

or Lehman because he doesn't talk like a Wallace is just as unrealistic as to reject a Wallace because he doesn't talk like a William Z. Foster.

In addition, the Communist Party as the party of the American working class whose ultimate goal, socialism, goes beyond the coalition program, is



Philip Murray

appearing in this election as an independent force within the coalition. In New York it has put forward two candidates for state office, Robert Thompson for comptroller, and Benjamin J. Davis for attorney general. Unfortunately certain reactionary Democrats have resorted to foul play in an effort to rule the Communists off the ballot. Should they succeed, it would be a pyrrhic victory. For the removal of the Communist candidates, who are devoting their energies to the defeat of the entire Dewey ticket, would mean a serious weakening of the fight against GOP reaction in New York state and nationally.

I write this just before leaving for Chicago, where I shall attend the conference of progressives called by CIO-PAC, the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions and the National Citizens' Political Action Committee. Chicago will also be the first stop on a speaking and writing trip that will take me to the West Coast. But I'll be back before election day. I believe the best way for New Yorkers to build the new people's party that America needs is

to roll up a big Communist vote and hundreds of thousands of votes for the candidates of the American Labor Party. If we do that, and act similarly in other states, the American people won't have to say; where to? what next? They'll know the answers.



Claude Pepper

Konzal.

2. BYRNES MUST GO!

By JOHN STUART

HENRY WALLACE released a counter-flood. He gave voice to deepest anxieties. He sparked the energies of a disturbed people by telling them who it was and what it was that kept America teetering on the edge of catastrophe. But Stalin went further, for his answers to Werth, their timing and their impact over the globe, helped lift a thick pall of terror—a terror driving the confused, the passive, the inarticulate into the arms of the war-makers. Tersely he said there was no reason for war when millions, listening to hidden whispers, were led to believe there was. In an atmosphere of irrationality and hysteria, he was calm and confident. He again proved to the world that the policy of atomic bludgeoning was the work of criminal adventurers. It can no more succeed in solving the problems of peace than the atom bomb can decide the outcome of war. Stalin doused the flames made out of the tinder of falsehood, of provocation, of the incapacity of imperialists to unravel their internal dilemmas except through blood and hot steel.

But until American foreign policy is reversed and its administrators driven from the helm they will make every attempt to regain what ground they have lost. Standing at the head of the list for public purging is James F. Byrnes. He is among those figures in American history who have

blatantly betrayed a public trust by violating a national mandate. The reelection of Roosevelt in 1944 was based almost entirely on the evidence he provided throughout his years in office, especially during the war, that harmonious relations among the leading powers were indispensable to a secure peace. If the majority of voters were unconvinced, if they were doubtful of the worth of what Roosevelt was doing, they would have chosen Thomas Dewey. Yet by a twist of events the candidate whom the American people defeated has managed to see his foreign policies victorious.

We have now, instead of an unfolding of the Roosevelt heritage by men faithful to the national decision made two Novembers ago, a smashing of that heritage by men faithful only to the commands of the corporative brigands. The Cabinet has become a millionaires' club. With Truman hardly demurring, the presidency is ruled by monopoly's representatives who for years have milked the country of its treasures and given it in return nothing but tears and insecurity. The appointment of the millionaire Averell Harriman to the post held by Henry Wallace is symptomatic of the uninterrupted drift of the Truman administration toward the service of the robber barons. And despite the fact that there is only one Republican in the Cabinet the Republicans, through their alliance with the tarnished,

reactionary heads of the Democratic Party, have achieved virtual control and direction of US foreign policy. In terms of personalities the whole evil relationship is expressed in the political marriage between Byrnes and Vandenberg, Dulles and Connally.

The breaking of this marriage will help shatter the hold the moneyed tyrants have over America's foreign relations. The battle to divide them can take many forms and adopt many methods, among them the expulsion of Byrnes from office. As one of the leading architects of the policy of disaster he bears a large part of the guilt for:

1. The talk in military circles of a "preventive war" through use of the atom bomb; the bullying attitude that "we will sail our ships where we damned please"; the psychological terror directed against those who dare defy his foreign policy;
2. Encouraging the destruction of progressive forces in China, Greece, Indonesia, and assisting the fascists of Athens, Madrid, Nanking and Manila;
3. Fostering a policy of ringing the Pacific and Atlantic with military bases, thereby rousing the deepest suspicions of friendly countries;
4. Supporting and collaborating with British imperialism and its military in welding a western European bloc, among whose chief objectives is the rebuilding of Germany against the East;
5. Efforts to stifle the new European democracies;
6. The removal of Wallace from office by having Vandenberg, Connally and James Farley issue ultimatums to the White House from Paris;
7. Making America hideous in the eyes of peoples through-

- out the world—people who desire nothing more than the right to determine their futures without the United States intervening, economically or politically;
8. His known hatred of the Negro people and his bitter prejudices against the trade unions and the aspirations of labor.

On all these counts the President must be shown that millions of Americans will no longer countenance Byrnes' leadership of the State Department. An unrelenting and successful campaign to have him removed from office will dramatize the desire for a change of policy and it will obstruct the unconditional surrender of the Executive to the bankers who are quietly winning State Department consent to remove even those remaining restrictions over their operations abroad. Byrnes' successor, whoever he may be, will have to take into account that his predecessor was ousted and that the same fate will await him if he practices the same policies albeit under another name.

We can no longer let the nation be doomed by the grand viziers of Wall Street, or its bi-partisan camarilla who deny the worker an extra dollar, who will not provide jobs at a living wage for the 1,750,000 unemployed veterans, who skyrocket the cost of food, who will not build homes for the homeless. The same practices they pursue here are indivisible from the practices they pursue abroad. Their patriotism is written on a dollar bill and Mr. Byrnes is foremost among them. Let him be discharged from office without honor. He will be missed only by the gilded and the well-heeled and all of us shall have a better chance to work out our lives in peace. Let the telegrams and letters and petitions flood the White House. *Byrnes must be fired!*

EMPTY HOUSES

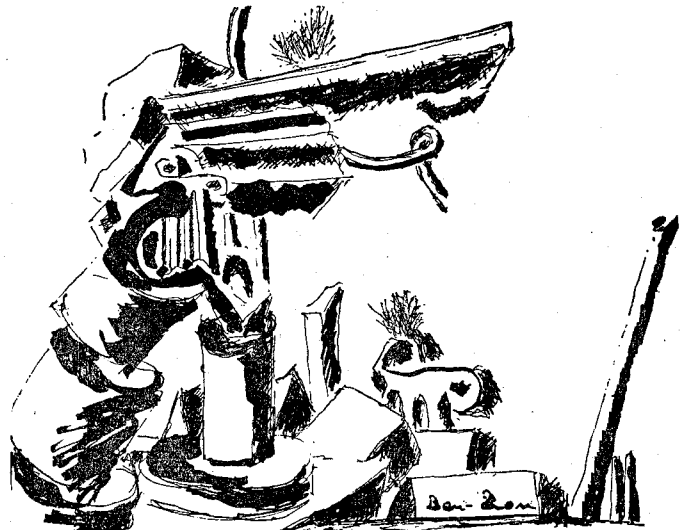
Coutances, July 1944.

The house at the crossroads is gutted.
It sits so quietly,
As quiet as the afternoon;
The long afternoon on the highroad.
Its neighbors gossip in their fashion,
Of football,
Conversation, and the slow
Miraculously rapid growth of children.
They ignore the empty house,
Lean together intimately from it,
Close their eyes.
It is not to be spoken of.

The empty house communicates with no one.
No one but the cow across the highroad.
The cow is also an empty house.
It hangs in the strong fork of a tree,
High above the highroad,
Lax and limp.
In the field,
Its fellows browse together amiably.
Their rumps sway in the summer sunlight,
Their soft tongues lave the grasses.
They make no sign to the cow in the tree.
It is not to be acknowledged.

By JULES ALAN WEIN

But in the afternoon,
And in the silent silvered night,
And in the days that follow on them,
The house and the cow
Scream across the highroad to each other.
The house screams out of emptiness.
The cow screams out of hollow eyes.



Ben-Zion.