

proach seems unsuited to the rigid patterns of the press.

On March 19, a reporter brought up the investigation of Communism in the churches proposed by Representative Harold H. Velde (R., Illinois). After a long, thoughtful pause, Mr. Eisenhower replied that if our churches needed investigation, then we had better take a new look and go far beyond investigation in combating what we consider a disease, because the church, with its testimony of the existence of an Almighty God, is the last thing that would be preaching, teaching, or tolerating Communism. Therefore, he could see no possible good in such investigation.

To determine how well this story was reported, a survey was made of twenty daily newspapers. They were chosen with the object of getting as wide a distribution as possible, and they included such big-city papers as the *Boston Post* and such small-town papers as the *Dubuque Telegraph-Herald*. This survey revealed that eight papers made no mention at all of the President's answer. (In fact, two ignored the press

conference altogether.) Four carried wire-service stories stating briefly that the President depreciated any investigation of Communism in religion, but containing no reference to the fact that Velde had proposed such an investigation. Five mentioned Velde's proposal but limited Mr. Eisenhower's answer to "The President said he sees no point in questioning the loyalty of the nation's churches." Only three papers both quoted the President at length and connected his remarks with Velde's proposal.

AGAIN, on March 26, at the height of the controversy over Charles Bohlen's confirmation as Ambassador to the Soviet Union, Mr. Eisenhower was asked whether he stood behind his nominee. In response, he gave as strong and personal defense of Bohlen as any President has ever done for a nominee under fire. Mr. Eisenhower told how well he knew Bohlen, how he had played golf with him, visited in his home, and listened to his philosophy. Later in the news conference, he was questioned about Senator McCarthy's objectives in at-

tacking Bohlen. The President replied that he was not going to talk about Senator McCarthy. Congress, he continued, has a right to make any investigation it sees fit. Then he added that you can carry investigation methods to the point where they damage from within what we are trying to protect from without.

A check of the same twenty newspapers showed that fourteen papers failed to give any of the President's personal testimonial to Bohlen and twelve omitted his answer on McCarthy or else gave such distorted versions as "As for McCarthy, the President said he has no intention of trying to interfere with him as long as the Senator thinks he is doing the right thing" (*Peoria Journal*), or "An emphatic 'no' was sounded by Mr. Eisenhower when he was asked to discuss the attacks on Bohlen [by] McCarthy" (*Indianapolis News*).

The significance of these two examples is clear. Unless the President states his views with a bluntness and even a crudity that jolts the most indifferent editor, his pronouncements can get lost in the shuffle.

A New Europe Comes to Life

THEODORE H. WHITE

AT THE END of a placid, tree-lined avenue where the city of Strasbourg fades off into its drowsy suburbs stands a simple white building that may, some day, be pointed out as historic. It is called the House of Europe; it might better be known as the House of Dreams.

Here, at the beginning of March, began an adventure whose meaning scholars will debate for centuries if it succeeds and for decades even if it fails. On March 10, fifty-five Europeans, empowered and deputized by their parliaments and governments, finished the codification of a docu-

ment called the Constitution of Europe. If this document should be ratified and accepted by the six parliaments who sent these men to Strasbourg, then a new and sovereign power would exist in the world. Its name would be Europe. It would command 150,000,000 people and rival the Soviet Union as one of the great power complexes of the world.

THE document that summarizes the labors of these men is perhaps the least impressive of all the events, emotions, and deeds that took place

in the launching of the adventure. Few constitutions are written to be read as passages in living literature; the Constitution of Europe is longer, more tortured, more intricate, more difficult to explain than most. Moreover, it is full of loopholes and ambiguities.

This is not the fault of the Constitution's fathers—the men who labored month after month all through the winter in dirty hotels and frowsy parliamentary committee rooms in Paris, in Brussels, in Rome, in Strasbourg, weekends and holidays, night after night. The document might

have been bettered on paper by any high-school debating society, or by any idealist sitting in a library cubbyhole. But the men who wrote the Constitution of Europe were elected politicians who must return and campaign before the voters of six nations, explaining the vision that has seized them. Any idealist or professor can write a constitution, but only practical politicians can write a constitution that will be accepted by both people and jealous Cabinets and still meet the needs for which it is conceived.

The Alphabet Jungle

Essentially, the Constitution of Strasbourg is an attempt to bring order and vitality to the discordant institutions of international co-operation in Europe and to subordinate them to the will of the people, speaking through direct representation in a new forum. Europe by now is strewn with such organizations, so baffling that ordinary citizens have become lost in a jungle of titles and alphabets. There is an advisory Council of Europe, whose hall and premises in Strasbourg the founding fathers of Europe borrowed for their constitutional labors; there is an Economic Commission for Europe that sits in Geneva; there is the High Authority of the Coal and Steel Community in Luxembourg; there is the embryonic High Commission of the European Defense Community; there is NATO, in which the western European nations are bound as a group to the United States; and there is, of course, the United Nations.

The new Constitution of Europe removes from this tangle only two organizations that will be joined under one political authority. These are the Coal and Steel Community (already in operation) and the High Commission of the European Defense Community (now awaiting ratification). Only these two have received from the six governments that form them—France, West Germany, Belgium, The Netherlands, Italy, Luxembourg—the power to act supranationally: to tax, to regulate, to mobilize men, to order them to die. They alone have the authority to disregard national governments, and if necessary to overrule them. Together,



Mollet of France

these two can effect a real and revolutionary reorganization of the home of western thought and culture.

This is what the Constitution of Europe tries to do. In tedious legal prose, the Strasbourg Constitution hammers the Coal-Steel and Defense Communities together, places them under a sovereign political authority, and then invites this new sovereign to extend its realm into other political and economic matters.

Seen through the outline of the Strasbourg Constitution, this new

European political community will have none of the spare simplicity of the American system, or its neat division of powers into executive, legislative, and judicial. In fact, Europe will have five governing bodies.

ITS EXECUTIVE will consist of a President, elected by the Senate but removable by the Peoples' Chamber, who will choose his own Executive Council, as the American President chooses his Cabinet. His Council members will be, in effect, Ministers of state—the High Commissioner of the European army being his Defense Minister, the High Commissioner of the Coal and Steel Community being his Minister of Heavy Industry, and other Ministers being added as Europe adds to the functions of the new state.

An Economic and Social Council will advise the President, but both its manner of selection and its powers are very fuzzily defined in the Constitution.

The High Court of the Community—or Supreme Court—will consist of the court and judicial structure already elaborated in the Coal-Steel and Defense Community projects.

A Parliament, consisting of two houses, will make laws and raise taxes. A Senate like ours will represent the member states—not on a basis of equality but on a weighted basis that gives the three large states twenty-one members each, Belgium and Holland ten each, and Luxembourg four. The lower house, or Peoples' Chamber, will be distributed roughly according to population—Italy and Germany sending sixty-three members each, France sending seventy (seven of these to handle the separate needs of North Africa), Belgium and Holland thirty each, and Luxembourg twelve. The Peoples' Chamber—and here is the striking political departure in international government—will be elected by direct popular vote, each European state dividing itself into electoral districts where men will campaign and challenge each other in the name of Europe, not country.

Cast as the certain villain in the piece is the fifth body, the Council of National Ministers. No present

sponsoring national government, however enthusiastic, will permit a President of Europe or a European Parliament to boss it about. Therefore each national Cabinet will send one of its members to the Council of National Ministers. This Council will be at once the transmission belt for directions coming from the President of Europe to national governments and a braking force on the federal European government, with limited and flexible veto powers. Politics in the new Europe thus promises to be complicated by a constant three-way tug-of-war between Parliament, President, and the Council of National Ministers.

Beyond these major provisions, the Constitution has the normal furniture of all constitutions—provisions for amendment, for admitting member states (any new state can be blackballed by the vote of any single National Minister), and, most important, for coming into effect. Officially, the new state will exist as soon as the Constitution is ratified by all member parliaments, after which elections will take place, the President will be chosen, and Europe will run its new flag to the head of the mast.

Spring and New Hope

Though the Constitutional Convention of Strasbourg lasted only five days, from March 6 to March 10, what happened there amounted to much more than the submission of one more document to a Europe by now befuddled with documents and words. What happened was a quickening burst of excitement, a contagion of awareness among men who had gathered together so often and bored each other for so long that none of them thought any such feelings possible.

Their enthusiasm had many sources. There were, to begin with, the season and the setting. France had gone green after its long winter and the skies had broken into their first radiant blue the very Friday the makers of the Constitution gathered. Their brilliant new building seemed to suck the light into all its hollows. The council chamber, with room for two hundred delegates, gleamed in its red-leather and chrome-steel chairs; the benches,

curving in unbroken arcs before them, were flecked with the lemon-yellow, apple-green, and salmon-pink papers of the various documentation and recording services. Through the Venetian blinds of the airy lounge, the sun poured in to illuminate the brilliant tapestries and decorative panels. Even the most cynical newspapermen were inspired. Said one old-timer, watching the descent of dozens of fresh newspapermen on a story he had covered so long in solitude: "They thought I was crazy when I asked for this Europe assignment two years ago. It'll be ten or twenty years maybe before they get to the end of this thing and I won't be around to cover it, but it's rolling big and I don't think anything can stop it."

The awareness that something big was happening came to many people at the same time. It came to some as they looked up into the galleries and saw them crowded with students, townspeople, and strangers. A German Bundestag member wandered out into the lobby during one of the sessions and said, "Do you know what's happening? Those people in the balcony are my voters. They've taken a bus across the Rhine to come and watch us. It costs them twelve marks for the trip and another twelve for the day in Strasbourg, and they lose a day's pay coming here. I've had six hundred people from my



Spaak of Belgium

district here in the past four days." He shook his head, for the business at hand suddenly seemed very serious indeed.

The excitement startled the Ministers themselves. The meeting had been scheduled mainly as a formal-

ity. Six months before, in the fall of 1952, the six Foreign Affairs Ministers of the west European states had casually asked the Assembly of the Schuman Plan Community to draft a political document of association, to be called a Constitution. The Assembly had designated a Constitutional Commission of twenty-six men, which in turn had selected a working group of fourteen zealots, and these had gone off through the winter in unnoticed session—to return finally with their declaration of revolution. Instead of a memorandum submitted for their leisurely scrutiny and approval, the Foreign Ministers were confronted with a Constitution and men who were pledged to it, men who refused either to disband or to let their work be pigeonholed. The six Ministers were trapped—they had either to accept the document and project Europe into revolution or ignore it and repudiate their basic foreign policies.

Europe's Founding Fathers

Even the Constitution makers were caught up by the impact of their own actions, suddenly realizing how bold they had been and taking courage from their boldness. What had been a vague visionary impulse was no longer a theory but an issue—perhaps a badly formulated, awkward issue, but one which now would have to be carried to the voters, argued from the platform, fought or supported—an issue that could make or wreck careers. The Constitution makers had sniffed fame and were intoxicated by it. If their document could be pushed through, they were the founding fathers of Europe. Ministers and governments were now their enemies; their only ally, they believed, was the people, and to the people they proposed to take their case.

Just as important as the Constitution and its attendant excitement was this development, in the strange new forum of Europe, of new personalities and new and curious lines of cleavage.

Five men dominated the conference, forming together the machine which controlled the floor, the ideas, and the votes of the Assembly. Two of these five were Belgian—Paul-



Von Brentano, Teitgen, Dehousse, Benvenuti

Henri Spaak, chairman of the conference, and Fernand Dehousse of Liège, a burly, pug-nosed man with iron-gray hair and powerful frame, vibrant with excitement and energy, who was floor captain of debate. The French phalanx of enthusiasts was led by Pierre-Henri Teitgen of the French Assembly—a thin, wiry man with the long, bald skull of a Roman consul and the deep, haunted eyes of a man whose convictions have burned him hollow. The German delegates—solidly pro-Constitution, since the German Socialists had refused to attend—were led by Heinrich von Brentano, a pink-cheeked, earnest, bespectacled pillar of Konrad Adenauer's Government in Bonn. The fifth was an Italian, Lodovico Benvenuti, a gray-haired, very affable man, the only floor captain to hold ministerial rank in his own country, where he is Under Secretary for Foreign Trade.

THE backgrounds of these five men are worth study. The two Belgians are Socialists, and the other three are major or minor leaders of national Catholic parties. Their principal opponents were French Socialists, Belgian Catholics, Dutch Socialists, and French Gaullists. These coalitions, improbable to an observer watching Europeans deal with European politics for the first time, were considered most unremarkable by men who had watched European politics develop in the new forum over the months.

"You can see here," said a Belgian Parliament Member, "the beginning of new alignments. For what makes politics at home isn't going to make politics in Europe. In all our countries, religion is terribly important in politics—it binds together in every Catholic party in Europe both left-

ists and conservatives simply because they are Catholic; and it puts together conservatives and Socialists just because they happen to be non-Catholics. But when you come to talk about Europe, you leave religion at home—that's a matter of state politics. In Europe people can sort themselves out on different lines. Spaak and Dehousse, who are both Socialists, find their best allies here in people like Brentano and Teitgen, who are Catholic. And Wigny, who is a Catholic in Belgium, opposes Catholics like Brentano and Teitgen in Europe. It's too vague to see how it will work out now—but if Europe is made, Europe will have new politics and completely new labels to go with it."

The Ifs

The floor of any Assembly is never the scene of creation or drama. The floor is where the boys in the back room bring their schemes to light, where the chairman pounds the gavel and calls, "*Pas d'observation, messieurs?*", waits a moment and then says, "*L'article est adopté.*" The floor in Strasbourg was simply the place where a roomful of veteran politicians decided by a vote of fifty to zero (with five abstentions, four of them French) that they would stake their political careers on what the back-room boys had worked up in the previous six months. The drama of the coming months, similarly, was neither forecast nor pre-echoed from the floor. To measure the pressure of the enthusiasm on the floor against the resistance of reality, one had to enter the lounge and catch the delegates as they sat sipping orange juice, tea, or whiskey in moments of relaxation.

All of them, even those in whom the gospel burned hottest, would say

things like, "Of course, I can campaign and win on this, if . . ." What came after the "if" would vary from country to country.

"If" for the Germans is the Saar. "If the French don't press us too hard on the Saar, we can win the elections on this," say the German Catholics.

"If" for the Italians is representation. "I'll be able to win on this in my district," said one, "but others will have a hard time if the Constitution doesn't give Italy equal representation. The French will have seventy in the Assembly, the Italians sixty-three, and the Germans sixty-three. But if the Germans recover their old territories they will have more delegates too, and Italy will be third."

"If" for the Dutch is the common market. "We have elections next year," said one of the Dutch Socialists. "I'm sure that we can win with Europe. Everybody is ready for Europe. But if Europe means only the Schuman Plan and the European army, we shall have a hard time. The Schuman Plan has raised the price of coal in Holland and the European army means military burdens. Europe has not yet brought Holland any good. Our farmers want to sell their produce freely all through Europe. Our unemployed need work. This Constitution invites Europe to make a free market—but only after six years does it give the new Community power to wipe out internal trade barriers. Our people cannot wait six years."

Key Frenchman

All of these "ifs" can probably be smoothed away by negotiation or judicious diplomatic pressure. Only the French present a tangle of "ifs" so thorny that no one can see a

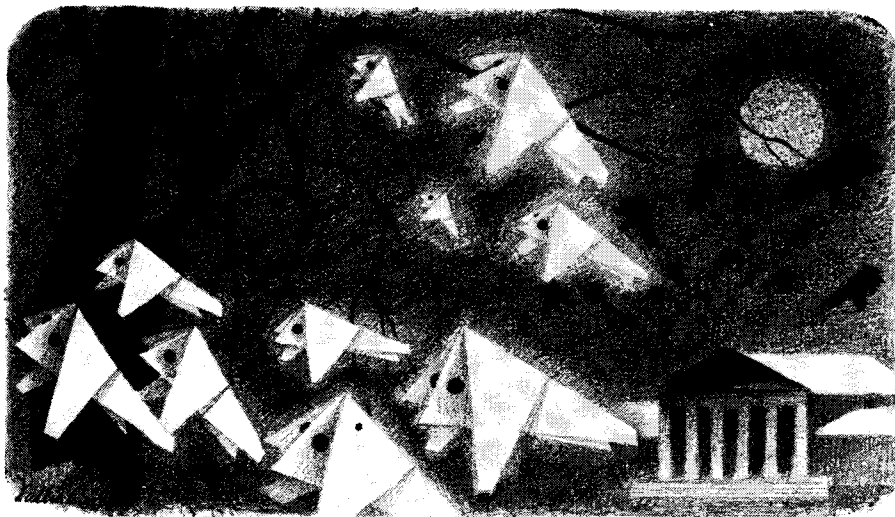
solution at present. For it was the French who brought the almost carnival enthusiasm of the Strasbourg proceedings back to reality with a thud.

The Constitution, in its present form, rests on the belief that the European army and Defense Community will be solid components of the new political community in the near future. But ratification of the European army rests upon the French Assembly, which, though it conceived the idea, has only now realized that it conceived a revolution for which the French people are still unready. Every politician in Strasbourg knew that the votes that would decide Europe's future lay in the French Assembly. At present, these votes read 260 dead against the European army, 240 certainly for it, and a hundred hanging in the balance. Almost all of these hundred uncertain votes are French Socialist votes, and they will be swung by the decision of the Socialist caucus, which is dominated by one man, Guy Mollet.

It was Guy Mollet, therefore, who, from his semi-permanent seat in the lounge at Strasbourg, provided the final touch of drama to the Constitutional Conference. For Guy Mollet—a thin, sandy-haired, blue-eyed schoolteacher from the miserable mining country of northern France—was once himself one of the most eloquent advocates of European Union. Yet when others—Spaak and Dehousse, Brentano, and Teitgen—went on to write the Constitution of Europe, something in Guy Mollet snapped. Guy Mollet will accept the European army, but not the new Constitution. If the Constitution is scrapped, he will throw the French Socialist vote behind the limited Defense Community. But if the Constitution is loaded onto the army, the Socialists of France will vote against both.

Rhetoric and Reality

While the rhetoric of the convention floor softly filtered through the doors, bearing the words worn so smooth—“*das Schicksal von Europa*” . . . “*la chicane des frontières*” . . . “*pour faire la paix*” . . . “*die Resonanz der Idee*” . . . “*faut faire l'Europe*”—Guy Mollet sat in the



lounge pleading another case. Mollet's case starts with Britain. Without Britain, says Mollet, any European Union is bound to become the prey of resurgent Germany. Without Britain, says Mollet, a crime will have been committed, for this six-power Europe will be a Catholic Europe. Only with Britain and the Scandinavian countries can it become a real Europe uniting both Protestant and Catholic. Without Britain, this Europe is the pawn of America. Only with Britain's power can Europe become what it should be, the third force, the balancing force between two worlds. Moreover, this Europe is a Europe in which France is the fat cat—French workers have a forty-hour week; German workers work forty-eight, sometimes fifty-two, hours; Italian workers even longer. Is Europe to be created by lowering French labor standards to those of the defeated countries? asks Guy Mollet.

NO ONE can now predict the timetable of events resulting from Strasbourg. The Germans have taken only the first step in ratification of EDC—a first step that must be followed by passage in their Bundesrat and approval by their high court; the Italians plan to push for ratification before their spring elections—which may be difficult if a Communist filibuster begins. The Dutch and Belgians wait on the French. If the French ratify EDC, then, say the Constitution makers, almost certainly the Constitution will be a signed diplomatic document ready

for submission to national parliaments by fall. Allowing six months for ratification (a highly optimistic estimate), say the Constitutional fathers, European elections may be held in the fall of 1954 and a President of Europe may be hailed by the people of the new state by early 1955.

Nor do the Constitutional fathers plan to wait on events or on ministerial lethargy. “We are not waiting,” said Dehousse of Belgium, bleary-eyed the morning after the last late session. “We are in action, we are a committee. Last night before we quit we resolved on continuing action; we resolved we would meet here again in May. And between now and then we are going to the people. This is a revolution, not a movement.”

Then, as if angered by the world's preoccupation with a death in Moscow while a birth was happening in Strasbourg, Dehousse said, “Do you remember when the Bastille was taken—do you know what Louis XVI wrote in his diary that day? He wrote one word: ‘Nothing.’ People may not notice what we have done today. But it has begun, it cannot stop.”

“But the French,” I said, “what if the French don't ratify?”

THERE was no answer, merely a toss of head—not a discouraged toss of the head, but the gesture of a man carried by a mysterious buoyancy, of a man borne by a deep and steady tide who feels that the next crest will take him over the reef even if this one, for all its promise, fails.

The Silencing of Douglas MacFleet

BILL MAULDIN

ONCE upon a time there was a bright young soldier named Douglas MacFleet. He was brave, he was a born leader, and in time he headed a squad. Sergeant MacFleet's squad never flubbed an assignment. Whether it was an attack, a defense, or an ambush patrol, he always came through with flying colors.

There was only one thing wrong with MacFleet—he couldn't see farther than his own squad. His unit was the whole Army; everybody else was just window dressing and support troops. His battle was the world's only battle. He didn't like orders from above.

One day it came about that the battalion was in bad shape because the enemy had moved some observers up onto a little knoll overlooking everybody's positions and you couldn't stick your head up without getting a mortar shell down the back of your neck. The knoll had to be taken and the observers removed. The battalion commander held a conference about this and our sergeant's captain spoke up.

"I'll send Douglas MacFleet," he said. "He's an independent cuss but he's awful good. If the job can be done he'll do it."

'I Have Arrived'

Early next morning, by a combination of daring, strategy, and patience, MacFleet's squad crept up the hill without being seen, and while the enemy was having a pre-breakfast discussion of Lenin's attitude toward kulaks, MacFleet appeared with a whoop and a holler, and after a short, sharp fight the hill was ours. The Sergeant immediately reported back to the Captain on his walkie-talkie.

"I have arrived," he said, simply and proudly.

"Great," said the Captain. "I'll send up a relief to consolidate the position and you can come on back. The Division Commander is waiting to decorate you."

"Captain," said MacFleet, "why stop here? We've got the enemy on the run. There's a better hill ahead, and beyond that is what looks like an even prettier one. Just give me plenty of artillery support and . . ."

"Sergeant," said the Captain, "for the last time, this is not a private war we're fighting. That position was what we call a limited objective, and we have to co-ordinate our actions with battalion, battalion with division, division with army, and beyond that there's a global . . ."

"Sir, I'm not asking for troops," MacFleet interrupted. "Just get corps artillery to lay a few thousand rounds where I tell 'em and me and my squad will push clean through to Moscow."

"I certainly admire your spirit," the Captain said, "but there's lots of other people up and down this line who need that artillery support. Besides, they don't have enough shells to throw them around like that."

"Well," said MacFleet, if those

goddam Congressmen would get on the ball . . ."

"Sergeant," growled the Captain, "I have got to throw rank at you. Come down off that hill and get your pretty medal."

General Popoff

Back at division headquarters the General was waiting with the citation and the place was crawling with reporters who had heard of the Sergeant's feat. As soon as the ceremony was over, MacFleet was mobbed by the press.

"I understand you wanted to drive on through to Moscow," an Associated Press man said admiringly as the General stood by beaming.

"That's right," said MacFleet. "Only thing that stopped us was a shortage of artillery."

"Wow!" said the reporter. "What a scandal!"

The General's beam began to fade.

"There's something else I'd like to say," said MacFleet. "What the hell kind of a war are we supposed to be fighting? You have a chance to push ahead and they hold you back. Are we here to kill Communists or play tiddlywinks with them?"

The General beckoned to the Provost Marshal.

"The rest of the Army doesn't want to push ahead," the Sergeant said scornfully. "Personally, I'd like a transfer out of this chicken outfit."

"That's just been arranged, buddy," said the burlier of two burly MPs as they laid hold of MacFleet and began dragging him off toward the stockade.

"There's no future in sounding off like that," the other MP said, "until they've retired you with four or five stars on your shoulder."

