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Old Diplomacy: Too Silly For Our Age?

AS THE U. S. position abroad deteriorates, the style of our diplomacy deteriorates with it.

Look at the China situation. The fact that we are negotiating with the Red Chinese at Warsaw, let alone what the conditions are, gives way in news play to richocheting words between the President and Mr. Krushchev.

President Eisenhower accuses Red China of a stratagem little better than Hitler's rape of Czechoslovakia. Mr. Khrushchev, in a note Mr. Eisenhower rejects, makes equally ridiculous remarks about the U. S. position.

There is no trace of style, and one begins to sympathize with Sir Harold Nicolson, British diplomatic historian, in his own nostalgia for the "old diplomacy" which got into bad odor with World War I — because it was said the old diplomats got us into that war. The old diplomacy, regardless of provocation, never mistook name-calling for policy; was carried out quietly between seasoned men with a high sense of personal honor and public responsibility; was governed by a code of seemliness and courtesy — faked, if need be. That was "style."

The notable practitioners of the Old Diplomacy, like Metternich and Lord Palmerston, and some of our own early diplomats, got an everlastingly bad press because they were sometimes unscrupulous in pursuit of national interest. We venture to say they were, in their way, no more unscrupulous than the Communist leaders or Mr. Dulles. But their lapses opened the way for Woodrow Wilson and Gladstone before him, preaching "open covenants, openly arrived at."

So since World War I we have had the democratic era in foreign policy. With "open covenants" in plenty — but also with off-the-mark name-calling better befitting small boys shooting marbles in a dirt ring. With huge grandstand plays for the home folks. And of course with no inkling of style.

Democratic? One of the features of Mr. Khrushchev's technique is that when he wants to throw another fast slider our way the Russian people aren't consulted. Open? It is common knowledge that Mr. Dulles has left the U. S. professional diplomats to moulder in obscurity since he installed our State Department in his private plane.

We are simply fooling ourselves. Not only does present diplomacy lack the virtues of old-style diplomacy, it is a flat mockery of "democracy" and "open covenants openly arrived at." Again, in connection with China policy, we recently observed Mr. Dulles drafting a public statement of policy to which he and the President subscribed then going into anonymity as "a high government official" and changing it rather radically.

We guess it's real moon-barking to long in our electronic age for the stylistic virtues of the Old Diplomacy. But there are plenty of skeptics afoot who seriously question the ability of democracies to carry on effective foreign policy. The frustrating results of China is a good example) of a method which replaces policy with denunciation, and the responsible diplomat with a vaporous firehoser, give them reason. It is significant that our European allies — more nostalgic than we for a taste of the old diplomacy — find themselves squarely in the middle of the offshore islands feud.

Is it too ludicrous for words to suggest that the U. S. return somewhat to the old diplomacy — to the extent, at least, of having a policy? To the extent of letting professional diplomats know, if we are willing to negotiate with the Russians, what our offers and demands are, and letting them do the bargaining? To the extent that we recognize our differences with the U.S.S.R as differences in power politics, and not as differences of a religious war between true believers and heretics? As Dean Acheson has said in POWER AND DIPLOMACY, our troubles arise not from taking the Russians too seriously, but from not taking them seriously enough. When the Russians speak of world conquest by communism they aren't joking; but they are speaking of economic collapse and psychological persuasion, not of military warfare. They have their troubles; they would be as tempted by good deals as we.

But our styleless diplomacy has made no attempt to find out what deals may be possible.

The Laggards Will Take The Leavings

IT happened at an Advisory Budget Commission hearing in Raleigh last week. William D. Carmichael, vice president of the Consolidated University of North Carolina, had just completed his plea for higher faculty salaries, ticking off as he went along the names of distinguished professors being lured away by better pay. The list was impressive. The danger to the University's prestige was clear and present.

But one of those who had listened in silence through the report now asked if he might be allowed to say a few words. It was Gov. Luther H. Hodges who spoke. He hoped the day would come, he said, "when we won't have to talk in public" about the professors the state-supported schools were trying to hold or were losing. He called this sort of thing "bad psychology," adding that he thought the institution ought to "handle your own specific problems . . . without calling attention to how poor we are . . . and we are poor."

If the psychology is bad from one point of view it is good from another. The only way North Carolina can solve its problems is to face them squarely and without shame. Sometimes it is necessary for the state to be shocked into awareness of a problem, as when lightning strikes close by. This is certainly the case with the erosion of talent at North Carolina's state-supported institutions of higher learning.

In fact, we wish Dean Corydon Spruill's 1957 report on the large number of faculty members who left Chapel Hill last year had received wider publicity. Dean Spruill noted that 19 of those whose salaries were known at the new institutions departed for pay 50.2 per cent more than they were making at the University. He said UNC's competitive position among U. S. universities had seriously declined and was continuing to decline, adding that the lowest salaries at Yale, Harvard and Columbia rate close to the highest salaries at UNC.

"I hope the authorities of the state will act," he said, "with the knowledge that as relatively few institutions take the lead in further advancement of salaries they will attract most of the promising young scholars and will draw away from lagging universities many of their most distinguished professors. Salaries are the most decisive instrument of competition for the inadequate supply of qualified persons. Thus the laggards will take the leavings."

As for "calling attention to how poor we are" by telling the truth about ourselves, it has never bothered Tar Heels before. Let's have another look at that little old state motto, Governor.

That's right.

Esse Quam Videri.

"To Be Rather Than To Seem."

You were saying, Mr. Carmichael?

From The Gastonia Gazette

GIVE US A SIX-CENT COIN

CONSIDER the case of the penny. Things have come to such a stage that the purchasing power of the penny is just about nil.

The same thing goes for the nickel.

Try to buy something for a penny. You can get out of a vending machine half a stick of gum for it, but that's about all. A real charitable cigarstand man might sell you a package of book matches, possibly two, for a penny.

Now consider the case of the nickel. You can't get much for it. Here again the vending machine enters the picture. A nickel will get you out of one of the contraptions a piece of candy that years ago any manufacturer would have been ashamed to offer you for five cents.

Soft drinks that sold for five cents for years have gone up to six cents. They even got vending machines educated to such an extent they take six cents, a nickel and a penny, before they will belch forth a soft drink.

Result of this six-cent merchandising has brought about a shortage of pennies. It presents a problem, particularly for office workers who get their drinks out of the six-cent machines. The cashier has a time keeping pennies on hand.

There's just one remedy we can think of that might help the situation and that is for Uncle Sam to put on the market a six-cent coin. The penny and the nickel have gotten their heads together and tried to solve the problem, but it appears nothing has come out of it but chaos.

Give us a six-cent coin.

It was a hot, sultry day at the Army camp, and the tough sergeant had been drilling the basic trainees until the awkward troops were ready to drop.

The passing officer stopped to watch the drill, and grew progressively more displeased. Just as it seemed things could get no worse, one lanky recruit dropped his rifle. The officer ordered the offender out of formation. "How long have you been in the Army?" demanded the irate officer.

The weary rookie looked up at the officer. All cares of the troubled world were written across his face as he stammered, "All day, sir!"—MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR.

Living costs, it appears, are taking their first dip in two years. Let's hope they don't find the water too cold. — NEW ORLEANS STATES.

Just about the time a young husband thinks he can support his wife in the style to which she is accustomed — the style changes.—CLEVELAND (GA.) COURIER.

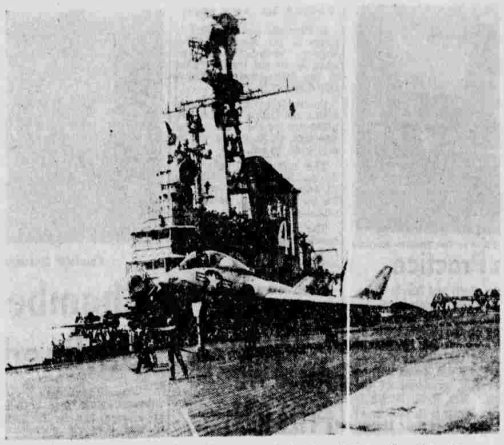
Splendor Of Seventh Fleet Hides Inability To Act

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WITH THE 7TH FLEET

IT IS wonderfully comforting to escape from the dank tangle of American policy in Taipei to the splendor and the power of the strongest naval force that is now afloat.

No matter how often you have seen it, the spectacle of a great American fleet at sea is always breathtaking. The big grey warships, steaming forward in their rigid formation that extends to the horizon, are at once menacing and beautiful. Each launching of the huge carriers' fighters and bombers with the roar and steam of the catapults is a moment of truth, even for the onlooker. Each swift homecoming, with the sharp surge and check of the arresting wire, stirs the most sluggish heart.



Sailors Aboard The Midway Maneuver A Jet Into Position For Takeoff

BEYOND THE IMMEDIATE

Then too, beyond the immediate spectacle there is more, much more; for the Seventh Fleet has a vast panoply of other carriers and cruisers and lesser fighting ships and complex supporting forces that cover the whole Western Pacific. And at every level, from the grimy, brilliant-shirted deck crews of the great "Midway," to the wise, tough Adm. Wallace M. Beakley aboard his missile-cruiser flagship, "Helena," the men of this fleet are ready for any task their government may give them.

But it is just at this point that the comfort of this superb spectacle begins to seep away. Thus far, in fact, the task the U. S. government has given the Seventh Fleet resembles the mother's injunction to her darling daughter: "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water." It is not the water the Seventh Fleet has been asked to avoid, rather naturally. It is doing any of those things which might conceivably accomplish the Seventh Fleet's alleged mission to defend Formosa's offshore islands. The result is a sense of frustration and aimlessness.

The Seventh Fleet and its leaders are not angrily hankering for a nuclear showdown. Under the "bigger bang for a buck" system of defense planning, the fleet has been made heavily dependent on nuclear weapons. Yet the talk in the wardrooms and staff messes runs on the ways to break the artillery blockade of Quemoy without using nuclear weapons, and the concensus is that the job can be done. All the fleet asks is a decision in Washington, either to do the job the President and Secretary Dulles have promised to do, or to end the empty charade of infirm firmness and impotent power.

The time should be soon when that decision must be taken, for the converging factors that will force a decision are very plainly visible, even out here in the wide blue of the sunlit Pacific. The word has just reached the fleet of Peking's flat, public rejection of the informal cease-fire that would lift the Quemoy blockade.

The only slender chance for a cease-fire was to do everything possible to impress Peking with American force and resolution at the outset. Instead, for instance, Adm. Beakley got a Washington warning not to be "provocative," because he went into the first Quemoy convoy with a couple of cruisers and enough other force to make the convoy look unlike a tea party. So the chance for a cease-fire, if it ever existed, was thrown away.

If there is to be no cease-fire, then the Warsaw talks are meaningless, and there is nothing left that can put off the evil day except, perhaps, one of our government's strange parades before the United Nations. But the U. N. cannot defend Quemoy and the status, any more than sea convoy by the Seventh Fleet's destroyers can break the artillery blockade of the beaches that is strangling Quemoy.

In this fleet, moreover, there are no illusions that Quemoy can be indefinitely defended by any variant of the convoy system, so long as all supplies must be landed on open beaches under heavy enemy fire. With courage, with ingenuity, and not without heavy losses by the Chinese, the tonnage of supplies landed may be considerably increased.

But the tonnage going in today is only a little more than is needed to feed the Quemoy garrison and people. There is no possibility of providing the garrison with real means to fight back against the attackers. Already the garrison cannot return the enemy's artillery fire, because ammunition stocks are reduced to the reserve needed to repel a possible enemy landing, and there are no replacements in sight. No military position on earth could be held forever on this bizarre system, and Quemoy certainly cannot be.

NO CHEAP WAY

So the rejection of a cease-fire means that there is no cheap, easy, comparatively painless way out. Meanwhile, there is the likelihood that before very long, Chiang Kai-shek may abruptly send his air power to attack mainland targets. For Chiang has only been holding his hand thus far, because the American government pleaded with him to wait and see whether a cease-fire was obtainable.

And there is also the virtual certainty that before very long, the American government will have to make the grim choice: Either the President must use this magnificent Seventh Fleet to break the Quemoy blockade in earnest, without regard to the consequences, or the President must break his own solemn promise to defend the offshore islands, with all the ugly consequences that this will produce.

Politics Prevails

Rival Missiles Stay

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON

IN A CASUAL, almost offhand way Secretary of Defense Neil McElroy announced a decision the other day that can have far-reaching consequences. He said that he had issued orders to keep both of two competing and fantastically expensive missile programs.

Confronted with the political pressures of a political year it seemed to some observers that the Secretary of Defense had taken the easiest way out. His decision should at least quiet for the time being the bitter feud between the Army and the Air Force that has its roots deep in service politics.

LONG HONEYMOON

Having had one of the longest honeymoons in the experience of this wayside capital, McElroy will soon have been in his difficult, demanding job for one year. Vigorous, attractive, with a determination to hew to the line, he succeeded Charles E. Wilson who had been battered and buffeted by five years of almost continual controversy as the Defense Establishment was cut back and cut back again.

Almost everyone wanted to believe that McElroy could fight his way through the Pentagon jungle and come out with a reasonable budget for a secure defense. He was even talked about as a Presidential candidate.

FENCED IN

For some time now his critics have been saying that he is fenced in, as were other secretaries, by the military-industrial powers having so much control over the spending of $42 billion. And they take the decision to keep both the Bomarc and the Nike Hercules defense missiles as evidence of a costly compromise. They believe it may mark a kind of watershed in McElroy's career.

He told reporters that both missiles are necessary to defend the United States from bombers. At the same time he said he was ordering the Army and the Air Force to end their feud over whose anti-aircraft missile was better. And McElroy's champions insist that he has taken the advice of scientists and experts free from political pressures.

But no matter how hard a Secretary of Defense may try, it is difficult or impossible to divorce these vast and costly programs from politics — the politics of an election, of the services, of the big industries dependent for survival on government contracts. Bomarc is made by the Boeing Aircraft Company in Seattle, Wash., and Washington State is the setting of a Senate race.

Sen. Henry Jackson, a Democrat, has gone all out for Bomarc. Both he and his opponent, William Bantz, a former United States District Attorney, naturally wish to keep employment at as high a level as possible.

ONE SUCCESSFUL TEST

Army spokesmen insist that the Bomarc has had only one successful test, and that against a World War II B-17 at a range of 80 miles. They say it is an air-breather that will be obsolete in two years although it will not be installed anywhere until late in 1959. Already, according to Senator John Sparkman, from $600,000,000 to $1 billion has been spent on the Bomarc. On the Senate floor Sparkman challenged the Bomarc after Senator Leverett Saltonstall had given it high praise.

This is a phase of the feud between the government-developed Nike Hercules out of the Redstone arsenal in Alabama and the aircraft industry. It also takes in the Thor and the Jupiter. McElroy settled that one by ordering the two combined under the command of the Air Force, although the Army had developed the Jupiter which far outclassed the Thor.

PENTAGON POLITICS

The politics of the Pentagon also come in here. The Bomarc was authorized by Donald A. Quarles when he was Secretary of the Air Force. As deputy to McElroy he is today Bomarc's chief defender and in a recent briefing he gave it highest marks. McElroy leans heavily on Quarles as a channel for scientific counsel.

A year ago McElroy was on a 30-day tour of major defense installations and development projects preparatory to stepping into the big job. He was finding out for himself what lay before him. But the Pentagon is a very big building and for many months now the Secretary of Defense has been wrestling with the old familiar problems as they funnel onto his desk.

'There's Something Wrong With This Quiz Show Too'

People's Platform

Capt. Hord Should Be Appointed Chief

Charlotte

Editor, The News:

IF THE City Council's "Four Horsemen" would forget cheap politics and turn their eyes to the city police station they will find a man there who can lead the police department to a better organization, as Chief Littlejohn planned it.

He is a quiet man, never making any noise, never bragging on himself, a man who listens to anyone calling on him for advice or a beef, and a man who is only interested in keeping Charlotte a better town to live in, without big operators, gamesters or gamblers.

He is a man who is courteous at all times, not taking advantage of his badge or his uniform, is several policemen on the force to but treats everyone alike. He will not fix a ticket for his friends because they have money but will listen to him and, if what he says is warranted, will excuse the man — not because he is a bigshot or has pull but because he merits it if he has good and valid reasons.

He will not kowtow to any politician but will do his duty according to the law. That man is a man who has your safety and interest at heart, Capt. John Hord . . .

— SOL BADAME

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Chiang & Foster Brinksmen This Time

WASHINGTON

COMING back to active work in the nation's capital after sitting on a farm in Maryland, one gets the impression that the United States is skating dangerously close to the brink of war abroad, torn by racial bitterness at home, and that not much is being done about either.

Recent history shows that the Chinese Nationalists have always wanted a world war to save the Chiang Kai-shek regime; and that the Chinese Communists, bulging with a surplus population they can't feed, have publicly boasted they can afford to lose half their 600,000,000 people in war and still have plenty left.

In view of this, the John Foster Dulles policy of skating close to the brink may be more dangerous than he thinks.

At any rate, here are the backstage diplomatic developments in the most serious crisis confronting Dulles brinkmanship.

President Eisenhower got quite upset last week over a series of confidential messages from friendly western European leaders warning that if we got into war over Quemoy we would have to fight alone . . . Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, attached to Eisenhower's staff when we were fighting side by side in World War II, was the most blunt. He warned that the British people would never fight to have an island less than four miles from the Chinese Communist mainland. This, he said, would be like Britain's trying to hold Staten Island against American artillery blasting it from Manhattan, only a few miles away . . . Only allied leader who supported the President's tough Formosan policy was Chancellor Adenauer of West Germany who believes a tough policy toward the Communist bloc may help German unification . . . After getting these telegrams Ike turned the heat on his Secretary of State to work out some kind of deal with the Chinese Reds at Warsaw.

Even if Dulles succeeds in getting a deal with the Chinese Reds for the neutralization of Quemoy, he'll have a hard time getting a deal with Chiang Kai-shek. The Generalissimo, who let a Formosan rabble sack the American Embassy in Taipei two years ago and steal the secret U. S. code, has been threatening to fight alone if the United States makes a deal at Warsaw. He has vowed to American diplomats that he will order his troops to fight to the death rather than let Quemoy be neutralized. The slaughter of his troops, Chiang says, will disgrace the United States before the eyes of the world and make it clear that an American promise to help is a mere scrap of paper. . . . Chiang may not be bluffing. He has nothing to lose from a world war, and a lot could be gained. Intercepted Chinese Nationalist telegrams which Sen. Wayne Morse of Oregon read to the Senate some time ago showed that Chiang's government instructed its diplomats Dec. 5, 1949: "Our hope of world war so as to rehabilitate our country is unpalatable to the American people." . . . Another cable, July 14, 1950, near the start of the Korean War, read: "The war in Korea will be extended. . . . We must be patient at this time."

Chiang met with the U. S. commander, Adm. Roland Smoot, on the Pescadores Islands a few days ago, at which time the Generalissimo tried to force a showdown. He demanded the right to bomb Communist artillery on the mainland which have been shelling Quemoy. John Foster Dulles complained at the United Nations that these were Russian-made guns, which is true. Chiang wanted to bomb them with American-made jets. . . . Admiral Smoot, however, said no. Reason: Bombing the Chinese mainland would lead to atomic retaliation from the Chinese Reds, might bring in Russia. Khrushchev has warned that Russia would come in if the Chinese mainland were attacked. . . . Chiang also demanded that American warships convoy suplies right up to the Quemoy beaches under Red shellfire.