

► *Plenipotentiaries, 1941 style,
are a new streamlined breed.*

FOREIGN DIPLOMATS GO AMERICAN

BY BLAIR BOLLES

AMBASSADORS of tradition dwelt in unreality, severed from the principal body of mankind. Novelists endowed them with an impossible glamor as seducers (see Adela Rogers St. John) or as suave spies (see E. Phillips Oppenheim). Marcel Proust created in his M. de Norpois of *Within a Budding Grove*, a man encrusted with all the safe, petty, occupationally irritating qualities associated with this odd calling: polite but distant, secretive, antiquarian in flavor and contemptuous of the multitude.

If current Washington is any proof, however, there has been a revolution in diplomatic technique. Ambassadors are new men. They are direct as Dodsworth, easily accessible, devoid of hocuspocus, no longer soft-treading keepers of questionable secrets. They have come down to earth and are suing for the good will of the mob. They work hard: no more four-hour lunch hours, no more three-month vacations. Once they were assigned to Washington and Washington only; now their beat is the

whole Republic. Richard Casey, the Australian Minister, is called "Flying Casey" because he hops the country in his plane — today in Des Moines, tomorrow in Okmulgee, the next day in Stockton. He is typical of the new lot. Their business no longer is the wan stuff of formal international politics. They are out to win friends and influence people.

The de Norpois style has been overwhelmed by the Halifax method of diplomacy. That Viscount Halifax, plenipotentiary of Great Britain, should be the one to set the pace in the new diplomacy marks the transition with a special sharpness because he derives from birth and background all the tendencies that came to flower in Sir James Boggit, the British Minister in Ann Bridge's *Pekin Picnic*:

What he liked was regular conditions, and a constant policy to carry out — the sort of steady-going diplomacy which enables a Minister to say in almost every dispatch, "I repeated to His Excellency what I had said to him last week," or vice versa.

When Halifax (recently in England resting from the rigors of 1941 diplomacy) debarked in American waters one bleak day last January from H.M.S. *King George V*, Charles Peake was at his side. Where Halifax has gone since then, there Peake has gone. Peake is Viscount Halifax' personal press agent and the press agent is a key figure in the new diplomacy, which has no place for Sir James Boggit's "regular conditions." In the new diplomacy's practice, Halifax has posed with the White Sox' Jimmy Dykes, has worn a fireman's hat and sat on a hook-and-ladder, and has ridden in a motorcycle's sidecar. A friendly man by nature, he shared a bag of popcorn with some waitresses he met on a stroll through Rock Creek Park. Yet, for press agency, he will go so far and no farther. He refused to eat a hotdog, which his King and Queen two years ago munched at Hyde Park with a show of pleasure. Halifax has tried, in a speech on the British literary tradition, to stir in American book publishers an all-out sympathy for England. He has addressed a message on English music to an audience at the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whom he assured that Germany had no monopoly of musical aptitude. He has carried the fight

against isolation to the people in California and Kansas City and Atlanta and Minneapolis.

In our Republic's youth, Secretary of State Jefferson ordered home the French Minister, Charles Edouard Genet, because he "proceeded on the mistaken philosophy that he was minister of a people to a people, not a government to a government." What was a costly mistake for Citizen Genet in 1793 — when he was enlisting the sympathy of the American public for the cause of France as opposed to the cause of England — is accepted procedure now. The Brazilian Second Secretary tells an audience in Baltimore that he wishes Americans understood his country a little better. The Swedish Minister seeks to arouse enthusiasm among banqueters in Philadelphia for his official request that more shipping be permitted between Sweden and America. Now that the Germans have made the Russians respectable by attacking them, the wife of Soviet Ambassador Oumansky takes to the radio her story of Russian bravery in battle.

The new diplomacy — practiced by all except the Axis powers, who can hope to gain nothing by open propaganda — rests on the recent discovery by Foreign Offices of an

old fact long known to earthier politicians: in a democracy it is the people, yes. It avails the British Ambassador nothing to convince President Roosevelt if a large majority of Americans should still oppose intervention. So the Allied ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary have been preaching widely on the American responsibility toward the liberation of Europe and the rescue of China. The State Department discourages speech-making by the Axis diplomats for fear, they say, a brick might fly from the crowd, strike the speaker, and create the incident which both Germany and the United States have been careful to avoid.

If the war had not turned ambassadors into Edward Bernayeses, they would constitute an idle class, employed but taskless, elegant pretenders to an importance long departed. "You know," Alexander Troyanovsky, the first ambassador of the Soviet to the United States, once remarked: "We diplomats today are only gilded messenger boys." Troyanovsky referred to the circumstance that modern speed in communications and the modern trend toward specialization have combined to degrade the ambassadors. Even forty years ago, Theodore Roosevelt thought that

the cables had put an end to ambassadors' uses except as supernumeraries. Nowadays the radio, the telephone, and the airplane keep ambassadors ever at their governments' elbows, and the governments supervise their ambassadors uninterruptedly. Seldom do ambassadors now take matters into their own hands like the independent Count Cassini, who represented Russia here when Russia was ruled by a czar. Around the turn of the century, Cassini called on John Hay at the State Department. "He is a revelation," Hay told Chauncey Depew. The Depew memoirs tell the story, quoting Hay:

He brought to me the voluminous instructions to him of his government on our Open Door Policy. After we had gone over them carefully, he closed his portfolio and, pushing it aside, said, "Now, Mr. Secretary, listen to Cassini." He immediately presented an exactly opposite policy from the one in the instructions, a policy entirely favorable to us, and said: "That is what my government will do."

II

Today the average ambassador makes no major and few secondary decisions. In the competition for American favor, the most attractive names on many countries' rosters — monarchs, prime minis-

ters, and presidents — have been chosen for special missions to the United States to attend what once was left to the Cassinis. Monarchs are sent to charm us, active heads of state to negotiate, and specialists to deal with technical matters. The ambassador only blows the trumpet announcing the monarchical progress, buttes the head of state, and introduces the foreign specialists to the proper American specialists. The business of charming a nation is important.

Before the King and Queen of England entered this land, the first steps leading to Anglo-American harmony already had been taken by a lesser mortal than Their Majesties, with a duller (but important) business — A. E. Overton, of the British Board of Trade, sent here by London in 1938 to negotiate a Hull trade agreement for the British Empire. For this major diplomatic delivery, the ambassador of the time, Sir Ronald Lindsay, was no more than obstetrician, just as he was no more than British resident flunky-in-chief when George and his Queen popped in on us.

As for neglect of the ambassador in high negotiation, the government of Nicaragua dispatched its president, Somoza, to our capital in search of millions on loan, which

the Nicaraguan resident diplomat might easily have obtained. Wanting a new loan from the United States, Fulgencio Batista, dictator of Cuba, came himself to Washington and Dr. Fraga, his ambassador, was but his escort. Cuba got the money. When Batista's neighbor, Trujillo, the Dominican dictator, thought the time had come for the United States to cease collecting the customs of his republic, he visited Washington to carry on the opening negotiations in person. An American press agent at a sweet fee notified the newspapers of every breath which the West Indian statesman drew while he was in our capital.

When the unhappy Grecian campaign last spring was stirring bitter thoughts in the minds of Australians, the commonwealth down under decided that its share in American supplies should be greater and Prime Minister Menzies traveled to Washington to see to the matter. During the late 1930's, Brazil sought United States' assistance in finding a formula that would free the country from Germany's economic grip. The settlement finally was made after Oswaldo Aranha, the Brazilian Foreign Minister, spent a month in on-the-spot discussions with officials in Washington. It was a home-

coming for Aranha. He had been ambassador to the United States and as ambassador he had been a pioneer in the new diplomacy. He made speeches to every club meeting between Montauk and Yakima that would listen. He studied the United States closely, and to the United States he constantly sold Brazil.

Washington still has a few members of the old Cassini school — diplomats who really make policies for their nations. Mostly now they are South Americans and the representatives of those ghost countries, the lands overrun in Europe by the Axis. The strongest of them all is Henrik de Kauffman, Minister Plenipotentiary of Denmark, almost alone among the ghost-land diplomats in lacking a refugee or exile government to whom he is responsible. His government and his King are prisoners in their own land and as far as the Roosevelt Administration is concerned, de Kauffman is Denmark. He has heard but once officially from Copenhagen since the Germans seized the city, and that once was an order to resign and go home. He ignored the summons.

His German-dominated government charged him with high treason after he agreed to make bases in Greenland available to the United

States. He helped the American Government find an excuse for taking over the Danish ships in our harbors and gave the administration good advice during the preliminaries leading to the occupation of Iceland, which had been a part of the Danish dual monarchy until it declared its independence in May. The Germans have learned that they cannot intimidate de Kauffman.

The new diplomats are like the old in their devotion to the higher levels of society. They find those amusements most amusing which are enjoyed in the company of the well-bred rich, although in an age of total war, when diplomacy is total diplomacy and diplomats must appeal to all peoples, society has lost the incomparable professional value which it once held for diplomats. None today could lay the foundation for his American reputation by a *mot juste* in a drawing room. For those in Washington today who give half their lives to entertaining, diplomats make up a select and desirable circle, but socially the foreigners are not an integrated colony and they realize that a charming display of discretion in a polite setting will have little influence on their American assignment. An ambassador or minister plenipotentiary invited to

dinner will thank his host doubly if he finds at the table, besides other foreigners, a few American politicians, prominent reporters, and other natives influential in the American scene. To them he can explain pleasantly his government's policies, and from them he can elicit information, the standard diplomatic stock in trade.

The Byzantine Emperor Bonosus valued diplomats' information so highly that he made the foreign ambassadors in Constantinople drunk in order to get their secrets. Our State Department encourages some of its officials to mingle at dinners with ambassadors and lesser diplomats in order to talk with them when their hair is down. They might drop a hint of plans or of true opinions. One of our young diplomats stationed in Washington went to a dinner at which a Japanese assistant naval attaché was present. After dinner the American questioned the Japanese on his feeling toward this country. On two highballs, the Japanese said: "We Japanese and you Americans should not have these suspicions of each other." The American, like a seducer with a young girl, plied the Japanese with drink. On four highballs, he changed his tune. "The Emperor," he said, "means nothing to me. The Prime

Minister means nothing to me. The ambassador means nothing to me. He was an admiral, but now he is only a diplomat. There is only one person who means anything to me — the admiral of the combined fleets. For him I would die."

III

No more can diplomats hide behind the cold walls of society, protocol and propriety, and still be useful. They must (and they do, if they are pleading the cause of the Allies) display themselves, attract attention, and arrest the interest of the masses in order to gain notice for their countries' causes. Since they cannot be forever making speeches, they try to reach the people daily through the press.

When Sir Ronald Lindsay was British Ambassador, the chief source of information on British affairs was a woman, Irene Boyle, who was only a social secretary. What she knew and wanted to tell, she saved for her friends. Today the Embassy has a press information annex occupying a whole house, under the direction of Stephen L. Childs, who directs 20 workers. The entire Embassy staff has shot up from 54 to 288 during the two years since England went to war with Germany. The Ger-

man attack on Russia was the signal for the Soviet Embassy to organize an information office, with headquarters on a secluded estate at the edge of Washington. There the Russians have erected a powerful radio receiving station through which they receive daily enough information from Moscow to enable them each evening to fill a 20-page Soviet Information Bulletin. This broadside is sent every evening in the name of the Soviet Embassy to all correspondents listed in the *Congressional Directory*. The Bulletin quotes from *Pravda*. It gives in full the morning and evening communiqués from Moscow. It reproduces in detail the Soviet press conference statements and it runs special articles on the villainy of the Nazis and the valor, both at the front and in the factory, of the Russians.

An American, Frank Dorsey, is in charge of the daily Soviet bulletin. An American, George Abell, is the Dutch Legation's publicity adviser. An American, Ted Wingo, was adviser on public relations to the Finnish Minister until Helsinki assigned a diplomatic press counselor, Urjo Toivola, last March. Americans can write news releases in a style which is a great linguistic improvement over the cloudy sentences beloved by chanceries

and the State Department. The clearest words in the world, however, mean nothing if they are patently obscuring the truth, and a fictive propaganda gets nowhere.

The Poles and Australians have entrusted to women the distribution of information. The assistant spokesman for Ambassador Jan Ciechanowski of Poland is Natalia Aszkenazy, a bright, dark-haired, pretty girl. Minister Richard Casey of Australia relies on Pat Jarrett, who was writing stories from Hollywood for the Melbourne *Herald* when Casey invited her by telegram to work a couple of months at the legation. The two months have stretched to sixteen and Miss Jarrett has become an integral part of Australian diplomacy in North America.

The German Embassy, like the Italian, keeps quiet because neither the Germans nor the Italians have hope of gaining favorable attention from any large segment of the press. Nevertheless, both have a press officer on hand. The French honor their information man (who places little of his information) with the title of attaché. He is Charles Brousse, whose family has published *L'Indépendant* of Perpignan for 100 years.

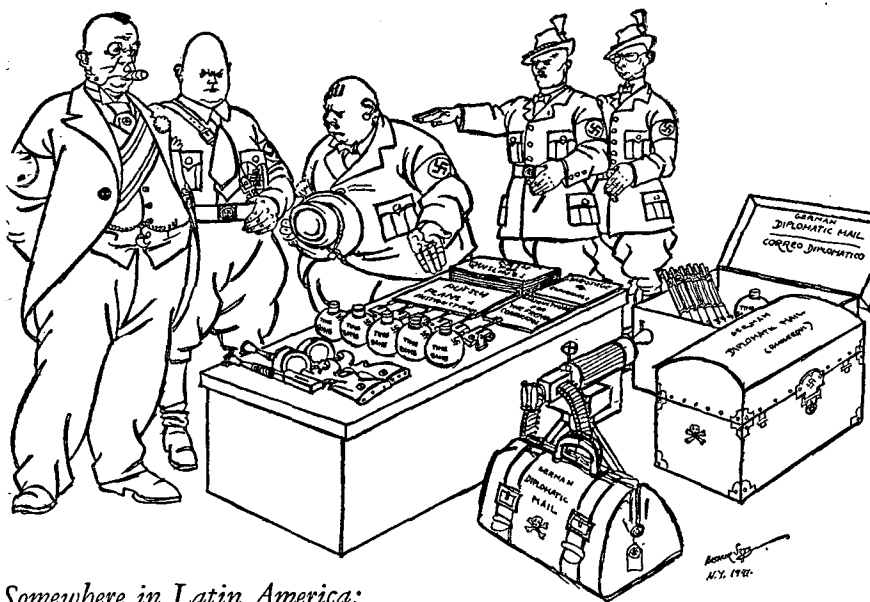
The Norwegians are the soundest seekers of publicity in Wash-

ington. After all, the Norwegian government has an income from the Norwegian merchant ships, and can afford bigger things than some. Hans Olav of Norway is the peer of diplomatic press men. When the Norwegians dedicated a wing of offices newly added to their Legation (whose employes have increased from eight to forty since the Germans occupied Norway), Olav exalted this simple business into an eloquent occasion designed

to attract the thoughts and hearts of America toward Norway.

The Norwegian flag flew and the music of the Norwegian anthem filled the air. It was all solemn and honest and the columns which the newspapers gave to the ceremony were as valuable to Norway as a treaty of friendship and commerce.

It is the columns of favorable space, not the treaties, that concern the ambassadors of our time.



*Somewhere in Latin America:
A Nazi Consulate opens for business*

AMERICAN MEDICINE LEADS THE WORLD

BY ELSIE MCCORMICK

ONLY a generation ago Vienna was the holy Mecca of our physicians and surgeons. American doctors went there by hundreds to study under its brilliant specialists, to walk the wards of the huge Krankenhaus, one of the world's largest and most efficient hospitals, and to attend the innumerable and varied autopsies possible only in a city that drew patients from the four corners of the earth.

Today the crown for pre-eminence in healing belongs to the United States. This is all the more astonishing when one considers that thirty years ago the standards of admission to our medical schools were lower than in any civilized country, that our hospitals, on the whole, were far below Viennese standards of efficiency, and that our medical research was laughed at in every laboratory of central Europe.

Many men still in practice have lived through this dramatic transformation. They have seen Viennese leadership decline for more than twenty years and then go into

complete eclipse under the oppression of a hater of scientific truth. They have seen American hospitals reach heights of efficiency undreamed of in the old Krankenhaus. They have seen the standards of American medical schools change from the lowest in the civilized world to the highest. Today they see American medical research occupying thousands of devoted workers and saving lives all over the world. Of 410 medical discoveries made from 1928 to 1938 and listed by the National Geographic Society, seventeen can be credited to Germany and Austria, thirty-five to the British Empire, twenty-two to other countries, and 336 to the United States! It is our responsibility to carry on research for lands where medical science has been set back by generations, to keep alive the spirit of scientific inquiry stifled in totalitarian countries. And today we are equipped to meet this enormous responsibility. The U. S. A. has become the medical center for all mankind!

What are the factors that