machines in the protecting patrol hauled off and retired homewards and reported that the bombardment made it impossible to continue the work. The two old photographing planes, flying at a height of 2000 feet, went on until their work was finished in spite of the bombardment, and came home with the photographs.

This story again, may contain some exaggeration, but at least it must have been a very fine performance. It is not a bit more surprising than many things done by our fellows in the war.

FEBRUARY 23

To-day has been one of the most interesting mornings that I have ever had on the front. I have described it in a separate note on my visit to the 3rd Tunnellers and their wonderful diggings at Hulluch.

*Major Gen A.C. MacDonnell*

A Canadian Divisional General McDonald, commanding, I think the First Canadian Division, came with us, or rather, I was taken round with him, by Sanderson. He was a splendid old chap, Scotsman by origin, who had been an officer in the North West Mounted Police for goodness knows how many years; full of humour and with an intense pride in his Scotch connections. He would be just the right sort of officer to command Australians.

The Canadian Colonel who came round with him, told me that the report that the Canadians were going to form a second corps is wrong. He said that the question had been considered, but that General Currie had decided that it was better to have one strong corps rather than two weak ones. It had further been decided to break up the 5th Canadian Division in order that there might be bigger reinforcements for the 4th and others; it had also been decided not to reduce the Brigades to three battalions, as the British are doing, but to keep them all up to the full four battalion strength. The idea is to make the Corps as effective as possible in any fighting that it enters upon and to economise in officers and Staff and all the appenages of an Army Corps.

The General asked me "What sort of a man is this Birdwood? You know I have nothing against him except what he said to the press. I think the Australians are very fine people, and I admire your troops very much, and when General Birdwood claims their virtues for them, I agree with him entirely. But there is just one point I have up against him", he said. "I read in the newspapers that somebody called Birdwood had said that you can take your meal off the Australian trenches, -- they were so clean. that

he would not mind taking his dinner off them. Now, whatever else may be claimed for your Anzacs" he said, "that is just the one point on which I would pick a quarrel with him. We relieved the Australians once, and my officers used to come to me and tell me of what they found in their billets, and when I read this in the newspaper next day, I said to myself 'Who is this man Birdwood? That is not my opinion, anyhow.'" Birdwood, if I remember aright, was speaking of the Gallipoli trenches which were very clean indeed. But indeed, every body of troops always grumbles at the condition in which the billets and trenches are left by their predecessors. The only time I ever knew troops satisfied was when we relieved the 15th (Scottish) Division on the Somme.

Sanderson told me that the information which they had about the Germans was that they were piling up troops behind Lens and behind Cambrai. The troops were too far away for it to be possible to say where they were going to be used, but it was said they were being trained in open warfare, which looked as if the Germans were meditating and attempt to break through: but there was nothing to indicate at the present moment where. One point of interest is that the Germans are said to intend getting through as far as our guns in the first attack when they make it.

I heard also, from Lawson, of the Engineers at Corps Headquarters, that he had been visiting some of the British yards during his leave, and that the submarine problem is being tackled by the use of howitzers on board our destroyers and other ships. These are only half provided at present, but as time goes on, they will be supplied to almost all ships. The Howitzer <sup>fires</sup> requires a shell which contains a depth charge - that is to say, one that explodes at some distance under the surface. A great deal is to be hoped for from this method, but of course, in time, when the Germans understand it fully, they will no doubt lengthen the range of their torpedoes, or ~~take~~ take other methods to fight against it. The destruction of German submarines however, is now said to be one in every four that puts to sea for a voyage - that is to say that when a submarine sails she has only one chance in four of returning from that voyage.

I came again to the hospitable Correspondents' Headquarters for the night.

FEBRUARY 24

This morning Lytton took me along to General Cox, the new Brigadier-General of the Intelligence on General Headquarters, who has replaced Charter's. We were going to put to Cox my urgent plea that the War Office should not destroy the photograph of our stretcher-bearers working under the white flag at Pozieres, which General Charter's had given orders should be done. The person who really gave these orders, I understand, is Colonel Church, but General Charter's, I believe, upheld him. This has always seemed to me a foolish and dishonest proposal, altogether unworthy of the clean British methods of fighting the enemy. After all, there was nothing wrong in what our stretcher-bearers were doing. On the contrary, it is an observation of the Geneva Convention in the spirit, although not in the letter. Lytton, like the broad-minded censor that he is, has always supported me to the hilt in this request, but has so far, been ruled down by these people at G.H.Q. He tells me, however, that Cox is a fine type of man, a sportsman and a gentleman to his finger tips, of a very much higher class than old Charter's. I motored with him to Montreuil and there at midday we found Cox. He is quite a youngster, with a very direct, pleasant manner, and a fine, clean, clear-eyed, youthful face. I do not know that it was the face of a man with great imagination but it was the face of a straight, good high-minded young soldier, and I was altogether taken with him. He grasped the point about the photograph very quickly, and decided at once that as this was a matter involving a Convention between ourselves and foreign countries, it must be referred to the General Staff Intelligence at the War Office. But he would forward the photograph on with a strong recommendation that it should be kept for us until after the war, and not destroyed, as previously ordered. I do not much like the matter being referred to the War Office where these points cannot be put forward in its favour, but after all Lytton has done for us, I had to leave it at that.

I came to Boulogne while Lytton returned to Rollencourt. I just caught the boat and reached London in good time for dinner.

Before leaving Corps Headquarters, I had spoken to White about a proposal that I had for the American correspondents to be asked up to our front. It seems to me that after this war we shall need the sympathy of America in the Pacific to the fullest extent to which it is possible to obtain it. It looks as if the war may end in a League of Nations - a sort of superior parliament or council in which international questions will have to be discussed and decided, before there is any resort to ~~war~~<sup>war</sup>, so that any nation that decides not to abide by the council's decision, will run the risk of having the whole of the rest of the nations against it in the fight. Now, if the question of our relations with the Asiatic Races, which we intend to keep out of Australia, has to be decided in this way, it almost looks as though in winning the War and establishing our League of Nations, we raised up a most deadly peril for ourselves. For we put it into the hands of a council of ambassadors, who may not have the least sympathy or understanding, to decide that we must admit the Oriental Races into our country. The only people who must necessarily take our side when any such question arises, are the white English speaking nations around the Pacific, namely, the Western States, Canadian, New Zealand, and to some extent, South Africa. The ~~nations~~ United States, which is bound to have a most powerful voice in the decision of these matters, is also bound to see things in our way on account of the position of her own Western States. Therefore, in this essential problem, we and they must necessarily be found on the same side. It is therefore obvious that the result of this war will be to throw our interests and those of America more and more closely together. At the same time, it is just possible that the threat to sea-power owing to the introduction of the submarine, may cause the British protection to be less strong and less valuable than it was before the war. At any rate, our interest is perfectly clear and obvious, and so is Canada's. It is draw the British nation and the American people together by every means in our power, and if an English-speaking Federation is the outcome of it, bound by loose ties, representing only their own interests, this would most probably be the most satisfactory solution for us in this war. It is, however, urgent for us to obtain the interest and sympathy of America, which at the present moment knows very little about

us. I suggested to White that the American correspondents should be asked up to our Corps, in order that they might see how extraordinarily similar our men are to their own. I am sure that this fact would go straight home to them at once, and that they would feel amongst our men as though they were amongst their own people. White agreed to do what he could to help this. I mentioned it to Lytton and he said that he also agreed, subject only to this -- That the American correspondents should, at the same time, have the opportunity of seeing the British units, as the tendency in America was to fall into the error that Great Britain was making her colonies undertake the roughest part of her fighting in this war -- which is not the case, but which is a view which the Germans and Irish in America have sedulously fostered. Cox agreed to this visit also.

FEBRUARY 25th

My eyes have been giving me a good deal of trouble lately, the left eye having become much more short-sighted. I shall have to get my glasses altered, as this is hampering one's work a great deal at present.

I forgot to say that I was up to see Batterby<sup>se</sup> at the Colonial Office the other day. He asked me if I would like to meet Walter Long, the present Colonial Secretary, and arranged for me to call and see him the same evening, which I did. I found him in one of those big rooms with a small desk, like an altar, near one end of it, in which Cabinet Ministers and permanent Under-Secretaries are generally to be found. I suppose the rooms have to be big in order to accommodate a deputation if necessary. He is a small man with a very bald head, and a small light moustache - rather like John Holmes in appearance, although he does not strike one as being by any means so genial or so breezy as our John. He sat with his chin well down in his collars, and started off by asking me two or three very direct questions about some letter that Murdoch had sent to Australia, indicating clearly that Murdoch thought that Birdwood ought no longer to be the General Officer Commanding of the Australian Imperial Force at the same time as he was the active Commander of the troops in the field. Of course this has been a vexed question inside the Force



amongst the leaders of it for some time past, but Long did not appear to have grasped this point or even to have heard of it. I explained it as well as I could to him. Altogether the little man seemed to be rather blasé and perfunctory, and I doubt if he has any genius in his composition at all.

The full terms of the Germans with Russia were announced to-day. The Germans have thrown over all their fine policies about no annexations and no indemnities. They ask for a big indemnity, which will probably be taken out in grain and supplies, and although the word "annexation" is avoided, in fact, they are detaching from Russia and annexing to themselves, Finland, Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, Poland, Ukraine. The Austrians, in spite of all Count Czernowitz' peaceable professions do not object to a little annexation or recitification on their own part also. So much for the German lip service of the ideals which Lenin and Trotsky have brought into the world's currency. The Germans have simply used these ideals as a bait to trap the Russian. That is to say that their whole agreement with them has turned out to be pure hypocrisy and pretence, only intended to cover their designs of breaking the Russians up and getting the utmost that they can out of them.

FEBRUARY 26

We are going into other offices opposite the main entrance to our Headquarters, at 101A Horseferry Road. The whole Section will eventually be together, with its darkrooms in the basement, its museum office and other offices in the shops and the two floors above occupied by Capt. Treloar, the sectional historians, myself, and our clerks.

I forgot to mention that just before I left France this time, our Corps had carried out another <sup>excellent</sup> little raid. One sees the names of the Australians now in raids every few days. I think the Germans opposite their sector must be getting a lively time. It cannot be nice to see a portion of your trenches suddenly involved in a hulla-burloo, with ~~xxxxx~~ <sup>bursting</sup> shells and trench mortars/ bombs, and after the dust has cleared, to get back an hour later and find 30 or 40 men lying about dead, and all their dugouts ransacked, and a number of others missing, and your machine guns gone. This last raid was

carried out by only

carried out by only 20 men. I described it in a cable, so I ~~will~~ will not duplicate it here

Upon my word, the German cynicism surprises one even now. Presumably they want somebody or another to get somebody to agree to an armistice with them before the final peace is negotiated. How anyone is going to trust their word that they will keep that armistice unless he has them under his thumb and is standing over them with a cat and nine tails, I don't know. In their negotiations with the Russians, it was agreed between the two sides that there should be ten days' notice on either side before the armistice was concluded and active hostilities resumed. The-Russians Trotsky finally found himself in a corner when resistance was useless and said that they would not conclude peace, but would simply give orders to their armies to be disbanded, and would cease to fight the Germans. The Germans, no doubt, realised that if they gave the Russians ten days' notice, which they were obliged to do before advancing, the Russians would destroy their guns and stores. Accordingly, the Germans published a declaration that the Russians had already broken the armistice or given notice of its termination, in spirit, by the attitude that they had taken up, and that therefore, the Germans considered that they were absolved from their pledge to give ten days' notice. They would resume their advance the day after tomorrow.

The clear object of this was to collar the Russian guns, ammunition and material of all sorts by breaking their pledge. I daresay they will also collar the Russian ships. But someday they will have to get somebody to trust the promise of their nation, and one only hopes that the men who broke their word on this occasion will live to rue the day. How the Germans regard their pledged word has many shown many times, but there is a paragraph in the "Times" which gives another example of such as four years ago, most of us, believers in peace, would not have credited. "The Times" says:-"The following is a copy of a communication received in London, which was originally addressed by Major Druffel, a German Staff officer, to the Turkish commanders on the Persian front:-

Communicate discreetly to the Kurdish chiefs that according to Army orders received by me they are to accelerate the Russian withdrawal by continuing their robberies and ambushes, in spite

of the armistice. The withdrawal of the Russians is to be as costly to them as possible.

Explain to the tribes the precarious position of the Russians, and tell them how easy success will be. Their withdrawal from Persia is imminent, and whilst it is in progress the greatest loss must be inflicted on them. In fact, the armistice should make no difference whatever to their action—"

I was one of many four years ago who did not believe that a great nation could do that sort of thing; one put it out of the region of possibility. Such things were not done. I suppose the world will someday reach the happy condition in which such things are <sup>again</sup> believed impossible. Possibly posterity will not believe us when we say that they happened to-day. That would have been my own attitude four years ago.

I see Joe Cook and Hughes are both coming to England to an Imperial Conference this summer. The reason of course is that neither of them trusts the other to come away without him. They will make a pair of Heavenly Twins just as Massey and Ward of New Zealand do.

FEBRUARY 27

One thought that the continuance of Trotsky's wonderfully audacious attitude in dealing with the Germans was impossible. It was almost too good to last; and it has broken down. Trotsky made the mistake which many of us might once have made of believing that reason is a sufficient answer to brute force. So it may be in the long run. One does not know what may be the outcome of the ideals of the Bolsheviki. But as far as the lives of many men go, who will not see the end of this war, Trotsky's attitude has not availed them anything. Poor chaps! I suppose a million more at least will go out before this war ends, and they have precious little chance of seeing the result of Trotsky's fine phrases and high ideas. If the Russians had only held, those lives would have been saved and the war would have been over by this time.

The French Press has been making a great point of the possibility of Japan coming in in the East, where at present the Siberia lies open to the Germans.

The Bolsheviki are not ready to accept the German invasion

of their country without resistance. The poor beggars have just issued a tragic appeal to the people to rise against the invading Germans and fight to the last breath against it, but I am afraid <sup>the</sup> ~~this~~ organisation of Russia has gone a long way beyond the possibility of that. The declaration which they posted up in the streets of Petrograd on February 25 is given in to-day's papers, but I fancy that they must know themselves that it is too late and that the people can scarcely be roused at this stage.

"Workers, Peasants, Soldiers and Sailors: The Central Executive Committee of the Soviets has accepted the peace conditions imposed by the Austro-German Governments, and yesterday our answer was despatched by wireless. We are however, still awaiting confirmation of receipt.

The imperialist assassins are nevertheless continuing their monstrous advance into the interior of Russia. The damned minions of William and the German Kaledins, together with the White Guards, are advancing against and shooting the Soviets, reconstituting the power of the landlords, bankers, and capitalists, and preparing for the restoration of the Monarchy. The Revolution is in peril! A mortal blow will be struck against the Red Petrograd. If you all, Workers, Soldiers, Peasants, wish to retain power and the power of the Soviets, you must fight these hordes, who are now seeking to devour you, to your last gasp. The decisive hour has struck!

Workers, and all oppressed men and women, you must swell the ranks of the Red Battalions! To arms, all of you, that the struggle may only cease with your last breath!"

The old German Ambassador, J. W. Gerard, is publishing extracts from his Diary in "The Times". In October, 1915, he says

"There is talk now of marching to Egypt.....The Foreign Office leads the rejoicing over the Entente's invasion of Greece and the violation of its neutrality and says that talk about Belgium is now shown to be cant."

In another place he says:- "One of the German commercial magnates is afraid that his Bagdad railway is menaced by a possible English success at the Dardanelles"

I should have thought that the Germans knew by October that there was very little chance of our having any success there.

#### FEBRUARY 28

This morning's newspapers are full of speculation as to whether Japan will come in and invade Siberia, in order to save the supplies and stores at Vladivostock and along the Siberian railway from being seized by the Germans. It is said that Japan has made a proposal to this effect. There is said to be 500,000 tons of munition and material at Vladivostock, and a great deal along the Siberian Railway, and a message comes from Pekin that the

German and Austrian prisoners are free east of Lake Baikal, and that the Bolsheviki are arming them. The position looks a very dangerous one, and not at all to be taken at its face value. Of course, there probably are great stores in Siberia, and it would be a tragedy if all the accumulation which the British, American, Japanese, and other workshops slaved themselves to provide for their Russian Allies, were given over without a blow to the Germans to be used against us. At the same time one looks with the greatest mistrust upon the chances of Japan invading Siberia. The scene of action is so far away, and one has an idea that the Japanese are so given to underground engineering that the news which comes through is most difficult to trust. This message in the "Times" from Peking may have something at the back of it, On the other hand, of course, one has the <sup>notion</sup> ~~idea~~ that it may be a rumour spread by the Japanese simply with the idea of giving a reason for their interference, and of raising feeling amongst the Japanese people themselves. I see that the Americans are by no means so willing to agree to the Japanese coming in as the British and especially the French appear to be. The one thing that they regard is getting some further assistance in the war, without worrying overmuch about any great changes that ~~may~~ it may involve in the future map of the world. The United States, on the other hand, is certainly thinking of the possibility that Japan, after once getting into Siberia may never get out of it again. As far as Australia is concerned, I have heard some people say that it would be the best possible solution that the Japanese should have their attention directed to Siberia in the near future because this would occupy them for a generation and keep their thoughts away from Australia.

I dined with Outlack and his wife to-night at Simpsons and we went afterwards to the Savoy Theatre. He returns to France to-morrow.

MARCH 1 I see that it is said that Japan is to act in Siberia. The United States has recognised the utility of Japan's action and only the details remain to be settled. The question which seems to be dividing them now is that whereas Britain and France would prefer Japan to go into Siberia alone, as they have not the troops  
to.s.

To spare for this, America is in favour of a joint expedition. The difference between these two steps is of course enormous. If Japan goes in alone, there is very much less prospect of getting her out, should she wish to stay, than if she went intotogether with the troops of the other Allies.

I think that what is now happening in the East may conceivably be more important in the future of the world than all the rest of the questions put together. After all, it may amount to whether Asia will belong to a great White Power, or an Asiatic Power; whether in the vast country of Siberia we shall have a white state more or less akin to ourselves and other European states, or a high Japanese Power. The English papers certainly do not recognise this.

Treloar and I have been fighting for all we are worth against the supposed promise of the Australian Government that the pick of Australian trophies should go to the Imperial War Museum in London. I forget whether I mentioned before that when Colonel Hurley was appointed our representative on the Committee of the Imperial War Museum in London, he found out that the Australian Government had been asked through the Colonial Secretary to agree to the pick of the trophies of all the Dominions going to the Imperial War Museum in London, so that this should be the one great representative collection of the British Empire in this country. This Imperial Museum had a very influential Committee behind it and naturally this Committee was enthusiastic about the conception of this fine idea of a memorial collection. At the same time, it would mean for Australia that we should lose the pick of our trophies from our own museums, and the War Museums mean far more to Australia than they do to Great Britain. For us, they are the foundation of our national museums; the beginning of a series of national museums institutions, which I hope will equal anything in the world. One wants to see in Australia centres of study and research or art and culture which are not to play a secondary part to any others in the world, but which are, as far as they can be, the most complete and efficient that our nation can maintain. We want to

to encourage in Australian centres the principle that they are centres and not appendages of other greater centres elsewhere. That our capital is a metropolis, and not merely a provincial city. We shall never get the best ~~our~~<sup>out</sup> of our people until this attitude, this enthusiasm, and this national spirit is established. Further, we are out to make our ~~war~~ war museum, our war gallery, and our war library, if possible, not merely fine museums for Australia, but the finest that the world contains, so that it may be in the interests of scientists and historians and travellers to visit them for their own sake. When Colonel Hurley first heard that this request had been made to Australia, and that the Committee clearly assumed that Australia along with the other dominions had given her consent to this arrangement, we were greatly disappointed and at once set about, if possible, to get this consent reversed. First I went to see Lord Beaverbrook, and to arrange, if possible, to act in conjunction with Canada, whose Government also had assented to the arrangement, but who was bitterly opposed to it himself. He gave me a hint that he was likely to obtain a seat in the British Cabinet, and that if he did so, he would try and get this Department under him. In that case, he said, we could come to any arrangement that suited us, as he understood our position and our principles. When I saw him, <sup>however</sup> therefore, just before going to France, it was clear that the whole matter would depend upon his goodwill, and it seemed to me wise to strengthen our case by cabling in any case to Australia to get the consent reversed. I sent a very strong cable to the press. On returning to London from France, I found that a good deal of feeling had been aroused in Australia by the proposal that our best trophies should be handed over to the British War Museum, and that Senator Pearce had said that no promise had been made by Australia to agree to this, nor was any likely to be made, whilst Hughes had added that it was particularly desired by the Government that all Australian trophies should go to the Australian Museum, the troops having earned this right by their gallantry and sacrifice.

To-day I was rung up by Box saying that a cable had been received from Australia that the Minister strongly resented the High Commissioner having agreed to this proposal on behalf of Australia without consulting them. Box could not understand this at all as of course, the High Commissioner never had agreed. It turned out that this cable was one sent to the "Daily Chronicle" which Box had - I don't know by what channel - received. It said that the War Office had informed Australia that someone acting on behalf of Australia had made this promise. The Imperial War Museum on being referred to by Box and Mr. Smart, confirmed this and said that a resolution had been passed at one of their meetings at which Hurley was present, agreeing to the best of the trophies being sent to the Imperial War Museum.

Now, if Hurley had assented to such a proposal, which I suppose he did, it was certainly only on the understanding that the Australian Government had made the promise over his head before the matter was brought up. The Imperial War Museums Committee ought to have known that this was not the case, and if they allowed Hurley to think that it was the case, then the mistake - and I think it was a genuine mistake - was purely theirs. Certainly no promise was made by Hurley on behalf of the Government. I went and saw Lieut. Ffoulkes, the Secretary of the Committee about this, and he was very sorry that any misunderstanding had arisen. He promised to call a Committee meeting, in order if possible to put things right, but I think that further steps than that will probably have to be taken.