ADVENTURE
IN
DIPLOMACY
I didn't realize when I began to write this book that I should have to leave out the most interesting parts: there were exactly one thousand reasons why they could not be printed. Three times I decided to give it up as a bad job; three times I had another try; what remains is mostly the frivolous; although I have spent most of my life doing serious things (which can't be mentioned), I have omitted almost all politics and law and negotiation and trade and traffic and commerce and industry and loans and exchange and money and finance and sugar and coffee and tobacco and even the practice of diplomacy.

For one reason or another, I have been near most of the wars (the present war is a big exception), revolutions, insurrections, and assassinations, that have taken place during the last thirty years;
years; attempts have been made on my life (a personal guard was once killed: one Sunday morning, I started out at my usual hour for Church; got in the car; got out again to fetch something or other in my bedroom; on returning found everything in confusion: one of my guards had been machine-gunned from a passing car: had I been on time they would have had me too); but that must be left out too.

I have even had to remove Chiefs of State from office, but that can't be hinted at.

I could write of bringing order out of chaos; putting end to anarchy; giving people a chance to work.

I could write of the Constitution; I have written; the laws I have written; the elections I have
have arranged; the treaties I have made and un
made.

Then there was the treaty, in which we were
very much interested and which was ratified on
the last day of the session of a certain Congress,
with an amendment which was very objectionable.
I spoke to the Chief of State and he sent for the
Secretary of his Congress and told him, in my
presence, that the treaty had been ratified with-
out the amendment. "But", said the Secretary,
"the amendment was voted." "The treaty was ratified
without amendment", said the President, and so it
was.

Then there was a case of a certain Minister
for Foreign Affairs who was attempting to form
a Union of several countries directed against us.

Representatives
Representatives of the countries concerned were at his capital. On a sunny afternoon I arranged with one of my Secretaries to invite the daughter of an opposition leader of a presidential candidate in opposition to the Government, and a friend of hers, to meet us at the Country Club, for a game of golf. Various members of the President's family were sure to be there. They were! And I heard no more of the Union! The Minister for Foreign Affairs resigned next day. That evening.

Another time a prominent expert came down from the United States to give advice on a technical election matter. One day at the Embassy I had to get him into my office and then out of my office without his being seen; while the waiting-room was full of visitors. We could manage it only by slipping
slipped him behind a door to another door and
then to another: one door opened one way and
another, another; and he had to be quick on the
jump.

Then there was a country where all of the
local statesmen were accustomed to holding on to
their knives and forks at dinner. It was not the
custom of the country to change knives and forks
for different courses. When dining at the Legation
and a plate was removed, each statesman grabbed
firmly his knife and fork, refused to hand them
over, and resisted the butler's efforts to pry them
loose.

I cannot write of the Attaché who got very
tight and in the center of the Ball Room kissed
the Chief of State right on the top of his head.

Or of the popular Naval Attaché who never
learned
learned Spanish; but determined to make a speech in that language at his farewell banquet. He stood up with his speech in his hand: "Washington y Bolivar", he said; the audience cheered: "Bolivar y Washington", he added; the audience cheered wildly; he sat down.

Another indiscretion I would like to mention is when a certain President was visiting a certain country the band, on his departure, played "Bye-bye Blackbird"; instead of his national anthem.

An unique experience I had was calling soon after my arrival on a royal Prince and Princess in a certain country. I arrived and was led by a Lady-in-Waiting and a Chamberlain into the Princely presence. The Prince and Princess looked a bit as if they were annoyed at being deprived of their afternoon nap. The Lady-in-Waiting and the Chamberlain
Chamberlain interpreted. The Prince deigned to make a few remarks, of which I understood not a word. The Chamberlain said that the Prince had made a number of erudite remarks about international affairs. I replied the best I could. The Lady-in-Waiting turned to the Princess to speak, but she didn't open her mouth. The Lady-in-Waiting looked expectantly, made gestures, all to no avail. So she said: "The Princess says", and then went on with quite a long story of what the Princess had said: in the meantime, the Princess said nothing. The Prince took his cue and according to the interpreter made more erudite remarks about international affairs. The Lady-in-Waiting again turned to the Princess, but again to no avail. She refused
refused to speak. The Lady-in-Waiting again
regaled me with a charming story of what the
Princess had said. This went on for a full half
hour, to my rising delight.

The foreign colony in one of the cities where
I was stationed was delighted when the news was
published that a prominent and very merry lady in
the colony had been decorated by the local Gov-
ernment with the Order of Chastity, Third Class.

While still in my early twenties, I stopped
for a few days at a neighboring capital to stay
with a colleague and see the sights. He took me
one day to call at the Palace on the wife of the
Chief of State. We were ushered into a long corridor
and asked to follow a footman; when the footman
arrived at a door midway down the corridor he
stopped, put his eye to the keyhole, and said,

"Her
"Her Excellency is at home!"

In the same capital one afternoon after luncheon, having coffee next to the dining room, we heard a tremendous clatter: a turkey-buzzard was flying away with what was left of the turkey.

I cannot speak too highly of our Foreign Service; of their efficiency, patriotism, as well as their unselfishness and devotion to duty. I know any number of men who could make three or four, and in some cases ten or twenty, times as much money in the business world as they are now making and yet prefer to stick by the Service. In other words, the Service by and large is excellent. However, there are of course exceptions.

And I have had to do with several unusual Secretaries. One distinguished himself in a royal procession
procession up-the-royal-stairs by pinching the Lady-in-Waiting who marched before him. The Lady-in-Waiting turned and gave him a resounding "box on the jaw".

Another Secretary, given a diplomatic mail bag by our Minister in Egypt to take to Rome, arrived unexpectedly one day at Athens: he had taken the wrong boat.

Another one fell, as he explained it, out of a window after painting a beard on a portrait of a "lady" in a Chinese sing-song house.

Then there was a Secretary who was sent home from the Far East with the ashes of the daughter of a prominent politician and forgot them for a week in a parcel check room at the Chicago Union Station.

Speaking of diplomats, the wife of a well-known colleague
colleague once remarked, "None resign and damn few die." That, of course is not exactly as "subtle as an acrobat", as the sister-in-law of another one of our well-known diplomats remarked the other day. The same lady added quickly: "Champagne always was my waterfall."

On my return from Cuba I was asked at Washington by reporters if I had not been offered a certain new appointment. When I said "No" they said: "Well, aren't you a trouble-shooter?" I replied: "Perhaps I want a little rest from being trouble-shooted-at."

Then there is a story of how a certain "statesman" in "one of my countries" got to be President. There was a special session of Congress and the statesman's enemies had given orders that he was not to enter the building. The building was surrounded
surrounded by troops. Our statesman arrived; walked straight up to the Commander of the troops; was stopped by him; said to the Commander: "Does the new Minister of War stop the President of the Republic from entering Congress?" The Commander saluted: "Your Excellency", said he, "Let me clear the way for you." "His Excellency" entered Congress and in ten minutes (he was a great orator) the deputies were unanimously shouting, "Viva! Viva! Viva!"; and in thirty minutes he was President of the Republic.

There was once a Chief of State whose mind was not of the soundest, but he had always behaved properly in public. On one occasion, however, seated on his Throne he was receiving in state a foreign Ambassador: while the Ambassador was making his speech, the Chief of State rolled his own
own speech into a sort of telescope and was
gazing through it at the foreign diplomat. The
diplomat's surprise can easily be imagined as he
raised his eyes and saw what Majesty was doing.

Then there was a charming colleague whose
English was fluent but occasionally went astray:
"I thank you from the heart of my bottom" he
said to me one day.

In Rio they love to tell tales on the Portuguese:
they are telling now of the very anti-Nazi Portuguese
who became a naturalized German and then committed
suicide. "Why?" his friends were asked. "One
German less," they replied.

Then the Portuguese ship which arrived the
other day, all painted brown, and in enormous letters
in white over her boilers: ROCHEDOS(rocks): to
frighten the submarines.
Then - at a goodbye luncheon given for me by a Chief of State - during a conversation with the Chief Justice and the Attorney General, the Justice remarked in re a point of constitutional law: "And what is the Constitution among friends - .""

Then there was the delightful Foreign Minister when face to face with two Ambassadors who found he had said one thing to one of them and something else to the other, said: "Oh, yes, I'd like to talk to you both," - this was at a big ball - "follow me" - and in confusion or otherwise all ended up in a panicky ladies' W. C.

Many amusing things of one sort or another have happened or occurred to Americans in countries where I have been: I like the story of the American
American sailors, who, after imbibing freely in an inn at an Allied port after the other war—when time to pay the bill came—said: "Write it off the war debt."

There was the colleague in Tehran, now an Ambassador somewhere, who had a very ugly wife. Another colleague, a Swede, seeing her for the first time, said: "Of course she is very rich."

The other day a colleague referred to another colleague he doesn't like as "the sort of man who wears a red carnation with a white tie in the evening!"

Then the prominent Ambassador who didn't like his Counselor: when on leave at home, told his Foreign Office what a dreadful man he was and that he should be removed; shortly thereafter, he returned
returned to his post; went off quietly for a jolly week-end in a neighboring country; and said to the Counselor: "Oh, just sign my name to cables." The next day a cable came transferring the Counselor to an undesirable post. The Counselor wrote a telegram signed the Ambassador's name, relating what a wonderful Counselor he was and that he "didn't want him removed."

We used to talk a lot in the years after 1918 about "who won the war."

Who won the War - 1914-1918?

There was a certain army on a certain sector of a certain front - one of many Allies. There was a powerful army on the other front. The powerful army had a battle plan - a plan of attack: they were to make a feint attack against the certain
certain army on the certain sector mentioned above, hoping to draw forces of one of the other Allies (against whom they planned a real attack) in that direction:

When they began the feint attack, the "certain" army as one man arose and bolted, leaving a gap like this____; the powerful army advanced into the gap like this. They found nothing in front of them; the way looked clear; they changed all their plans; rushed heavy forces into the gap; were finally like this; then another ally successfully counter-attacked one side of this elongated____. The powerful army had to pull back in disarray; and their real opportunity originally planned for attacking another sector was lost. It was the turning point of the war: the powerful army's losses in this useless offensive were enormous; they never recovered.
The moral: if the "certain army" had not bolted, the powerful army would have attacked and successfully attacked another sector and advanced on Paris. Therefore the "certain army" by bolting as they did won the war.

Then there was the consul who carried a lady rolled in a big carpet on his shoulders, into his consular quarters, "a la Cleopatra".

I have found something I can print, in the Foreign Relations of the United States, 1914:

Supplement:

It is a telegram of some historical interest which I sent to the Department of State at Washington on the request of the German Legation at Stockholm:

American
American Legation, Stockholm, August 18, 1914.

(Received August 12, 12:15 p.m.)

From German Minister here:

Please make by wire following communication to French Government:

Reports from the German troops show that contrary to international law a war in which the whole population is being organized in France in numerous cases, members of the population wearing ordinary clothes have treacherously shot on German soldiers. German protests against such warfare incompatible with the rules of international law. The German army has been instructed to suppress in the most energetic manner any hostile attempt on the part of the population. Every person not belonging to the recognized armed forces who bears arms, who disturbs the communication in the rear of the German armies, who cuts telegraph wires, who handles explosives or who in any way takes part in the war without being entitled to do so will be immediately shot under martial law. If through these measures the war assumes a brutal character Germany declines all responsibility. France alone is responsible for the streams of blood which the war will cause.

Please communicate to the Belgian Government the following text:

The Royal Government of Belgium has refused Germany's sincere offers which would have spared the country the terrors of war. Belgium wanted to have war as she opposed an armed resistance to the German forces who were forced to enter her territory because of the measures taken by Germany's
Germany's enemies. Although the Belgian Government has informed Germany in the note of the 6th instant according to the rules of war they will only allow troops in uniform to participate in the hostilities numerous civilians in ordinary clothes have taken part in the engagements around Liege. They have not only fired on German troops but they have even murdered the wounded in the most cruel manner and they have killed medical officers in the exercise of their functions. At the same time the mob in Antwerp has destroyed German property and has brutally assassinated women and children before the whole civilized world. Germany asks Belgium to account for the blood of these innocent persons and for her way of making war which defies all the rules of civilization and is entirely the Belgians fault. In view of protecting the German army against the fanaticism of the population every person not wearing a uniform who does not bear some clearly visible sign entitling him to participate in the war will be treated as having forfeited the privileges given by international law if he takes part in the hostilities disturbs the communications in the rear of the German armies cuts telegraph wires handles explosives or unlawfully commits any other hostile act he will be treated as a franc tireur and consequence he will immediately be shot under martial law.

Please wire via American Legation, Stockholm, date when above communication has reached French and Belgian Governments.

IMPERIAL GERMAN FOREIGN OFFICE
ZIMMERMANN.

Now, something I can say plainly: and I can say this: at one time or another, in one way or another, I have helped American business to the tune of a good many hundreds of millions of dollars;
dollars; American bondholders to the tune of many hundreds of millions more; American labor and industry in the sale abroad of the products of their skill and brawn for hundreds of millions more.

I am a firm believer in the social principles of social fair-play and of the "rights" and privileges of every man who works or wants to work; in other words, in the dignity and value of every individual human person. As a necessary consequence, it is clear that no society or social system can endure which fails to take into account the axiomatic truth that man as such has high value before God and that man as such must not be exploited by man.

Consequently, I have taken an interest in social conditions and social legislation throughout the world.

When
When I left Colombia in 1933, Colombian social legislation was in an advanced state.

During my stay in Cuba, social legislation made considerable progress; notably the provisional Governments of President Mendieta and Barnet enacted satisfactory legislation: laws were promulgated regarding minimum wages, hours of work, vacations with pay for industrial workers, workmen's compensation in accident cases, etc., protection of female employees, employment of minors, assistance to the needy, assistance to the unemployed; measures were provided regulating dismissal of employees by private companies and establishing regulations for appeals against dismissals, measures affecting labor organizations, recognizing
recognizing right of labor to strike, decrees were issued for registration of labor agreements and establishing labor exchanges; and also the Institute of Prevision and Social Reform, to undertake a study of means of improving labor conditions, was founded.

Labor is protected in Brazil by a series of advanced labor laws which have been promulgated in recent years. Not so long ago I expressed to the Minister of Labor of Brazil interest in Brazil's labor legislation and asked him whether a compilation of these laws in synopsis form was available. He replied in the negative but stated that he would arrange this for me. A few weeks later, very much to my surprise, I received a handsome
handsome leather volume, personally dedicated to me, with exactly the information I desired.

A perusal of this work convinced me that the welfare of the worker in this country has received the attention and consideration of the Government.

There exist here minimum wage laws, workers' vacation laws, workers' courts, old-age pension laws, laws fixing minimum periods for rest and meals, housing projects for low-wage earners, mixed conciliation committees of employees and employers, laws governing the labor of females and minors, provisions for guarantee of stability of employment, retirement laws, refectories in factories and plants, improvements in conditions of work, obligatory education of minors, collective labor contracts, trade schools for workers, syndicalization laws, laws to improve the quality of
of food for workers. Brazil's cooperatives have increased from 57 to 1,046 in the last ten years. All of these laws favor and protect the laborer and the Brazilian Government's intelligent realizations in this connection are responsible for the non-existence of labor strife in this country at the present time (1943).

Lately, too, I have been able to do something for refugees from the other side of the water; helped some fifteen thousand of them not long ago, who were faced with the possibility of expulsion.

I am often asked by ambitious young men what I think of their trying to enter the Foreign Service: more than half the time I advise against it: it is not easy to be really good in the Service: too many qualities are called for: not only
only intelligence and a good education, some background or beginnings of culture — and I mean integrated culture — sound physical health, personality; but also guts and what the Brazilians call ‘geito’ as well: geito which is several things: knack and flair and sense and quickness and feeling. If you are a good Foreign Service officer, you are very good, and you have the most marvelous opportunity in the world for doing really big things for your country and for the world and for humankind and even for God. But if you are not good, you are no good in the world. So decide for yourself.

I have tried a little of all the philosophies, more of Kant perhaps than anyone else. After many years of this, I finally found answers for my questions:
questions: in the Divine Ideas: as St. Augustine and St. Bonaventure and notably St. Thomas Aquinas expounded them. In other words, I found them in the Philosophia perennis. I went back and read Plato and Aristotle and especially Plotinus to find the vein of gold that St. Augustine and then St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure had separated from the dross and passed on to the ages and to us.

I like good food. In Louisiana in Antoine's and Galatoire's (and in the old days at the Louisaune) the food is excellent: the bisque écrevisse, and the Oysters Rockefeller, for instance, are superb. In private homes almost everything is good too: daube glacée; gumbo filé; okra gumbo; both with oysters, rice, wild duck. The oysters are delicious
delicious in any form everywhere in Louisiana; and then there is that splendid fish, the pompono. I once ate the pompono just as well done at Merida in Yucatan.

In Caracas, I drank some first-rate chocolate.

In Stockholm, there was a chicken liver omelette at the restaurant in the Opera and an apple-pie which was worth remembering (it had a meringue and a rich custard). In Petrograd and Moscow, there were blinis. In Persia some of their rice concoctions are worthwhile. In Paris and all over France, there are—or were—so many good places and so many good things that I won't enumerate.

Even before this war, however, the food in many places had deteriorated. The Cercle de l'Union was of course famous. In my Paris days, La Rue and Laurent
Laurent and Voisin were around the top. There were however some figs with a cream at Foyot's which were unforgettable.

In Spain, there is a rice dish with small clams which is good. In Greece the grapes are wonderful and so is the cottage cheese. In Tokyo, I liked the fried onions. In Berlin, the roast goose. In Italy, spaghetti. In old Vienna, delicious rolls. In Budapest, I had once some excellent lamb chops.

In Salvador, the fried black beans; in Guatemala, the turkey; in Colombia, my cook made the best icecream I ever ate; in Cuba, the Morro crabs are world-renowned. In Rio, there is a whipped chocolate and a beaten cream.

A good Scotch whisky is hard to beat, especially
especially for day by day drinking. Cognac is really my favorite drink but I have found out that one must not exaggerate with it: some of the old cognac is the best drink imaginable. I don't care much for white wines or for sparkling red ones. Any good claret is a pleasure. In champagnes, extra-extra dry, any good vintage year, several brands - P&L Roger, for instance.